THE TALES

OF

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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OF

JAMES HOGG,

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

LIBRARY EDITION.—IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO.
GLASGOW: THOMAS D. MORISON.

1886

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME I.

PAGE

LIFE OF AUTHOR, - - - - - - - - - - ix

THE BROWNIE OF BODSBECK:

A Tale of the Times of the Covenanters, - - - - - - 1

THE WOOL-GATHERER:

Or, The Lost Heir, - - - - - - - - - - 87

A TALE OF THE BATTLE OF PENTLAND, - - - - 120

EWAN M'GABHAR:

A Highland Legend, - - - - - - - - - 127

THE BRIDAL OF POLMOOD:

A Tale of the Times of the Stuarts, - - - - - - 137

PAGE

STORMS:

Incidents connected with remarkable Snow-Falls in Scotland, - 198

A SHEPHERD'S WEDDING, - - - - - - - - 211

COUNTRY DREAMS AND APPARITIONS:

The Wife of Lochmaben, - - - - - - - - 222

Welldean Hall, - - - - - - - - - 226

Tibby Johnston's Wraith, - - - - - - - 262

A TALE OF GOOD QUEEN BESS:

Her Jealousy of a Successor, - - - - - - 268

SOUND MORALITY:

Or, Practical Religion as distinguished from Theoretical Religion, - - - - - - - - - - - 282

TRIALS OF TEMPER:

A Tale of Hasty Courtship, - - - - - - - 290

THE FORDS OF CALLUM:

A Tale of Mystery and Wraith-Warning, - - - - - 297

THE CAMERONIAN PREACHER'S TALE, - - - - - 300

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF A FANATIC, - - - - - - - - 308

PAGE

SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN EDINBURGH BAILIE:

A Tale of the Times of the Covenanters and Wars of Montrose, 409

JULIA M'KENZIE:

A Highland Tale, - - - - - - - - - - 473

ADAM BELL:

A Tale of Feud, Mystery and Murder, - - - - - - 483

DUNCAN CAMPBELL:

Or, The Faithful Dog, - - - - - - - - - 486

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

JAMES HOGG—better known as the Ettrick Shepherd—was born about the end of the year 1770. The poet himself was under the belief that he was not born till 25th January, 1772, but the record of his baptism in the register of his native parish bears that he was baptised on the 9th of December, 1770.

His ancestors for many years had held property in the forest of Ettrick as retainers of the Scotts of Harden, the line from which Sir Walter Scott sprang. But both chief and retainer had lost their lands, and the one was practising as a lawyer in Edinburgh, while the other followed the humbler pursuit of shepherd on the slopes of Green Ettrick. The shepherd's father, Robert Hogg, saved money while a servant, and on his marriage was in a position to lease a couple of sheep farms, Ettrick House and Ettrick Hall. He was industrious and frugal, but simple-minded, and that simplicity of mind in business matters he seems to have transmitted to his son. His, wife Margaret Laidlaw, was of a different stamp. She is said to have been a woman of energy and resources; and to have received an education beyond what was customary in the district. Keeping this in mind, the wonder is that the education of the poet should have been so neglected.

The first seven or eight years of the poet's life were passed in comparative comfort. But misfortune fell on his parents. One of his father's heaviest debtors fled the country in the face of a falling market. Robert Hogg found himself a bankrupt, and he and his family turned out of doors. By the kindness of a neighbour they were saved from utter destitution, and the shepherd's father was installed as servant where he had lately been master. The future poet, then a boy about eight, was taken from school, and sent to the cow-herding—the first step of the shepherd trade—receiving, as half-yearly fee, a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes.

In his autobiography the poet says that at this time he had not been more than three months at school, and this, with three months in the following winter, was all the teaching he ever received. Elsewhere he affirms that he never received any schooling. But when the shepherd made these statements, it was his object to induce comparisons between what he was and what he had been, and this may have led him (unconsciously it may be, for children take little note of periods of time), to deepen the contrast by a little exaggeration in reference to the scantiness of his education. But he must have been about eight years of age when first sent to school—an unusual age under the circumstances, as the school-room was almost at his father's door. Moreover, a boy who before he had been three months at school, was dux in a class studying the Shorter Catechism, and reading the Proverbs of Solomon, must either have had some previous education, or have been an uncommonly clever child.

After he had received another three months' schooling, he returned to the cow-herding, and gradually rose till he was entrusted with the herding of sheep. For the next twelve years there was little change in his position, except perhaps a change of masters, for he seems to have had a new one every Whitsunday term. There is no mention of a love of reading as is the case with most poets in their youth, the only book he had being a Bible. The metrical psalms attracted him, and he learned the most of them by heart. When about fifteen, he began a-fiddling on an old violin he had bought for five shillings, and this he practised in the byres or stables with no other auditory and accompaniment, than what the usual occupants supplied.

After serving various masters and gaining the character of being a very inoffensive mortal, Hogg became shepherd to Mr. Laidlaw of Wellenslee, a farmer in Ettrick forest. Now, in his nineteenth year, he began to acquire a taste for reading, his first books being Blind Harry's Epic, "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," and Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." Through these he plodded without much benefit. The old Scotch was a stumbling block to him. Another book he read (one of several theological works lent him by Mrs. Laidlaw, his master's wife), was Burnett's "Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth." It nearly turned his brain, Had he been studying it by night when the world was hushed, and there was nothing to distract his somewhat superstitious fancy from vivid conceptions of the scenes described, the results might have been lamentable; but it was on the green slopes of Ettrick that he read it, with the living sun bathing all in light, and the chirping of birds and the bleating of lambs to keep him in the present.

Once more he sought a new master, this time Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse. He had served three Laidlaws in succession. He entered the service under Mr. Laidlaw when twenty, and remained with him till he was thirty years old. He expressed great affection for this gentleman, and says he treated him more like a father than a master, Here also he became acquainted with William Laidlaw (afterwards amanuensis and factor of Sir

Walter Scott, and author of that sweet song "Lucy's Flittin,") then a lad nearly ten years younger than the Shepherd, with whom he struck up a fast friendship, which lasted till his dying-day, for Laidlaw stood by his death-bed. This friendship was serviceable to him in many ways during his career. Six years later, when Hogg began to develop his latent genius, the younger Laidlaw encouraged him, when others were ridiculing the Shepherd's assumption and vanity. It was while in this situation that he really made his first entrance among books, greedily devouring the contents of Mr. Laidlaw's fine library, and then becoming a subscriber to a circulating library in Peebles.

He had been almost six years in Mr. Laidlaw's service, the twenty-sixth year of his age, before he began to awaken to a knowledge of his own powers. Shortly after he had acquired a love of reading, he thought of writing, and his first attempts were desperate work. It was no light task, for he could not write; he learned however to imitate the italic letters he found in books, the operation necessitating his casting off coat and vest. His first literary attempts were chiefly songs and short essays, some of which were inserted in the "Scots Magazine." He projected a literary society, which is referred to in one of his tales; he entered into poetical contests with his brother and Alexander Laidlaw, a neighbouring shepherd; and in every way he could devise he endeavoured to develop his power and genius. For several years he was content with a local fame, but he had made a resolution to be Burns's successor. The first of his songs that circulated beyond the borders of his native parish was "Donald M'Donald," the theme of which was defiance to Napoleon Bonaparte, who at that time was threatening to invade England. In the course of the year 1800 he had sung it at a convivial party in the Crown Tavern in Edinburgh; and one of his hearers introduced it to the notice of Mr. Hamilton, music publisher, who got it set to music and properly printed. It became popular at once; it was sung over all the length and breadth of the land, but being published anonymously, few knew the author's name, and Hogg, with a feeling of disappointment, complained that no one thought it worth while to inquire.

Emboldened by the popularity of his song, Hogg believed that he had only to publish to acquire fame, and perhaps money. He was a very creature of impulse. John Wilson, who had been an intimate friend of the Shepherd for many years, idealizes this trait of the Shepherd's character, and makes him say: "At once my soul kens that it must obey the Impulse, nor ever seeks to refuse. Oftenest it is towards something sad—but although sad, seldom insensible—a journey ower the hills to see some freen, whom I hae nae reason to fear is otherwise than well and happy—but on reaching his house I see grief-fu' faces, and perhaps hear the voice of prayer by the bedside o' ane whom the bystanders fear is about to die. Ance the Impulse led me to go by a ford, instead o' the brig, although the ford was fardest, and the river red; and I was just in time to save a puir travellin' mither, wi' twa wee weans on her breast; awa she went wi' a blessing on my head, and I never saw her mair. Anither time the Impulse sent me to a lanesome spot amang the hills, as I thought only because the starnies were, mair than usual, beautifully bright, and that I micht aiblins mak a bit poem or sang in the solitude, and I found my ain brither's wee dochter, o' twelve years auld, lyin' delirious o' a sudden brain fever, and sae weak that I had to carry her hame in my plaid like a bit lamb." But although the Impulse may have led him right at times, at other periods it led him into foolish conduct, and expensive misadventures. He had determined to print a number of his poems, but in place of carefully selecting and preparing them for the press from his manuscripts at home, he made use of some enforced idle days in Edinburgh to write down as many of them as he could remember, and these imperfect copies he put into the hands of a printer. Shortly after his return home, he received copies of his book, and was horrified to find he had omitted several verses, others he had put in the wrong place, while the printer added his quota of disfigurement in numerous typographical errors and very inferior printing and paper, The name of this book was "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs," &c., 1801.

It was shortly before this time that the poet left the service of Mr. Laidlaw, of Blackhouse. He had spent a very happy time there, and would have been content to remain; but his brother William had married, and as his father and mother lived with him, the house was too small. He took another farm, and handed over Ettrick House to James, with whom the old people were to remain; and thus, at the age of thirty, the Shepherd was a farmer on his account. But the lease was nearly out, and perhaps he had not money enough to carry it on properly. At any rate he saw he must make a change, and he took a journey into the Highlands in search of a situation as farm manager, His journey was fruitless; and on the expiration of the lease, the farm was given to another who could afford to pay a higher rent for it.

It was while he was tenant of Ettrick House that he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. Scott's two volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy" had been published, and Hogg perusing them critically, thought he could do much better himself. He composed some imitations of old ballads, and took others down from his mother's recital, and these he sent to Sir Walter to learn his opinion of them. Leyden, the poet and linguist, introduced the "Shirra" to William Laidlaw, who in turn led him to Hogg's house, where he heard the Shepherd's aged mother recite some ancient ballads to his great delight. Other meetings between Scott and Hogg followed, and the two became fast friends.

Hogg had few hopes of bettering his worldly affairs by farming in his native district; he made further visits to the Highlands in search of employment, and during the last visit he had crossed to Harris, one of the Hebrides. It semed to him that sheep-farming ought to be successful there, so he leased a farm, and began to gather stock for it. He also induced a friend to embark in the adventure. But, unfortunately, when he thought all was ready for going north and entering on a successful business, news came that the farm was the subject of litigation in the Court of Session. He lost all he had by this, about £200, while his friend's loss was much greater. The Shepherd had to conceal himself from his creditors for a time in Cumberland; but in the end of the year he returned unmolested to his native place, and resumed his shepherd life with Mr. Harkness of Mitchell Slack, a farm in Nithsdale.

While serving here he thought again of publishing his poems, especially his imitations of Border ballads, and he started to Edinburgh to get Scott's advice on the matter. Scott, who was best known then as Sheriff of Selkirk, invited the Shepherd to dinner in his house, where Hogg would meet with several of the notables of the town. Hogg had never been in such fashionable company. He was afraid his ignorance of the forms of social intercourse amongst the upper classes would be too glaring. But he accepted the invitation, resolving to model his conduct after that of the company. Mrs. Scott was ailing at the time, and when the Shepherd entered, she was resting on a sofa. The Shepherd fixed on her as his exemplar, and after making his best bow, flung himself at full length on a sofa opposite the lady of the house. At dinner, the Shepherd shone in song and story, and as he became affected by the drink he had taken, so he descended in addressing Mr. Scott, to 'Scott' 'Shirra,' 'Walter,' then 'Wattie,' besides committing numerous other breaches of etiquette. Next day he was in the throes of repentance, and as soon as he reached home he sent his friend an ample apology, and finished by asking Scott's advice about publishing anew. Scott approved generally of his scheme, and in 1803 the "Mountain Bard" was printed, with a dedication to "Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff-depute of Ettrick Forest," and a sketch of Hogg's life.

But the Shepherd had some difficulty in bringing his new poems to the light. Walter Scott introduced him to Constable, the largest publisher in Edinburgh at the time. But Constable was in nowise anxious to treat for works such as the Ettrick Shepherd brought; poetry was a drug in the market as publishers too well knew. But if Hogg could get two hundred subscribers, he would undertake its publication. Five hundred subscribers were found, the poet gleaned £300 from the "Mountain Bard" and a prize essay on Sheep; and then set himself to throw it away.

On the strength of his £300 he re-embarked in farming speculations. He took a farm in Dumfriesshire, called Carfarden, at a rent far above its value, and the consequent loss was increased by a lawsuit with his landlord. Then he leased another farm, so large that his capital was inadequate for the ninth part of it; while to add to his difficulties, the murrain made havock among his flocks. With such troubles pressing on him he had little time or heart for poetry, pastoral or otherwise; and the next three years of his life was fruitless in literature. But amidst all his struggles he was ever cheerful. He possessed the happy knack of being able, when the first bitterness of misfortune was past, to cast his cares away, and console himself with hopes of the future.

The £300 got from the "Mountain Bard" and "Hogg on Sheep" had brought him nothing but care and anxiety, and at the end of three years he had to surrender all to his creditors, becoming dependent for the necessaries of life to the generosity of a friend—Mr. Macturk of Stenhouse—to whom he gratefully wrote "Perhaps the very circumstance of being initiated into the mysteries of your character is of itself sufficient compensation for all I suffered in your country."

Little is known of what he was doing the next three years. He is known, however, to have tried to obtain a commission in the militia. As a last resource he returned to Ettrick, without having made a settlement with his creditors. But no one would employ him there; he had twice miserably failed in business, he was one of the rhyming trade, and he was not now to be trusted in the meanest trifle in regard to sheep-farming. This must have been humiliating to the author of a work on sheep that received the premium of the Highland Society. After hanging about his native place for some time, ridiculed, despised, and lectured by friends and foes, the want of money forced him to think of shifting. In the impulse of desperation, he picked up his plaid and staff and trudged off to Edinburgh, determined to make a living by his pen. But that was no easier in Edinburgh than in Ettrick. He found plenty who would accept his work; but payment there was none. In his distress he called again on Constable, to get him to publish another volume of songs, "The Forest Minstrel." Constable did so, on condition that Hogg was to receive half the profits; but the Shepherd was so much afraid of the volume having been a failure, that he never dared to ask the publisher any questions about money. It was dedicated to the Duchess of Buccleuch, and she acknowledged the honour by sending the poet a hundred guineas.

Thereafter he determined to put no trust in publishers; he would do his own publishing; so, on the 1st September, 1810, he started a weekly paper called "The Spy"—certainly a very unfortunate title. He had some difficulty in finding a printer for it, all the members

of the trade preferring the security of an established house to that of a penniless shepherd,

The sale of the first number gave hopes of success, but by some indiscretion in the second or third number, he caused a portion of his subscribers to drop off; these the Shepherd scarified in succeeding numbers, and soon found himself with more enemies than was pleasant or convenient for a man trying to earn a livelihood by his pen. He continued it for a year, and in its last number he told his adhering subscribers that they had had the honour of patronising an undertaking quite new in the annals of literature; for that a "common shepherd, who never was at school; who went to service at seven years of age, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty; yet who, smitten with an unconquerable thirst after knowledge, should leave his native mountains and his flocks to wander where they chose, come to the metropolis with his plaid about his shoulders, and all at once set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius—has much more the appearance of a romance than a matter of fact; yet a matter of fact it certainly is—and such a person is the editor of 'The Spy.'"

Although the editor of "The Spy" denied it, there was surely some little romance in his "leaving his native hills and his flocks to wander where they chose," and in his being animated with missionary zeal to reform the manners, taste, and genius of the good people of Edinburgh.

The Shepherd, it need hardly be said, derived no benefit pecuniarily from "The Spy," but it brought him into contact with some gentlemen, who assisted him with occasional articles. These were James Gray, of the High School; John Sym, who figured in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" as Timothy Tickler; and Thomas Gillespie, afterwards a professor at St. Andrews; Rev. Wm. Gillespie, Kells; and J. Black, well-known in connection with the "Morning Chronicle." But of greater value than theirs was the assistance rendered to the poet by John Grieve, a hatter of Edinburgh, and worshipper of the Ettrick Shepherd, He was more than a brother to the unfortunate poet. For six months after the Shepherd was starved into Edinburgh Mr. Grieve was his host, and gave him everything he required. He seemed to take a delight in forestalling the poet's needs. Moreover, Mr. Grieve's partner became as firmly attached to the poet; and had it not been for their assistance, the Ettrick Shepherd might have suffered the fate of Otway.

Having failed to ingratiate himself with the public as an editor, Hogg next turned his attention to oratory. He and a number of young aspirants for fame established the Forum, a debating society which held its meetings in Carubbers Close, Edinburgh, and which allowed the public, by payment, to hear the members air their eloquence and opinions. The Shepherd was appointed secretary, with a salary of twenty pounds a-year, which he never got, Here, every night, he made a point to speak; and his broad, south-country dialect was the source of great amusement to the audience, with whom, however, the Shepherd was a special favourite. This society lasted three years, and it was acknowledged by Hogg to have done him exceeding good, for it let him "feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow and what they would not. Private societies signify nothing, but a discerning public is a severe test, especially in a multitude, where the smallest departure from good taste, or from the question, is sure to draw down disapproval." Audiences have degenerated since Hogg's time, for a wordy battle in good humour would be more appreciated than keeping to the question. Hogg amused himself in public by depreciating the public men of the time, especially Napoleon and his followers, and all who were Whigs, for he was Conservative in his politics. The society was modelled after Parliament, and the inconsistencies which often arose between the youthful members and their prototypes was productive of much fun. Hogg tells us he hit off the comic side in a farce, called "The Forum, a Tragedy for cold weather." In it he humorously depicted some of the budding orators, himself included. He either valued the piece lightly, or was afraid to shock the feelings of the members, for this farce never saw the light, a like fate befalling a musical drama which he wrote for Mr. Siddons, then manager of the theatre in Edinburgh.

The Shepherd must have been leading a desultory life in Edinburgh at this time, for we hear very little of how he obtained the means of living. He had been in Edinburgh for three years now, and had entered it in a condition not very remote from starvation. We know he had been kept by Mr, Grieve and his partner, Mr. Scott; but during the next two years he might have come under the definition of a vagrant, "of being without any visible means of support." At a chance hint from Mr. Grieve he resuscitated some poems from "The Spy," wove them into a continuous narrative, and surprised the reading world with "The Queen's Wake"—his masterpiece. This work was descriptive of a poetic competition held before Queen Mary, on her arrival in Scotland from France. As usual, the poet had difficulties in getting a publisher. Constable would have nothing to do with it unless the Shepherd obtained two hundred subscribers; and, in that case, he would give the poet £100 for permission to print a thousand copies. The poet had to accede to these terms, and hunted up subscribers to the amount stipulated. But a Mr. Goldie (one of the Forum) stepped forward and offered better terms for the "Queen's Wake." Now, when there was competition for his poem, the poet asked Constable to reconsider his terms; but

Scott and the publisher had recently been quarrelling, and the Shepherd got nothing but curses for all the poetic tribe, so Goldie published the book.

The work was well received, both by the public and the critics—the only dissentient being the "Eclectic Review," of which Jeffrey was the editor. Two editions were quickly sold. The Shepherd having doubts of Goldie's stability, had arranged with Constable to publish the third edition, and when Goldie heard of this, he attacked the poet, and "browbeat" him, till he broke the engagement with Constable. Hardly were the new copies a week on sale when Goldie became bankrupt, and the Shepherd's expectations of remuneration were at once swept away. By the considerate kindness of Mr. Aitken and Mr. Blackwood, however, matters were arranged much better than he expected, for he received all the unsold copies of his book on paying the expenses of printing, and these when sold brought him twice as much as Goldie had promised to pay him. A fifth edition of the "Queen's Wake," with engraved illustrations, was published some years after.

His next work was "Mador of the Moor," produced at the instigation of Mrs. Izett, of Kinnaird House, a lady who had taken a great interest in the career of the Shepherd, and invited him every year to her house in Athole. While on a visit there, he had caught cold, and was confined to the house. Mrs. Izett deprecated him idling about, so she led him into a study and bid him write. The choice of the subject being left to the lady, she suggested the Tay, flowing beneath their eyes. The poet immediately began, and in a few weeks produced "Mador of the Moor," a poem replete with beauties, but marred by the great improbability of the narrative. He followed up this with "Connel of the Dee," and "The Pilgrims of the Sun." On the publication of the "Pilgrims," which was bandied from one publisher to another before it saw the press, it received a favourable criticism, but its sale did not reach a second edition.

The poet gave way to the force of facts, and acknowledged to himself that his pen was unable to gain him a livelihood. Longing too for his native place and his old occupation, he addressed to the Duchess of Buccleuch a playful letter in the form of an humble petition, praying her to use her influence with the Duke's chamberlain to obtain for him a small farm on which he had cast his eyes. "There is a certain poor bard," he wrote, "who has two old parents, each of them upwards of eighty years of age, and that bard has no house nor home to shelter these poor parents in, or cheer the evening of their lives. A single line from a certain very great and very beautiful lady, to a certain Mr. Riddell would insure that small pendicle to the bard at once. But she will grant no such thing! I appeal to your Grace if she is not a very bad lady that!" The poet's request was not immediately answered; what was the reason cannot now be told; but the Duchess died about five months after, and her death ended the poet's suspense. The Duke took up his case, and installed him, rent free, in a farm at Altrive, instead of the one sought by the Shepherd, informing him at the same time that the gift was in fulfilment of the desire of the Duchess.

Now that he had obtained a farm on such easy terms, it behoved him to look about for the means to work it, He had many personal friends in Edinburgh and elsewhere, and his literary fame had brought him into communication with a large number of literary men, such as Rogers, Southey, Byron, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and others. When the "Isle of Palms" was published, Hogg was moved with a strong desire to know its author. John Wilson, afterwards known as Christopher North, was slightly known to Scott, but Scott would not give letters of introduction, so the Shepherd wrote and invited Wilson to dinner, as he was burning to see him. Wilson came, and the dinner was the initiation of a warm friendship between them. When both were in Edinburgh, they saw each other every day. After Hogg's death, Wilson undertook to write his biography; and it is a pity that he did so, for as no one was better able to do the work, the intimation prevented others from attempting it, while he himself was ultimately unable to fulfil his promise through the pressure of his other labours. Through Wilson, the Shepherd was introduced to Sym—"Timothy Tickler." This "genuine old Tory" had been eagerly scanning Hogg's articles in the "Spy," and had assisted him with articles, with advice, and by bringing the good points of the poet to the notice of his acquaintances. Hogg did not know Sym at that time, for he kept himself concealed; and the poet therefore received a surprise when he was ushered into a wealthy mansion to meet a gentleman nearly seven feet high, with an aristocratic air, as his secret friend when engaged on the "Spy." Thereafter Hogg was a frequent visitor to the big house in George's Square, for besides meeting a congenial friend in Mr Sym, he was sure also of seeing other pleasant companions, and moreover Sym had a couple of splendid violins, on which the Shepherd and he were wont to regale themselves with Scotch reels and strathspeys, while the others sat and talked in a corner. Wilson (Christopher North), Sym (Timothy Tickler), and Hogg (the Shepherd), were the three leading characters in the celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianae" of "Blackwood's Magazine." It was likely in Southside House, for that was the name of Mr. Sym's place, that Hogg first met J. G. Lockhart; but although the Shepherd had a great admiration for some of Lockhart's humorous poetry, he could have had little cordial esteem for him. Lockhart was extremely fond of joking, and the simplicity of the Shepherd was too great a temptation to be resisted. On the death of Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart was extremely irate because the Shepherd published reminiscences of the great novelist; and seemed to view it as an intrusion on his rights as the biographer of his father-in-law.

Hogg had never seen Byron, but he originated a correspondence with him which the moody poet kept up for a time. The Shepherd introduced himself to Southey one day, when on his way to visit his friend Wilson at Elleray. When in Keswick, he sent a note to the author of "Madoc" and the "Curse of Kehama," to come and see him at the Queen's Head Inn, which the poet-laureate at once did. Something happened at this meeting, very astonishing in the Shepherd's eyes—Southey refused to take rum punch; but otherwise Hogg's esteem for the Lake poet grew rapidly, and he passed some days with Southey at Greta Hall.

It was in Edinburgh that Hogg and Wordsworth first came together. James Wilson, brother of Professor Wilson, invited the Shepherd to a dinner at his mother's, to meet Mr. Wordsworth. A celebrated horse-dealer was the Wordsworth uppermost in the poet's memory, and when Wilson told him that he would like their visitor very much, for he was very intelligent, Hogg replied "I dare say he is; at all events he is allowed to be a good judge of horse-flesh." Wordsworth the horse-dealer was much better known at this time in and about Edinburgh than Wordsworth the poet, for more than the Shepherd made the same mistake. There is more than a touch of the Shepherd's conceit in some remarks he makes in reference to the Scotch Wordsworth. He (a shepherd) had some misgivings how a celebrated horse-dealer should have the entry of a house where only the first people of Edinburgh were invited; and some gentlemen were at a loss to know why he should be travelling the country with a *horse-couper*. This last remark refers to the journey, Mr. Wordsworth, Dr. Anderson and the Shepherd made to the Yarrow, when they visited the Shepherd's country house. But their acquaintance did not long continue without a flaw. On the night of a visit the Shepherd made to Ryedale Mount—Wordsworth's house—there chanced to be a brilliant display of the aurora borealis. The party assembled came out to the front of the house to see the beautiful appearance; and Miss Wordsworth expressed her fears that it might be the precursor of ill-luck. The Shepherd exclaimed, "Hout, mem, it's joost a triumphal airch in honour o' the meeting of the poets." De Quincey told afterwards that when Hogg had uttered the words, Wordsworth growled in his companion's ear "Poets! Poets! what does the fellow mean? Where are they?" Hogg could not forgive this affront and took his revenge in parodying Wordsworth's style in "The Poetic Mirror." He had some suspicion, however, that De Quincey himself was the author of the irritating words.

To obtain capital to start in his venture at Altrive Farm, the Shepherd resorted to a novel scheme. He applied to his poetical friends for a poem from each, and these he intended to publish in one volume for his own benefit. Some of those he applied to are now almost unknown, but his list included Scott, Wilson, Wordsworth, Byron, and Rogers. Scott refused point blank—"Let every herring hing by its ain head," was the answer—and the Shepherd was wroth with him, writing him a bitter letter, and avoiding his society for a long time afterwards; Wordsworth sent a poem, but withdrew it again; Byron and Rogers did not keep their promise; and what was sent by others was of such unequal value, that Hogg thought he could do better himself, So he sat down to write a piece in imitation of each of the leading living poets. With the exception of the second article, which was by Thomas Pringle, the Shepherd wrote the whole of the "Poetic Mirror," within three weeks, Had it not been for the venomous caricature of Wordsworth, the several pieces might have passed as playful originals of the authors whose mannerisms were imitated. Hogg's preface to this anonymous book is as ambiguous as any utterance of ancient oracle.

It was some months before the Shepherd made up his quarrel with Scott, He had fallen into the company of a wild set of clever men, who had been seized by a paroxysm of hard drinking. By a bacchanalian career of six weeks among them, Hogg drove himself into a fever, which nearly put an end to him. As soon as news of this illness reached Scott, he inquired every day concerning the Shepherd's condition, and offered his purse that his old friend might have everything necessary to restore him. Mr. Grieve, to whom Scott made these inquiries, was enjoined to keep secret the interest Scott had shown in the Shepherd's recovery; but Hogg learned it afterwards by some other means, and immediately repented of having treated Scott in the manner he had done. He avowed contrition, and asked a return to their old friendship, which Scott answered by inviting him to breakfast next morning, and ignoring all that led to their disagreement, although Hogg was not quite so wise.

During 1815, the year of Waterloo, Hogg was busy with literary work, a series of songs adapted to Jewish melodies and two volumes of "Dramatic Tales" coming from his pen. The songs were to be paid for at the rate of a guinea a stanza, but the author got nothing; and his "Dramatic Tales" were a failure. He had not yet reached the goal of his present ambition—stocking for Altrive Farm. As a last resource, he turned to Mr. Blackwood, and that publisher suggested a *de luxe* edition of the "Queen's Wake." By the aid of Sir Walter Scott and other friends, this edition brought something to the Shepherd, but how much is unknown. He entered his farm at Altrive, and tried to settle down to pastoral and agricultural pursuits. Years before he had called poetry a thankless trade, and now he resolved to forswear it entirely. He kept his resolution for some years, till at the urgent request of some friends, he began "Queen Hynde." Meantime he could not be content with his agricultural labours. A dream of the "Spy" on a larger and different

plan haunted him, and having discovered that his friend Thomas Pringle had a similar idea, the two disclosed their scheme to Blackwood, the publisher, who also had been thinking of a serial publication. The Shepherd was offered the editorship, but as he lived in the country he could not undertake it. Pringle and Blackwood came to an arrangement, and the first number of Blackwood was issued. Pringle's assistant was Cleghorn; and before the fourth month, the two disagreed with the publisher, and by and by went over to the camp of the enemy—the "Edinburgh Review." Wilson and Lockhart, then a youth of twenty, supplied their places, and gave new features to the magazine, and it entered on its palmiest days. The shepherd took a side in the quarrel between publisher and editors, and the consequent embittered competition between the two publishers. Each party tried to ridicule the other, and with this object Hogg wrote the famous Chaldee manuscript—a witty description of the battle between the two publishers in Biblical language. Additions were made to it by Blackwood's assistants—chiefly, as the Shepherd thought, by Lockhart, and its boldness and bitterness greatly intensified. This article horrified the religious feelings of the community, and the publisher narrowly escaped suffering ecclesiastical censure.

Following the example of Walter Scott, the Shepherd in 1817 commenced to write novels, the first of which was the "Brownie of Bodsbeck." The time of publication was unfortunate—a year after Scott's "Old Mortality." This necessarily provoked comparison between the two, much to the disadvantage of Hogg's work, for many declared it a mere imitation of the other. But there were not a few who were glad to receive a true and more favourable picture of the Covenanters and their times, and the book became popular. He next started for the Highlands to search for Jacobite songs, and published one volume of them in 1819, and the other in 1821, under the title of "Jacobite Relics of Scotland." Between the two volumes he sent forth "Winter Evening Tales," the "greater part of which were written when he was a shepherd on the mountains."

The same year, 1820, on the 28th April, the Shepherd married. He who had sung women's charms and women's wiles so long, simple-minded as he was, was not married till he was in his fiftieth year. That requires explanation among the many strange things in Hogg's career. His wife was Margaret Phillips, the youngest daughter of Mr. Phillips, of Longbridge Moor, in Annandale. In his choice of a wife he was fortunate, although not so in the attendant money matters. On now considering his position, the Shepherd thought he had good grounds for undertaking a larger farm than the one in his possession. His literary earnings accumulating in the hands of his various publishers, amounted to nearly £1000, and he was to receive another £1000 as his wife's dowry. He took a nine-years' lease of a neighbouring farm—Mount Benger. He laid out his entire capital on stock for it, and found it to be far short of what was necessary; his father-in-law became embarrassed, and disappointed the Shepherd's expectations; and in desperation for money he reverted to his story writing in 1822, producing "The Three Perils of Man, viz., War, Women, and Witchcraft," for which he received £150 from Messrs. Longman & Co., of London. Next year he brought out "The Three Perils of Women," by the same publishers, which brought him another £150, and in 1824, "The Confessions of a Fanatic." "The Three Perils" now appear as the "The Siege of Roxburgh." His next literary adventure was a long poem called "Queen Hynde," which the poet maintained to be superior to his "Queen's Wake," but the public thought differently, for the work was slow in going off, and the poet did not gain a farthing by it. "Poetry," as Allan Cunningham put it, "must be its own reward." This was the last of his important literary undertakings, but he continued writing short fairy tales, ghost stories, songs, and poems for periodicals from which he sometimes received payment and sometimes not. In 1829 Blackwood published a collection of his songs, about 140, and this was favourably received, and brought something to his purse. His next work was a poetical essay dealing with Reform, which at that time greatly agitated the country, culminating in the Reform Act of 1832. Hogg's politics were those of the unpopular party, and his publisher did not dare to issue the thousand copies he had stored by him.

Hogg was glad when the nine years' lease of Mount Benger ended, and he could withdraw to his old house at Lake Altrive. He was nearly sixty now, and it must have been evident to him that he had neither time nor energy to retrieve his fortunes. His very fame was now impoverishing him; for numbers daily called on him, both at Mount Benger and Altrive; and the Shepherd, easily won by a favourable word, treated all hospitably. His opportunities of writing were few and irregular, and he confined himself chiefly to preparing new editions of his works. In 1831, in company with Motherwell, he edited an edition of Burns for a Glasgow publisher. On the first day of the year following he went to London to arrange for the publication of his works in a complete form. After twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he said, "Blackwood has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience." And so he had sought a new publisher—Mr. Cochrane, of London, who, shortly after, issued the first volume of his prose works with illustrations by George Cruickshank, under the title of the "Altrive Tales." During his stay in London the Shepherd received abundant proofs of admiration and esteem. Some of his countrymen arranged a festival in his honour, on Burns's birthday, at which nearly two hundred of the most distinguished persons in political and literary circles were present; and two sons of Burns sat on the other side of the chairman, Sir John Malcolm.

But the main object of the visit to London turned out another unsuccess; Cochrane became bankrupt, and the Shepherd had to forego the hope of seeing a complete collection of his works.

Shortly after his return from London further honours were heaped on him. His friends desired to express their appreciation of his wonderful talents, and of their consideration of his personal worth, by giving him a public dinner. This took place at Peebles, his old friend, John Wilson, being in the chair. That night the Shepherd said, that he had sought fame while yet among the mountains he carried the crook and plaid; he had sought it in the city; and now when he saw so many talented men around him, and met on his account, well might he exclaim, "I have found it at last!"

During the next two years the poet did almost nothing; but in 1834 he put forth "Lay Sermons on good principles and good breeding"—lessons drawn from his experience of what was conducive to every one's welfare and happiness; and nearer the end of the year he sketched the "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott," full of interesting anecdotes of his lately-departed friend, whom he was soon to follow. During the same year he renewed his attempts to get his tales republished. A fresh series of both old and new was arranged, under the title of the "Montrose Tales." Three volumes were issued by Mr. Cochrane, who had again started business. They were favourably received, and seemed likely to sell well, when Cochrane again became bankrupt. But ere this happened the poet had passed away. Since his return from London his constitution had grown enfeebled; but no serious illness appeared till October, 1835, when he was confined to his bed by an affection of the liver. After suffering severely for four weeks he died on the 21st of November, 1835, "as calmly, and to all appearance, with as little pain as if he had fallen asleep in his grey plaid on the side of a moorland rill." He was buried in Ettrick churchyard, close to the church in which he was baptized, and a few yards from the cottage in which he was born. His widow raised a simple stone to his memory, bearing his name, the dates of his birth and death, and a minstrel harp: and the sod above was covered with daisies transplanted from a distance. In 1858 a subscription was originated to erect a public monument to the bard of Ettrick; and with the £400 gathered a statue by Andrew Currie, also a native of Ettrick, was erected on a beautiful spot by the side of St. Mary's Loch.

Hogg has often been coupled with Burns, but there is little similarity between them, except in the humbleness of their origin and upbringing. Burns's personality dominates in the best of his work, no small number of his poems and songs being written on the spur of the moment; according as his passions were moved by the incidents happening around him, he gave vent to his feelings in words, like an Æolian harp rising and falling with the changing breeze. But the personality of the Bard of Ettrick is seldom manifested; we scarcely know the source of inspiration of any one of his poems, while the history of Burns is but a long list of them. It is not to Burns, but to Scott that we must turn for a poet of the same feather; and the parallelisms between them are numerous. Both were born about the same period, and reared in the same traditions: a common love of old Border ballad brought them together: Scott was animated by the desire of restoring the fame and state of his family name; Hogg longed to walk in the steps of his forefathers as a great sheep-farmer: Scott wrote the "Lady of the Lake"; Hogg, "Mador of the Moor," and "Queen Hynde": "Old Mortality" has its counterpart in the "Brownie of Bodsbeck." The works of both evince more of observation than of reflection and deep thought; more of the external than of the inner man. Burns was an Etna, its fiery plumes towering aloft, its snow-clad sides gleaming 'neath the morning sun, and dazzling the eyes of the beholder; while the moods of Scott and Hogg were like the varied undulations of a Scottish landscape.

J. T. B.

THE BROWNIE OF BODSBECK:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COVENANTERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a range of high mountains that border on Annandale, Ettrick Forest, and Tweeddale, that are by many degrees the wildest, the most rugged, and inaccessible in the south of Scotland. They abound with precipitous rocks, caverns, and water-falls, besides interminable morasses, full of deep ruts, which are nevertheless often green and dry in the bottom, with perhaps a small rill tinkling along each of them. No superior hiding place can be conceived. With means of subsistence, thousands of men might remain there in safe hiding, with the connivance of one single shepherd. To that desolate and unfrequented region did the shattered remains of the routed fugitives from the field of Bothwell Bridge, as well as the broken and persecuted whigs from all the western districts, ultimately flee as to their last refuge.

They, being however all Westland men, were consequently utterly unacquainted with the inhabitants of the country in which they had taken shelter. They neither knew their religious principles, nor the opinions which they held regarding the measures of government, and therefore durst not trust them with the secret of their retreat. They had watchers set all around ; certain calls of different birds for signals, and conformable to these they skulked away from one hiding-place to another, alike at the approach of the armed troop, the solitary shepherd, or the careless fowler.

It was a season of calamity and awful interest. From the midst of that inhospitable wilderness, from those dark morasses, and unfrequented caverns, the prayers of the persecuted race nightly rose to the throne of the Almighty : prayers, as all testified who heard them, fraught with the most simple pathos, as well as bold and vehement sublimity. In the solemn gloom of the evening, after the last rays of day had disappeared, and again in the morning before the ruddy streaks began to paint the east ; yea, often at the deepest hours of midnight, songs of praise were sung to that BEING under whose fatherly chastisement they were patiently suffering. These hymns, always chanted with ardour and wild melody, and borne afar on the light breezes of the twilight, were often heard at a great distance, causing no little consternation to the remote dwellers of that mountain region. The heart of the shepherd grew chill, and his hairs stood on end, as he hasted home to alarm the cottage circle with a tale of horror. For, besides this solemn and unearthly music, he perceived lights moving about by night in wilds and in caverns where human thing had never resided, and where foot of man had never trod, and he deemed that legions of spiritual creatures had once more taken possession of his solitary dells.

At length the hiders became so numerous that it was impracticable to keep themselves altogether concealed from the people of the country. Chance brought them in contact with the men, while sickness and utter necessity often drove the sufferers to make their appeal to the tender heart of women. Never were those appeals refused, although the favours granted were bestowed at the hazard of life ; and in no one instance on record was the confidence of

the sufferer betrayed ; even although the circumstances were partially known to two or three of the same family, they were often puzzled to the last to conceal them from one another. Of such a dilemma the following Tale is a pleasant instance. The general part is taken from Wodrow, and the local part from the relation of my own father, who had the best possible traditionary account of the incidents. On the publication of the first edition, I was grievously blamed, by a certain party, for having drawn an unfair character of Clavers. I can only say that it is the character I had heard drawn of him all my life, and the character of him which was impressed upon my mind since my earliest remembrance, which all his eulogists can never erase. Moreover, I have not contrived one incident in order to make his character blacker than it was : I may have taken a few of the worst, and condensed them, and that is all, and perfectly fair. If, through all the histories of that suffering period, I had discovered one redeeming quality about Clavers, I would have brought it forward, but I found none. He had the nature of a wolf and the bravery of a bull-dog.

CHAPTER I.

"IT will be a bloody night in Gemsop, this," said Walter of Chapelhope, as he sat one evening by the side of his little parlour fire, and wrung the rim of his wet bonnet into the grate. His wife sat by his side, airing a pair of clean hosen for her husband, to replace his wet ones. She looked steadfastly in his face, but uttered not a word ;—it was one of those looks that cannot be described, but it bespoke the height of curiosity, mingled with a kind of indefinite terror. She loved and respected her husband, and sometimes was wont to tease or cajole him from his purpose ; but one glance of his eye, or scowl of his eyebrow, was a sufficient admonition to her when she ventured to use such freedom.

The anxious stare that she bent on his face at this time was inquiry enough, what he meant by the short and mysterious sentence he had just uttered ; but from the fulness of his heart he had said that which he could not recall, and had no mind to commit himself further. His eldest son, John, was in the room, too, which he had not remarked before he spoke, and therefore he took the first opportunity to change the subject. "Gudewife," said he, tartly, "what are ye sittin glowrin like a bendit wulcat there for? Gae away and get me something to eat ; I'm like to fa' atwae wi' sheer hunger."

"Hunger, father !" said the lad ; "I'm sure I saw ye take as muckle meat to the hill with you as might have served six."

Walter looked first over the one shoulder at him, and then over the other, but, repressing his wrath, he sat silent about the space of two minutes, as if he had not heard what the youth said. "Callant," then said he with the greatest seeming composure, "rin away to the hill, an' see after the eild nowt ; ca' them up by the Quave Burn, an' bide wi' them till they lie down, gin that sudna be till twal o'clock at night—Gae away when I bid ye—What are ye mungin at?" And saying so, he gave him such a thwack on the neck and shoulders with the wet bonnet as made him make the best of his way to the door. Whether he drove the young cattle as far as the Quave Burn, or whether he looked after them that night or not, Walter made no further inquiry.

He sat still by his fire wrapt in deep thought, which seemed to increase his uneasy and fretful mood. Maron Linton (for that was the goodwife of Chapelhope's name), observing the bad humour of her husband, and knowing for certain that something disagreeable had befallen him, wisely forebore all intermeddling or teasing questions respecting the cause. Long experience had taught her the danger of these. She bustled about, and set him down the best fare that the house afforded : then, taking up her tobacco pipe, she meditated an escape into the kitchen. She judged that a good hearty meal by himself might somewhat abate his chagrin ; and, besides, the ominous words were still ringing in her ears—"It will be a bloody night in Gemsop

this"—and she longed to sound the shepherds that were assembled around the kitchen fire, in order to find out their import. Walter, however, perceiving her drift, stopped her short with—"Gudewife, whar are ye gaun sae fast? Come back an' sit down here, I want to speak t'ye."

Maron trembled at the tone in which these words were spoken, but nevertheless did as she was desired, and sat down again by the fire. "Weel, Watie, what is't?" said she, in a low and humble tone.

Walter plied his spoon for some time, without deigning any reply; then turning full upon her, "Has Kate been in her bed every night this week?" asked he seriously.

"Dear gudeman, whaten a question's that to speer at me? What can hae put sic a norie i' your head as that?"

"That's no answerin my question, Maron, but speerin ither twa instead o't:—I ask ye gin Kate hasna been out o' her bed for some nights bygane."

"How sude I ken ony thing about that, gudeman?—ye may gang an' speer at her—Out o' her bed, quotha!—Na—there'll nae young skempy amang them wile her out o' her bed i' the night-time.—Dear gudeman, what has put it i' your head that our bairn stravaigs i' the night-time?"

"Na, na, Maron, there's nae mortal soul will ever gar ye answer to the point."

"Dear gudeman, wha heard ever tell o' a *mortal* soul?—the soul's no mortal at a'—Didna ye hear our ain worthy curate-clerk say"——

"O, Maron! Maron! ye'll aye be the auld woman, if the warld sude turn upside-down!—Canna ye answer my question simply, ay or no, as far as ye ken, whether our daughter has been out o' her bed at midnight for some nights bygane or no?—If ye ken that she has, canna ye tell me sae at aince, without ganging about the bush? it's a thing that deeply concerns us baith."

"Troth, gudeman, gin she has been out o' her bed, mony an honest man's bairn has been out o' her bed at midnight afore her, an' nae ill in her mind nouther—the thing's as common as the rising o' the se'en sterns."

Walter turned towards his meal, after casting a look of pity and despair upon his yokefellow, who went on at great length defending the equivocal practice of young women who might deem it meet and convenient to leave their beds occasionally by night; and at length, with more sagacity than usual, concluded her arguments with the following home remark:—"Ye ken fu' weel, gudeman, ye courtit me i' the howe o' the night yoursel; an' Him that kens the heart kens weel that I hae never had cause to rue our bits o' trysts i' the dark—Na, na! mony's the time an' aft that I hae blest them, an' thought o' them wi' pleasure! We had ae kind o' happiness then, Watie, we hae another now, an' we'll hae another yet."

There was something in this appeal that it would have been unnatural to have resisted. There is a tenderness in the recollection of early scenes of mutual joy and love, that invariably softens the asperity of our nature, and draws the heart by an invisible bond towards the sharer of these; but when these scenes are at one view connected with the present and the future, the delight receives a tinge of sublimity. In short, the appeal was one of the most happy that ever fell from the lips of a simple and ignorant, though a well-meaning woman. It was not lost upon Walter; who, though of a rough exterior and impatient humour, was a good man. He took his wife's hand and pressed it fervently.

"My gude auld wife," said he, "God bless ye!—Ye hae bits o' queer gates whiles, but I wadna part wi' ye, or see ane o' your grey hairs wranged, for a' the ewes on the Hermon Law."—Maron gave two or three sobs, and put the corner of her check-apron upon the eye that was next Walter.—"Fair fa' your heart, Maron," said he, "we'll sae nae mair about it; but, my woman, we maun crack about our bits o' hame affairs, an' I had the strongest reasons for coming to the truth o' yon; however, I'll try ither means.—But, Maron Linton, there's anither thing, that in spite o' my heart is like to breed me

muckle grief, an' trouble, an' shame.—Maron, has the Brownie o' Bodsbeck been ony mair seen about the town?"

"Troth, gudeman, "ye're aye sae hard i' the belief—wi' a' your kindness to me and mine, ye hae a dour, stiff, unbowsome kind o' nature in ye—it'll hardly souple whan steepit i' yer ain e'esight—but I can tell ye for news, ye'll no hae a servant about yer house, man, woman, nor boy, in less than a fortnight, if this wicked and malevolent spirit canna be put away—an' I may say i' the language o' Scripture, 'My name is Legion, for we are many.' It's no ae Brownie, nor twa, nor half-a-score, that's about the house, but a great multitude—they say they're ha'f deils ha'f fock—a thing that I dinna weel understand. But how many bannocks think ye I hae baken in our house these eight days, an' no a crust o' them to the fore but that wee bit on your timber trencher? Half-a-dizen o' dizens, gudeman!—a' the meal girnels i' the country wadna stand it, let abee the wee bit meal ark o' Chapelhope."

"Gudewife, I'm perfectly stoundit. I dinna ken what to say, or what to think, or what to do; an' the mair sae o' what I have heard sin' I gaed to the hill—Auld John o' the Muchrah, our herd, wha I ken wadna tell a lee for the Laird o' Drummelzier's estate, saw an unco sight the night afore last."

"Mercy on us, gudeman! what mair has been seen about this unlucky place?"

"I'll tell ye, gudewife—on Monanday night he cam yont to stop the ewes aff the hogg-fence, but or it was lang he saw a white thing an' a black thing comin' up the Houm close thegither; they cam by within three cat-loups o' him—he grippit his cudgel firm, an' was aince gaun to gie them strength o' arm, but his power failed him an' a' his sinnens grew like dockans; there was a kind o' glamour cam o'er his een too, for a' the 'Hope an' the heaven grew as derk as tar an' pitch—but the settin moon shone even in their faces, and he saw them as weel as it had been fore-day. The tane was a wee bit hurklin crile of an unearthly thing, as shrinkit an' wan as he had lien seven years i' the grave; the tither was like a young woman—an' what d'ye think? he says he'll gang to death wi't that it was outher our dochter or her wraith."

Maron lifted up her eyes and her clasped hands toward the ceiling, and broke out with the utmost vehemence into the following raving ejaculation:—"O mercy, mercy! Watie Laidlaw!—O, may Him that dwalls atween the Sherubeams be wi' us and preserve us and guide us, for we are undone creatures!—O, Watie Laidlaw, Watie Laidlaw! there's the wheel within the wheel, the mystery o' Babylon, the mother of harlots, and abominations o' the earth——"

"Maron Linton!—What are ye sayin?—Haud your tongue, Maron Linton."

"O gudeman, I thought it was the young fallows ye jaloosed her wi'—I wish it had. I wad rather hae seen her i' the black stool, in the place where repentance is to be hoped for; but now she's i' the deil's ain hands. I jaloosed it, Watie—I kend it—I was sure o't lang syne—our bairn's changed—she's transplanted—she's no Keaty Laidlaw now, but an unearthly creature—we might weel hae kend that flesh an' blude could never be sae bonny—Gudeman, I hae an awsome tale to tell you—Wha think ye was it that killed Clavers' Highlanders?"

"That, I suppose, will remain a mystery till the day when a' secrets will be cleared up, an' a' the deeds o' darkness brought to light."

"Sae may it be, Watie! Sae may it be! But it was neither ane nor ither but our ain only dochter Kate."

"Ye're ravin, Maron—troth, ye're gaun daft—a bit sklendry lassie o' aughteen kill sae mony armed Highlanders?—Hout fye! keep within bounds, Maron."

"I heard her wi' thir lugs it's i' my ain head—Stannin on that very room floor, I heard her gie the orders to her Brownie. She was greetin whan I cam in—I listened and heard her saying, while her heart was like to loup, 'Wae's me! O wae's me! or mid-day their blood will be rinnin like water!—The

auld an' the young, the bonny an' the gude, the sic an' the woundit—That blude may cry to Heaven, but the cauld earth will drink it up; days may be better, but waur they canna be! Down wi' the clans, Brownie, and spare nae ane.' In less than ten minutes after that, the men were found dead. Now, Watie, this is a plain an' positive truth."

Walter's blood curdled within him at this relation. He was superstitious, but he always affected to disbelieve the existence of the Brownie, though the evidences were so strong as not to admit of any doubt; but this double assurance, that his only daughter, whom he loved above all the world besides, was leagued with evil spirits, utterly confounded him. He charged his wife, in the most solemn manner, never more, during her life, to mention the mysterious circumstance relating to the death of the Highland soldiers. It is not easy to conceive a pair in more consummate astonishment than Walter and his spouse were by the time the conversation had reached this point. The one knew not what to think, to reject, or believe—the other believed all, without comprehending a single iota of what she did believe; her mind endeavoured to grasp a dreadful imaginary form, but the dimensions were too ample for its reasoning powers; they were soon dilated, burst, and were blown about, as it were, in a world of vision and terror.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE proceeding with the incidents as they occurred, which is the common way of telling a story in the country, it will be necessary to explain some circumstances alluded to in the foregoing chapter.

Walter Laidlaw rented the extensive bounds of Chapelhope from the Laird of Drummelzier. He was a substantial, and even a wealthy man, as times went then, for he had a stock of 3000 sheep, cattle, and horses; and had, besides, saved considerable sums of money, which he had lent out to neighbouring farmers who were not in circumstances so independent as himself.

He had one only daughter, his darling, who was adorned with every accomplishment which the country could then afford, and with every grace and beauty that a country maiden may possess. He had likewise two sons, who were younger than she, and a number of shepherds and female servants.

The time in which the incidents here recorded took place, was, I believe, in the autumn of the year 1685, the most dismal and troublous time that these districts of the south and west of Scotland ever saw, or have since seen. The persecution for religion then raged in its wildest and most unbridled fury: the Covenanters, or the whigs, as they were then called, were proscribed, imprisoned, and at last hunted down like wild beasts. Graham, Viscount of Dundee, better known by the detested name of Clavers, set loose his savage troopers upon those peaceful districts, with peremptory orders to plunder, waste, disperse, and destroy the conventiclers, wherever they might be found.

The shepherds knew, or thought they knew, that no human being frequented these places. They lived in terror and consternation. Those who had no tie in the country left it, and retreated into the vales, where the habitations of men are numerous, and where the fairy, the Brownie, or the walking ghost, is rarely seen. Such as had friends whom they could not leave, or sheep and cattle upon the lands, as the farmers and shepherds had, were obliged to remain, but their astonishment and awe continued to increase. They knew there was but one Being to whom they could apply for protection against these unearthly visitants; family worship was begun both at evening and morning in the farmer's hall and the most remote hamlet; and that age introduced a spirit of devotion into those regions which one hundred and thirty years' continuance of the utmost laxity and indecision in religious principles has not yet been able wholly to eradicate.

It is likewise necessary to mention here, though perfectly well known, that

every corner of that distracted country was furnished with a gownsman, to instruct the inhabitants in the *mild* and *benignant* principles of prelacy, but chiefly to act as spies upon the detested whigs. In the fulfilment of this last task they were not remiss; they proved the most inveterate and incorrigible enemies that the poor covenanters had.

The officiating priest at the kirk of Saint Mary of the Lowes had been particularly active in this part of his commission. The smallest number could not be convened for the purposes of public devotion—two or three stragglers could not be seen crossing the country, but information was instantly sent to Clavers, or some one of his officers; and, at the same time, these devotional meetings were always described to be of the most atrocious and rebellious nature. The whigs became grievously incensed against this ecclesiastic, for, in the bleakest mountain of their native land, they could not enjoy a lair in common with the foxes and the wild-goats in peace, nor worship their God without annoyance in the dens and caves of the earth. Their conventicles, though held in places ever so remote, were broken in upon and dispersed by armed troops, and their ministers and brethren carried away to prisons, to banishment, and to death. They waxed desperate; and what will not desperate men do? They waylaid, and seized upon one of the priest's emissaries by night, a young female, who was running on a message to Grierson of Lag. Overcome with fear at being in custody of such frightful-looking fellows, with their sallow cheeks and long beards, she confessed the whole and gave up her despatches. These were of the most aggravated nature. Forthwith two or three of the most hardy of the whigs, without the concurrence or knowledge of their brethren, posted straight to the Virgin's chapel that very night, shot the chaplain, and buried him at a small distance from his own little solitary mansion; at the same time giving out to the country that he was a sorcerer, an adulterer, and a character every way evil. His name has accordingly been handed down to posterity as a most horrid necromancer.

This was a rash and unpremeditated act; and, as might well have been foreseen, the cure proved worse than the disease. It brought the armed troops upon them both from the east and the west. Clavers came to Traquair, and stationed companies of troops in a line across the country. The Laird of Lag placed a body of men in the narrowest pass of Moffatdale, in the only path by which these mountains are accessible. Thus all communication was cut off between the mountain-men and the western counties; for every one who went or came by that way, these soldiers took prisoner, searched, and examined; and one lad, who was coming from Moffat, carrying more bread than they thought he could well account for, they shot dead on the spot just as he had dropt on his knees to pray.

A curate, named Clerk, still remained to keep an eye upon the whigs and pester them. He had the charge of two chapels in that vicinity; the one at a place now called Kirkhope, which was dedicated to Saint Irene, a saint of whom the narrator of this story could give no account. The other was dedicated to Saint Lawrence; the remains of it are still to be seen at Chapelhope, in a small circular inclosure on the west side of the burn. Clerk was as malevolent to the full against the proscribed party as his late brother, but he wanted the abilities of the deceased; he was ignorant, superstitious, and had assumed a part of that fanaticism in religion by which many of the adverse party were distinguished. By this principally he had gained some influence among his hearers, on whom he tried every stimulant to influence them against the whigs. The goodwife of Chapelhope was particularly attached to him and his tenets; he held her completely in leading-strings; her conscience approved of everything, or disapproved, merely as he directed; he flattered her for her deep knowledge in true and sound divinity and the Holy Scriptures, although of both she was grossly ignorant. But she had learned from her preceptor a kind of cant—a jargon of religious terms and sentences of Scripture mixed, of which she had great pride but little understanding. She

was just such a character as would have been a whig, had she ever had an opportunity of hearing or conversing with any of that sect. Few things could be so truly ludicrous as some of her exhibitions in a religious style. The family and servants were in general swayed by their mistress, who took a decided part with Clerk in all his schemes against the whigs, and constantly dispatched one of her own servants to carry his messages of information to the king's officers. This circumstance soon became known to the mountain-men, and though they were always obliged to take refuge on the lands of Chapelhope by day, they avoided carefully all communication with the family or shepherds (for several of the shepherds on that farm lived in cottages at a great distance from one another and from the farmhouse).

Walter despised Clerk and his tenets most heartily; he saw that he was a shallow, hypocritical, and selfish being, and that he knew nothing of the principles in which he pretended to instruct them; therefore he sorely regretted the influence that he had gained over his family. Neither did he approve of the rigid and rebellious principles which he believed the Covenanters professed. When he met with any man, or community of men, who believed firmly in any thing and held it sacred, Walter revered that, and held it sacred likewise; but it was rather from a deference to the belief and feelings of his fellow creatures than his own conviction. In short, Walter was an honest, conscientious, good, old-fashioned man, but he made no great fuss about religion, and many supposed that he did not care a pin who was right or who was wrong.

On the 23rd of August, Clavers dispatched nineteen men from Traquair, under the command of one Copland, a gentleman volunteer in his troop, and a very brave young man, to gain intelligence concerning the murder of the curate, and use every means to bring the perpetrators to justice. Copland and his men came to the mansion of the late chaplain, where they remained all the night, and made every inquiry that they could concerning the murderers. Several witnesses were brought in and examined, and among others the very identical girl whom the whigs took prisoner, and robbed of the dispatches. She had heard the letter read by one of the gang who seized her, while the rest stood and listened. It bore, "that great numbers of the broken and rebellious traitors kenneled in the wilds around Loch Skene, from whence they committed depredations on all the countries about; that they likewise made religious incursions into those districts, where great multitudes attended their inflammatory harangues." It also stated, "that a noted incendiary was to preach on such a day in Riskinhope Linn, where the whole group might easily be surrounded and annihilated; that many of them were armed with guns, bludgeons, and broad-swords, but that they were the most cowardly, heartless dogs alive; and that he himself, who had private and certain information of all their hiding places, would engage to rid the country of them in a few days, if Lag would allow him but one company of soldiers."

Copland now began to suspect that his force was too small to accomplish anything of moment; he determined, however, to make a dash into the wild next morning, and, if possible, to seize some prisoners, and thereby gain more accurate information. On the morning of the 24th, having procured two trusty guides, he proceeded on his expedition. He and nine of his followers went up by a place called Sheilhope, the other nine by Chapelhope: they were to scour the broken ground, take all those prisoners whom they found skulking, fire upon such as refused to stand, and meet on a certain height at noon. Copland and his party reached the appointed place without making any reprisal; they perceived some stragglers on the heights and rocks at a great distance, who always vanished away, like beings not of this world. Three of the other party took one poor lad prisoner, who was so spent and emaciated that he had been unable to fly at the signal-sound; but so intent were they on blood that he was not even brought before their leader, who never so much as knew of the capture.

The guide was wont to relate the circumstances of this poor man's trial and execution, for, but for him, no such thing would ever have been known; the death of a whig, or a straggler of any kind, was then a matter of no concern —They were three Braemar Highlanders who took him; like the most part of his associates, he answered their questions in a surly manner, and by the most cutting retorts, which particularly enraged a Donald Farquharson, one of the party, against him. "Weel, I'll pe pitting you to 'e test, and tat fery shun, my coot freen," said Donald; "and I'll just pe telling you, eince for a', tat ye haif ne meer but twa meenets and a half to leef."

The poor forlorn wight answered, "that he expected no better at their hands,—that he desired no longer time, and he hoped they would bear patiently with him for that short space." He then kneeled down and prayed most fervently, while Donald, who wanted only a hair to make a tether of, as the saying is, seemed watching diligently for a word at which to quarrel. At length he spoke words to the following purport:—"Father, forgive these poor misled creatures, as I forgive them; they are running blindly upon a wrong path, and without the power of thy grace they shall never gain the right one more." Donald, who did not well understand the dialect in which the prisoner prayed, looked shrewdly at his companions. "Dugald More," said he, "Dugald More, fat's 'e man saying?"

"He is praying," replied the other, "that we may lose our way, and never find it more."

"Plast 'e soul o' 'e tief, is he?" said Donald, and shot him through the body.

The wounded man groaned, and cried most piteously, and even called out "murder," but there was none to rescue or regard him. The soldiers, however, cut the matter short, by tossing him into a deep hole in the morass, where he sunk in the mire and was seen no more.

When Copland arrived at the place of rendezvous, five out of his ten associates were nowhere to be seen, nor did they make their appearance, although he tarried there till two in the afternoon. The guide then conducted him by the path on which those missing should have come, and on arriving at a narrow pass in Chapelhope, he found the bodies of the four soldiers and their guide mangled and defaced in no ordinary way; and judging from this that he had been long enough in that neighbourhood, he hasted back to Traquair with the news of the loss. Clavers is said to have broke out into the most violent rage, and to have sworn that night by the Blessed Virgin and all the Holy Trinity, utterly to extirpate the seed of the whining psalm-singing race from the face of the earth, and that ere Beltein there should not be as much whig blood in Scotland as would make a dish of soup to a dog. He however concealed from the privy council the loss of these five men, nor did they ever know of it to this day.

CHAPTER III.

THINGS were precisely in this state when the goodman of Chapelhope, taking his plaid and staff, went out to the heights one misty day in autumn to drive off a neighbour's flock from his pasture; but, as Walter was wont to relate the story himself, when any stranger came there on a winter evening, as long as he lived, it may haply be acceptable to the curious, and the lovers of rustic simplicity, to read it in his own words, although he drew it out to an inordinate length, and perhaps kept his own personal feelings and prowess too much in view for the fastidious or critical reader to approve.

"It was on a mirk misty day in September," said Walter, "I mind it weel, that I took my plaid about me, and a bit gay steeve aik stick in my hand, and away I sets to turn aff the Winterhopeburn sheep. The wind had been eastabout a' that hairst, I hae some sma' reason ne'er to forget it, and they had amaist gane wi' a' the gairs i' our North Grain. I weel expected I wad find them a' in the scaithe that dark day, and I was just amind to tak them hame in a drove to Aidie Andison's door, and say, 'Here's yer sheep for ye, lad; ye

maun outher keep them better, or else, gude faith, I'll keep them for ye.' I had been crost and put about wi' them a' that year, and I was just gaun to bring the screw to the neb o' the mire-snipe—Weel, off I sets. I had a special dog at my foot, and a bit gay fine stick in my hand, and I was rather cross-natured that day—'Auld Wat's no gaun to be o'er-trampit wi' nane o' them, for a' that's come and gane yet,' quo' I to mysel as I gaed up the burn—Weel, I slings aye on wi' a gay lang step; but, by the time that I had won the Forkings, I gat collied amang the mist, sae derk, that fient a spark I could see—Stogs aye on through cleuch and gill, and a' the gairs that they used to spounge, but, to my great mervel, I can nouther see a hair of a ewe's tail, nor can I hear the bleat of a lamb, or the bell of a wether—No ane, outher of my ain or ither folks!

'Ay,' says I to mysel', 'what can be the meaning o' this? od, there has been somebody here afore me the day!' I was just standin' looking about me amang the lang hags that lead out frae the head o' the North Grain, and considering what could be wort of a' the sheep, when I noticed my dog, Reaver, gaun couring away forrit as he had been setting a fox. What's this, thinks I—On he gangs very angry like, cocking his tail, and setting up his birses, till he wan to the very brink of a deep hag; but when he gat there, my certy, he wasna lang in turning! Back he comes, by me, an' away as the deil had been chasing him; as terrified a beast I saw never—Od, sir, I fand the very hairs o' my head begin to creep, and a prinkling through a' my veins and skin like needles and preens.—'God guide us!' thinks I, 'what can this *be?*' The day was derk, derk; for I was in the very stamoch o' the cludd, as it were; still it was the day time, an' the e'e o' heaven was open. I was as near turned an' run after my tike as ever I'll miss, but I just fand a stound o' manheid gang through my heart, an' forrit I sets wi' a' the vents o' my head open. 'If it's flesh an' blude,' thinks I, 'or it get the owrance o' auld Wat Laidlaw, od it sal get strength o' arm for aince.' It was a deep hag, as deep as the wa's o' this house, and a strip o' green sward alang the bottom o't; and when I cam to the brow, what does I see but twa lang liesh chaps lying sleeping at ither's sides, baith happit wi' the same maud. 'Hallo!' cries I, wi' a stern voice, 'wha hae we here!' If ye had but seen how they lookit when they stertit up: od, ye wad hae thought they were twa scoundrels wakened frae the dead! I never saw twa mare hemp-looking dogs in my life.

'What are ye feared for, lads? Whaten twa blades are ye? Or what are ye seeking in sic a place as this?

'This is a derk day, gudeman.'

'This is a derk day, gudeman! That's sic an answer as I heard never. I wish ye wad tell me something I dinna ken—and that's wha ye are, and what ye're seeking here?'

'We're seeking nought o' yours, friend.'

'I dinna believe a word o't—ye're nae folk o' this country—I doubt ye ken o'er weel what stealing o' sheep is—But if ye winna tell me plainly and honestly your business here, the deil be my inmate gin I winna knock your twa heads thegither.'

'There's a gude auld say, honest man, *It is best to let sleeping dogs lie, they may rise and bite you.*'

'Bite *me*, lad!—Rise and bite *me!*—I wad like to see a dog on a' the heights o' Chapelhope that wad snarl at me, let be to bite!'

"I had a gay steeve dour aik stick in my hand, an' wi' that I begoud to heave't up, no to strike them, but jist to gie them a glist o' the coming-on that was in't. By this time they were baith on their feet; and the ane that was neist me he gi'es the labbie o' his jockey-coat a fling back, and out he pu's a braid sword frae aneath it—an' wi' the same blink, the ither whips a sma' spear out o' the heart o' his aik stick, 'Here's for ye then, auld camstary,' says they; 'an unlucky fish gets an unlucky bait.' Od sir, I was rather stoundit; I began to look o'er my shouther, but there was naething there but the swathes

o' mist. What would I hae gien for twa minutes of auld John o' the Muchrah! However there was nae time to lose—it was come fairly to the neb o' the miresnipe wi' me. I never was gude when taken by surprise a' my life—gie me a wee time, an' I turn quite foundemental then—sae, to tell the truth, in my hurry I took the flier's part, flang the plaid frae me, and ran off up the hag as fast as my feet could carry me, an a' the gate the ragamuffian wi' the sword was aimast close at my heels. The bottom o' the hag was very narrow, twa could hardly rin abreast. My very bluid began to rise at being chased by twa skebels, and I thought I heard a voice within me, crying, 'Dinna flee, Wat Laidlaw! dinna flee, auld Wat; ye hae a gude cause by the end!' I wheeled just round in a moment, sir, and drew a desperate straik at the foremost, an' sae little kend the haniel about fencing, that instead o' sweeing aff my downcome wi' his sword, he held up his sword-arm to save his head—I gart his arm just snap like a pipe-stapple, and down fell his bit whittle to the ground, and he on aboon it. The tither, wi' his sma' spear, durstna come on, but ran for it; I followed, and was mettler o' foot than he, but I durstna grip him, for fear he had run his bit spit through my sma-fairns i' the struggle, for it was as sharp as a lance, but I keepit a little back till I gat the end o' my stick just i' the how o' his neck, and then I gae him a push that soon gart him plew the flow with his nose. On aboon him I gets, and the first thing I did was to fling away his bit twig of a sword—I gart it shine through the air like a fiery dragon—then I took him by the cuff o' the neck, and lugged him back to his neighbour, wha was lying graning in the hag. 'Now, billies,' says I, 'ye shall answer face to face, it wad hae been as good soon as syne; tell me directly wha ye are, and what's your business here, or, d'ye hear me, I'll tie ye thegither like twa tikes, and tak ye to them that will gar ye speak.'

'Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day!' said the wounded man, 'ye're a rash, foolish, passionate, man, whaever ye be.'

'Ye're maybe no very far wrang there,' quo' I; 'but for aince, I trow, I had gude reason. You thought to kill *me* wi' your bits o' shabbles o' swords!'

'In the first place, then,' said he, 'ken that we wadna hae shed ae drap o' your blood, nor wranged a hair o' your head—all that we wanted was to get quit of ye, to keep ye out o' danger and scaith. Ye hae made a bonny day's wark on't truly, we had naething in view but your ain safety—but sin' ye will ken ye maun ken; we belang to a poor proscribed remnant, that hae fled from the face of a bloody persecution. We have left all, and lost all, for the cause of our religion, and are driven into this dismal wilderness, the only miserable retreat left us in our native land.'

'Od, sir! he hadna weel begun to speak till the light o' the truth began to dawn within me like the brek o' the day-sky, an' I grew as red too, for the devil needna hae envied me my feelings at that time. I couldna help saying to mysel', 'Whow, whow, Wat Laidlaw! but ye hae made a bonny job o't this morning!—Here's twa puir creatures, worn out wi' famine and watching, come to seek a last refuge amang your hags and mosses, and ye maun fa' to and be pelting and threshing on them like an incarnate devil as ye are.— Oh, wae's me! wae's me!'—Lord, sir, I thought my heart wad burst—There was a kind o' yuke came into my een that I could hardly bruke; but at length the muckle tears wan out wi' a sair faught, and down they came ower my beard, dribble for dribble. The men saw the pliskie that I was in, and there was a kind o' ruefu' benevolence i' their looks I never saw ony thing like it.'

'Dinna be wae for us, honest man,' said they; 'we hae learned to suffer—we hae kend nought else for this mony a lang and bloody year, an' we look for nought else for the wee while we hae to sojourn in this weary world—we hae learned to suffer patiently, and to welcome our sufferings as mercies.'

'Ye've won a good length, man,' quo' I, 'but they're mercies that I'm never very fond o'—I wish ye had suffered under ony hand but mine, sin' it be your lot.'

'Dinna be sorry for us, honest man; there never was an act o' mair justice than this that ye hae inflicted. Last night there were fifteen o' us met at

evening worship—we hadna tasted meat for days and nights; to preserve our miserable lives, we stole a sheep, dressed, and ate it; and wi' this very arm that you hae disabled, did I grip and kill that sheep. It was a great sin, nae doubt, but the necessity was also great—I am sae far punished, and I hope the Lord will forgie the rest.'

Then he began a lang serious harangue about the riches o' free grace, and about the wickedness o' our nature; and said, that we could dae naething o' oursells *but* sin. I said it was a hard construction, but I couldna argy the point ava wi' him—I never was gude at these lang-winded stories. Then they cam on about prelacy and heresies, and something they ca'd the act of abjuration. I couldna follow him out at nae rate; but I says, 'I pit nae doubt, callants, but ye're right, for ye hae proven to a' the warld that ye think sae; and when a man feels conscious that he's right, I never believe he can be far wrang in sic matters. But that's no the point in question; let us consider what can be done for ye e'en now—Poor souls! God kens, my heart's sair for ye; but this land's mine, an' a' the sheep around ye, an' ye're welcome to half-a-dozen o' the best o' them in sic a case.'

'Ah! lack-a-day, lack-a-day! If ye be the gudeman o' the Chapelhope, ye'll rue the day that ever ye saw us. If it's kend that ye countenanced us in word or deed, ye're a ruined man; for the blood-hounds are near at hand, and they'll herry ye out an' in, but and ben—Lack-a-day! lack-a-day! in a wee while we may gang and come by the Chapelhope, and nouther see a lum reek, nor hear a cock craw; for Clavers is on the one hand and Lagg on the other, and they're coming nearer and nearer us every day, and hemming us in sairer and sairer—renounce us and deny us, as ye wish to thrive.'

'Na, na, lads, let them come—let them come their ways! Gin they should take a' the ewes and kye on the Chapelhope, I can stock it o'er again. I dinna gie a bawbee about your leagues, and covenants, and associations, for I think aye there's a good deal o' faction and dourness in them; but or I'll desert a fellow-creature that's oppressed, if he's an honest man, and lippens to me, od, I'll gie them the last drap o' my heart's bluid.'

"When they heard that, they took me out to the tap of a knowe, and began to whistle like plovers—nae herd alive could hae kend but they were plovers—and or ever I wist, ilka hag, and den, and tod-hole round about, seemed to be fu' o' plovers, for they fell a' to the whistling an' answering ane another at the same time. I had often been wondering how they staid sae lang on the heights that year, for I heard them aye whewing e'en and morn; but little trowed I they were a' twa-handed plovers that I heard. In half-an-hour they had sic a squad gathered thegither as e'e never glimed on. There ye might hae seen auld grey-bearded ministers, lairds, weavers, and poor hinds, a' sharing the same hard fate. They were pale, ragged, and hungry, and several o' them lame and wounded; and they had athegither sic a haggard severity i' their demeaner, Lord forgie me, gin I wasna feared to look at them! There was ane o' them a doctor blade, wha soon set the poor chield's arm; and he said that after a' it wasna broken, but only dislockit and sair brizzed. That doctor was the gabbiest body ever I met wi'; he spake for them a', and I whiles feared that he sclented a wee. He tried a' that he could to make me a Cameronian, but I wadna grip; and when I was coming away to leave him, 'Laidlaw,' quo' he, 'we ken ye to be an honest, honourable man; here you see a remnant of poor, forlorn, misrepresented creatures, who have thrown themselves on your mercy; if ye betray us, it will be the worse for ye both here and hereafter; if you save and protect us, the prayers of the just win their way to Heaven, though fiends should be standing by to oppose them—Ay, there's naething can stop *their* journey, Laidlaw!—The winds canna blaw them aside, the clouds canna drown them, and the lights o' Heaven canna burn them; and your name will stand at that bar where there's nae cruel and partial judge—What ye gie to us, ye gie to your Maker, and he will repay you seven-fold.' Od, the body was like to gar me play the bairn,

and greet even out. Weel, I canna mind the half that he said, but he endit wi' this :—'We have seen our friends all bound, banished, and destroyed ; they have died on the field, on the scaffold, and at the stake ; but the reek o' their blood shall drive the cruel Stuarts frae the land they have disgraced, and out of it a church of truth and liberty shall spring. There is still a handfu' remaining in Israel that have not yet bowed the knee to Baal, nor yet kissed him—That remnant has fled here to escape the cruelty of man ; but a worse fate threatens us now—we are all of us perishing with famine—For these three days we have tasted nothing but the green moss, save a few wretched trouts, eels, and adders.' 'Ethers, man!' quo' I,—'For the love o' God, take care how ye eat the ethers—ye may as weel cut your throats at aince as eat them. Na, na, lad, that's meat that will never do.' I said nae mair, but gae jist a wave to my dog. 'Reaver,' quo' I, 'yon's away.' In three minutes he had ten score o' ewes and wedders at my hand. I grippit twa o' the best I could wale, and cut aff their heads wi' my ain knife. 'Now, doctor,' quo' I, 'take these and roast them, and part them amang ye the best way ye can—ye'll find them better than the ethers—Lord, man, it will never do to eat ethers.'"

After a hearty laugh, in which his guests generally joined, Walter concluded thus :—"That meeting cost me twa or three hunder round bannocks, and mae gude ewes and wedders than I'll say ; but I never missed them, and I never rued what I did. Folk may say as they like, but I think aye the prayers out amang the hags and rash bushes that year did me nae ill—It is as good to hae a man's blessing as his curse, let him be what he may."

Walter never went further with his story straight onward than this ; for it began to involve family concerns, which he did not much like to recount. He had a number of abstract stories about the Covenanters and their persecutors ; but as I must now proceed with the narrative as I gathered it from others, these will be interwoven in their due course.

CHAPTER IV.

WALTER visited them next day at the time and place appointed, taking with him a dozen of bannocks and a small cheese. These he was obliged to steal out of his own pantry, for he durst not by any means trust his wife and family with the discovery he had made, knowing that he might as well have confided it with the curate himself, the sworn enemy of his motley protegees. They gathered around him with protestations of gratitude and esteem ; for the deserted and oppressed generally cling to the first symptoms of friendship and protection with an ardency that too often overshoots its aim. Walter naturally felt an honest pride, not so much in that he had done, as that he intended to do ; but before he produced his repast, he began in a most serious way to question them relating to some late incidents already mentioned.

They all with one assent declared, and took God to witness, that they knew nothing at all about the death of the five soldiers ; that it was not perpetrated by them, nor any connected with them ; nor could they comprehend, in the least degree, how it was effected, if not by some supernatural agency—a judgment sent down from Heaven for their bloody intent. With regard to the murder of the priest, they were sorry that they knew so much. It was perpetrated by a few rash men of their number, but entirely without their concurrent assent, as well as knowledge ; that though his death might have been necessary to the saving of a great number of valuable lives, they had nevertheless unanimously protested against it ; that the perpetrators had retired from their body, they knew not whither ; and that, at that very time, the Rev. Messrs. Alexander Shiels and James Renwick were engaged in arranging for publication a general protest against many things alleged against them by their enemies, and this among others.*

* This curious protest is still extant, and shows the true spirit of the old Covenanters or Cameronians, as they have since been called, better than any work remaining. It is called

There was a candour in this to which Walter's heart assented. He feasted them with his plentiful and homely cheer—promised to visit them every day, and so to employ his shepherds that none of them should come into that quarter to distress them. Walter was as good as his word. He visited them every day—told them all the news that he could gather of the troops that beleaguered them—of the executions that were weekly and daily taking place —and of everything else relating to the state of the country. He came loaden with food to them daily ; and when he found it impossible to steal his own bread, butter, and cheese, he supplied their wants from his flock. The numbers of the persecuted increased on his hands incalculably—The gudewife of Chapelhope's bannocks vanished by scores, and the unconscionable, insatiable Brownie of Bodsbeck was blamed for the whole.

Some time previous to this, a young vagrant, of the name of Kennedy, chanced to be out on these moors shooting grouse, which were extremely plentiful. He tarried until the twilight, for he had the art of calling the heath-fowl around him in great numbers, by imitating the cry of the hen. He took his station for this purpose in one of those moss-hags formerly described ; but he had not well begun to call ere his ears were saluted by the whistling of so many plovers that he could not hear his own voice. He was obliged to desist, and he lay for some time listening, in expectation that they would soon cease crying. While lying thus he heard distinctly the sound of something like human voices, that spoke in whispers hard by him ; he likewise imagined that he heard the pattering of feet, which he took for those of horses, and, convinced that it was a raid of the fairies, he became mortally afraid ; he crept closer to the earth, and in a short time heard a swell of the most mellifluous music that ever rose on the night. He then got up, and fled with precipitation away, as he thought, from the place whence the music seemed to arise ; but ere he had proceeded above a hundred paces, he met with one of the strangest accidents that ever happened to man.

That same night, about, or a little before, the hour of midnight, two of Laidlaw's men, who happened to be awake, imagined that they heard a slight noise without ; they arose, and looked cautiously out at a small hole that was in the end of the stable where they slept, and beheld to their dismay the appearance of four men, who came toward them carrying a coffin ; on their coming close to the corner of the stable, where the two men stood, the latter heard one of them say distinctly in a whisper, "Where shall we lay him ?"

"We must leave him in the barn," said another.

"I fear," said a third, "the door of that will be locked," and they past on.

The men were petrified ; they put on their clothes, but they durst not move, until, in a short time thereafter, a dreadful bellowing and noise burst forth

in the title page. "*An informatory Vindication of a poor, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of the suffering Anti-popish, Anti-prelatic, Anti-erastian Anti-sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland.*" It is dated at Leadhills in 1687, and is the conjoint work of Mr. James Renwick, and Mr. Alexander Shiels, author of *The Hind let loose.* The following is an extract from it, p. 107 :—

"And in like manner we do hereby disclaim all unwarrantable practices committed by any few persons reputed to be of us, whereby the Lord hath been offended, his cause wronged, and we all made to endure the scourge of tongues ; for which things we have desired to make conscience of mourning before the Lord, both in public and private. As the unwarrantable manner of killing that curate at the Corsephairn, though he was a man of death both by the laws of God and man, and the fact not materially murder ; it being gone about contrary to our declaration, common or competent consent (the conclusion and deed being known only to three or four persons), in a rash and not a Christian manner, and also other offences being committed at the time ; which miscarriages have proven a mean to stop and retard lawful, laudable, and warrantable proceeding, both as to matter and manner."

These *other offences committed at the time* unquestionably refer to the slaughter of the Highland soldiers ; about which there was great stir and numerous conjectures in the country ; although, owing to the revolution that immediately followed, the perpetrators were never taken, nor the cause tried in a court of justice, nor indeed was the incident ever generally known.

about the door of the farm house. The family was alarmed, and gathered out to see what was the matter; and behold! there lay poor Kennedy in a most piteous plight, and, in fact, stark staring mad. He continued in a high fever all the night, and the next morning; but a little after noon he became somewhat more calm, and related to them a most marvellous tale indeed.

He said, that by the time he arose to fly from the sound of the music, the moor was become extremely dark, and he could not see with any degree of accuracy where he was running, but that he still continued to hear the sounds, which, as he thought, came still nigher and nigher behind him. He was, however, mistaken in this conjecture; for in a short space he stumbled on a hole in the heath, into which he sunk at once, and fell into a pit which he described as being at least fifty fathom deep; that he there found himself immediately beside a multitude of hideous beings, with green clothes, and blue faces, who sat in a circle round a small golden lamp, gaping and singing with the most eldrich yells. In one instant all became dark, and he felt a weight upon his breast that seemed heavier than a mountain. They then lifted him up, and bore him away through the air for hundreds of miles, amid regions of utter darkness; but on his repeating the name of Jesus three times, they brought him back, and laid him down in an insensible state at the door of Chapelhope.

The feelings depicted in the features of the auditors were widely different on the close of this wonderful relation. The beauteous Katharine appeared full of anxious and woful concern, but no marks of fear appeared in her lovely face. The servants trembled every limb, and declared with one voice, that no man about Chapelhope was now sure of his life for a moment, and that nothing less than double wages should induce them to remain there another day. The goodwife lifted up her eyes to Heaven, and cried, "O the vails! the vails!—the vails are poured, and to pour!"

Walter pretended to laugh at the whole narration; but when he did, it was with an altered countenance, for he observed, what none of them did, that Kennedy had indeed been borne through the air by some means or other; for his shoes were all covered with moss, which, if he had walked, could not have been there, for the grass would have washed it off from whatever quarter he had come.

Kennedy remained several days about Chapelhope in a thoughtful, half delirious frame; but no entreaties could prevail with him at that time to accompany the men of the place to where he supposed the accident had happened, nor yet to give them any account where it was situated, for he averred that he heard a voice say to him in a solemn tone, "If you wish to live long, never tell what you have seen to-night, nor ever come this way again." Happy had it been for him had he attended all along to this injunction. He slipped away from Chapelhope in a few days, and was no more seen until the time that Copland and his men appeared there. It was he who came as guide to the soldiers that were slain, and he fell with them in the strait linn of the South Grain of Chapelhope.

These mysterious and unaccountable incidents by degrees impressed the minds of the inhabitants with terror that cannot be described; no woman or boy would go out of doors after sunset, on any account whatever, and there was scarcely a man who durst venture forth alone after the fall of evening. If they could have been sure that brownies and fairies had only power to assume the human shape, they would not have been nearly in such peril and perplexity; but there was no form of anything animate or inanimate, save that of a lamb, that they were sure of; they were of course waylaid at every turn, and kept in continual agitation. An owl was a most dangerous and suspicious-looking fellow—a white glede made them quake, and keep a sharp look-out upon his course in the air—a hare, with her large intelligent eyes and equivocal way of walking, was an object of general distrust—and a cat, squalling after dark, was the devil. Many were the ludicrous scenes that occurred, among

which I cannot help mentioning those which follow, as being particularly whimsical.

Jasper, son to old John of the Muchrah, was the swiftest runner of his time; but of all those whose minds were kept in continual agitation on account of the late inundation of spirits into the country, Jasper was the chief. He was beset by them morning and evening; and even at high noon, if the day was dark, he never considered himself as quite safe. He depended entirely upon his speed in running to avoid their hellish intercourse; he essayed no other means—and many wonderful escapes he effected by this species of exertion alone. He was wont to knit stockings while tending his flock on the mountains; and happening to drop some yarn one evening, it trailed after him in a long ravelled coil along the sward. It was a little after the sun had gone down that Jasper was coming whistling and singing over the shoulder of the Hermon-Law, when, chancing to cast a casual glance behind him, he espied something in shape of a horrible serpent, with an unequal body, and an enormous length of tail, coming stealing along the bent after him. His heart leapt to his mouth, (as he expressed it,) and his hair bristled so that it thrust the bonnet from his head. He knew that no such monster inhabited these mountains, and it momently occurred to him that it was the Brownie of Bodsbeck come to seize him in that most questionable shape. He betook him to his old means of safety in great haste, never doubting that he was well qualified to run from any object that crawled on the ground with its belly; but, after running a considerable way, he perceived his adversary coming at full stretch along the hill after him. His speed was redoubled; and, as he noted now and then that his inveterate pursuer gained no ground on him, his exertion was beyond that of man. There were two shepherds on an opposite hill who saw Jasper running without the plaid and the bonnet, and with a swiftness which they described as quite inconceivable. The cause set conjecture at defiance; but they remarked, that though he grew more and more spent, whenever he glanced behind he exerted himself anew and strained a little harder. He continued his perseverance to the last, as any man would do who was running for bare life, until he came to a brook called the Ker Cleuch, in the crossing of which he fell down exhausted; he turned on his back to essay a last defence, and, to his joyful astonishment, perceived that the serpent likewise lay still and did not move. The truth was then discovered; but many suspected that Jasper never overcame that heat and that fright as long as he lived.

Jasper, among many encounters with the fairies and brownies, had another that terminated in a manner not quite so pleasant. The Brownie of Bodsbeck, or the Queen of the Fairies, (he was not sure which of them it was,) came to him one night as he was lying alone, and wide awake, as he conceived, and proffered him many fine things, and wealth and honours in abundance, if he would go along to a very fine country, which Jasper conjectured must have been Fairyland. He resisted all these tempting offers in the most decided manner, until at length the countenance of his visitant changed from the most placid and bewitching beauty to that of a fiend. The horrible form grappled with him, laid hold of both his wrists, and began to drag him off by force; but he struggled with all the energy of a man in despair, and at length, by a violent exertion, he disengaged his right hand. The enemy still continuing, however, to haul him off with the other, he was obliged to have recourse to a desperate expedient. Although quite naked, he reached his the clothes with one hand and drew his knife; but, in endeavouring to cut off those fingers which held his wrist so immovably fast, he fairly severed the thumb from his own left hand.

This was the very way that Jasper told the story to his dying day, denying stoutly that he was in a dream; and, singular as it may appear, I can vouch for the truth of it. Jasper Hoy died at Gattonside at a good old age, in the year 1739; and they are yet alive who have heard him tell those stories, and seen him without the thumb of the left hand.

Things went on in this distracted and doubtful manner until the time when Walter is first introduced. On that day, at the meeting place, he found no fewer than 130 of the poor wanderers, many of them assembled to see him for the last time, and take an affectionate leave of him; for they had previously resolved to part, and scatter themselves again over the west country, even though certain death awaited them, as they could not in conscience longer remain to be the utter ruin of one who was so generous and friendly to them. They saw, that not only would his whole stock be wasted, but he would himself be subjected to confiscation of goods, and imprisonment, if to nothing worse. Walter said, the case seemed hard either way; but he had been thinking, that perhaps, if they remained quiet and inoffensive in that seclusion, the violence of the government might in a little relax, and they might then retire to their respective homes in peace. Walter soon heard with vexation that they made conscience of *not living in peace*, but of proclaiming aloud to the world the grievous wrongs and oppression that the church of Christ in Scotland laboured under. The *doctor chap*, as Walter always called him, illustrated at great length the sin that would lie to their charge, should they remain quiet and passive in a time like that, when the church's all was at stake in these realms. "We are but a remnant," added he, "a poor despised remnant; but if none stand up for the truth of the reformed religion, how are ever our liberties, civil or ecclesiastical, to be obtained? There are many who think with us, and who feel with us, who yet have not the courage to stand up for the truth; but the time must ere long come, when the kingdoms of the land will join in supporting a reformation, for the iniquity of the Amorite is wearing to the full."

Walter did not much like disputing about these matters; but in this he felt that his reason acquiesced, and he answered thus: "Ye speak like a true man, and a clever man, Doctor; and if I had a desperate cause by the end, and wanted ane to back me in't, the deil a step wad I gang ayont this moss hag to find him; but, Doctor, there's a time for every thing. I wadna hae ye to fling away a gude cause, as I wad do a rotten ewe, that winna haud ony langer. But dinna ye think that a fitter time may come to mak a push? ye'll maybe sell mae precious lives for nae end, wi' your declarations; take care that you, and the like o' you, haena these lives to answer for.—I like nae desperate broostles—od, man, it's like ane that's just gaun to turn divour, taking on a' the debt he can."

"Dinna fear, gudeman! dinna fear! There's nae blood shed in sic a cause that can ever be shed in vain. Na, na! that blood will argue better at the bar o' Heaven for poor distressed Scotland than all the prayers of all the living. We hae done muckle, but we'll do mair yet—muckle blood has been wantonly and diabolically shed, and our's may rin wi' the rest—we'll no throw't wantonly and exultingly away; but, when our day comes, we'll gie it cheerfully—as cheerfully, gudeman, as ever ye paid your mail to a kind landlord, even though the season had been hard and stormy. We had aince enough of this warld's wealth, and to spare; but we hae naething now but our blood, and we'll part wi' that as cheerfully as the rest. And it will tell some day! and ye may live to see it yet. But enough, gudeman; we have all resolved, that, whatever the consequence may be, to live no more on your bounty—therefore, do not urge it—but give us all your hand—Farewell!—and may God bless you in all your actings and undertakings!—There is little chance that we shall ever meet again—We have no reward to give but our blessing and good wishes; but, whenever a knee here present is bowed at the footstool of grace, you will be remembered."

Walter could not bear thus to part with them, and to give them up as it were to certain destruction. He argued as well as he could on the imprudence of the step they were going to take—of the impossibility of their finding a retreat so inaccessible in all the bounds of the south of Scotland, and the prospect that there was of the persecution soon relaxing. But when he had said all that he could say, a thin spare old man, with grey dishevelled locks,

and looks, Walter said, as stern as the adders, that he had lately been eating, rose up to address him. There was that in his manner which commanded the most intense attention.

"Dost thou talk of our rulers relaxing?" said he. "Blind and mistaken man! thou dost not know them. No; they will never relax till their blood shall be mixed with their sacrifices. That insatiate, gloomy, papistical tyrant and usurper, the Duke of York, and his commissioner, have issued laws and regulations more exterminating than ever. But yesterday we received the woeful intelligence, that, within these eight days, one hundred and fifty of our brethren have suffered by death or banishment, and nearly one-half of these have been murdered, even without the sham formality of trial or impeachment, nor had they intimation of the fate that awaited them. York hath said in full assembly, 'that neither the realm nor the mother church can ever be safe, until the south of Scotland is again made a hunting forest;' and his commissioner hath sworn by the living God, 'that never a whig shall again have time or warning to prepare for Heaven, and that hell is too good for them.' Can we hope for these men relaxing? No! The detestable and bloody Clavers, that wizard! that eater of toads! that locust of the infernal pit, hems us in closer and closer on one side, and that Muscovite beast on the other! They thirst for our blood; and our death and tortures are to them matter of great sport and amusement. My name is Mackail! I had two brave and beautiful sons, and I had but two; one of these had his brains shot out on the moss of Monyhive without a question, charge, or reply. I gathered up his brains and shattered skull with these hands, tied them in my own napkin, and buried him alone, for no one durst assist me. His murderers stood by and mocked me, cursed me for a dog, and swore if I howled any more that they would send me after him. My eldest son, my beloved Hew, was hung like a dog at the Market-cross of Edinburgh. I conversed with him, I prayed with him in prison, kissed him, and bade him farewell on the scaffold! My brave, my generous, my beautiful son! I tell thee, man, thou who preachest up peace and forbearance with tyrants, should ever the profligate Charles, or his diabolical brother—should ever the murderer Clavers, or any of his hell-hounds of the north, dare set foot in Heaven, one look from the calm benignant face of my martyred son would drive them out howling!"

All this time the old man shed not a tear; his voice was wildly solemn, but his looks were mixed with madness. He had up his hand to swear, to pray, or to prophesy, Walter knew not which, but he was restrained by his associates, and led aside, so that Walter saw no more of him; but he said he could not get him out of his mind for many a day, for sic another desperate auld body he had never seen.

These harangues took up much of the time that they had to spare, but ere they parted Walter persuaded them, probably by his strong homely reasoning, to remain where they were. He said, since they persisted in refusing to take more of his flock, there was an extensive common beyond the height, called Gemsope, which had been a royal forest, where many gentlemen and wealthy farmers had sheep that fed promiscuously; and considering their necessitous circumstances, he thought it no evil, and he advised them to go and take from that glen as many as would serve to support nature for a time; —that for his part he had many a good wedder and dinmont there, and was willing to run his risk, which would then fall equal on a number, and only on such as were rich and could well bear it. In this plan, after some scruples which were overborne by the majority, they at length fully and thankfully acquiesced.

That same day, on his way homeward, Walter heard the wonderful relation of the apparition of his beloved daughter in the 'Hope at midnight; he learned that Clavers would be there in a few days, and he had sent above 100 men to steal sheep—all these things made him thoughtful and uneasy after he had reached his home, wet and fatigued.—"It will be a bloody night in

Gemsope this," he said, sighing, not recollecting what he said or to whom he said it. He could trust his wife with any of his family concerns, but as long as she continued to be so much influenced by the curate Clerk, the sworn enemy of his poor persecuted flock, he durst not give her a hint of their retreat.

Walter became still more and more perplexed from all that he heard from his wife, as well as from every one else—he found that, in truth, there was some mysterious thing about his house—the whole family seemed convinced of it—there were many things seen, heard, and done there that he could in no-wise account for in a rational way, and though he resisted the general belief for a good while, that the house was haunted, circumstances at length obliged him to yield to the torrent, and he believed as faithfully in the Brownie of Bodsbeck as any of them all.

CHAPTER V.

THE house which Walter occupied was on the very spot where a remnant of an old house still stands about a bowshot above the new elegant farm-house of Chapelhope, but it was twice as long; indeed, a part of the house that is still standing, or was lately so, is the very one that was built for Laidlaw when he first entered that large farm. There was likewise an outshot from the back of the house, called the Old Room, which had a door that entered from without, as well as one from the parlour within. The end of this apartment stood close to the bottom of the steep bank behind the house, which was then thickly wooded, as was the whole of the long bank behind, so that, consequently, any one, with a little caution, might easily have gone out or come in there, without being seen by any of the family. It contained a bed, in which any casual vagrant, or itinerant pedlar slept, besides a great deal of lumber; and as few entered there, it had altogether a damp, mouldy, dismal appearance. There was likewise a dark closet in one corner of it, with an old rusty lock, which none of the family had ever seen opened.

The most part of the family soon grew suspicious of this place. Sounds, either real or imaginary, were heard issuing from it, and it was carefully shunned by them all. Walter had always, as I said, mocked at the idea of the Old Room being haunted, until that very night when we began with him, and where, after many round-abouts, we have now found him again.

It will be recollected that the conversation between Walter and his wife, which is narrated in the first chapter of this book, terminated with a charge from him never more to mention the mysterious story relating to their daughter and these five men that were destroyed. After this she retired about some housewife business, and left Walter by himself to muse on what he had seen and heard. He was sitting musing, and that deeply, on the strange apparition of his daughter that old John had seen, when he thought he heard something behind him making a sound as if it growled inwardly. He looked around and saw that it was his dog Reaver, who was always an inmate of every place that his master entered; he was standing in an attitude of rage, but at the same time there was a mixture of wild terror in his appearance—His eyes, that gleamed like red burning coals, were pointed directly to the door that opened from the corner of the parlour into the Old Room.—Walter was astonished, for he well knew his acuteness, but he kept his eyes on him, and said not a word.—The dog went forward with a movement scarce perceptible, until he came close to the door, but on putting his nose and ear to the bottom of it, he burst out with such a bay and howl as were truly frightful, and ran about the apartment as if mad, trying to break through the walls and window boards.—Walter was fairly overcome; there is nothing frightens a shepherd so much as the seeing of his dog frightened. The shepherd's dog of the true breed will boldly attack any animal on earth in defence of his master, or at his command; and it is no good sign indeed when he appears terrified, for the shepherd well knows that his dog can discover spirits by the savour of the wind, when he himself is all unconscious that any such beings are near.

Walter fled into the kitchen with precipitation—he found all the family standing in alarm, for they had heard the hideous uproar in the room.

"What's the matter?" said half-a-dozen at once.

"What's the matter!" said Walter, churlishly, "nothing at all is the matter. Tell me who of you were in the Old Room, and what you were seeking there?"

No—none of them had been in the Old Room—the whole of the family were present, nor had one of them been away.

Walter's countenance changed—he fixed his eyes on the ground for the space of a minute.

"Then I am sure," said he emphatically, "something worse is there."

A breathless silence ensued; save that some groans and muttered prayers issued from the lips of the goodwife, who sat in a posture of deep humility; with her brow leaning on both hands.

"Some of you go and see," added Walter, "what it *is* that is in the Old Room."

Every eye in the house turned on another, but no one spoke or offered to move. At length Katharine, who seemed in great anxiety lest any of them should have had the courage to go, went lightly up to her father, and said, "I will go, sir, if you please."

"Do, my dear, and let some of the men go with you."

"No, sir; none of the men shall go with me."

"Well then, Keatie, make haste; light a candle, and I will go with you myself."

"No—with your leave, father, if I go, I go alone; no one shall go with me."

"And why, my love, may not I, your father, accompany you?"

"Because, should you go with me into the Old Room just now, perhaps you might never be yourself again."

Here the goodwife uttered a smothered scream, and muttered some inarticulate ejaculations, appearing so much affected, that her daughter, dreading she would fall into a fit, flew to support her; but on this she grew ten times worse, screaming aloud, "Avoid thee, Satan! avoid thee, Satan! avoid thee, imp of darkness and despair! avoid thee, avoid thee!" And she laid about her violently with both hands. The servants, taking it for granted that she was bewitched, or possessed, fled aloof; but Walter, who knew better how matters stood with her mind that they, ran across the floor to her in such haste and agitation, that they supposed he was going to give her *strength of arm* (his great expedient when hardly controlled), but in place of that, he lifted her gently in his arms, and carried her to her bed, in the further end of the house.

He then tried to soothe her by every means in his power; but she continued in violent agitation, sighing, weeping, and praying alternately, until she wrought herself into a high nervous fever. Walter, growing alarmed for her reason, which seemed verging to a dangerous precipice, kept close by her bedside. A little before midnight she grew calm; and he, thinking she had fallen asleep, left her for a short time. Unfortunately, her daughter, drawn toward her by filial regard and affection, softly then entered the room. Maron Linton was not so sound asleep as was supposed; she instantly beheld the approach of that now dreaded sorceress, and sitting up in her bed, she screamed as loud as she was able. Katharine, moved by a natural impulse, hasted forward to the couch to calm her parent; but the frenzied matron sprung from her bed, threw up the window, and endeavoured to escape; Katharine flew after her, and seized her by the waist. When Maron found that she was fairly in her grasp at such an hour, and no help at hand, she deemed all over with her, both body and soul; which certainly was a case extreme enough. She hung by the sash of the window, struggled, and yelled out, "Murder! murder! murder!—O Lord! O Lord!—save! save! save! save!—Murder! murder!" &c. At length Walter rushed in and seized her, ordering his weeping daughter instantly to bed.

Maron thanked heaven for this wonderful and timely deliverance, and persuaded now that Providence had a special and peculiar charge over her, she became more calm than she had been since the first alarm; but it was a dreadful certainty that she now possessed, that unearthly beings inhabited the mansion along with her, and that her daughter was one of the number, or in conjunction with them. She spent the night in prayer, and so fervent was she in her devotions, that she seemed at length to rest in the hope of their final accomplishment. She did not fail, however, to hint to Walter that something decisive ought to be done to their daughter. She did not actually say that she should be burnt alive at a stake, but she spake of the trial by fire —or that it might be better to throw her into the lake, to make the experiment whether she would drown or not; for she well expected, in her own mind, that when the creature found itself in such circumstances, it would fly off with an eldritch laugh and some unintelligible saying to its own clime; but she was at length persuaded by her husband to intrust the whole matter to her reverend monitor, both as to the driving away the herd of Brownies, and the exorcism of her daughter.

Never was man in such a predicament as Walter now found himself with regard to his family. Katharine had never been a favourite with her mother, who doated on her boys to the detriment of the girl, but to him she was all in all. Her demeanour of late completely puzzled him—The words that she had said to him the preceding evening had no appearance of jocularity; besides, seriousness and truth formed her natural character, and she had of late become more reserved and thoughtful than she had ever been before.

The bed that she slept in faced into the parlour before mentioned; that which Walter and his spouse occupied entered from another apartment—their backs, however, were only separated by a thin wooden partition. Walter kept awake all that night, thoughtful, and listening to every sound. Every thing remained quiet till about the second crowing of the cock; he then heard something that scratched like a rat, but more regularly, and in more distinct time. After the noise had been repeated three times at considerable intervals, he thought he heard his daughter rising from her bed with extraordinary softness and caution. He laid his ear to a seam, and distinctly heard the sound of words uttered in a whisper, but of their import he could make nothing. He then heard his daughter return to her bed with the same caution that she left it, utter some sighs, and fall sound asleep.

After serious deliberation, Walter thought his best expedient was to remove his daughter from home for some time; and next morning he proposed to her to go and spend a week or two with her maternal uncle, Thomas Linton, farmer at Gilmanscleuch. To this she objected on several pretences; but at length, when urged to it, positively refused to leave her father's house at that time. He never in his life could say a harsh word to her, but that day he appeared chagrined, and bade her, with some asperity, keep away from her mother's presence, as her malady, which was a nervous complaint, required the utmost quietness. This she promised with her accustomed cheerfulness, and they parted. During the day she was absent for several hours, none knowing whither she went, or by what way she returned.

On the same day the servants, who had spent a sleepless night, packed up bag and baggage, and went off in a body, all save one elderly woman, who had lately come to the house, and was a stranger to them all. Her name, she said, was Agnes Alexander, but she was better known by the familiar one of Nanny Elshinder; her former history and connections were doubtful, but she was of a cheerful, complaisant temper, and always performed what she was ordered to do without any remarks. Walter had hired her at Moffat, in the fair called *The Third Friday;* and told Maron when he came home, that "he had hired a wastlin auldish quean, wha, he believed, was a wee crackit i' the head, but, poor thing, she wasna like to get a place, and was sic a good soul he couldna think to leave her destitute; and whanever he begoud to parley wi' her, od, she brought him to the neb o' the miresnipe directly." Saving

this good woman, all the house servants, man, woman, and boy, deserted their service, and neither promises nor threats could induce them to stay another night about the town. They said, "they might as weel bide i' hell; they wad gang afore Gibby Moray, the king's shirra, whanever he likit, about it; or, gin he buid rather hae brawer burlymen, they wad meet him face to face in the Parliament Close."

Walter was now obliged to bring Jasper, his young shepherd, down from the Muchrah, to assist him in the labour of the farm—the most unfit man in the world for a haunted house. He knew that the Old Room was frequented by his old adversary, the Brownie of Bodsbeck. He likewise knew that his young mistress was a witch, or something worse, for the late servants had told him, so that he had now a dangerous part to act. Nevertheless, he came determined to take the bull by the horns; for as he and his father had stocks of sheep upon the farm, they could not leave their master, and he was never wont to disobey him. He had one sole dependance—his swiftness of foot—that had never yet failed him in eschewing evil spirits, save in the solitary instance of the serpent.

On the first day of his noviceship as a labourer, he and his master were putting some ropes on the dwelling-house, to keep on the thatch. Jasper wanting something whereon to stand, for that purpose, and being within a few yards of the door of the Old Room, and knowing that the tubs stood there, thoughtlessly dashed into it to bring out one to stand on; but he had not taken two steps within the door till he beheld a human face, and nothing but a face and a head, looking deliberately at him. One would have thought that such a man, seeing such a sight, would have cried out, fled to his master on the other side of the house, or into the kitchen to old Nanny. Jasper did none of them all. He turned round with such velocity that he fell—hasted out at the door on all fours, and took to the Papper-hill like a wild deer, praying fervently all the way. His master saw him from the ladder where he stood, and called aloud after him, but he deigned not to heed or look behind him—the head without the body, and that at an ordinary distance from the ground, was alone impressed on his mind, and refused a share to any other consideration. He came not back to the Chapelhope that night.

Katharine, the young and comely friend of the Brownie, having discovered that Jasper had been introduced to her familiar, and knowing his truth and simplicity of heart, earnestly desired to sound him on the subject. She knew he would return to assist her father and brothers with the farm labour, in their present strait, by a certain hour next morning, and she waited on him by the way. He came accordingly; but he knew her and her connections better than she imagined. He tried to avoid her, first by going down into the meadow, then by climbing the hill; but seeing that she waylaid him both ways, and suspecting her intentions to be of the very worst nature, he betook him to his old expedient—fled with precipitation, and returned to the Muchrah.

Katharine could by no means comprehend this, and was particularly concerned about it at this time, as she had something she wished to reveal to him. Walter appeared gloomy and discontented all that day. The corn was ripe, but not a sheaf of it cut down;—the hay was still standing on the meadow, the lint was to pull, the potatoes to raise, the tar to bring home, and the sheep to smear; and there was no one left to do all this but he and his two boys. The gudewife, who used to bustle about and do much household work, was confined to her room. His daughter's character, her demeanour, and even her humanity, were become somewhat doubtful. Walter was truly in what he termed *a pickled primineary*.

Katharine being still debarred all access to her mother, began to dread that she would be obliged to leave her father's house; and, in case of a last extremity, she bethought her of sounding the disposition of old Nanny. She was a character not easily to be comprehended. She spoke much to herself, but little to any other person—worked so hard that she seldom looked up, and all

the while sung scraps of old songs and ballads, the import of which it was impossible to understand; but she often chanted these with a pathos that seemed to flow from the heart, and that never failed to affect the hearer. She wore a russet worsted gown, clouted shoes, and a quoif, or mutch, upon her head, that was crimped and plaited so close around her face that very little of the latter was visible. In this guise was Nanny, toiling hard and singing her mournful ditty, when Katharine came in and placed herself on a seat by her side.

"Nanny, this seems to be more than ordinary a busy day with you; pray, what is all this baking and boiling for?"

"Dear bairn, dear bairn, what do I ken—the like o' me maun do as we're bidden—guests are coming, my bairn—O, ay—there's mony a braw an' bonny lad coming this way—mony a ane that will gaur a young thing's een stand i' back water—

"They are coming! they are coming!
Alak! an' wae's me!
Though the sword be in the hand,
Yet the tear's in the e'e.
I look to yon mountain,
And I look to yon muir.
For the shield that they trust in
Is mighty and sure.

Is there blood in the moorlands
Where the wild burnies rin?
Or what gars the water
Wind reid down the lin?
O billy, dear billy,
Your boding let be,
For it's nought but the reid lift
That dazzles your e'e.

For I ken by yon bright beam
That follows the sun,
That our Covenant heroes
The battle shall won.
Then away with your bodings
Of sorrow and scorn,
For the windows of heaven
Stand open this morn.

Let them rear their proud standard
Of vengeance and wrath,
And pour on their columns
Of darkness and death,
Yet around our poor number
Stand hosts in array,
Unseen by our foemen,
But stronger than they."

"Prithee go on, Nanny; let me hear what it was that reddened the water?"

"Dear bairn, wha kens; some auld thing an' out o' date; but yet it is sae like the days that we hae seen, ane wad think the poeter that made it had the second sight. Mony a water as weel as the Clyde has run reid wi' blude, an' that no sae lang sin' syne!—ay, an' the wild burnies too! I hae seen them mysel leave a reid strip on the sand an' the grey stanes—but the hoody craw durstna pick there!—Dear bairn, has the Chapelhope burn itsell never had the hue?"

Here Katharine's glance and Nanny's met each other, but were as quickly withdrawn, for they dreaded one another's converse; but they were soon relieved from that dilemma by Nanny's melancholy chime—

"In yon green houm there sat a knight,—
An' the book lay open on his knee,
An' he laid his hand on his rusty sword,
An' turned to Heaven his watery e'e.

But in yon houm there is a kirk,
An' in that kirk there is a pew,
An' in that pew there sat a king,
Wha sign'd the deed we maun ever rue.

He wasna king o' fair Scotland,
Though king o' Scotland he should hae been,—
And he lookit north to the land he loved,
But aye the green leaves fell atween.

The green leaves fell, an' the river swell'd,
An' the brigg was guardit to the key;
O' ever alak! said Hamilton,
That sic a day I should ever see!

As ever ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow gae from the bow,
Our Scottish lads fell even down,
And they lay slain on every knowe.

As ever ye saw the drifting snaw,
Drive o'er the ripe flower on the lea,
Our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' wae to Scotland an' tae me."

—"No, that's not it—my memory is gane wi' my last warldly hope—Hech! dear bairn, but it is a sad warld to live in, without hope or love for ony that's in't—I had aye some hope till now! but sic a dream as I had last night!—I saw him ainee again—Yes, I saw him bodily, or may I never steer aff this bit."—Here Nanny sobbed hard, and drew her arms across her eyes.—"Come, come," continued she, "gie me a bit sang, dear bairn, an' let it be an auld thing—they do ane's heart gude thae bits o' auld sangs."

"Rather tell me, Nanny—for we live in ignorance in this wild place—what you think of all that blude that has been shed in our country since the killing-time began? Do you think it has been lawfully and rightfully shed?"

"Wha doubts it, dear bairn?—Wha doubts that?—But it will soon be over now—the traitors will soon be a' strappit and strung—ay, ay—the last o' them will soon be hackit and hewed, an' his bloody head stannin' ower the Wast Port—an' there will be braw days than—we'll be a' right than."

Katharine sat silent and thoughtful, eyeing old Nanny with fixed attention; but the expression of her contracted face and wild unstable eye was unsatisfactory. She therefore, with a desponding mien, went out, and left the crazy dame to discourse and sing to herself. Nanny ceased her baking, stood upright, and listened to the maid's departing steps, till she concluded her to be out of hearing; she then sung out, in what is now termed the true *bravura* style,

"Then shall the black gown flap
O'er desk and true man;
Then shall the horny cap
Shine like the new moon;
An' the kist fu' o' whistles
That maks sic a cleary,
Lool away, bool away,
Till we grow weary.
Till we grow weary, &c.

Charlie, the cypher-man,
Drink till ye stew dame;
Jamie, the wafer-man,
Eat till ye spue them;
Lauderdale lick-my-fud,
Binny and Geordie,
Leish away, link away,
Hell is afore ye.
Hell is afore ye, &c.

Græme will gang ower the brink,
Down wi' a flaughter;
Lagg an' Drumlandrick
Will soon follow after;
Johnston and Lilligow,
Bruce and Macleary,
Scowder their harigalds,
Deils, wi' a bleery,
Till ye grow weary," &c.

In the mean time, Katharine, on hearing the loud notes of the song, had returned within the door to listen, and heard the most part of the lines and names distinctly. She had heard it once before, and the singer reported it to be a new song, and the composition of a young man who had afterwards been executed in the Grass-Market. How Nanny came to sing such a song, with so much seeming zest, after the violent prelatic principles which she had so lately avowed, the maid could not well comprehend, and she began to suspect that there was more in Nanny's mind than had yet been made manifest. Struck with this thought, and ruminating upon it, she continued standing in the same position, and heard Nanny sometimes crooning, and at other times talking rapidly and fervently to herself. After much incoherent matter, lines of psalms, &c., Katharine heard with astonishment the following questions and answers, in which two distinct voices were imitated—

"Were you at the meeting of the traitors at Lanark on the 12th of January?"

"I never was amang traitors that I was certain of till this day"—Let them take that! bloody gruesome beasts.

"Were you at Lanark on that day?"

"If you had been there you would have seen."

"Confound the old b—! Burn her with matches—squeeze her with pincers as long as there's a whole piece of her together—then throw her into prison, and let her lie till she rot—the old wrinkled hag! Good woman, I pity you; you shall yet go free if you will tell us where you last saw Hamilton and your own goodman."

"Ye sall hing me up by the tongue first, and cut me a' in collops while I'm hingin."

"Burn her in the cheek, cut baith her lugs out, and let her gae to h— her own way."

After this strange soliloquy, the speaker sobbed aloud, spoke in a suppressed voice for some time, and then began a strain so sweet and melancholy, that it thrilled the hearer, and made her tremble where she stood. The tune was something like the Broom of Cowdenknowes, the sweetest and most plaintive of the ancient Scottish airs; but it was sung so slow, as to bear with it a kind of solemnity.

"The kye are rowting in the lone,
The ewes bleat on the brae,
O, what can ail my auld gudeman,
He bides sae lang away?

An' aye the Robin sang by the wud,
An' his note had a waesome fa';

An' the corbie croupit in the clud,
But he durstna light ava;
Till out cam the wee grey moudiwort
Frae neath the hollow stane,
An' it howkit a grave for the auld grey head,
For the head lay a' its lane!
But I will seek out the Robin's nest,
An' the nest of the ouzel shy,
For the siller hair that is beddit there
Maun wave aboon the sky."*

The sentiments of Old Nanny appeared now to her young mistress to be more doubtful than ever. Fain would she have interpreted them to be such as she wished, but the path which that young female was now obliged to tread required a circumspection beyond her experience and discernment to preserve, while danger and death awaited the slightest deviation.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning Clavers, with fifty dragoons, arrived at Chapelhope, where they alighted on the green; and putting their horses to forage, he and Sir Thomas Livingston, Captain Bruce, and Mr. Adam Copland, before mentioned, a gentleman of Clavers' own troop, went straight into the kitchen. Walter was absent at the hill. The goodwife was sitting lonely in the east room, brooding over her trials and woes in this life, and devising means to get rid of her daughter, and with her of all the devouring spirits that haunted Chapelhope; consequently the first and only person whom the gentlemen found in the kitchen was old Nanny. Clavers, who entered first, kept a shy and sullen distance, for he never was familiar with any one; but Bruce, who was a jocular Irish gentleman, and well versed in harassing and inveigling the ignorant country people to their destruction, made two low bows (almost to the ground) to the astonished dame, and accosted her as follows: "How are you to-day, mistress?—I hope you are very well?"

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said Nanny, curtseying in return; "deed I'm no sae weel as I hae been; I hae e'en seen better days; but I keep aye the heart aboon, although the achings and the stitches hae been sair on me the year."

* It seems necessary here to premise, that all the songs put into the mouth of old Nanny relate to events of that period; this to a most painful one at which the heart shudders to this day. It is supposed to have been sung by Mrs. Finlay of Lathrisk, on finding that her husband did not return from the hill.—As Thomas Dalziel of Binns was once pursuing some covenanters on the braes above Kilmarnock, being completely baffled by them, and in extremely bad humour, he quitted the pursuit, and returned so far on his way, cursing the whigs most dreadfully. While in this querulous humour he came upon Mr. John Finlay, tenant of a place called Upper Lathrisk. He was an old man, and though a sincere Christian, was never in any of the risings on account of religion. When Dalziel came upon him, he was setting stakes in the field whereat to milk his cows; for the place was not at his own house, but at a wild sheiling to which he drove his cows and calves in summer. When Dalziel came down the hill, Finlay was in custody of two soldiers, who said to their general, "Sir, here is an old fellow, who, though he says he has never been up in any rebellion, yet acknowledges he has been at several sermons in the fields."

"Well then," said Dalziel, "that at all events subjects him to banishment."

"Alas, sir," said Finlay, "it is scarcely worth your while to banish me for all the time I have to live. I am too old for banishment."

"Then I am sure you are not too old for being hanged," said Dalziel, "or shot—either of the two: suppose, then, we should make the experiment on an old hypocritical rebel for once!" And without one further interrogatory, he caused him to be tied to one of his own cow-stakes and shot. He then cut off his head, which some of his men kicked away to a distance.

The judgment of heaven was very visibly executed upon these men; for that same evening, as Dalziel was drinking a cup of wine to a profane and blasphemous toast, he fell down and expired. This was on the night of the 22d of August, and on the 24th one of the soldiers who seized, accused, and shot the old farmer, died in great terror of mind, exclaiming to the last, "O for the life of John Finlay!" Wodrow, vol. ii., p. 63.

"Lack-a-day! I am so very sorry for that!—Where do they seize you? about the heart, I suppose?—Oh, dear soul! to be sure you do not know how sorry I am for your case—it must be so terribly bad! You should have the goodness to consult your physician, and get blood let."

"Dear bairn, I hae nae blude to spare—an' as for doctors, I haena muckle to lippen to them. To be sure, they are whiles the means, under Providence"——

"Oho!" said he, putting his finger to his nose, and turning to his associates with a wry face,—"Oho!" the means under Providence!—a whig, I avow! Tell me, my dear and beautiful Mistress Stitch-aback, do you really believe in that blessed thing Providence?"

"Do I believe in Providence!—Did ever ony body hear sich a question as that? Gae away, ye muckle gouk—d'ye think to make a fool of a puir body?"

So saying, she gave him a hearty slap on the cheek; at which his companions laughing, Bruce became somewhat nettled, and drawing out his sword he pointed at the recent stains of blood upon it. "Be so good as to look here, my good lady," said he, "and take very good note of all that I say, and more; for harkee, you must either renounce Providence, and all that I bid you renounce,—and you must, beside that, answer all the questions that I shall ever be after asking,—or, do you see, I am a great doctor—this is my very elegant lance—and I'll draw the blood that shall soon ease you of all your stitches and pains."

"I dinna like your fleem ava, man—'tis rather ower grit for an auld body's veins. But ye're surely some silly skemp of a fallow, to draw out your sword on a puir auld woman. Dinna think, howanabee, that I care for outher you or it. I'll let ye see how little I mind ye; for weel I ken your comrades wadna let ye fash me, e'en though ye were sae silly as to offer. Na, na; d'ye ever think that little bonny demure-looking lad there wad suffer ye to hurt a woman?—I wat wad he no! He has mair discretion in his little finger than you hae i' your hale bouk.—Now try me, master doctor—I'll nouther renounce ae thing that ye bid me, nor answer ae question that ye speer at me."

"In the first place, then, my good hearty dame, do you acknowledge or renounce the Covenant?"

"Aha! he's wise wha wats that, and as daft that speers."

"Ay, or no, in a moment—No juggling with me, old Mrs. Skinflint."

"I'll tell ye what ye do, master—if ony body speer at ye, gin auld Nanny i' the Chapelhope renounces the Covenant, shake your head an' say ye dinna ken."

"And pray, my very beautiful girl, what do you keep this old tattered book for?"

"For a fancy to gar fools speer, an' ye're the first—Come on now, sir, wi' your catechis—Wally-dye man! gin ye be na better a fighter than ye're an examiner, ye may gie up the craft."

Bruce here bit his lip, and looked so stern that Nanny with a hysterical laugh, ran away from him, and took shelter behind Clavers.

"You are a fool, Bruce," said he, "and constantly blundering.—Our business here, mistress, is to discover, if possible, who were the murderers of an honest curate, and some of our own soldiers that were slain in this neighbourhood while discharging their duty; if you can give us any information on that subject, you shall be well rewarded."

"Ye'll hear about the curate, sir—ye'll hear about him—he was found out to be a warlock, and shot dead.—But ah, dear bairn! nane alive can gie you information about the soldiers!—It was nae human hand did that deed, and there was nae e'e out o' heaven saw it done—There wasna a man that day in a' the Hope up an' doun—that deed will never be fund out, unless a spirit rise from the dead an' tell o't—Muckle fear, an' muckle grief it has been the cause o' here!—But the men war a' decently buried; what mair could be done?"

"Do you say that my men were all decently buried?"

"Ay, troth, I wat weel, were they, sir, and wi' the burial-service, too.—My master and mistress are strong king's folk."

"So you are not the mistress of this house?"

"A bonny like mistress I wad be, forsooth—Na, na, my mistress is sittin be hersel ben the house there." With that, Nanny fell a working and singing full loud—

"Little wats she wha's coming,
Little wat's she wha's coming,
Strath and Correy's ta'en the bent
An' Terriden an' a's coming;
Knock and Craigen Shaw's coming,
Keppoch an' Macraw's coming,
Clan-Mackinnon's ower the Kyle,
An' Donald Gun an' a's coming."

Anxious now to explore the rest of the house, they left Nanny singing her song, and entered the little parlour hastily, where finding no one, and dreading that some escape might be effected, Clavers and Livingston burst into the Old Room, and Bruce and Copland into the other. In the Old Room they found the beautiful witch Katharine, with the train of her snow-white joup drawn over her head, who looked as if taken in some evil act by surprise, and greatly confounded when she saw two gentlemen enter her sanctuary in splendid uniforms. As they approached, she made a slight curtsey, to which they deigned no return; but going straight up to her, Clavers seized her by both wrists. "And is it, indeed, true," said he, "my beautiful shepherdess, that we have caught you at your prayers so early this morning?"

"And what if you have, sir?" returned she.

"Why, nothing at all, save that I earnestly desire, and long exceedingly to join with you in your devotional exercises," laying hold of her in the rudest manner.

Katherine screamed so loud that in an instant old Nanny was at her side, with revenge gleaming from her half-shaded eyes, and heaving over her shoulder a large green-kale gully, with which she would doubtless have silenced the renowned Dundee for ever, had not Livingston sprung forward with the utmost celerity, and caught her arm just as the stroke was descending. But Nanny did not spare her voice; she lifted it up with shouts on high, and never suffered one yell to lose hearing of another.

Walter, having just then returned from the hill, and hearing the hideous uproar in the Old Room, rushed into it forthwith to see what was the matter. Katharine was just sinking, when her father entered, within the grasp of the gentle and virtuous Clavers. The backs of both the officers were towards Walter as he came in, and they were so engaged amid bustle and din that neither of them perceived him, until he was close at their backs. He was at least a foot taller than any of them, and nearly as wide round the chest as them both. In one moment his immense fingers grasped both their slender necks, almost meeting behind each of their windpipes. They were rendered powerless at once—they attempted no more struggling with the women, for so completely had Walter's gripes unnerved them, that they could scarcely lift their arms from their sides; neither could they articulate a word, or utter any other sound than a kind of choked gasping for breath. Walter wheeled them about to the light, and looked alternately at each of them, without quitting or even slackening his hold.

"Callants, wha ir ye ava?—or what's the meanin' o' a' this unmensefu' rampaging?"

Sir Thomas gave his name in a hoarse and broken voice; but Clavers, whose nape Walter's right hand embraced, and whose rudeness to his daughter had set his mountain blood a-boiling, could not answer a word Walter, slackening his hold somewhat, waited for an answer, but none coming—

"Wha ir ye, I say, ye bit useless weazel-blawn like urf that ye're?"

The haughty and insolent Clavers was stung with rage; but seeing no immediate redress was to be had, he endeavoured to pronounce his dreaded name, but it was in a whisper scarcely audible, and stuck in his throat—"Jo—o—o Graham," said he.

"Jock Graham do they ca' ye?—Ye're but an unmannerly whalp, man. And ye're baith king's officers too!—Weel, I'll tell ye what it is, my denty clever callants; if it warna for the blood that's i' your master's veins, I wad nite your twa bits o' pows thegither."

He then threw them from him; the one the one way, and the other the other, and lifting his huge oak staff, he strode out at the door, saying, as he left them,—"Hech! are free men to be guidit this gate?—I'll step down to the green to your commander, an' tell him what kind o' chaps he keeps about him to send into folk's houses.—Dirty unmensefu' things!"

Clavers soon recovering his breath, and being ready to burst with rage and indignation, fell a cursing and fuming most violently; but Sir T. Livingston could scarcely refrain from breaking out into a convulsion of laughter. Clavers had already determined upon ample revenge, for the violation of all the tender ties of nature was his delight, and wherever there was wealth to be obtained, or a private pique to be revenged, there never was wanting sufficient pretext in those days for cutting off individuals, or whole families, as it suited. On the very day previous to that, the Earl of Traquair had complained, in company with Clavers and his officers, of a tenant of his, in a place called Bold, who would neither cultivate his farm nor give it up. Captain Bruce asked if he prayed in his family? The Earl answered jocularly, that he believed he did nothing else. Bruce said that was enough; and the matter passed over without any farther notice. But next morning, Bruce went out with four dragoons, and shot the farmer as he was going out to his work. Instances of this kind are numerous, if either history or tradition can be in aught believed; but in all the annals of that age, there is scarcely a single instance recorded of any redress having been granted to the harassed country people for injuries received. At this time, the word of Argyle's rising had already spread, and Clavers actually traversed the country more like an exterminating angel, than a commander of a civilized army.

Such are the men with whom Walter had to do; and the worst thing of all, he was not aware of it. He had heard of such things, but he did not believe them; for he loved his king and country, and there was nothing that vexed him more than hearing of aught to their disparagement; but unluckily his notions of freedom and justice were far above what the subjects of that reign could count upon.

When Clavers and Livingston entered the Old Room, it will be remembered that Bruce and Copland penetrated into the other. There they found the goodwife of Chapelhope, neatly dressed in her old-fashioned style, and reading on her Bible, an exercise in which she gloried, and of which she was very proud.

Bruce instantly desired her "to lay that very comely and precious book on the hottest place of all the beautiful fire, that was burning so pleasantly with long crackling peat; and that then he would converse with her about things that were, to be sure, of far greater and mightier importance."

"Hout, dear sir, ye ken that's no consistent wi' natural reason. Can any thing be o' greater importance than the tidings o' grace an' salvation, an' the joys o' heaven?"

"Oho!" cried Bruce, and straddled around the room with his face turned to the joists. "My dear Copland, did you ever hear such a thing in all the days that ever you have to live? Upon my soul, the old woman is talking of grace and salvation, and the joys of heaven too, by Saint George and the Dragon. My dearest honey and darling, will you be so kind as stand up upon the soles of your feet, and let me see what kind of a figure you will be in heaven. Now, by the cross of Saint Patrick, I would take a journey there

to see you go swimming through heaven in that same form, with your long waist, and plaitted quoif, and that same charming face of yours. Och! och! me! what a vile she whig we have got in this here corner?—Copland, my dear soul, I foresee that all the ewes and kine of Chapelhope will soon be rouped at the cross of Selkirk, and then what blessed lawings we shall have! Now my dear mistress Grace and Salvation, you must be after renouncing the joys of heaven immediately; for upon my honour, the very sight of your face would spoil the joys of any place whatever, and the first thing you must do is to lay that delightful old book with the beautiful margin along the side of it, on the coals; but before you do that we shall sing to his praise and glory from the 7th verse of the 149th psalm."

He then laid aside his helmet and sung the psalm, giving out each line with a whine that was truly ludicrous, after which he put the Bible into the goodwife's hand, and desired her, in a serious tone, instantly to lay it on the fire. The captain's speech to his companions about the ewes and kine of Chapelhope was not altogether lost on the conscience of Maron Linton. It was not, as she afterwards said, like water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. "Why, dear sir," said she, "ye ken, after a', that the beuk's naething but paper an' ink, an' three shillings an' aughtpence will buy as gude a ane frae Geordy Dabson, the morn, an' if there be ony sin in't it will lye at your door, an' no at mine. I'll ne'er haigel wi' my king's officer about three and aughtpence."

So saying, Maron laid the Bible on the fire, which soon consumed it to ashes.

"Now, may the devil take me," said Bruce, "if I do not believe that you are a true woman after all, and if so, my purse is lighter by one half than it was; but, my dear honey, you have the very individual and genuine seeds of whiggism in your constitution—You have, I will swear, been at many a harmless and innocent conventicle."

"Ye ken little about me, sir.—Gude forbid that ever I countenanced sic traitors to the kirk and state!"

"Amen! say I; but I prophesy and say unto thee, that the first field-meeting into which thou goest in the beauty of holiness, thou shalt be established for ever with thy one foot in Dan and the other in Beersheba, and shalt return to thy respective place of abode as rank a whig as ever swung in the Grass-Market."

A long dialogue next ensued, in which the murder of the priest, Mass John Binram, was discussed at full length, and by which Bruce and Copland discerned, that superstitious as Maron was, she told them what she deemed to be the truth, though in a strange round-about way. Just as they were beginning to talk over the mysterious murder of the soldiers, Claverhouse and Sir Thomas joined them, and Bruce, turning round to them, said, "My lord, this very honest woman assures me, that she believes the two principal murderers of the curate are lying concealed in a linn not far hence, and there seems to be little doubt but that they must likewise have been concerned in the murder of our soldiers."

Clavers, the horrors of whose execrations are yet fresh in the memory of our peasants, burst out as follows, to the astonishment of Bruce, who was not aware of his chagrin, or of aught having befallen him.

"May the devil confound and d—n them to hell!—May he make a brander of their ribs to roast their souls on!"

Maron Linton, hearing herself called a good woman, and finding that she was approven of, could not refrain from interfering here.

"Dear sir, my lord, ye sudna swear that gate, for it's unco ill-faur'd, ye ken—an' at ony rate the deil canna damn naebody—if ye will swear, swear sense."

The rage of the general, and the simplicity of the goodwife, was such an amusing contrast, that the three attendants laughed aloud. Clavers turned his deep grey eye upon them, which more than the eye of any human being resembled that of a serpent—offence gleamed in it.

"Gentlemen," said he, "do you consider where you are, and what you are about? Sacre! am I always to be trysted with boys and fools?"

He then began and examined the goodwife with much feigned deference and civility, which so pleased her that she told him every thing with great readiness. She was just beginning to relate the terrible, but unfortunate story of the Brownie of Bodsbeck, and his train of officious spirits; of the meat which they devoured, and in all probability would have ended the relation with the woeful connection between the Brownie and her daughter, and the part that she had taken in the murder of the soldiers, when Walter entered the room with a discomposed mien, and gave a new turn to the conversation. But that eventful scene must be left to the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

WALTER, on coming to the troopers and asking for their leader, soon discovered how roughly he had treated Clavers; and it being so much the reverse of the reception he meant to have given him, he was particularly vexed about it. Still he was conscious that he had done nothing that was wrong, nor any thing that it did not behove a parent and a master of a family to have done in the same circumstances; therefore there was nothing farther from his intention than offering any apology. He entered his own room, as he supposed he had a good right to do, bluntly enough. He indeed touched the rim of his bonnet as he came in; but seeing all the officers covered, he stalked into the midst of them with that immense circle of blue woollen on his head, which moved over their helmets like a black cloud as he advanced. Bruce, who was well used to insult the peasantry with impunity, seeing Walter striding majestically by his general in this guise, with his wonted forwardness and jocularity lifted up his sword, sheathed as it was, and with the point of it kicked off Walter's bonnet. The latter caught it again as it fell, and with his fist, he made Bruce's helmet ring against the wall; then again fitting on his bonnet, he gave him such an indignant and reproving look, that Bruce, having no encouragement from the eye of Clavers, resented it no farther than by saying good-humouredly, "'Pon my body and shoul, but the carle keeps his good-looking head high enough."

"Copland," said Clavers, "desire Sergeant Daniel Roy Macpherson, with eleven troopers, to attend." They were instantly at the door. "Seize and pinion that haughty rebel, together with all his family," said he, "and then go and search every corner, chest, and closet in the house; for it is apparent that this is the nest and rendezvous of the murdering fanatics who infest this country. Let the rest of the soldiers guard the premises that none escape to the mountains with tidings of our arrival. This good dame we will first examine privately and then dispose of her as shall seem most meet."

The command was promptly obeyed. Walter and all his family were taken into custody, pinioned, and a guard set on them; the house was ransacked; and in the mean time the general and his three associates continued the examination of the goodwife. Clavers observed that, on the entrance of Walter before, she seemed to be laid under some restraint, stopped short in her narration, and said, "But there's the gudeman; he'll tell ye it wi' mair preceesion nor me;" and he had no doubt, if she were left to herself, of worming as much out of her as would condemn her husband, or at least furnish a pretext sufficient for the forfeiture of his wealth. Clavers had caused to be sold, by public roup, the whole stock on the farm of Phillhope, which belonged to Walter's brother-in-law, merely because it was proven that the farmer's wife had once been at a conventicle.

In the present instance, however, Clavers was mistaken, and fairly overshot his mark; for poor Maron Linton was so overwhelmed with astonishment when she saw her husband and family taken prisoners and bound, that her speech lost all manner of coherence. She sobbed aloud—complained one while, entreated another; and then muttered over some ill-sorted phrases from the Scripture. When Clavers pressed his questions, she answered him,

weeping, "O dear sir, my lord, ye ken I canna do naething, nor think naething, nor answer naething, unless ye let Watie loose again; I find as I war naebody, nor nae soul, nor naething ava wantin' him, but just like a vacation or a shadow. O my lord, set my twa bits o' callants an' my puir auld man loose again, and I'll say ony thing that ever ye like."

Threats and proffers provoked alike in vain. Maron's mind, which never was strong, had been of late so much unhinged by the terrors of superstition, that it wavered in its frail tenement threatening to depart, and leave not a wreck behind. Clavers told her that her husband's life depended on the promptness and sincerity of her answers, he having rendered himself amenable to justice by rescuing his daughter by force, whom they had taken prisoner on their arrival, having found her engaged in a very suspicious employment. This only increased Maron's agony; and at length Clavers was obliged to give up the point, and ordered her into custody.

The soldiers had by this time taken old John of the Muchrah and another of Laidlaw's shepherds prisoners, who had come to assist their master with the farm-work that day. All these Clavers examined separately; and their answers, as taken down in short-hand by Mr. Adam Copland, are still extant, and at present in my possession. The following are some of them, as decyphered by Mr. J. W. Robertson, whose acquaintance with ancient manuscripts is well known.

John Hoy, shepherd in Muchrah, aged fifty-six, sworn and examined.

"Do you know such a man as the Rev. James Renwick?"

"Yes. I once heard him pray and preach for about the space of two hours."

"Was it on your master's farm that he preached?"

"No, it was on a linn on the Earl Hill, in the march between two laird's lands, that he preached that day."

"How durst you go to an unlawful conventicle?"

"I didna ken there was a law against it till after—it's a wild place this—we never hear ony o' the news, unless it be twice a year frae the Moffat fairs. But as soon as I heard him praying and preaching against the king I cam aff an' left him, an' brought a' my lads an' lasses wi' me; but my wife wadna steer her fit—there she sat, shaking her head and glooming at me; but I trow I cowed her for't after."

"What did he say of the king?"

"O, I canna mind—he said nae muckle gude o' him."

"Did he say that he was a bloody perjured tyrant?"

"Ay, he said muckle waur nor that. He said some gayan ill-faur'd things about him. But I cam away and left him; I thought he was saying mair than gude manners warrantit."

"Were you in the Hope, as you call it, on that day that the king's soldiers were slain?"

"Ay, that I was; I was the first wha came on them whan they war just new dead, an' a' reeking i' their warm blude—Gude keep us a' frae sic sights again?—for my part, I never gat sic a confoundit gliff sin' I was born o' my mother."

"Describe the place where the corpses were lying."

"It is a deep cleuch, wi' a sma' sheep rodding through the linn not a foot wide; and if ye war to stite aff that, ye wad gang to the boddom o' the linn wi' a flaip."

"Were the bodies then lying in the bottom of that linn?"

"Od help ye, whar could they be lying else?—D'ye think they could lie on the Cleuch-brae? Ye micht as weel think to lie on the side o' that wa' gin ye war dead."

"How did it appear to you that they had been slain? were they cut with swords, or pierced with bullets?"

"I canna say, but they were sair hashed."

"How do you mean when you say they were hashed?"

"Champit like; a' broozled and jurmummled, as it war."

"Do ye mean that they were cut, or cloven, or minced?"

"Na, na—no that ava—But they had gotten some sair doofs—They had been terribly paiket and daddit wi' something."

"I do not in the least conceive what you mean."

"That's extrordnar, man—can ye no understand folk's mother-tongue?—I'll mak it plain to you. Ye see, whan a thing comes on ye that gate, that's a dadd—sit still now. Then a paik, that's a swap or a skelp like—when a thing comes on ye that way, that's a paik. But a doof's warst ava—it's"——

"Prithee hold; I now understand it all perfectly well.—What, then, is your opinion with regard to these men's death? How, or what way do you think they were killed?"

"O, sir, there's naebody can say. It was some extrordnar judgment, that's out of a' doubt. There had been an unyerdly raid i' the Hope that day."

"What reason have you for supposing such a thing?"

"Because there wasna a leevin soul i' the hale Hope that day but theirsels—they wadna surely hae felled ane another—It's by an' attour, an awsome bit where they war killed; there hae been things baith seen and heard about it; and I saw an apparition there mysel on the very night before."

"You saw an apparition at the place the night before, did you? And pray, what was that apparition like?"

"It was like a man and a woman."

"Had the figure of the woman no resemblance to any one you had ever seen before? Was it in any degree, for instance, like your master's daughter?"

"No unlike ava."

"Then I think I can guess what the other form was like—Had it a bonnet on its head?"

"Not a bonnet certainly, but it had the shape o' ane."

"I weened as much—And was it a tall gigantic figure?"

"Na, na, sir; the very contrair o' that."

"Are you certain of that you say? Was it not taller than the apparition of the woman?"

"No half sae tall, sir."

"Had it not some slight resemblance to your master, little as it was? Did that not strike you?"

"Na, na, it was naething like my master, nor nae yerdly creature that ever was seen; indeed it was nae creature ava."

"What then do you suppose it was?"

"Lord kens!—A wraith, I hae little doubt. My een rins a' wi' water whan I think about it yet."

"Wraiths are quite common here, are they?"

"O yes, sir!—oure common. They appear aye afore death, especially if the death be to be sudden."

"And what are they generally like?"

"Sometimes like a light—sometimes like a windin-sheet—sometimes like the body that's to dee, gaen mad—and sometimes like a coffin made o' moonlight."

"Was it in the evening you saw this apparition?"

"It was a little after midnight."

"And pray, what might be your business in such a place at that untimely hour?—Explain that fully to me if you please."

"I shall do that, sir, as weel as I can:—Our ewes, ye see, lie up in the twa Grains an' the Middle a' the harst—Now, the Quave Brae again, it's our hogg-fence, that's the hained grund like; and whenever the wind gangs easterly about, then whan the auld luckies rise i' the howe o' the night to get their rug, aff they come, snouckin a' the way to the Lang Bank, an' the tither end o' them round the Papper Snout, and into the Quave Brae to the hained grund; an' very often they think naething o' landing i' the mids o' the corn. Now I never mindit the corn sae muckle; but for them to gang wi' the hogg-fence I

coudna bide that ava; for ye ken, sir, how could we turn our hand wi' our pickle hoggs i' the winter if their bit foggage war a' riven up by the auld raikin hypalts ere ever a smeary's clute clattered on't?"

Though Clavers was generally of an impatient temper, and loathed the simplicity of nature, yet he could not help smiling at this elucidation, which was much the same to him as if it had been delivered in the language of the Moguls; but seeing the shepherd perfectly sincere, he suffered him to go on to the end.

"Now, sir, ye ken the wind very often taks a swee away round to the east i' the night-time whan the wather's gude i' the hairst months, an' whanever this was the case, and the moon i' the lift, I had e'en aye obliged to rise at midnight, and gang round the hill an' stop the auld kimmers—very little did the turn—just a bit thraw yont the brae, an' they kend my whistle, or my tike's bark, as weel as I did mysel, still they wadna do wantin't. Weel, ye see, sir, I gets up an' gangs to the door—it was a bonny night—the moon was hingin o'er the derk brows o' Hopertoody, an' the lang black scaddows had an eiry look—I turned my neb the tither gate, an' I fand the air was gane to the eissel; the se'en starns had gaen oure the lum, an' the tail o' the king's elwand was just pointin to the Muchrah cross. It's the very time, quo' I to mysel, I needna think about lying down again—I maun leave Janet to lie doverin by hersel for an hour or twa—Keilder, my fine dog, where are ye?—He was as ready as me—he likes a ploy i' the night-time brawly, for he's aye gettin a broostle at a hare, or a tod, or a foumart, or some o' thae beasts that gang snaikin about i' the derk. Sae tae mak a lang tale short, sir, off we sets, Keilder an' me, an' soon comes to the place. The ewes had been very mensefu' that night, they had just come to the march and nae farther; sae, I says, puir things, sin' ye hae been sae leifu', we'll sit down and rest a while, the dog an' me, an' let ye tak a pluck an' fill yersels or we turn ye back up to your cauld lairs again. Sae down we sits i' the scaddow of a bit derksome cleuch-brae—naebody could hae seen us; and ere ever I wats, I hears by the grumblin o' my friend that he outher saw or smelled something mair than ordinar. I took him in aneath my plaid for fear o' some grit brainyell of an outbrik, thinkin it some sheepstealer; but when I lookit, there was a white thing and a black thing new risen out o' the solid yird! They cam' close by me; and whan I saw the moon shinin on their cauld white faces, I lost my sight an' swarfed clean away. Wae be to them for droichs, or ghaists, or whatever they war, for aye sin' sine the hogg-fence o' the Quave Brae has been harried an' traisselled till its little better nor a drove road—I darna gang an' stop the ewes now for the saul that's i' my bouk, an' little do I wat what's to come o' the hoggs the year."

"Well now, you have explained this much I believe to your own satisfaction—Remember then, you are upon oath—Who do you think it was that killed these men?"

"I think it was outher God or the deil, but whilk o' them, I coudna say."

"And this is really your opinion?"

"Yes, it is."

"Have you seen any strangers about your master's house of late?"

"I saw one not long ago."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"A douse-looking man wi' a brown yaud; I took him for some wool-buyer."

"Was he not rather like a preacher?"

"The man might hae preached for aught contrair till't in his appearance—I coudna say."

"Are you certain it was not Mr. Renwick?"

"I am certain."

"Is your master a very religious man?"

"He's weel eneugh that way—No that very reithe on't; but the gudewife hauds his neb right sair to the grindstane about it."

"Does he perform family worship?"

"Sometimes."

"Is he reckoned a great and exemplary performer of that duty?"

"Na, he's nae great gun, I trow; but he warstles away at it as weel as he can."

"Can you repeat any part, or any particular passage of his usual prayer?"

"I'm sure I might, for he gangs often aneuch oure some o' them. Let me see—there's the still waters, and the green pastures, and the blood of bulls and of goats; and then there's the gos-hawk, and the slogy riddle, and the tyrant an' his lang neb; I hae the maist o't i' my head, but then I canna mouband it."

"What does he mean by the tyrant and his lang neb?"

"Aha! But that's mair nor ever I could find out yet. We whiles think he means the Kelpy—him that raises the storms an' the floods on us, ye ken, and gars the waters an' the burns come roarin down wi' bracks o' ice an' snaw, an' tak away our sheep. But whether it's Kelpy, or Clavers, or the Deil, we can never be sure, for we think it applies gay an' weel to them a'."

"Repeat the passage as well as you can."

"Bring down the tyrant an' his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill this year, and gie him a cup o' thy wrath; and gin he winna tak that, gie him kelty."

"What is meant by kelty?"

"That's double—it means twa cups—ony body kens that."

"Does he ever mention the king in his prayer?"

"O yes: always."

"What does he say about him?"

"Something about the sceptre of righteousness, and the standard of truth. I ken he has some rhame about him."

"Indeed! And does he likewise make mention of the Covenant?"

"Ay, that's after—that's near the end, just afore the resurrection. O yes, he harls aye in the Covenant there. 'The bond o' the everlasting Covenant,' as he ca's it, 'weel ordered in all things, and sure.'"

"Ay, that's very well; that's quite sufficient. Now, you have yourself confessed, that you were at an unlawful and abominable conventicle, holding fellowship with intercommuned rebels, along with your wife and family. You *must* be made an example of to the snarling and rebellious hounds that are lurking in these bounds; but as you have answered me with candour, though I might order you instantly to be shot, I will be so indulgent as to give you your choice, whether you go to prison in Edinburgh, and be there tried by the Council, or submit to the judgment which I may pronounce on you here?"

"O, sir, I canna win to Edinbrough at no rate—that's impossible. What think ye wad come o' the sheep? The hogg-fence of the Quave Brae is maistly ruined already; and war I to gae to the prison at Edinbrough, it wad be mair loss than a' that I'm worth. I maun just lippen to yoursel; but ye maunna be very sair on me. I never did ony ill designedly; and as for ony rebellion against the Bruce's blood, I wad be hangit or I wad think o' sic a thing."

"Take the old ignorant animal away—Burn him on the cheek, cut off his ears, and do not part with him till he pay you down a fine of two hundred merks, or value to that amount. And, do you hear, make him take all the oaths twice; and a third oath, that he is never to repent of these. If either Monmouth or Argyle get him, they shall have a perjured dog of him."

As John was dragged off to this punishment, which was executed without any mitigation, he shook his head and said, "Ah, lak-a-day? I fear things are muckle waur wi' us than I had ony notion o'! I trowed aye that even-down truth an' honesty bure some respect till now—I fear our country's a' wrang thegither." Then looking back to Clavers, he added, "Gude sooth, lad, but ye'll mak mae whigs wherever ye show your face, than a' the hill preachers o' Scotland put thegither."

CHAPTER IX.

It has been remarked by all the historians of that period, that the proceedings of Clavers about this time were severe in the extreme. The rising, both in the north and south at the same time, rendered the situation of affairs somewhat ticklish. Still the Lowlands were then perfectly peaceable; but he seemed determined, lest he should be called away, to destroy the Covenanters, and all that hankered after civil and religious liberty, root and branch. Certainly his behaviour at Chapelhope that morning was sufficient to stamp his character for ever in that district, where it is still held in at least as great detestation as that of the arch-fiend himself.

When the soldiers, by his order, seized and manacled Walter, he protested vehemently against such outrage, and urged the general to prove his fidelity to his sovereign by administering to him the test oath, and the oath of abjuration; but this Clavers declined, and said to him, with a sneer, that "they had other ways of trying dogs beside that."

When those who had been appointed to search the house came before him, and gave in their report, among other things, they said they had found as much bread new baked, and mutton newly cooked, as would be a reasonable allowance for a hundred men for at least one whole day. Clavers remarked, that in a family so few in number, this was proof positive that others were supported from that house. "But we shall disappoint the whigs of one hearty meal," added he; and with that he ordered the meat to be brought all out and set down upon the green—bid his troopers eat as much as they could—feed their horses with the bread which they left, and either destroy the remainder of the victuals or carry them away.

It was in vain that Walter told him the honest truth, that the food was provided solely for himself and his soldiers, as he knew they were to come by that road, either on that day or the one following; nay, though all the family avouched it, as they well might, he only remarked, with a look of the utmost malignity, that "he never in his life knew a whig who had not a lie ready on his tongue, or some kind of equivocation to save his life, but that they must necessarily all be taught who they were dealing with." He then made them all swear that they were to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and to utter the most horrid imprecations on themselves and their souls for ever, if they deviated in one single item; and beginning with old John as before related, he examined them all separately and out of hearing of one another.

The interrogations and answers are much too long to be inserted here at full length; but the only new circumstances that came to light were these two. One of the young men deponed, that, when the bodies of the soldiers were found in the Hope, their muskets were all loaded, which showed that they had not fallen in a regular skirmish; and the other boy swore that he had lately seen eighty large thick bannocks baked in one day in his father's house, for that he had counted them three times over as they stood cooling. This was another suspicious circumstance, and Clavers determined to search it to the bottom. He sifted the two youths backward and forward, trying to get the secret out of them by every wile in his power; and because they were unable to give him any satisfactory account who consumed all that store of bread, he caused his dragoons to take hold of the youngest and gird his head with a cord, twisting it with a horse pistol, until in some places it cut him to the skull. The eldest he hung up to the beam by the thumbs until he fainted through insufferable pain; but he could get nothing more out of them, for they had at first told him all that they knew, being quite unconscious of any evil.

Still bent, as it seemed, on the full conviction and ruin of the family, he told the boys that they were two of the most consummate knaves and rebels that he had in all his life seen; and that if they had any hopes at all of going to Heaven, they should say their prayers, for in a few minutes he would order them both to be shot.

John, the eldest, who possessed a good deal of his mother's feebleness of character, and was besides but newly recovered from a fainting fit, was seized with a stupor, appeared quite passive, and acted precisely as they bade him, without seeming to know what he did; but the youngest, whose name was William, preserved an interesting firmness, in such a trial, for a considerable time. On being advised by Clavers to tell all he knew rather than die, and asked if he was not afraid of death? He answered, with the tear in his eye, "I'm nouther feared for you nor death, man. I think if fock may be guidit this way at their ane hames, the sooner they're dead the better." Then turning his looks to his brother, who kneeled according to the general's order on the green beside him, he added, with convulsive sobs, "But poor Jock's gaun to be shot too—I wonder what ye need kill him for—What ill hae we ever done t'ye?—Jock's a very good callant—I canna pray weel, but if ye'll let my billy Jock gang, I'll pray for ye as I can, and kiss ye too."

Happy was it for the wits of poor Maron that she saw nothing of this touching scene; she, as well as Walter, being then with the rest under a strong guard in the Old Room. Clavers paid no regard to the kneeling boy's request. He caused his troopers to draw up around them, present their firelocks, and then an executioner, who was always one of his train, tied up both their eyes. He gave the word himself, and instantly ten or twelve carabines were discharged on them at once. John fell flat on the earth; but William, with a violent start, sprung to his feet, and, being blindfolded, ran straight on the files of soldiers.

Clavers laid hold of him. "My brave little fellow," said he, "the soldiers have all missed you, bungling beasts that they are! and since so wonderful a thing hath befallen you, you shall yet have your life, though a most notorious rebel, if you will tell me what people frequent your father's house."

"What's comed o' Jock?" said the boy, "O tell me what's comed o' Jock, for I canna see."

"Jock is lying dead on the green there, all bathed in his blood," said Clavers; "poor wretch! it is over with him, and unless you instantly tell me who it was that consumed all that store of bread that has been baked in your father's house for the last month, you must be sent after him."

William withdrew backward a few paces, and kneeling a second time down on the sward with great decency and deliberation, "Shoot again," said he; "try me aince mair; an' O see to airch a wee better this time. I wad rather dee a hunder times or I saw poor Jock lying a bloody corp."

Clavers made a sign to one of his dragoons, who unbound William, and took the bandage from his eyes. Regardless of all else, he looked wildly around in search of his brother, and seeing his only companion lying flat on his face, he at first turned away, as if wishing to escape from a scene so dismal; but his helpless and forlorn situation staring him in the face, and the idea doubtless recurring that he was never to part with his brother, but forthwith to be slaughtered and carried to the grave with him, he returned, went slowly up to the body, kneeled down beside it, and pulling the napkin farther down over the face to keep the dead features from view, he clasped his arms about his brother's neck, laid his cheek to his, and wept bitterly.

The narrator of this part of the tale was wont to say, that the scene which followed had something more touching in it than any tongue could describe, although Clavers and his troops only laughed at it. William had now quite relinquished all sensations of fear or danger, and gave full vent to a flood of passionate tenderness and despair. He clasped his brother's neck closer and closer, steeped his cheek with his tears, and seemed to cling and grow to the body with a miserable fondness. While he was giving full scope in this manner to the affections of his young heart, his brother made a heave up with his head and shoulder, saying at the same time, like one wakening from a dream, "Little Will, is that you?—Haud aff,—What ails ye?"

"William raised up his head,—fixed his eyes on vacancy,—the tears dried on his cheek, and his ruby lips were wide apart,—the thing was beyond his

comprehension, and never was seen a more beautiful statue of amazement. He durst not turn his eyes towards his brother; but he uttered in words scarcely articulate, "Lord! I believe they hae missed Jock too!"

Clavers had given private orders to his dragoons to fire over the heads of the two boys, his intent being to intimidate them so much as to eradicate every principle of firmness and power of concealment from their tender minds; a scheme of his own fertile invention, and one which he often practised upon young people with too sure effect. When William found that his brother was really alive, and that both of them were to be spared on condition that he gave up the names and marks of all the people that had of late been at Chapelhope; he set himself with great earnestness to recount them, along with every mark by which he remembered them, determined that every hidden thing should be brought to light, rather than that poor Jock should be shot at again.

"Weel, ye see, first there was Geordie the flesher, him that took away the crocks and the paulies, and my brockit-lamb, and gae me a penny for setting him through atween the lochs. Then there was Hector Kennedy the tinkler, him that the bogles brought and laid down at the door i' the night-time—he suppit twa bickerfu's o' paritch, an' cleekit a hantle o' geds an' perches wi' his toum out o' the loch. Then there was Ned Huddersfield the woo-man, wi' the leather bags and the skeenzie thread—him that kissed our byre-woman i' the barn in spite o' her teeth,—he had red cheeks and grit thees, and wasna unlike a glutton; he misca'd my father's woo, an' said aye, 'Nay, it's nane clean, howsomever,—it's useless, that's its worst fault.' Then there was wee Willie the nout-herd, him that had the gude knife an' the duddy breeks; but the Brownies put him daft, an' his mither had to come an' tak him away upon a cuddy."

In this manner went he on particularizing every one he remembered, till fairly cut short with a curse. John continued perfectly stupid, and when examined, answered only *Yes*, or *No*, as their way of asking the question dictated.

"Are there not great numbers of people who frequent your father's house during the night?"

"Yes."

"Do you see and hear them, after you go to bed?"

"Yes."

"What are they generally employed in when you hear them? Do they read, and pray, and sing psalms?"

"Yes."

"Do your father and mother always join them?"

"Yes."

Here William could restrain himself no longer. "Gude faith, Jock, man," said he, "ye're just telling a hirsel o' eindown lees. It canna be lees that the man wants, for that maks him nae the wiser; an' for you to say that my father rises to pray i' the night-time, beats a', when ye ken my mither has baith to fleitch an' fight or she can get him eggit on till't i' the Sabbath e'enings. He's ower glad to get it foughten decently by, to rise an' fa' till't again. O fye, Jock! I wad stand by the truth; an', at ony rate, no just gaung to hell open mouth."

When the volley of musketry went off, all the prisoners started and stared on one another; even the hundred veterans that guarded them appeared by their looks to be wholly at a loss. Macpherson alone ventured any remark on it. "Fat she pe pluff pluffing at now? May the teal more pe her soul's salvation, if she do not believe te man's pe gone out of all reason."

The women screamed; and Maron, whose tongue was a mere pendulum to the workings of the heart within, went on sighing and praying; asking questions, and answering them alternately; and, at every pause, looked earnestly to her husband, who leaned against the corner of the room, ashamed that his bound hand should be seen.

"Och! Aigh me!" cried Maron—Dear sirs, what's the folk shootin at?—Eh?—I'm sure they hae nae battlers to fight wi' there?—No ane—I wat, no ane. Aigh-wow, sirs! the lives o' God's creatures!—They never shoot nae callants, do they? Oh, na, na, they'll never shoot innocent bairns, puir things! They'll maybe hae been trying how weel they could vizy at the wild ducks; there's a hantle o' cleckins about the saughs o' the lake. Hout ay, that's a'.—He hasna forgotten to be gracious, nor is his mercy clean gane."

Thus poor Maron went on, and though she had but little discernment left, she perceived that there was a tint of indignant madness in her husband's looks. His lips quivered—his eyes dilated—and the wrinkles on his brow rolled up to the roots of his dark grizzled hair. "Watie," cried she, in a shrill and tremulous voice—"Watie, what ails ye?—Oh! tell me what ails ye Watie?—What's the fock shooting at? Eh? Ye'll no tell me what they're shooting at, Watie?—Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Walter uttered no word, nor did his daughter, who sat in dumb astonishment, with her head almost bent to her feet; but old Nanny joined in full chorus with her mistress, and a wild unearthly strain the couple raised, till checked by Sergeant Roy Macpherson.

"Fat too-whooing pe tat? Do you tink that should the lenamh beg pe shot trou te poty, tat is te son to yourself—Do you tink, you will too-whoo him up akain?—Hay?—Cot tamn, pe holding your paice."

CHAPTER X.

UPON the whole, there was no proof against Walter. Presumption was against him, but the evidence was rather in his favour. Military law, however, prevailed; and he found that there was no redress to be had of any grievance or insult, that this petty tyrant, in his caprice, thought fit to inflict. His drivers were ordered to take the whole stock from the farms of Riskinhope belonging to David Bryden, who lived at a distance, because it was proven that Mr. Renwick had preached and baptized some children on the bounds of that farm. That stock he caused to be taken to Selkirk, and sent orders to the sheriff to sell it by public roup, at the cross, to the highest bidder; but with Walter's stock he did not meddle at that time; so far did justice mark his proceedings. He strongly suspected him, and wished to have him convicted; and certainly would have taken all the family with him prisoners, had not the curate Clerk arrived at that critical time. Him Clavers consulted apart, and was soon given to understand the steadfast loyalty of the gudewife, daughter, and all the family, save Walter, whom he said, he suspected of a secret connivance with the Cameronians. This was merely to serve a selfish purpose, for Clerk suspected no such thing at that time. It had the desired effect. Clavers set all the rest of the family free, but took the goodman with him prisoner; put two of his best horses in requisition; mounted himself on a diminutive pony, with the thumbikins on his hands, and his feet chained below its belly. In this degrading situation, he was put under the care of Sergeant Roy Macpherson and five troopers; and Clavers with the rest of his company, hasted, with great privacy and celerity, into that inhospitable wild, which forms the boundary between Drummelzier's ancient property and the Johnstons of Annandale. The greater part of the fugitives had taken shelter there at that time, it being the most inaccessible part in the south of Scotland, and that where, of all others, they had been the least troubled. No troops could subsist near them; and all that the military could do was to set watches near every pass to and from these mountains, where a few stragglers were killed, but not many in proportion to the numbers that had there sought a retreat.

The Covenanters knew that Clavers would make a sweeping and exterminating circuit about that time—incidents, which were not to be overlooked had been paving the way for it—incidents with which the main body of that people were totally unconnected. But it was usual at that time, and a very unfair practice it was, that whatever was said, or perpetrated, by any intem-

perate fanatical individual, or any crazy wight, driven half mad by ill usage—whatever was said or done by such, was always attributed to the whole sect as a body. It is too true that the Privy Council chose, invariably, men void of all feeling or remorse to lead these troops. A man had no thing to study but to be cruel enough to rise in the army in those days ; yet, because there was a Dalziel, a Graham, a Creighton, and a Bruce among the king's troops, it would be unfair to suppose all the rest as void of every principle of feeling and forbearance as they. In like manner, because some of the Covenanters said violent and culpable things, and did worse, it is hard to blame the whole body for these ; for, in the scattered prowling way in which they were driven to subsist, they had no control over individuals.

They had been looking for the soldiers appearing there for several days, and that same morning had been on the watch ; but the day was now so far advanced that they were waxen remiss, and had retired to their dens and hiding places. Besides, he came so suddenly upon them that some parties, as well as several stragglers, were instantly discovered. A most determined pursuit ensued. Clavers exerted himself that day in such a manner, galloping over precipices, and cheering on his dragoons, that all the country people who beheld him believed him to be a devil, or at least mounted on one. The marks of that infernal courser's feet are shown to this day on a steep hill nearly perpendicular, below the Bubbly Craig, along which he is said to have ridden at full speed, in order to keep sight of a party of the flying Covenanters. At another place, called the Blue Sklidder, on the Merk side, he had far outrode all his officers and dragoons in the pursuit of five men, who fled straggling athwart the steep. He had discharged both his pistols without effect ; and just as he was making ready to cleave down the hindmost with his sabre, he was attacked by another party, who rolled huge stones at him from the precipice above, and obliged him to make a hasty retreat.

Tradition has preserved the whole of his route that day with the utmost minuteness. It is not easy to account for this. These minute traditions are generally founded on truth ; yet though two generations have scarcely passed away since the date of this tale, tradition, in this instance, relates things impossible, else Clavers must indeed have been one of the infernals. Often has the present relater of this tale stood over the deep green marks of that courser's hoof, many of which remain on that hill, in awe and astonishment, to think that he was actually looking at the traces made by the devil's foot, or at least by a horse that once belonged to him.

Five men were slain that day ; but as they were all westland men, very little is known concerning them. One of them was shot at a distance by some dragoons who were in pursuit of him, just as he was entering a morass, where he would certainly have escaped them. He is buried in a place called the Watch Knowe, a little to the south-east of Loch Skene, beside a cairn where he had often sat keeping watch for the approach of enemies, from which circumstance the height derived its name. When he fell, it being rough broken ground, they turned and rode off without ever going up to the body. Four were surprised and taken prisoners on a height called Ker Cleuch-Ridge, who were brought to Clavers and shortly examined on a little crook in the Erne Cleuch, a little above the old steading at Hopertoudy.

Macpherson kept the high road, such as it was, with his prisoner; but travelled no faster than just to keep up with the parties that were scouring the hills on each side ; and seeing these unfortunate men hurled in from the hill, he rode up with his companions and charge to see the issue, remarking to Walter that " he wools not pe much creat deal te worse of seeing fwat te fwigs would pe getting."

How did Walter's heart smite him when he saw that one of them was the sensible, judicious, and honourable fellow with whom he fought, and whose arm he had dislocated by a blow with his stick ! It was still hanging in a sling made of a double rush rope.

They would renounce nothing, confess nothing, nor yield, in the slightest

degree, to the threats and insulting questions put by the general. They expected no mercy, and they cringed for none; but seemed all the while to regard him with pity and contempt. Walter often said that he was an ill judge of the cause for which these men suffered; but whatever might be said of it, they were heroes in that cause. Their complexions were sallow, and bore marks of famine and other privations; their beards untrimmed; their apparel all in rags, and their hats slouched down about their ears with sleeping on the hills. All this they had borne with resignation and without a murmur; and, when brought to the last, before the most remorseless of the human race, they showed no symptoms of flinching or yielding up an item of the cause they had espoused.

When asked, if they would pray for the king,

They answered, "that they would with all their hearts;—they would pray for his forgiveness in time and place convenient, but not when every profligate bade them, which were a loathful scurillity, and a mockery of God."

"Would they acknowledge him as their right and lawful sovereign?"

"No, that they would never do! He was a bloody and designing papist, and had usurped a prerogative that belonged not to him. To acknowledge the Duke of York for king, would be to acknowledge the divine approbation of tyranny, oppression, usurpation, and all that militates against religion or liberty, as well as justifying the abrogation of our ancient law relating to the succession; and that, besides, he had trampled on every civil and religious right, and was no king for Scotland, or any land where the inhabitants did not choose the most abject and degrading slavery. For their parts, they would never acknowledge him; and though it was but little that their protestations and their blood could avail, they gave them freely. They had but few left to mourn for them, and these few might never know of their fate; but there was *One* who knew their hearts, who saw their sufferings, and in Him they trusted that the days of tyranny and oppression were wearing to a close, and that a race yet to come might acknowledge that they had not shed their blood in vain."

Clavers ordered them all to be shot. They craved time to pray, but he objected, sullenly alleging, that he had not time to spare. Mr. Copland said, —"My lord, you had better grant the poor wretches that small indulgence." On which Clavers took out his watch, and said he would grant them two minutes, provided they did not howl. When the man with the hurt arm turned round to kneel, Walter could not help crying out to him in a voice half stifled with agony—

"Ah! lack-a-day, man! is it come to this with you, and that so soon? This is a sad sight!"

The man pretended to put on a strange and astonished look towards his benefactor.

"Whoever you are," said he, "that pities the sufferings of a hapless stranger, I thank you. May God requite you! but think of yourself and apply for mercy where it is to be found, for you are in the hands of those whose boast it is to despise it."

Walter at first thought this was strange, but he soon perceived the policy of it, and wondered at his friend's readiness at such an awful hour, when any acknowledgment of connection would have been so fatal to himself. They kneeled all down, clasped their hands together, turned their faces to Heaven, and prayed in a scarce audible whisper. Captain Bruce, in the meantime, kneeled behind the files, and prayed in mockery, making a long face, wiping his eyes, and speaking in such a ludicrous whine, that it was impossible for the gravest face to retain its muscles unaltered. He had more to attend to him than the miserable sufferers. When the two minutes were expired, Clavers, who held his watch all the time, made a sign to the dragoons who were drawn up, without giving any intimation to the sufferers, which, perhaps, was merciful, and in a moment all the four were launched into eternity.

The soldiers, for what reason Walter never understood, stretched the bodies

all in a straight line on the brae, with their faces upwards, and about a yard distant from one another, and then rode off as fast as they could to get another hunt, as they called it. These four men were afterwards carried away by the fugitives, and some country people, and decently interred in Ettrick churchyard. Their graves are all in a row a few paces from the south-west corner of the present church. The goodman of Chapelhope, some years thereafter, erected a head-stone over the grave of the unfortunate sufferer whose arm he had broken, which, with its rude sculpture, is to be seen to this day. His name was Walter Biggar. A small heap of stones is raised on the place where they were shot.

The last look which Walter took of the four corpses, as they lay stretched on the brae, with the blood streaming from them, had nearly turned his brain. His heart sunk within him. For years and days the scene never left his mind's eye, sleeping nor waking. He always thought he saw them lying on the green sloping brae, with their pale visages, blue open lips, clasped hands, and dim steadfast eyes still fixed on the heavens. He had heard Clavers and his officers called heroes: he wished those who believed so had been there that day, to have judged who were the greatest heroes.

"There! let them take that!" said Captain Bruce, as he mounted his horse.

"Poor misled unfortunate beings!" said Copland, and mounted his.

"Huh! Cot t—n!" said Roy Macpherson, in a voice that seemed to struggle for an outlet; and Walter, to his astonishment, saw a tear glistening on his rough weather-beaten cheek, as he turned to ride away!

The pursuit continued unabated for the whole of that day. There was a great deal of firing, but the hills of Polmoody were inaccessible to cavalry There was no more blood shed. They lodged that night at a place called Kepplegill, where they put every thing in requisition about the house, and killed some of the cattle. Clavers was in extremely bad humour, and Walter had no doubt that he once intended to have sacrificed him that night, but seemed to change his mind, after having again examined him. He was very stern, and threatened him with the torture, swearing that he knew him to be the supporter of that nest of miscreants that harboured around him, and that though he should keep him prisoner for a dozen years, he would have it proven on him. Walter made oath that there had never one of them been within his door, consistent with his knowledge; that he had never been at a conventicle; and proffered to take the test, and oath of abjuration, if allowed to do so. All this would not satisfy Clavers. Walter said he wondered at his discernment, for, without the least evil or disloyal intent, he found he had rendered himself liable to punishment, but how *he* could be aware of that he knew not.

That night Walter was confined in a cowhouse, under the same guard that had conducted him from Chapelhope. The soldiers put his arms round one of the stakes for the cattle, and then screwed on the thumbikins, so that he was fastened to the stake without being much incommoded. When Macpherson came in at a late hour, (for he was obliged likewise to take up his abode in the cowhouse over night), the first word he said was,—

"She no pe liking to see an honest shentleman tied up to a stake, as she were peing a poollock."

He then began to lecture Walter on the magnitude of folly it would be in him to run away, "when he took it into consideration that he had a ponny fhamily, and sheeps, and horses, and bheasts, that would all pe maide acchountable."

Walter acknowledged the force of his reasoning; said it was sterling common sense, and that nothing would induce him to try such a dangerous experiment as attempting to make his escape. Macpherson then loosed him altogether, and conversed with him until he fell asleep. Walter asked him, what he thought of his case with the general? Macpherson shook his head Walter said there was not the shadow of a proof against him! "No?" said

Macpherson; "but there surely is! There is very much deal of proof. Was not there my countrymen and scholdiers murdered on your ghrounds? Was not there mhore scoans, and prochin, and muttons in your house, than would have peen eaten in a mhonth by the fhamily that pelongs to yourself? By the pode more of the ould deol, but there is more proof than would hang twenty poor peoples."

"That's but sma' comfort, man! But what think ye I should do?"

"How can I know!—Who is it that is your Chief?"

"Chief!—What's that?"

"Tat is te head of te clan—Te pig man of your name and fhamily."

"In troth, man, an' there isna ane o' my name aboon mysel'."

"Fwat? Cot's everlasting plissing! are you te chief of te clan, M'Leadle? Then, sir, you are a shentleman indeed. Though your clan should pe never so poor, you are a shentleman; and you must pe giving me your hand; and you need not think any shame to pe giving me your hand; for hersel pe a shentleman pred and porn, and first coosin to Cluny Macpherson's sister-in-law. Who te deol dha more she pe this clan, M'Leadle? She must be of Macleane. She once pe prhother to ourselves, but fell into great dishunity by the preaking off of Finlay Gorm More Machalabin Macleane of Ilanterach and Ardnamurchan."

Walter having thus set Daniel Roy Macpherson on the top of his hobby-horse by chance, there was no end of the matter! He went on with genealogies of uncouth names, and spoke of some old freebooters as the greatest of all kings. Walter had no means of stopping him, but by pretending to fall asleep, and when Macpherson weened that no one was listening farther to him, he gave up the theme, turned himself over, and uttered some fervent sentences in Gaelic, with heavy moans between.

"What's that you are saying now," said Walter, pretending to rouse himself up.

"Pe sad works this," said he. "Huh! Cot in heaven aye! Hersel would be fighting te Campbells, sword in hand, for every inch of the Moor of Rhanoch; but she does not like to pe pluffing and shooting through te podies of te poor helpless insignificant crheatures. T—n'd foolish ignorant people! Cot t—n, if she pe having the good sense and prhudence of a bheast."

Walter commended his feeling, and again asked his advice with regard to his own conduct.

"Who is te great man tat is te laird to yourself?" asked he.

"Mr Hay of Drummelzier," was answered.

"Then lose not a mhoment in getting his very good report or security. All goes by that. It will do mhore good than any stock of innocence; and you had need to look very sharp, else he may soon cut you short. It's a very good and a very kind man, but she pe caring no more for the lives of peoples, tan I would do for as many ptarmigams."

Walter pondered on this hint throughout the night; and the more he did so the more he was convinced, that, as the affairs of the country were then conducted, Macpherson's advice was of the first utility. He sent for one of the shepherds of Kepplegill next morning, charged him with an express to his family, and unable to do anything further for himself, submitted patiently to his fate.

Clavers having been informed that night that some great conventicles had been held to the southward, he arose early, crossed the mountains by the Pennera Corse, and entered that district of the south called Eskdale. He had run short of ammunition by the way, and knowing of no other supply, dispatched Bruce with 20 men by the way of Ettrick, to plunder the aisle where the ancient and noble family of the Scotts of Thirlstane were enshrined in massy leaden chests. From these he cut the lids, and otherwise damaged them, scattering the bones about in the aisle; but the Scotts of Daventon shortly after gathered up the relics of their ancestors, which they again deposited in the chests,—closed them up with wooden lids, and buried them

deep under the aisle floor, that they might no more be discomposed by the hand of wanton depravity.

At a place called the Steps of Glenderg, Clavers met with Sir James Johnston of Westeraw, with fifty armed men, who gave him an exaggerated account of the district of Eskdale, telling him of such and such field-meetings, and what inflammatory discourses had there been delivered, insinuating all the while that the whole dale ought to be made an example of. Clavers rejoiced in his heart at this, for the works of devastation and destruction were beginning to wear short. The Covenanters were now so sorely reduced, that scarcely durst one show his face, unless it were to the moon and stars of heaven. A striking instance of this I may here relate by the way, as it happened on the very day to which my tale has conducted me.

A poor wanderer, named, I think, Matthew Douglas, had skulked about these mountains, chiefly in a wild glen, called the Caldron, ever since the battle of Bothwell-bridge. He had made several narrow, and, as he thought, most providential escapes, but was at length quite overcome by famine, cold, and watching; and finding his end approaching, he crept by night into a poor widow's house at Rennelburn, whose name, if my informer is not mistaken, was Ann Hyslop. Ann was not a Cameronian, but being of a gentle and humane disposition, she received the dying man kindly—watched, and even wept over him, administering to all his wants. But the vital springs of life were exhausted and dried up: He died on the second day after his arrival, and was buried with great privacy, by night, in the churchyard at Westerkirk.

Sir James Johnston had been a zealous Covenanter, and at first refused the test with great indignation; but seeing the dangerous ground on which he stood, and that his hand was on the lion's mane, he renounced these principles; and, to render his apostasy effective, became for a time a most violent distresser of his former friends. He knew at this time that Clavers was coming round; and, in order to ingratiate himself with him, he had for several days been raging up and down the country like a roaring lion, as they termed it. It came to his ears what Ann Hyslop had done; whereon, pretending great rage, he went with his party to the burial ground, digged the body out of the grave, and threw it over the churchyard wall for beasts of prey to devour. Forthwith he proceeded to Rennelburn—plundered the house of Ann Hyslop, and then burnt it to ashes; but herself he could not find, for she had previously absconded. Proceeding to the boundary of the county, he met and welcomed Clavers to his assistance, breathing nothing but revenge against all non-conformists, and those of his own district in particular.

Clavers knew mankind well. He perceived the moving cause of all this, and did not appear so forward and hearty in the business as Sir James expected. He resolved to ravage Eskdale, but to manage matters so that the whole blame might fall on Johnston. This he effected so completely, that he made that knight to be detested there as long as he lived, and his memory to be abhorred after his decease. He found him forward in the cause; and still the more so that he appeared to be, the more shy and backward was Clavers, appearing to consent to everything with reluctance. They condemned the stocks of sheep on Fingland and the Casways on very shallow grounds. Clavers proposed to spare them; but Sir James swore that they should not be spared, that their owners might learn the value of conventicles.

"Well, well," said Clavers, "since you will have it so, let them be driven off."

In this manner they proceeded down that unhappy dale, and at Craikhaugh, by sheer accident, lighted on Andrew Hyslop, son to the widow of Rennelburn, above mentioned. Johnston apprehended him, cursed, threatened, and gnashed his teeth at him with perfect rage. He was a beautiful youth, only nineteen years of age. On his examination, it appeared that he had not been at home, nor had any hand in sheltering the deceased; but he knew, he said, that his mother had done so, and in doing it, had done well;

and he was satisfied that act of her's would be approven of in the eye of the Almighty.

Clavers asked, "Have you ever attended the field conventicles?"

"No."

"Have you ever preached yourself?"

"No."

"Do you think that you could preach?"

"I am sure I could not."

"I'll be bound but you can pray then," said he.

He then proffered him his liberty if he would confess that his mother had done wrong, but this he would in no wise do; for, he said, it would be a sinful and shameful lie, he being convinced that his mother had done what was her duty, and the duty of every Christian to do towards his fellow-creatures.

Johnston swore he should be shot. Clavers hesitated, and made some objections; but the other persisting, as Clavers knew he would, the latter consented, as formerly, saying, "Well, well, since you will have it so, let it be done—his blood be on your head, I am free of it.—Daniel Roy Macpherson, draw up your file, and put the sentence in execution."

Hyslop kneeled down. They bade him put on his bonnet, and draw it over his eyes; but this he calmly refused, saying, "He had done nothing of which he was ashamed, and could look on his murderers and to Heaven without dismay."

When Macpherson heard this, and looked at him as he kneeled on the ground with his hands pinioned, his beautiful young face turned toward the sky, and his long fair ringlets hanging waving backward, his heart melted within him, and the great tears had for some time been hopping down his cheeks. When Clavers gave the word of command to shoot the youth, Macpherson drew up his men in a moment—wheeled them off at the side—presented arms—and then answered the order of the general as follows, in a voice that was quite choked one while, and came forth in great volleys at another—Now, Cot t—n sh—sh—she'll rather be fighting Clavers and all her draghoons, pe—pe—pefore she'll pe killing tat dear good lhad."

Captain Bruce burst out into a horse-laugh, leaping and clapping his hands on hearing such a singular reply; even Clavers had much ado to suppress a smile, which, however, he effected by uttering a horrible curse.

"I had forgot, Sir James," said he; "Macpherson is as brave a man as ever strode on a field of battle; but in domestic concerns, he has the heart of a chicken."

He then ordered four of his own guards to shoot him, which they executed in a moment. Some of his acquaintances being present, they requested permission of Clavers to bury him, which he readily granted, and he was interred on the very spot where he fell. A grave-stone was afterwards erected over him, which is still to be seen at Craikhaugh, near the side of the road, a little to the north of the Church of Eskdale-muir.

Clavers and his prisoner lodged at Westeraw that night. Johnston wanted to have him shot: but to this Clavers objected, though rather in a jocular manner.

Walter said, he was sure if Sir James had repeated his request another time, that Clavers' answer would have been, "Well, well, since you will have it so," &c.; but, fortunately for Walter, he desisted just in time.

These two redoubted champions continued their progress all next day; and on the third, at evening, Clavers crossed Dryfe, with nine thousand sheep, three hundred goats, and about as many cattle and horses in his train, taken from the people of Eskdale alone. He took care to herry Sir James's tenants, in particular, of everything they possessed, and apparently all by their laird's desire, so that very little of the blame attached to the general. He was heard to say to Sir Thomas Livingston that night, "I trow, we hae left the silly turn-coat a pirn to wind."—But we must now leave them to con-

tinue their route of rapine and devastation, and return to the distressed family of Chapelhope, in order that we may watch the doings of the Brownie of Bodsbeck.

CHAPTER XI.

FOR all Maron Linton's grievous distresses, the arrival of Clerk, the curate proved an antidote of no small avail. It was a great comfort to her, in the midst of her afflictions; and after she had been assured by him of Walter's perfect safety, she became apparently more happy, and certainly more loquacious, than she had been for a great while bygone. She disclosed to him the dreadful secret, that her child was possessed of an evil spirit, and implored his influence with Heaven, and his power with hell, for its removal. This he readily undertook, on condition of being locked up with the maiden for a night, or two at most. She was to be left solely to his management; without the interference of any other human being; and with the help only of the Bible, the lamp, and the hour-glass, he declared that he would drive the unclean spirit from its tabernacle of clay.

To these conditions Maron Linton gladly assented; and, with grateful and fond acknowledgments, called him their benefactor and spiritual guide, their deliverer and shield; but he checked her, and said, that there was still one condition more on which she behoved to condescend. It was likely that he might be under the hard necessity of using some violent measures in exorcising her, for it would be hard to drive the malignant spirit from so sweet a habitation; but whatever noises might be heard, no one was to interfere, or even listen, upon pain of being delivered up to the foul spirit, soul and body; and it was ten to one that any who was so imprudent as to intrude on these awful and mysterious rites, might be torn in pieces.

Maron blest herself from all interference, and gave Nanny directions to the same purport; as for the two boys, they slept out of hearing. She likewise gave him the key, that he might lock both the doors of the Old Room in the inside, and thus prevent all intrusions, should any be offered. He said prayers in the family, to which Katharine was admitted; and then taking the lamp and the hour-glass in his hand, and the Bible below his arm, he departed into the Old Room, where, in about half an hour afterwards, the maiden was summoned to attend him. He took her respectfully by the hand, and seated her on a chair at the side of the bed, saying that he was commissioned by her worthy mother to hold a little private conversation with her. Then locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket, he added, "You are my prisoner for this night, but be not alarmed; I have undertaken to drive an evil spirit away from you, but both my exorcisms and orisons shall be adapted to the feelings of a young maiden, and as agreeable to one whom I so much admire, as it is in my power to make them."

Katharine grew as pale as death as he uttered these words, placing himself at the same time cordially by her side.

It is unmeet to relate the conversation that ensued; but the worthy curate soon showed off in his true colours, and with unblushing front ventured a proposal that shocked the innocent and modest Katharine so much that she could only reply to it by holding up her hands, and uttering a loud exclamation of astonishment. His further proceedure soon convinced her that she was in the hands of a man who was determined to take every advantage of the opportunity thus unwarrantably afforded him, and to stick at no atrocity for the accomplishment of his purposes.

She neither descended to tears nor entreaties, but resisted all his approaches with a firmness and dignity that he never conceived to have formed any part of her character; and, when continuing to press her hand she said to him, "You had better keep your distance, Mass John Clerk, and consider what befits your character, and the confidence reposed in you by my unsuspecting parent; but I tell you, if you again presume to touch me, though it were but with one of your fingers, I will, in a moment, bring those out of the chink of

the wall, or from under that hearth, that shall lay you motionless at my feet in the twinkling of an eye, or bear you off to any part of the creation that I shall name."

He smiled as she said this, and was about to turn it into a jest; but on looking at her face, he perceived that there was not one trait of jocularity in it. It beamed with a mystical serenity which sent a chillness through his whole frame; and, for the first time he deemed her deranged, or possessed in some manner, he wist not how. Staunch, however, to his dishonourable purpose, he became so unequivocal, that she was obliged to devise some means of attaining a temporary cessation; and feigning to hesitate on his proposal, she requested a minute or two to speak.

"I am but young, Mass John," said she, "and have no experience in the ways of the world; and it seems, from what you have advanced, that I attach more importance to some matters than they deserve. But I beg of you to give me a little time to reflect on the proposal you have made. See that hour-glass is half run out already: I only ask of you not to disturb or importune me until it run out a second time."

"And do you then promise to do as I request?" said he.

"I do," returned she, "provided you still continue of the same mind as you are now."

"My mind is made up," said he, "and my resolution taken in all that relates to you; nevertheless it would be hard to refuse a maid so gentle and modest a request—I grant it—and should you attempt to break off your engagement at the expiry of the time, it shall be the worse for you."

"Be it so," replied she: "in the meantime let me be undisturbed till then." And so saying, she arose and went aside to the little table where the Bible and the lamp were placed, and began with great seriousness to search out, and peruse parts of the sacred volume.

Clerk liked not this contemplative mood, and tried every wile in his power to draw her attention from the Scriptures. He sought out parts which he desired her to read, if she would read; but from these she turned away without deigning to regard them, and gently reminded him that he had broken one of his conditions. "Maids only impose such conditions on men," said he, "as they desire should be broken." At this she regarded him with a look of ineffable contempt, and continued to read on in her Bible.

The hour of midnight was now past,—the sand had nearly run out for the second time since the delay had been acceded to, and Clerk had been for a while tapping the glass on the side, and shaking it, to make it empty its contents the sooner. Katharine likewise began to eye it with looks that manifested some degree of perturbation: she clasped the Bible, and sate still in one position, as if listening attentively for some sound or signal. The worthy curate at length held the hourglass up between her eye and the burning lamp,—the last lingering pile of sand fell reluctantly out as he shook it in that position,—anxiety and suspense settled more deeply on the lovely and serene face of Katharine; but instead of a flexible timidity, it assumed an air of sternness. At that instant the cock crew,—she started,—heaved a deep sigh, like one that feels a sudden relief from pain, and a beam of joy shed its radiance over her countenance. Clerk was astonished,—he could not divine the source or cause of her emotions, but judging from his own corrupt heart, he judged amiss. True however to his point, he reminded her of her promise, and claimed its fulfilment. She deigned no reply to his threats or promises, but kept her eye steadfastly fixed on another part of the room. He bade her remember that he was not to be mocked, and in spite of her exertions, he lifted her up in his arms, and carried her across the room towards the bed. She uttered a loud scream, and in a moment the outer door that entered from the bank was opened, and a being of such unearthly dimensions entered, as no pen may ever wholly define. It was the Brownie of Bodsbeck, sometimes mentioned before, small of stature, and its whole form utterly mis-shaped. Its beard was long and grey, while its look, and every lineament of its face,

were indicative of agony—its looks were thin, dishevelled, and white, and its back hunched up behind its head. There seemed to be more of the same species of haggard beings lingering behind at the door, but this alone advanced with a slow majestic pace. Mass John uttered two involuntary cries, somewhat resembling the shrill bellowings of an angry bull, mixed with inarticulate mumblings,—sunk powerless on the floor, and, with a deep shivering groan, fainted away. Katharine, stretching forth her hands, flew to meet her unearthly guardian ;—"Welcome, my watchful and redoubted Brownie," said she ; "thou art well worthy to be the familiar to an empress, rather than an insignificant country maiden."

"Brownie's here, Brownie's there,
Brownie's with thee everywhere,"

said the dwarfish spirit, and led her off in triumph.

Having bethought herself after she went out, she returned lightly, took the keys from the pocket of the forlorn priest, extinguished the lamp, and again disappeared, locking the door on the outside.

Mass John's trance threw him into a heavy and perturbed slumber, which overpowered him for a long space, and even after he awaked, it was long before he could fathom the circumstances of his case, for he imagined he had only been in a frightful and oppressive dream ; till, beginning to grope about, he discovered that he was lying on the damp floor with his clothes on ; and at length, without opening his eyes, he recovered by degrees his reasoning faculties, and was able to retrace the circumstances that led to his present situation. He arose in great dismay—the daylight had begun to shine into the room, and finding that both doors were locked, he deemed it unadvisable to make any noise, and threw himself upon the bed. The retrospect of his adventure was fraught with shame and astonishment. He had acted a considerable part in it, but he had dreamed of a great deal more, and with all his ingenuity he could not separate in his mind the real incidents from those that were imaginary. He arose with the sun, and rapped gently at the inner door, which, to his still farther astonishment, was opened by Katharine, in her usual neat and cleanly morning dress. He stared in her face, to mark if he could read any meaning in it : he could distinguish none that spoke a language to him either good or bad ; it was a face of calm decent serenity, and wore no shade of either shame nor anger—somewhat paler than it was the evening before, but still as lovely as ever. The curate seemed gasping for breath, but not having courage to address her, he walked forth to the open air.

It was a beautiful morning in September ; the ground was covered with a slight hoar frost, and a cloud of light haze (or, as the country people call it, *the blue oud'r*,) slept upon the long valley of water, and reached nearly midway up the hills. The morning sun shone full upon it, making it appear like an ocean of silvery down. It vanished by imperceptible degrees into the clear blue firmament, and was succeeded by a warm sun and a southerly breeze. It was such a morning as could not fail to cheer and re-animate every heart and frame, not wholly overcome by guilt and disease—Clerk's were neither—he was depraved of heart, but insensible to the evil of such a disposition ; he had, moreover, been a hanger-on from his youth upward, and had an effrontery not to be out-faced. Of course, by the time he had finished a three-hours' walk, he felt himself so much refreshed and invigorated in mind, that he resolved not to expose himself to the goodwife, who was his principal stay and support among his straggled and dissatisfied flock, by a confession of the dreadful fright he had gotten, but to weather out the storm with as lofty and saintly a deportment as he could.

He had not well gone out when the lad of Kepplegill arrived, and delivered to Katharine her father's letter. She saw the propriety of the injunction which it bore, and that an immediate application to their laird, Drummelzier, who was then high in trust and favour with the party in power, was the likeliest of all ways to procure her father's relief, neither dare she trust the

mission to any but herself. But ah! there was a concealed weight that pressed upon her spirit—a secret circumstance that compelled her to stay at home, and which could not be revealed to mortal ear. Her father's fate was at present uncertain and ticklish, but that secret once revealed, tortures, death, and ruin were inevitable—the doom of the whole family was sealed. She knew not what to do, for she had none to advise with. There was but one on earth to whom this secret could be imparted; indeed there was but one in whose power it was to execute the trust which the circumstances of the case required, and that was old Nanny, who was crazed, fearless, and altogether inscrutable. Another trial, however, of her religious principles, and adherence to the established rules of church government in the country, was absolutely necessary; and to that trial our young and mysterious heroine went with all possible haste, as well as precaution.

Whosoever readeth this must paint to themselves old Nanny, and they must paint her aright, with her thin fantastic form and antiquated dress, bustling up and down the house. Her fine stock of bannocks had been all exhausted—the troopers and their horses had left nothing in her master's house that could either be eaten or conveniently carried away. She had been early astir, as well as her sedate and thoughtful young dame, had been busy all the morning, and the whole time her tongue never at rest. She had been singing one while, speaking to herself another, and every now and then intermixing bitter reflections on Clavers and his troops.

"Wae be to them for a pack o' greedy gallayniels—they haena the mence o' a miller's yaud; for though she'll stap her nose into everybody's pock, yet when she's fou she'll carry naething wi' her. Heichow! wae's me, that I sude hae lived to see the day! That ever I sude hae lived to see the colehood take the laverock's place; and the stanchel and the merlin chatterin' frae the cushat's nest! Ah! wae's me! will the sweet voice o' the turtle-doo be nae mair heard in our land! There was a time when I sat on the bonny green brae an' listened to it till the tears dreepit frae my een, an' a' the hairs o' my head stood on end!—The hairs o' my head?—Ay, that's nae lie! They're grey now, an' will soon be snaw-white if heart's care can alter them; but they will never be sae white as his war. I saw the siller-grey lock o' age, an' the manly curls o' youth wavin' at my side that day!—But where are they now? A' mouled! a' mouled!—But the druckit blood winna let them rot? I'll see them rise fresh and bonny! I'll look round to my right hand and ane will say, 'Mother! my dear mother, are you here with us?' I'll turn to my left hand, another will say, 'Nanny! my dear and faithful wife, are you too here with us?'—I'll say, 'Ay, John, I'm here; I was yours in life; I have been yours in death; an' I'll be yours in life again.'—Dear bairn, dear bairn, are you there," continued she, observing Katharine standing close behind her; "what was I saying, or where was I at? I little wat outher what I was saying or doing.—Hout aye; I was gaun ower some auld things, but they're a' like a dream, an' when I get amang them I'm hardly mysel. Dear bairn, ye maunna mind an auld crazy body's reveries."

There was some need for this apology, if Nanny's frame, air, and attitude are taken into account. She was standing with her back to the light, mixing meal with water, whereof to make bread—her mutch, or *night-bussing*, as she called it, was tied close down over her cheeks and brow as usual; her grey locks hanging dishevelled from under it; and as she uttered the last sentence, immediately before noticing her young mistress, her thin mealy hands were stretched upwards, her head and body bent back, and her voice like one in a paroxysm. Katharine quaked, although well accustomed to scenes of no ordinary nature.

"Nanny," said she, "there is something that preys upon your spirit—some great calamity that recurs to your memory, and goes near to unhinge your tranquillity of mind, if not your reason. Will you inform me of it, good Nanny; that I may talk and sympathize with you over it?"

"Dear bairn, nae loss ava – A' profit! a' profit i' the main! I haena biggit

a bield o' the windlestrae, nor lippened my weight to a broken reed! Na, na, dear bairn; nae loss ava."

"But, Nanny, I have overheard you in your most secret hours, in your prayers and self-examinations."

At the mention of this Nanny turned about, and after a wild searching stare in her young mistress's face, while every nerve of her frame seemed to shrink from the recollection of the disclosures she feared she had made, she answered as follows, in a deep and tremulous tone :—

"That was atween God and me—There was neither language nor sound there for the ear o' flesh!—It was unfair!—It was unfair!—Ye are mistress here, and ye keep the keys o' the aumbry, the kitchen, the ha', an' the hale house; but wi' the secret keys o' the heart and conscience ye hae naething to do!—the keys o' the sma'est portal that leads to heaven or hell are nane o' yours; therefore, what ye hae done was unfair. If I chose, sinful and miserable as I am, to converse with my God about the dead as if they war living, an' of the living as if they war dead, what's that to you? Or if I likit to take counsel of that which exists only in my own mind, is the rackle hand o' steel-rife power to make a handle o' that to grind the very hearts o' the just and the good, or turn the poor wasted frame o' eild and resignation on the wheel? —Lack-a-day, my dear bairn, I'm lost again! Ye canna an' ye maunna forgie me now. Walth's dear, and life's dearer—but sin' it maun be sae, twal o'clock sanna find me aneath your roof—there shall naebody suffer for harbouring poor auld Nanny—she has seen better days, an' she hopes to see better anes again; but it's lang sin' the warld's weel an' the warld's wae came baith to her alike. I maun e'en bid you fareweel, my bonny bairn, but I maun tell ye ere I gae that ye're i' the *braid way*. Ye hae some good things about ye, and O, it is a pity that a dear sweet soul should be lost for want o' light to direct! How can a dear bairn find the right way wi' its een tied up? But I maun haud my tongue an' leave ye—I wad fain greet, but I hae lost the gate o't, for the fountain-head has been lang run dry—Weel, weel—it's a' ower!—nae mair about it—How's this the auld sang gaes?

When the well runs dry then the rain is nigh,
The heavens o' earth maun borrow,
An' the streams that stray thro' the wastes the day,
May sail aboon the morrow.

Then dinna greet, my bonny bird,
I downa bide to hear ye;
The storm may blaw, and the rain may fa',
But nouther sal come near ye.

There's an eye that sees, there's an arm uprears,
There's an ear that hears our mourning,
There's an edict pass'd out frae the sky,
From which there's no returning.

Then dinna greet for the day that's gane,
Nor on the present ponder,
For thou shalt sing on the laverock's wing,
An' far away beyond her.

This Nanny sung to an air so soothing, and at the same time so melancholy, it was impossible to listen to her unaffected, especially as she herself was affected in a very peculiar manner—a beam of wild delight glancing in her eye, but it was like the joy of grief (if one may be allowed the expression), if not actually the joy of madness. Nothing could be more interesting than her character was now to the bewildered Katharine—it arose to her eyes, and grew on her mind like a vision. She had been led previously to regard her as having been crazed from her birth, and her songs and chaunts to be mere ravings of fancy, strung in rhymes to suit favourite airs, or old scraps of

ballads void of meaning, that she had learnt in her youth. But there was a wild elegance at times in her manner of thinking and expression—a dash of sublimity that was inconsistent with such an idea. "Is it possible" (thus reasoned the maiden with herself), "that this demeanour can be the effect of great worldly trouble and loss?—Perhaps she is bereft of all those who were near and dear to her in life—is left alone as it were in this world, and has lost a relish for all its concerns, while her whole hope, heart, and mind, is fixed on a home above, to which all her thoughts, dreams, and even her ravings insensibly turn, and to which the very songs and chaunts of her youthful days are modelled anew. If such is really her case, how I could sympathize with her in all her feelings!"

"Nanny," said she, "how wofully you misapprehend me; I came to exchange burdens of heart and conscience with you—to confide in you, and love you: Why will not you do the same with me, and tell me what loss it is that you seem to bewail night and day, and what affecting theme it is that thus puts you beside yourself?—If I judge not far amiss, the knowledge of this is of greater import to my peace than aught in the world beside, and will lead to a secret from me that deeply concerns us both."

Nanny's suspicions were aroused, not laid, by this speech; she eyed her young mistress steadfastly for a while, smiled, and shook her head.

"Sae young, sae bonny, and yet sae cunning!" said she. "Judas coudna hae sic a face, but he had nouther a fairer tongue nor a fauser heart!—A secret frae you, dear bairn! what secret can come frae you, but some bit waefu' love story, enough to mak the pinks an' the ewe gowans blush to the very lip? My heart's wae for ye, ae way an' a' ways; but its a part of your curse—woman sinned an' woman maun suffer—her hale life is but a succession o' shame, degradation, and suffering, frae her cradle till her grave."

Katharine was dumb for a space, for reasoning with Nanny was out of the question.

"You may one day rue this misprision of my motives, Nanny," rejoined she; "in the mean time, I am obliged to leave home, on an express that concerns my father's life and fortune; be careful of my mother until my return, and of everything about the house, for the charge of all must devolve for a space on you."

"That I will, dear bairn—the thing that Nanny has ta'en in hand sanna be neglected, if her twa hands can do it, and her auld crazed head comprehend it."

"But, first, tell me, and tell me seriously, Nanny, are you subject to any apprehension or terror on account of spirits!"

"Nae mair feared for them than I am for you, an' no half sae muckle, wi' your leave.—Spirits, quoth I!

Little misters it to me
Whar they gang, or whar they ride;
Round the hillock, on the lea,
Round the auld borral tree,
Or bourock by the burn side;
Deep within the bogle-howe,
Wi' his haffats in a lowe,
Wons the waefu' wirricowe.

"Ah! noble Cleland! it is like his wayward freaks an' whimsies! Did ye never hear it, you that speaks about spirits as they war your door neighbours? It's a clever thing; his sister sung it; I think, it rins this gate—hum! but then the dialogue comes in, and it is sae kamshachle I canna word it, though I canna say it's misleared either."

"Dear Nanny, that is far from my question. You say you are nothing afraid of spirits?"

"An' why should I? If they be good spirits, they will do me nae ill; and if they be evil spirits, they hae nae power here. Thinkna ye that He that

takes care o' me throughout the day, is as able to do it by night? Na, na dear bairn, I hae contendit wi' the warst o' a' spirits face to face, hand to hand, and breast to breast; ay, an' for a' his power, an' a' his might, I dang him; and packed him off baffled and shamed!—Little reason hae I to be feared for ony o' his black emissaries."

"Should one appear to you bodily, would you be nothing distracted or frightened?"

"In my own strength I could not stand it, but yet I would stand it."

"That gives me joy.—Then, Nanny, list to me: You will assuredly see one in my absence; and you must take good heed to my directions, and act precisely as I bid you."

Nanny gave up her work, and listened in suspense. "Then it is a' true that the fock says!" said she, with a long-drawn sigh. "His presence be about us!"

"How sensibly you spoke just now! Where is your faith fled already? I tell you there will one appear to you every night in my absence, precisely on the first crowing of the cock, about an hour after midnight, and you must give him everything that he asks, else it may fare the worse with you, and all about the house."

Nanny's limbs were unable to support her weight—they trembled under her. She sat down on a form, leaned her brow upon both hands, and recited the 63rd Psalm from beginning to end in a fervent tone.

"I wasna prepared for this," said she. "I fear, though my faith may stand it, my wits will not. Dear, dear bairn, is there nae way to get aff frae sic a trial!"

"There is only one, which is fraught with danger of another sort; but were I sure that I could trust you with it, all might be well, and you would rest free from any intercourse with that unearthly visitant, of whom it seems you are so much in terror."

"For my own sake ye may trust me there: Ony thing but a bogle face to face at midnight, an' me a' my lane. It is right wonderfu', though I ken I'll soon be in a warld o' spirits, an' that I maun mingle an' mool wi' them for ages, how the nature within me revolts at a' communion wi' them here. Dear bairn, gie me your other plan, an' trust me for my own sake."

"It is this—but if you adopt it, for your life an' soul let no one in this place know of it but yourself:—It is to admit one or two of the fugitive whigs,—these people that skulk and pray about the mountains, privily into the house every night, until my return. If you will give me any test of your secrecy and truth, I will find ways and means of bringing them to you, which will effectually bar all intrusion of bogle or Brownie on your quiet; or should any such dare to appear, they will deal with it themselves."

"An' *can* the presence o' ane o' *them* do this?" said Nanny, starting up and speaking in a loud eldrich voice. "Then Heaven and hell acknowledges it, an' the earth maun soon do the same! I knew it!—I knew it!—I knew it!—ha, ha, ha, I knew it!—Ah! John, thou art safe!—Ay! an' mae than thee; an' there will be mae yet! It is but a day! an' dark an' dismal though it be, the change will be the sweeter! Blessed, blessed be the day! None can say of thee that thou died like a fool, for thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters." Then turning close round to Katharine, with an expression of countenance quite indescribable, she added in a quick maddened manner,—"Eh? Thou seekest a test of me, dost thou? Can blood do it?—Can martyrdom do it?—Can bonds, wounds, tortures, and mockery do it?—Can death itself do it? All these have *I* suffered for that cause *in this same body;* mark that; for there is but one half of my bone and my flesh here. But words are nothing to the misbelieving—mere air mouthed into a sound. Look at this for a test of *my* sincerity and truth." So saying, she gave her hand a wild brandish in the air, darted it at her throat, and snapping the tie of her cap that she had always worn over her face, she snatched it off, and

turning her cheek round to her young mistress, added, "Look there for your test, and if that is not enough, I will give you more!"

Katharine was struck dumb with astonishment and horror. She saw that her ears were cut out close to the skull, and a C. R. indented on her cheek with a hot iron, as deep as the jaw-bone. She burst out a crying—clasped the old enthusiast in her arms—kissed the wound and steeped it with her tears, and without one further remark, led her away to the Old Room, that they might converse without interruption.

The sequel of this disclosure turned not out as desired; but this we must leave by the way, until we overtake it in the regular course of the narrative.

CHAPTER XII.

As soon as her father's letter was put into her hands, Katharine sent off one of her brothers to Muchrah, to warn old John and his son to come instantly to Chapelhope. They both arrived while she and Nanny were consulting in the Old Room. She told them of her father's letter, of the jeopardy he was in, and of her intended application to Drummelzier without loss of time. "One of you," said she, "must accompany me; and I sent for you both, to learn which could, with least inconvenience, be wanted from your flocks."

"As for me," said John, "it's out o' the question to *think* about me winning away. The ewes wad gang wi' the bit hog-fence o' the Quave Brae, stoup and roup. What wi' ghaists, brownies, dead men, an' ae mischief an' other, it is maistly gane already; an' what's to come o' the poor bits o' plottin baggits a' winter, is mair nor I can tell. They may pike the woo aff ane another for aught that I see."

Katharine was grieved to hear this remonstrance, for she was desirous of having old John as a guide and protector, who well knew the way, and was besides singular for strength and courage, if kept among beings of this world. She represented to him that the hogg-fence of the Quave Brae could not possibly be of equal importance with his master's life, nor yet with the loss of his whole stock, both of sheep and cattle, which might be confiscated if prompt measures were not adopted. Nothing, however, could persuade John, that ought could be of equal importance to him with that which he had the charge of, and on which his heart and attention were so much set both by day and night. He said he had lost his lugs, and been brunt wi' the king's burn, for the hog-fence of the Quave Brae; and when he coudna get away to the prison at Edinburgh for fear o't, but suffered sae muckle in place o' that, how could he win away a' the gate to Dunse Castle?

Jasper liked not the journey more than he; for being convinced of Katharine's power over spirits, he was very jealous of her taking undue advantages of him, but he was obliged to submit. He refused a horse, saying "it would only taigle him, but if she suffered him to gang on his feet, if he was hindmost at Dunse, he should gie her leave to cut the lugs out o' his head too, and then he wad hae the thief's mark on him like his father."

Away they went; she riding on a stout shaggy poney, and Jasper running before her barefoot, but with his *hose and shoon* bound over his shoulder. He took the straight line for Dunse, over hill and dale, as a shepherd always does, who hates the *wimples*, as he calls them, of a turnpike. He took such a line as an eagle would take, or a flock of wild geese journeying from the one side of the country to the other, never once reflecting on the inconvenience of riding on such a road. Of course, it was impossible his young mistress could keep up with him—indeed she had often enough to do in keeping sight of him. They met with some curious adventures by the way, particularly one near Thirlestane Castle on Leader, with some stragglers of a troop of soldiers. But these things we must hurry over as extraneous matter, having nothing more to do with them than as connected with the thread of our tale. They slept that night at a farm-house in Lammermoor, which belonged to Drummelzier, and next day by noon arrived at Dunse Castle.

Drummelzier, being one of the Committee of Public Safety, was absent from

home, to which he did not return for several days, to the great perplexity of Katharine, who was in the utmost distress about her father, as well as her affairs at home. She was obliged, however, to wait with patience, as no one knew in what part of the country he was. The housekeeper, who was an Englishwoman, was kind to her, and bade her not be afraid, for that their master had much more power with the government than Claverhouse, the one being a moving spring, and the other only a tool.

Drummelzier was a bold and determined royalist—was, indeed, in high trust with the privy council, and had it in his power to have harassed the country as much, and more, than the greater part of those who did so; but, fortunately for that south-east division of Scotland, he was a gentleman of high honour, benevolence, and suavity of manners, and detested any act of injustice or oppression. He by these means contributed materially to the keeping of a large division of Scotland (though as whiggishly inclined as any part of it, Ayrshire perhaps excepted,) in perfect peace. The very first dash that Clavers made among the Covenanters, while he was as yet only a captain of a company, was into this division of the country over which Drummelzier was appointed to keep an eye, and it was in consequence of his intrepid and decided behaviour there, that the Duke of York interested himself in his behalf, and procured him the command of a troop of horse. At a place called Bewly, on the confines of Roxburghshire, he surprised a large conventicle about eleven o'clock on a Sabbath morning. Having but a small band, as soon as he appeared a crowd of the hearers gathered round the preacher to defend him, or to further his escape. Clavers burst in upon them like a torrent; killed and wounded upwards of an hundred; took the preacher prisoner, and all such of the hearers as were the most respectable in appearance. He would have detained many more had his force been sufficient for his designs, for that very day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, he surprised another numerous conventicle, at a place called Helmburn Linn, in Selkirkshire, where he acted over the same scene that he had done in the morning. The people, it is true, did not get time to rally round their pastor as at the former place, for the first intelligence they had of his approach was from a volley of musketry among them from the top of the linn, which took too sure effect.

The congregation scattered in a moment; and as there were strong fastnesses near at hand, none were taken prisoners, save some old men, and a number of ladies; unfortunately all these were ladies of distinction: the preacher likewise was taken, who suffered afterwards. The soldiers related of this man, that when they came upon the crowd, and fired among them, he was in the middle of his afternoon prayer, and all the people standing uncovered around him; and that for all the shots, and the people flying and falling dead about him, he never so much as paused, nor took down his hands, nor even opened his eyes, but concluded a sentence in the same same fervent tone, after they had dragged him from the tent.

At one or other of these unfortunate conventicles, a part of all the chief families of the Pringles, such as Torwoodlee, Whitebank, Fairnillie, and others, were taken prisoners; as well as some of the Scotts of Harden, and the Douglasses of Cavers and Boonjeddart; rich prizes for Clavers, who bore them all in triumph prisoners to Edinburgh.

Drummelzier put his whole interest to the stretch to get these leading and respectable families freed from such a disagreeable dilemma, and succeeded in getting the greater part of them set at liberty, on giving securities. From that time forth, there existed a secret jealousy between him and Clavers; but as their jurisdiction lay on different sides of the country, they had no further interference with one another.

When Katharine informed him, that his farmer, whom he so much esteemed, was taken away a prisoner, and by whom, he bit his lip, shook his head, and seemed highly incensed. He then questioned her about all the charges against him, and the evidence; requesting her, at the same time, to tell him

the truth, in all its bearings, to the most minute scruple; and when he had heard all, he said, that his lordship had other motives for his capture besides these. He lost no time in setting about the most coercive measures he could think of, to procure his liberty. He sent an express to the privy council, and wrote to sundry other gentlemen, whom Katharine knew nothing of; but the destination of Walter being utterly unknown to either of them, the laird was at a loss how to proceed.

He gave her, moreover, a bond of security, signed with his name, and without a direction, to a great amount, for her father's appearance at any court, to answer such charges as were brought against him; and with this she was to haste to the place where her father was a prisoner, and present it to the sheriff of the county, or chief magistrate of the burgh of such place, unless it was at Edinburgh, and in that case she was to take no farther care or concern about him.

She hasted home with her wild guide, where she arrived the fourth or fifth day after her departure; and found, to her astonishment, the Chapelhope deserted by man, woman, and boy! Not a living creature remained about the steading, but her father's dog and some poultry! The doors were locked, and the keys away; and, hungry and fatigued as she was, she could find no means of admittance. At length, on looking about, she perceived that the cows were not about the house, nor anywhere in the corn, and concluding that some one must be herding them, she went up the side of the lake to their wonted walk, and found her two brothers attending the cattle.

They told her that the *town* (so they always denominate a farm-steading in that district), had been so grievously haunted in her absence, both by Brownie and a ghost, that they were all obliged to leave it; that their mother was gone all the way to Gilmanscleuch to her brother, to remain there until she saw what became of her husband; Mass John was taken away by the fairies; and old Nanny was at Riskinhope, where they were also residing and sleeping at night; that the keys of the house were to be had there, but nothing would induce Nanny to come back again to Chapelhope, or at least to remain another night under its roof.

One mischief came thus upon poor Katharine after another; and she was utterly unable to account for this piece of intelligence, having been satisfied when she went away, that she had put everything in train to secure peace and order about the house, until her return. She rode to Riskinhope for the key, but not one would accompany her home, poor Nanny being lying moaning upon a bed. Jasper sat on the side of the hill, at a convenient distance from the house, until her return; but then took her horse from her, and put it away to the rest, refusing to enter the door. Thus was she left in her father's house all alone. Nanny came over, and assisted her in milking the kine evening and morning; but Katharine remained the rest of the day, and every night, by herself, neither did she press any one much to bear her company. She had no one to send in search of her father, and deliver Drummelzier's bond, at least none that any one knew of, yet it was sent, and that speedily, although to little purpose; for though Walter was sent to Dumfries jail, he remained there but two nights; a party of prisoners, of ten men and two women, being ordered for Edinburgh, under a guard of soldiers, he was mixed indiscriminately with the rest, and sent there along with them.

He always said, that though he was disposed to think well of Clavers before he saw him, yet he never was so blithe in his life as when he got from under his jurisdiction; for there was an appearance of ferocity and wantonness, of cruelty in all his proceedings, during the time that he rode in his train a prisoner, that made the heart of any man, not brutified by inurement to such scenes, revolt at the principles that induced, as well as the government that warranted them. He saw him and his troopers gather the whole vale of Annandale, as a shepherd gathers his sheep in droves, pricking the inhabitants with their swords to urge their speed. When he got thus all the people of a parish, or division of a parish, driven together, he surrounded them with his

soldiers, made them kneel by dozens, and take the oath of abjuration, as well as one acknowledging James Duke of York their rightful lord and sovereign; and lastly, made them renounce their right and part in heaven, if ever they repented them of that oath. The first man of such a group, who refused or objected to compliance with this dreadful measure, he took him forthwith behind the ranks and shot him, which summary way of proceeding generally induced all the people to comply. Moreover, the way in which he threatened and maltreated children, and mocked and insulted women, not to mention more brutal usage of them, proved him at once to be destitute of the behaviour and feelings becoming a man, far less those of a gentleman. He seemed to regard all the commonality in the south and west of Scotland as things to be mocked and insulted at pleasure, as beings created only for the sport of him and his soldiers, while their mental and bodily agonies were his delight. The narrator of this tale confesses that he has taken this account of his raid through the vales of Esk and Annan solely from tradition, as well as the attack made on the two conventicles, where the Pringles, &c., were taken prisoners; but these traditions are descended from such a source, and by such a line, as amounts with him to veracity, while other incidents recorded by Wodrow and Huie fully corroborate them.

Far different were Walter's feelings on parting with the commander of his guard, Serjeant Daniel Roy Macpherson, a noble block from the genuine quarry of nature—rude as it was taken thence, without the mark of hammer or chisel. When he heard that his prisoner was to be taken from under his charge, he made up to him when out of the eye of his commander, and treated him with a parting speech; which, on account of its singularity, is here preserved, though, doubtless, woefully garbled by being handed from one southland generation to another.

"Now he'll pe tahaking you away from mhe pefore as it were yesterdhay; and he'll pe putting you into some vhile dark hole with all te low tamn fwigs that come from te hills of Gallochee and Drummochloonrich, which is a shame and a disgrhace to shut up a shentleman who is chief of a clan among such poor crhazy maniachs, who will pe filling your ears full of their rejoicings in spirit; and of Haiven! and Haiven! just as if they were all going to Haiven! Do they suppose that Haiven is to pe filled full of such poor insignaificant crheatures as they? But I'll pe giving you advice as a friend and prhother; when you come pefore the couhnsel, or any of their commissioners, do not you pe talking of Haiven, and Haiven, and of conscience and covenants. And do not you pe pragging and poasting of one to pe your chief, or to pe of a clan that has not a friend at court; but tell them your own clan, and your claims to be its chief; and if you do not know her true descent, you had better claim Macpherson; she pe as ould and as honourable a clan as any of them all, and more."

Walter said, he trusted still to the proofs of his own loyalty, and the want of evidence to the contrary.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Macpherson; "I tell you the evidence you want is this, if any great man say you ought to live, you will live; if not, you will die. Did not I was telling you that the soholdiers that were found dead in the correi, on the lands that belong to yourself, was evidence enough and more; I would not pe giving a curse for your evidence after that, for the one is much petter than te other. And it is very well thought!" continued he, smiling grimly, "if you will pe preaking out into a rage, and pe cursing and tamning them all, you will get free in one moment."

Walter said, that would be an easy ransom, and though it was an error he was too apt to fall into when angry, he could see no effect it could have in this case, but to irritate his prosecutors more and more against him.

"You see no effect! Cot t—n, if you ever can see any effect peyond the top that is on your nose! and you will not pe advised by a man of experience, who would do more for you than he would pe commending of; and if you trust to what you can see, you will pe dancing a beautiful Highland shig in

the air to a saulm tune, and that will have a very good effect. I tell you, when you come again to be questioned, I know my Lord Dundee is to be there to pe adducing his proof; take you great and proud offence at some of their questions and their proofs; and you may pe making offer to fight them all one by one, or two by two, in the king's name, and send them all to hell in one pody; you cannot pe tamning them too much sore. By the soul of Rory More Macpherson! I would almost give up this claymore to be by and see that effect. Now you are not to pe minding because I am laughing like a fool, for I'm perfectly serious; if matters should pe standing hard with you, think of the advice of an ould friend, who respects you as the chief of the clan MacLeadle, supposing it to pe as low, and as much fallen down as it may.—Farewell! she pe giving you her hearty Cot's blessing."

Thus parted he with Daniel Roy Macpherson, and, as he judged, an unfortunate change it was for him. The wretch who now took the command of their guard had all the ignorance and rudeness of the former, without any counterbalance of high feeling and honour like him. His name was Patie Ingles, a temporary officer, the same who cut off the head of the amiable Mr. White with an axe, at Kilmarnock, carried it to Newmilns, and gave it to his party to play a game with at foot-ball, which they did. Ingles was drunk during the greater part of the journey, and his whole delight was in hurting, mortifying, and mimicking his prisoners. They were all bound together in pairs, and driven on in that manner like coupled dogs. This was effected by a very simple process. Their hands were fastened behind, the right and left arm of each pair being linked within one another. Walter was tied to a little spare Galloway weaver, a man wholly prone to controversy; he wanted to argue every point, on which account he was committed. Yet, when among the Cameronians, he took their principles as severely to task as he did those of the other party when examined by them. He lived but to contradict. Often did he try Walter with different points of opinion regarding the Christian Church. Walter knew so little about them that the weaver was astonished. He tried him with the apologetical declaration. Walter had never heard of it. He could make nothing of his gigantic associate, and at length began a sly inquiry on what account he was committed; but even on that he received no satisfactory information.

Ingles came staggering up with them. "Weel, Master Skinflint, what say you to it the day? This is a pleasant journey, is it not? Eh?—I say, Master, what do they call you! Peal-an'-eat, answer me in this—you see—I say—Is it not delightful? Eh?"

"Certainly, sir," said the weaver, who wished to be quit of him; "very delightful to those who feel it so."

"*Feel* it so!—D—n you, sirrah, what do you mean by that? Do you know who you are speaking to? Eh?—Answer me in this—What do you mean by *Feel it so?* Eh?"

"I meant nothing," returned the weaver, somewhat snappishly, "but that kind of respect which I always pay to gentry like you."

"Gentry like me!—D—n you, sir, if you speak such a—Eh?—Gentry like me!—I'll spit you like a cock pheasant—Eh? Have you any of them in Galloway? Answer me in this, will you? Eh?"

"I'll answer any reasonable thing, sir," said the poor weaver.

"Hout; never head the creature, man," said Walter; "it's a poor drunken senseless beast of a thing."

Ingles fixed his reeling unsteady eyes upon him, filled with drunken rage—walked on, spitting and looking across the way for a considerable space—"What the devil of a whig camel is this?" said he, crossing over to Walter's side. "Drunken senseless beast of a thing! Holm, did you hear that?—Macwhinny, did you?—Eh? I'll scorn to shoot the cusser, though I could do it—Eh? But I'll kick him like a dog—Eh?—Take that, and that, will you? Eh?" And so saying, he kicked our proud-hearted and independent Goodman of Chapelhope with his foot, staggering backward each time he struck.

Walter's spirit could not brook this; and, disregardful of all consequences, he wheeled about with his face toward him, dragging the weaver round with a jerk, as a mastiff sometimes does a spaniel that is coupled to him; and, as Ingles threw up his foot to kick him on the belly, he followed up his heel with his foot, giving him such a fling upwards as made him whirl round in the air like a reel. He fell on his back, and lay motionless; on which, several of the party of soldiers levelled their muskets at Walter. "Ay, shoot," said he, setting up his boardly breast to them—"Shoot at me if you dare, the best o' ye."

The soldiers cocked their pieces.

"Your Colonel himsel durstna wrang a hair o' my head, though fain he wad hae done sae, without first gieing me ower to his betters—Let me see if a scullion amang ye a' dare do mair than he."

The soldiers turned their eyes, waiting for the word of command; and the weaver kept as far away from Walter as the nature of his bonds would let him. The command of the party now devolved on a Serjeant Douglas; who, perhaps nothing sorry for what had happened, stepped in between the soldiers and prisoner, and swore a great oath, that, "what the prisoner said was the truth; and that all that it was their duty to do was, to take the prisoners safe to Edinburgh, as at first ordered; and there give their evidence of this transaction, which would send the lousy whig to hell at once, provided there was any chance of his otherwise escaping.'

They lifted Ingles, and held him up into the air to get breath, loosing meantime his cravat and clothes; on which he fell to vomit severely, owing to the fall he had got, and the great quantity of spirits he had drunk. They waited on him for about two hours; but as he still continued unable either to speak or walk, they took him into a house called Granton and proceeded on their destination.

This Douglas, though apparently a superior person to the former commander of the party, was still more intolerant and cruel than he. There was no indignity or inconvenience that he could fasten on his prisoners which he did not exercise to the utmost. They lodged that night at a place called Tweedshaws; and Walter used always to relate an occurrence that took place the next morning, that strongly marked the character of this petty officer, as well as the licensed cruelty of the times.

Some time previous to this there had been a fellowship meeting, at a place called Tallo-Linns, of the wanderers that lurked about Chapelhope and the adjacent mountains. About eighty had assembled, merely to spend the night in prayer, reading the Scriptures, &c. The curate of Tweedsmuir, a poor dissolute wretch, sent a flaming account of this in writing to the privy council, magnifying that simple affair to a great and dangerous meeting of armed men. The council took the alarm, raised the hue and cry, and offered a reward for the apprehending of any one who had been at the meeting of Tallo-Linns. The curate, learning that a party of the king's troops was lodged that night in his parish and neighbourhood, came to Tweedshaws at a late hour, and requested to speak with the captain of the party. He then informed Douglas of the meeting, showed him the Council's letter and proclamation, and finally told him that there was a man in a cottage hard by whom he strongly suspected to have formed one at the meeting alluded to in the proclamation. There being no conveniency for lodging so many people at Tweedshaws, Douglas and the curate drank together all the night, as did the soldiers in another party. A number of friends to the prisoners had given them money when they left Dumfries for Edinburgh, to supply as well as they might the privations to which they might be subjected; but here the military took the greater part of it from them to supply their intemperance. About the break of day, they went and surrounded a shepherd's cottage belonging to the farm of Corehead, having been led thither by the curate, where they found the shepherd an old man, his daughter, and one Edward M'Cane, son to a merchant in Lanarkshire, who was courting this shep-

herdess, a beautiful young maiden. The curate having got intelligence that a stranger was at that house, immediately suspected him to be one of the wanderers, and on this surmise the information was given. The curate acknowledged the shepherd and his daughter as parishioners, but of M'Cane, he said, he knew nothing, and had no doubt that he was one of the rebellious whigs. They fell to examine the youth, but they were all affected with the liquor they had drunk over night, and made a mere farce of it, paying no regard to his answers, or, if they did, it was merely to misconstrue or mock them. He denied having been at the meeting at Tallo-Linns, and all acquaintance with the individuals whom they named as having been there present. Finding that they could make nothing of him whereon to ground a charge, Douglas made them search him for arms; for being somewhat drunk, he took it highly amiss that he should have been brought out of his way for nothing. M'Cane judged himself safe on that score, for he knew that he had neither knife, razor, bodkin, nor edged instrument of any kind about him; but as ill luck would have it, he chanced to have an old gun-flint in his waistcoat pocket. Douglas instantly pronounced this to be sufficient, and ordered him to be shot. M'Cane was speechless for some time with astonishment, and at length told his errand, and the footing on which he stood with the young girl before them, offering at the same time to bring proofs from his own parish of his loyalty and conformity. He even condescended to kneel to the ruffian, to clasp his knees, and beg and beseech of him to be allowed time for a regular proof; but nothing would move him. He said, the courtship was a very clever excuse, but would not do with him, and forthwith ordered him to be shot. He would not even allow him to sing a psalm with his two friends, but cursed and swore that the devil a psalm he should sing there. He said, "It would not be singing a few verses of a psalm in a wretched and miserable style that would keep him out of hell; and if he went to heaven, he might then lilt as much at psalm-singing as he had a mind." When the girl, his betrothed sweetheart, saw the muskets levelled at her lover, she broke through the file, shrieking most piteously, threw herself on him, clasped his neck and kissed him, crying, like one distracted, "O Edward, take me wi' ye —take me wi' ye; a' the warld sanna part us."

"Ah! Mary," said he, "last night we looked forward to long and happy years—how joyful were our hopes! but they are all blasted at once. Be comforted, my dearest, dearest heart! — God bless you! — Farewell for ever."

The soldiers then dragged her backward, mocking her with indelicate remarks, and while she was yet scarcely two paces removed, and still stretching out her hands towards him, six balls were lodged in his heart in a moment, and he fell dead at her feet. Deformed and bloody as he was, she pressed the corpse to her bosom, moaning and sobbing in such a way as if every throb would have been her last, and in that condition the soldiers marched merrily off and left them. For this doughty and noble deed, for which Serjeant Douglas deserved to have been hanged and quartered, he shortly after got a coronetcy in Sir Thomas Livingston's troop of horse.

Two of the prisoners made their escape that morning, owing to the drunkenness of their guards, on which account the remainder being blamed, were more haughtily and cruelly treated than ever. It is necessary to mention all these, as they were afterwards canvassed at Walter's trial, the account of which formed one of his winter evening tales as long as he lived. Indeed, all such diffuse and miscellaneous matter as is contained in this chapter, is a great incumbrance in the right onward progress of a tale; but we have done with it, and shall now haste to the end of our narrative in a direct uninterrupted line.

CHAPTER XII.

THE sudden departure of Katharine from home, after the extraordinary adventure of the curate Clerk in the Old Room, at the crowing of the cock, was a great relief to him, as it freed him from the embarrassment of her company, and gave him an opportunity of telling his own story to the gudewife without interruption, of the success he had in freeing her daughter from the power and fellowship of evil spirits. That story was fitted admirably to suit her weak and superstitious mind ; it accorded with anything nearer than the truth, and perhaps this finished hypocrite never appeared so great a character in the eyes of Maron Linton as he did that day. He spoke of going away to Henderland in the evening, but she entreated him so earnestly to stay and protect her from the power of the spirits that haunted the place, that he deemed it proper to acquiesce, for without the countenance of the family of Chapelhope he was nothing—he could not have lived in his puny cure. She depended on him, she said, to rid the town of these audacious (or, as she called them, *misleared*) beings altogether, for without his interference the family would be ruined. Their servants had all left them—the work remained unwrought, and everything was going to confusion—she had given Brownie his accustomed wages again and again, and still he refused to leave the house ; and without the holy man's assistance in expelling him and his train, their prospects in life were hopeless.

The curate promised to use his highest interest with Heaven, and assured her that no further evil should come nigh unto her, at least while he remained under her roof ; "for were it not," said he, "for the conjunction which they are in with one of the family, they should have been expelled long ere now. That unnatural bond, I hope, by a course of secret conferences, to be able to break assunder, but be not thou afraid, for no evil shall come nigh thy dwelling." He talked with the goodwife in the style that pleased her ; flattered her high and pure notions of religion, as well as her piety and benevolence ; said evening prayers in the family with zeal and devotion ; but how was he startled when informed that he was to sleep again in the Old Room ! He indeed knew not that it was haunted more than any other part of the house, or that it was the favourite nightly resort of the Brownie of Bodsbeck, but the apparition that he had seen, and the unaccountable rescue that he had witnessed the night before, preyed on his mind, and he hinted to the goodwife that he had expected to be preferred to her daughter's room and bed that night, as she was absent ; but Maron, too, was selfish ; for who is without that great ruling motive ? She expected that Brownie would appear ; that Mass John would speak to it ; and thenceforward to be freed from its unwelcome intrusions. To the Old Room he was shewn at a late hour, where the lamp, the Bible, and the *sand-glass* were placed on the little table, at the bed's head, as usual.

It was past eleven when the curate went to sleep. Old Nanny, who was dressed more neatly than usual, sat still at the kitchen fire, expecting every minute the two Covenant men, whom her young mistress had promised to send to her privily, as her companions and protectors through the dark and silent watches of the night until her return. Still nothing of them appeared ; but, confident that they would appear, she stirred the embers of the fire, and continued to keep watch with patient anixety. When it drew towards midnight, as she judged, she heard a noise without, as of some people entering or trying to enter, by the outer door of the Old Room. Concluding that it was her expected companions, and alarmed at the wrong direction they had taken, she ran out, and round the west end of the house, to warn them of their mistake, and bring them in by the kitchen door. As she proceeded, she heard two or three loud and half stifled howls from the interior of the Old Room. The door was shut, but, perceiving by the seam in the window shutters that the light within was still burning, she ran to the window, which directly faced the curate's bed ; and there being a small aperture broken in one of the panes,

she edged back the shutter, so as to see and hear the most part of what was going on within. She saw four or five figures standing at the bed, resembling human figures in some small degree—their backs towards her; but she saw a half face of one that held the lamp in its hand, and it was of the hue of a smoked wall. In the midst of them stood the deformed little Brownie, that has often been mentioned and described in the foregoing part of this tale. In his right hand he brandished a weapon, resembling a dirk or carving-knife. The other hand he stretched out, half raised over the curate's face, as if to command attention. "Peace!" said he, "thou child of the bottomless pit, and minister of unrighteousness; another such sound from these polluted lips of thine, and I plunge this weapon into thy heart. We would shed thy blood without any reluctance—nay, know thou that we would rejoice to do it, as thereby we would render our master acceptable service. Not for that intent or purpose are we now come; yet thy abominations shall not altogether pass unpunished. Thou knowest thy own heart—its hypocrisy, and licentiousness—Thou knowest, that last night, at this same hour, thou didst attempt by brutal force to pollute the purest and most angelic of the human race—we rescued her, from thy hellish clutch, for we are her servants, and attend upon her steps. Thou knowest, that still thou art cherishing the hope of succeeding in thy cursed scheme. Thou art a stain to thy profession, and a blot upon the cheek of nature, enough to make thy race and thy nation stink in the nose of thy Creator!—To what thou deservest, thy doom is a lenient one—but it is fixed and irrevocable!"

There was something in that mis-shapen creature's voice that chilled Nanny's very soul while it spoke these words, especially its pronunciation of some of them; it sounded like something she had heard before, perhaps in a dream, but it was horrible and not to be brooked. The rest now laid violent hold of Mass John, and she heard him mumbling in a supplicating voice, but knew not what he said. As they stooped forward, the lamp shone on the floor, and she saw the appearance of a coffin standing behind them. Nanny was astonished, but not yet overcome; for, cruel were the scenes that she had beheld, and many the trials she had undergone!—but at that instant the deformed and grizly being turned round, as if looking for something that it wanted—the lamp shone full on its face, the lineaments of which when Nanny beheld, her eyes at once were darkened, and she saw no more that night. How she spent the remainder of it, or by what means she got to her bed in the kitchen, she never knew; but next morning when the goodwife and her sons arose, poor old Nanny was lying in the kitchen bed delirious, and talking of dreadful and incomprehensible things. All that could be gathered from her frenzy was, that some terrible catastrophe had happened in the Old Room, and that Clerk, the curate, was implicated in it. The goodwife judging that her favourite had been at war with the spirits, and that Heaven had been of course triumphant, hasted to the Old Room to bless and pay the honour due to such a divine character; she called his name as she entered, but no one made answer; she hasted to the bed, but behold there was no one there! The goodwife's sole spiritual guide had vanished away.

The curate Clerk was never more seen or heard of in these bounds; but it may not be improper here to relate a circumstance that happened some time thereafter, as it comes no more within the range of this story.

In the month of October, and the memorable year 1688, it is well known that Clavers hasted southward, with all the troops under his command to assist King James against the Prince of Orange and the protestant party of England, or to sell himself to the latter, any of the ways that he found most convenient. In the course of this march, as he was resting his troops at a place called Ninemile-brae, near the Border, a poor emaciated and forlorn-looking wretch came to him, and desired to speak a word with him. Mr. Adam Copland and he were sitting together when this happened; Clavers asked his name and his business, for none of the two recognised him—It was Clerk, the curate (that had been) of Chapelhope and Kirkhope! Clavers said, as

there were none present save a friend, he might say out his business. This he declined, and took Clavers a short way aside. Copland watched their motions, but could not hear what Clerk said. When he began to tell his story Clavers burst into a violent fit of laughter, but soon restrained himself, and Copland beheld him knitting his brows, and biting his lip, as he seldom failed to do when angry. When they parted, he heard him saying distinctly, "It is impossible that I can avenge your wrongs at this time, for I have matters of great import before me; but the day may come ere long when it will be in my power, and d—n me if I do not do it!"

The spirits of the wild having been victorious, and the reverend curate, the goodwife's only stay, overcome and carried off bodily, she was impatient, and on the rack every minute that she staid longer about the house. She caused one of her sons take a horse, and conduct her to Gilmanscleuch that night, to her brother Thomas's farm, determined no more to see Chapelhope till her husband's return; and if that should never take place, to bid it adieu for ever.

Nanny went to the led farm of Riskinhope, that being the nearest house to Chapelhope, and just over against it, in order to take what care she was able of the things about the house during the day. There also the two boys remained, and herded throughout the day in a very indifferent manner; and in short, every thing about the farm was going fast to confusion when Katharine returned from her mission to the Laird of Drummelzier. Thus it was that she found her father's house deserted, its doors locked up, and its hearth cold.

Her anxiety to converse privately with Nanny was great; but at her first visit, when she went for the key, this was impossible without being overheard. She soon, however, found an opportunity; for that night she enticed her into the byre at Chapelhope, in the gloaming, after the kine had left the lone, where a conversation took place between them in effect as follows:

"Alas, Nanny! how has all this happened? Did not the two Covenanters, for whom I sent, come to bear you company?"

"Dear bairn, if they did come I saw nae them. If they came, they were ower late, for the spirits were there afore them; an' I hae seen sic a sight. Dear, dear bairn, dinna gar me gang ower it again—I hae seen a sight that's enough to turn the heart o' flesh to an iceshogle, an' to freeze up the very springs o' life! Dinna gar me gang ower it again, an' rake up the ashes o' the honoured dead—But what need I say sae? The dead are up already! Lord in heaven be my shield and safeguard!"

"Nanny, you affright me; but, be assured, your terrors have originated in some mistake—your sight has deceived you, and all shall yet be explained to your satisfaction."

"Say nae sae, dear bairn; my sight hasna deceived me, yet I have been deceived. The world has deceived me—hell has deceived me—and heaven has winked at the deed. Alack, an' wae's me, that it should sae hae been predestined afore the world began! The day was, an' no sae lang sin' syne, when I could hae prayed wi' confidence, an' sung wi' joy; but now my mind is overturned, and I hae nouther stay on earth, nor hope in heaven! The veil of the Temple may be rent below, and the ark of the testimony thrown open above, but *their* forms will not be seen within the one, nor their names found written in the other."

"Peace, peace, for Heaven's sake!—You are verging on blasphemy, and know not what you say."

"Do the reprobate know what they say, or can they forbear saying it? How then can I? I, who am in the bond of iniquity, and the jaws of death eternal?—Where can I fly? When the righteous are not saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?—Ay, dear bairn, weel may ye stare and raise up your hands that gate, but when ye hear my tale, ye winna wonder that my poor wits are uprooted. Suppose sic a case your ain—suppose you had been the bosom companion o' ane for twenty years—had joined wi' him in devotion, e'ening and morning, for a' that time, and had never heard a sigh but for sin, nor a complaint but of the iniquities of the land—If ye had witnessed

him follow two comely sons, your own flesh and blood, to the scaffold, and bless his God who put it in their hearts to stand and suffer for his cause, and for the crown of martyrdom he had bestowed on them, and bury the mangled bodies of other two with tears, but not with repining—If, after a' this, he had been hunted as a partridge on the mountains, and for the same dear cause, the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, had laid down his life—If you knew that his grey head was hung upon the city wall for a spectacle to gaze at, and his trunk buried in the wild by strangers—Say you knew all this, and had all these dear ties in your remembrance, and yet, after long years of hope soon to join their blest society above, to see again that loved and revered form stand before your eyes on earth at midnight, shrivelled, pale, and deformed, and mixed with malevolent spirits on dire and revengeful intent, where wad your hope—where wad your confidence—or where wad your wits hae been flown?" Here she cried bitterly; and seizing the astonished Katharine's hand with both hers, and pressing it to her brow, she continued her impassioned and frantic strain.—"Pity me, O dear bairn, pity me! For man hasna pitied me, an' God hasna pitied me! I'm gaun down a floody water, down, down; an' I wad fain grip at something, if it were but a swoomin strae, as a last hope, afore I sink a' thegither."

"These are the words of delirium," said Katharine, "and I will not set them down in my memory as spoken by you. Pray the Almighty that they may never be written in his book of remembrance against you; for the veriest downfallen fiend can do no more than distrust the mercy of God in a Redeemer. I tell you, woman, that whatever you may fancy you have seen or heard in the darkness of night, when imagination forms fantasies of its own, of all those who have stood for our civil and religious liberties, who, for the sake of a good conscience, have yielded up all, and sealed their testimony with their blood, not one hair of *their* heads shall fall to the ground, for their names are written in the book of life, and they shall shine as stars in the kingdom of their Father. You have yourself suffered much, and have rejoiced in your sufferings—So far you did well—Do not then mar so fair an eternal harvest—so blest a prospect of a happy and everlasting community, by the sin of despair, that can never be forgiven. Can you, for a moment, while in possession of your right senses, doubt of the tender mercies of your Maker and Preserver? Can you for a moment believe that he has hid his face from the tears and the blood that have been shed for his cause in Scotland? As well may you doubt that the earth bears or the sun warms you, or that he never made a revelation of his will to man."

All the while that Katharine spoke thus, Nanny's eyes were fixed on her, as if drinking every word she uttered into a soul that thirsted for it. A wild and unstable light beamed on her countenance, but it was still only like a sunbeam breaking through the storm, which is ready to be swallowed up by the rolling darkness within. Her head shook as with a slight paralytic affection, and she again clasped the hand which she had never quitted.

"Are ye an angel o' light," said she, in a soft tremulous voice, "that ye gar my heart prinkle sae wi' a joy that it never thought again to taste? It isna then a strae nor a stibble that I hae grippit at for my last hope, but the tap of a good tow-widdy saugh; an' a young sapling though it be, it is steevely rootit in a good soil, and sprung frae a seed o' heaven, an' will maybe help the poor drowning wretch to the shore!—An' *hae* I thought sae muckle ill o' you? Could I deem that mild heavenly face, that's but the reflection o' the soul within, the image o' sin and o' Satan, an' a veil o' deceit thrawn ower a mind prone to wickedness? Forgie me, dear, dear saint, forgie me, an' help me better out yet. It surely canna be condemned spirits that ye are connectit wi'? Ah, ye're dumb there!—ye darna answer me to that! Na, na! the spirits o' the just made perfect wad never leave their abodes o' felicity to gabble amang derksome fiends at the dead hour o' the night, in sic a world o' sin and sorrow as this. But I saw *him*, an' heard him speak, as sure as I see your face an' hear the tones o' my ain voice; an', if I lookit nae wrang, there

were mae risen frae the dead than ane. It is an awfu' dispensation to think o'! But there was a spirit o' retaliation in him that often made me quake, though never sae as now. O wad ye but tell me what kind o' spirits ye are in conjunction wi'?"

"None but the blest and the happy—None but they who have come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb—None that would harbour such a thought, or utter such a doubt, as you have done to-night, for the empire of the universe—More I may not tell you at present; but stay you here with me, and I will cherish you, and introduce you to these spirits, and you shall be happier with them than ever you have been."

"Will I sae?—Say nae mair!—I wad pit hand to my ain life the night, an' risk the warst or I again met wi' them face to face in the same guise as I saw them at midnight last week. Ye're a wonderfu' creature! But ye're ayont my depth; therefore I'll love ye, an' fear ye, an' keep my distance. Sit down, dear, dear bairn, an' join me in singing a hymn afore we part."

SANG SIXTH.

O Father Almighty, O Father of light,
I kneel and I tremble before thee,
For darkness surrounds the throne of thy might,
And with terror I fear and adore thee.
I have seen, I have heard, what I not comprehend,
Which has caused my poor reason to waver,
The bodies or spirits of martyred men,
Who shrunk from thy standard, O never,
O never!—O never!
But bled for their God and forgiver.

II.

In the darkness of midnight I saw them appear,
With faces unearthly and sallow,
Their forms were all shrivelled, their features severe,
Their voices unearthly and hollow.
And yet, O great God! it was they, it was they,
Put down by a sinful blasphemer,
They laid down their lives in the moorland away,
And bled for their God and Redeemer,
O Saviour!—Dear Saviour,
Preserve from despondence for ever.

III.

But where can I turn my bewildered eye,
Or where can I fly but to Thee,
Since all the long vales of eternity lie
Concealed in deep darkness from me?
Then here at thy footstool of mercy I bow,
Imploring thy grace to deliver;
For shadows of darkness beleaguer me now,
And I fly to my God and forgiver.
For ever!—O ever!
I'll cling to my Saviour for ever.

Thus they parted: Katharine into her long vacant house, and Nanny over to Riskinhope. The farmer of Riskinhope (David Bryden of Eldin-hope), was ruined by the sequestration of his stock by Clavers, but the shepherds and other servants still lingered about the house for better or for worse. There was not a sheep on that large farm, save about five score of good ewes, that Davie Tait, the herd of Whithope, had turned slyly over into the hags of the Yokeburn-head, that day the drivers took away the stock. When Clavers made his last raid up by Chapelhope, all the family of Riskinhope fled to the

hills, and betook them to cover, every one by himself; and there, with beating hearts, peeped through the heath and the rash-bush, to watch the motions of that bloody persecutor. Perilous was their case that day, for had any of them been found in that situation, it would have been enough; but Davie well knew it was good for him to keep out of the way, for Mr. Renwick, and Mr. Shields, as well as other wanderers, had been sheltered in his house many a night, and the latter wrote his *Hind let Loose* in a small house at the side of Winterhopeburn. Yet Davie was not a Cameronian, properly speaking, nor a very religious man neither; but the religious enthusiasm of his guests had broke him a little into their manner, and way of thinking. He had learned to make family exercise, not however to very great purpose, for the only thing very remarkable in it was the strong nasal Cameronian whine of his prayer, and its pastoral allusions; but he was grown fond of exhibiting in that line, having learned the Martyr's tune, and the second part of the Dundee, which formed the whole range of his psalmody! Yet Davie liked a joke as well as ever he did, and perhaps as well as any part of divine worship. When one remarked to him that his family music was loud enough, but very discordant, —"Ay," quoth Davie, "but it's a lang gate atween here an' heaven; a' music's good i' the distance; I hae strong faith in that."

That night after Nanny came over, Davie had prayed as usual, and among other things, had not forgot the Brownie of Bodsbeck, that "he might be skelpit wi' the taws o' divine wrath, an' sent back to hell wi' the sperks on his hips; and that the angel of presence might keep watch over their couches that night, to scare the howlaty face o' him away, an' learn him to keep his ain side o' the water."

After prayers the family were crowded round the fading ingle, and cracking of the Brownie and of Davie's prayer. Davie had opened his waistcoat, and thrown off his hose to warm his feet, and, flattered with their remarks on his abilities, began to be somewhat scurrilous on Brownie. "I think I hae cowed him the night," said he; "he'll fash nane o' us—he may stay wi' his Keatie Laidlaw yonder, an' rin at her biddin. He has a sonsy weel-faur'd lass to bide wi'—he's better aff than some o' his neighbours, Maysey;" and, saying so, he cast a look to his wife that spoke unutterable things; but finding that his joke did not take, after so serious a prayer, he turned again on Brownie, and, as his own wife said, "didna leave him the likeness of a dog." He said he had eaten sax bowes o' good meal to the goodman, an' a' that he had done for't, that ony body kend o', was mending up an auld fail-dyke round the corn ae night. In short, he said he was an unprofitable guest—a dirty droich, an' a menseless glutton—an' it was weak an' silly in ony true Christian to be eiry for him." He had not said out the last words, when they heard a whispering at the door, and shortly after these words distinctly uttered:

"There's neither blood nor rown-tree pin,
At open doors the dogs go in."

The size of every eye's orbit was doubled in a moment, as it turned towards the door. The light of the fire was shining bright along the short entry between the beds, and they saw the appearance of a man, clothed in black, come slowly and deliberately in, walk across the entry, and go into the apartment in the other end of the house. The family were all above one another in beyond the fire in an instant, and struggling who to be undermost, and next the wall. Nanny, who was sitting on the form beyond the fire, pondering on other matters, leaning her brow on both hands, and all unconscious of what had entered, was overborne in the crush, and laid flat undermost of all.

"Dear, dear bairns, what's asteer? Hout fy! Why troth, ye'll crush the poor auld body as braid as a bloodkercake."

"Ah! the Brownie!—the Brownie!—the Brownie o' Bodsbeck!" was whispered in horror from every tongue.

Davie Tait luckily recollecting that there was a door at hand, that led to a

little milk-house in the other end of the house, and still another division farther from Brownie, led the way to it on all four, at full gallop, and took shelter in the farthest corner of that. All the rest were soon above him, but Davie bore the oppressive weight with great fortitude for some time, and without a murmur. Nanny was left last; she kept hold of the Bible that she had in her lap when she fell, and had likewise the precaution to light the lamp before she followed her affrighted associates. Nothing could be more appalling than her own entry after them—never was a figure more calculated to inspire terror, than Nanny coming carrying a feeble glimmering lamp, that only served to make darkness visible, while her pale raised-like features were bent over it, eager to discover her rueful compeers. The lamp was half covered with her hand to keep it from being blown out; and her face, where only a line of light here and there was visible, was altogether horrible. Having discovered the situation, and the plight of the family, she bolted the door behind her, and advanced slowly up to them. "Dear bairns, what did ye see that has putten ye a' this gate?"

"Lord sauf us!" cried Davie, from below, "we hae forespoke the Brownie—tak that elbow out o' my guts a wee bit. They say, if ye speak o' the deil, he'll appear. 'Tis an unsonsy and dangerous thing to—Wha's aught that knee? slack it a little. God guide us, sirs, there's the weight of a millstane on aboon the links o' my neck. If the Lord hae forsaken us, an' winna heed our prayers, we may gie up a' for tint thegither!—Nanny, hae ye boltit the door?"

"Ay hae I, firm an' fast."

"Than muve up a wee, sirs, or faith I'm gane—Hech-howe! the weight o' sin an' mortality that's amang ye."

Davie's courage, that had begun to mount on hearing that the door was bolted, soon gave way again, when he raised his head and saw the utter dismay that was painted on each countenance. "Hoot, Maysey woman, dinna just mak sic faces—ye are eneuch to fright fock, foreby aught else," said he to his wife.

"O Davie, think what a wheen poor helpless creatures we are!—Does Brownie ever kill ony body?"

"I wish it be nae a waur thing than Brownie," said Dan.

"Waur than Brownie? Mercy on us! Waur than Brownie!—What was it like?" was whispered round.

"Ye mind poor Kirko, the bit Dinscore laird, that skulkit hereabouts sae lang, an' sleepit several nights ben in that end?—Didna ye a' think it was unco like him?"

"The very man!—the very man!—his make, his gang, his claes, an' every thing," was echoed by all.

"An' ye ken," continued Dan, "that he was shot on Dumfries sands this simmer. It is his ghaist come to haunt the place whar he baid, an' prayed sae aften."

"Ower true! Ower true! it's awsome to think o'," was the general remark.

"Let us go to prayers," said Nanny: "it isna a time to creep into nooks on aboon other, an' gie way to despair. There is but Ane than *can* guard or protect us, let us apply there."

"Something has been done that way already," said Davie Tait; "we canna come to handygrips wi' him, an' force him to stand senter at our door a' night."

Davie's matter was exhausted on the subject, and he did not much relish going over the same words again, which, he acknowledged, were *rather kenspeckle;* nor yet to venture on composing new ones out of his own head: this made him disposed to waive Nanny's proposal.

"Ay," answered she, "but we maunna haud just wi' saying, gie us this an' gie us that; and then, because we dinna just get it aff loof, drap the plea an' despair. Na, na, dear bairns, that's nae part o' the Christian warfare!

we maun plead wi' humility, and plead again, an' never was there mair cause for rousing to exertion than now. The times are momentous, and some great change is drawing near, for the dead are astir—I have seen them mysel'. Yes, the several members that were scattered, and buried apart, are come thegither again—joined, an' gaun aboon the grund, mouthing the air o' heaven. I saw it mysel—Can it be that the resurrection is begun? It is a far away thought for the thing itsel to be as near; but it's a glorious ane, an' there's proof o't. But then the place an' the time are doubtfu'—had it been sun proof I wad hae likit it better. We little wot what to say or think under sic visitations. Let us apply to the only source of light and direction. David, be you a mouth to us."

"A mouth?" said Davie; but recollecting himself, added—"Hum, I understand you; but I hae mouthed mair already than has come to ony good. I like fock to pray that hae some chance to be heard; some fock may scraugh themsels herse, and be nae the better."

"Oh fie, David! speak wi' some reverence," said his wife Maysey.

"I mintit at naething else," said he, "but I hae an unreverent kind o' tongue that nought ever serous-like fa's frae, let my frame o' mind be as it will; an' troth I haena command o' language for a job like this. I trow the prelates hae the best way after a', for they get prayers ready made to their hands, an' disna need to affront their Maker wi' blunders."

"How can ye speak sae the night, David? or how can sic a thought hover round your heart as to flee out at random that gate? If ye will *read* prayers, there's a book, read them out o' that; if the words o' God winna suit the cases o' his ain creatures, how can ye trow the words o' another man can do it? But pray wi' the heart, an' pray in humility, and fearna being accepted."

"That's true; but yet ane maks but a poor figure wi' the heart by itsel."

"Wow, Davie, man," quoth Maysey, his wife, "an' ye mak but a poor figure indeed, when we're a' in sic a plight! Ye hear the woman speaks gude truth; an' ye ken yoursel ye fenced us against the Brownie afore, but no against Kirky's ghaist; tak the beuk like a man, an' pit the fence o' scripture faith round us for that too."

Stupid as Maysey was, she knew the way to her husband's heart. Davie could not resist such an appeal—he took the Bible; sung the 143rd Psalm, from beginning to end, at Nanny's request; and likewise, by her direction, read the 20th of Revelation; then kneeling down on his bare knees, legs, and feet, as he fled from the kitchen, on the damp miry floor of the milk-house, he essayed a strong energetic prayer as a fence against the invading ghost. But as Davie acknowledged, he had an irreverent expression naturally, that no effort could overcome (and by the bye, there is more in this than mankind are generally aware of), and the more he aimed at sublimity, the more ludicrous he grew, even to common ears. There is scarcely a boy in the country who cannot recite scraps of Davie Tait's prayer; but were I to set all that is preserved of it down here, it might be construed as a mockery of that holy ordinance, than which nothing is so far from my heart or intention; but, convinced as I am that a rude exhibition in such a divine solemnity is of all things the most indecent and unbecoming, I think such should be held up to ridicule, as a warning to all Christians never to ask ignorance or absurdity to perform this sacred duty in public. The sublime part of it therefore is given, which was meant as a fence against the spirit that had set up his rest so near. To such as are not acquainted with the pastoral terms, the meaning in some parts may be equivocal; to those who are, the train of thinking will be obvious.

* * * * * *

"But the last time we gathered ourselves before thee, we left out a wing o' the hirsel by mistake, an' thou hast paid us hame i' our ain coin. Thou wart sae gude then as come to the sheddin thysel, an' clap our heads, an' whisper i' our lugs, 'Dinna be disheartened, my puir bits o' waefu' things, for though ye be the shotts o' my hale fauld, I'll take care o' ye, an' herd ye, and gie ye

a' that ye hae askit o' me the night.' It was kind, an' thou hast done it; but we forgot a principal part, an' maun tell thee now, that we have had another visitor sin' ye war here, an' ane wha's back we wad rather see than his face. Thou kens better thysel than we can tell thee what place he has made his escape frae; but we sair dread it is frae the boddomless pit, or he wadna hae ta'en possession but leave. Ye ken, that gang tried to keep vilent leasehaud o' your ain fields, an' your ain ha', till ye gae them a killicoup. If he be ane o' them, O come thysel to our help, an' bring in thy hand a bolt o' divine vengeance het i' the furnace o' thy wrath as reed as a nailstring, an' bizz him an' scouder him till ye dinna leave him the likeness of a paper izel, until he be glad to creep into the worm-holes o' the earth, never to see sun or sterns mair. But, if it be some puir dumfoundered soul that has been bumbased and stoundit at the view o' the lang Hopes an' the Downfa's o' Eternity, comed daundering away frae about the laiggen girds o' heaven to the waefu' gang that he left behind, like a lost sheep that strays frae the rich pastures o' the south, and comes bleating back a' the gate to its cauld native hills, to the very gair where it was lambed and first followed its minny, ane canna help haeing a fellow-feeling wi' the puir soul after a', but yet he'll find himsel here like a cow in an unco lone. Therefore, O furnish him this night wi' the wings o' the wild gainner or the eagle, that he may swoof away back to a better hame than this, for we want nane o' his company. An' do thou give to the puir stray thing a weel-hained heff and a bieldy lair, that he may nae mair come straggling amang a stock that's sae unlike himsel, that they're frightit at the very look o' him.

"Thou hast promised in thy Word to be our shepherd, our guider, an' director. Therefore gather us a' in frae the cauld windy knowes o' self-conceit—the plashy bogs an' mires o' sensuality, an' the damp flows o' worldly-mindedness, an' wyse us a' into the true bught o' life, made o' the flakes o' forgiveness and the door o' loving-kindness; an' never do thou suffer us to be heftit e'ening or morning, but gie lashin' meals o' the milk o' praise, the ream o' thankfu'ness, an' the butter o' good works. An' do thou, in thy good time an' way, smear us ower the hale bouk wi' the tar o' adversity, weel mixed up wi' the meinging of repentance, that we may be kiver'd ower wi' gude bouzy shake-rough fleeces o' faith, a' run out on the hips, an' as brown as a tod. An' do thou, moreover, fauld us ower-night, an' every night, in within the true sheep-fauld o' thy covenant, weel buggen wi' the stanes o' salvation, an' caped wi' the divots o' grace. An' then wi' sic a shepherd an' sic a sheep-fauld, what hae we to be feared for? Na, na! we'll fear naething but sin!—We'll never mair scare at the poolly-woolly o' the whaup, nor swirl at the gelloch o' the ern; for if the arm of our Shepherd be about us for good, a' the imps, an' a' the powers o' darkness, canna wrang a hair o' our heads."

* * * * * *

All the family arose from their knees with altered looks. Thus fenced, a new energy glowed in every breast. Poor Maysey, proud of her husband's bold and sublime intercession, and trusting in the divine fence now raised around them, rose with the tear in her eye, seized the lamp, and led the way, followed by all the rest, to retake the apartment of Kirky's ghost by open assault. Nanny, whose faith wont to be superior to all these things, lagged behind, dreading to see the sight that she had seen on the Saturday night before; and the bold intercessor himself kept her company, on pretence of a sleeping leg; but, in truth, his faith in his own intercession and fence did not mount very high. All the apartment was searched—every chest, corner, and hole that could be thought of—everything was quiet, and not so much as a mouse stirring!—not a bed-cover folded down, nor the smallest remembered article missing! All the family saw Kirky's ghost enter in his own likeness, and heard him speak in his wonted tongue, except old Nanny. It was a great and wonderful victory gained. They were again in full possession of their own house, a right which they never seemed before to have duly appreciated. They felt grateful and happy; and it was hinted by Maysey, Dan, and

uncle Nicholas, that Davie Tait would turn out a burning and a shining light in these dark and dismal times, and would supersede Messrs Renwick, Shields, and all the curates in the country. He had laid a visible ghost, that might be the devil for aught they knew to the contrary; and it was argued on all hands that "Davie was nae sma' drink."

The whole of the simple group felt happy and grateful; and they agreed to sit another hour or two before they went to sleep, and each one read a chapter from the Bible, and recite a psalm or hymn. They did so until it came to Nanny's turn. She laid her hands across each other on her breast, turned in the balls of her half-closed eyes so that nothing was seen but the white, and, with her face raised upwards, and a slow rocking motion, she sung the following hymn, to a strain the most solemn that ever was heard.

O thou, who dwell'st in the heavens high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night!

Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of one that's at thy right hand,
O think of them that have cost him dear,
Still chained in doubt and in darkness here!

Our night is dreary, and dim our day:
And if thou turnest thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
And have none to look to, and none to trust.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour, and fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
O turn not thus thy face away!

Our morning dawn is with clouds o'erspread,
And our evening fall is a bloody red;
And the groans are heard on the mountain swarth;
There is blood in heaven, and blood on earth.

A life of scorn for us thou did'st lead,
And in the grave laid thy blessed head;
Then think of those who undauntedly
Have laid down life and all for thee.

Thou wilt not turn them forth in wrath,
To walk this world of sin and death,
In shadowy dim deformity?
O God, it may not—cannot be!

Thy aid, O mighty One, we crave!
Not shortened is thy arm to save.
Afar from thee we now sojourn;
Return to us, O God, return!

This hymn affected the family group in no ordinary degree; it made the hairs of their head creep, and thrilled their simple hearts, easily impressed by divine things, while their looks strongly expressed their feelings. None of them would read or recite anything farther, but entreated Nanny to say it over again, affirming, with one voice, that "it was an *extrodnar* thing."

"Ah! dear, dear bairns! I dinna ken about it," said she; "he was a good cannie lad that made it, but he mixed wi' the scoffers, and turned to hae his doubts and his failings like mony ane, (Lord forgie us a' for our share in them;) he seems even to have doubted o' the Omnipresence when he penned that, which was far far wrang."

And thus I must close this long and eccentric chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEXT morning Davie Tait was early astir, and not having anything better to do, he took his plaid and staff and set out towards Whithope-head, to see what was become of his five scores of ewes, the poor remains of a good stock. Davie went slowly up the brae towards Riskinhope-swire, for the events of last night were fresh in his mind, and he was conning a new prayer to suit some other great emergency ; for Davie began to think that by fervent prayer very great things might be accomplished—that perhaps the floods of the earth and the winds of heaven might be restrained in their course ; and that even the Hermon Law might be removed out of its place. He had, therefore, his eye fixed on a little green gair before him, where he was determined to try his influence with heaven once more ; for his heart was lifted up, as he afterwards confessed, and he was hasting to that little gair to kneel down and ask a miracle, nothing doubting.

Let any one guess, if he can, what Davie Tait was going to ask. It was not that the rains and storms of heaven might be restrained, nor that the mountains might be removed out of their places ; but Davie was going to pray, that "when he went over at the Hewn-gate-end, as soon as he came in sight of Whithope, he might see all his master's ewes again ; all his old friends, every one of which he knew by head-mark, going spread and bleating on their old walk from the Earl Hill all the way to the Braid-heads." So intent was Davie on this grand project, that he walked himself out of breath against the hill, in order to get quickly at the little gair to put his scheme in execution ; but, as he sagely observed, it had been graciously fore-ordained that he should not commit this great folly and iniquity. He paused to take his breath ; and in pausing he turned about, as every man does who stops short in climbing a hill. The scene that met Davie's eye cut his breath shorter than the steep—his looks were rivetted on the haugh at Chapelhope—he could scarcely believe his own eyes, though he rubbed them again and again, and tried their effects on all things around.—"Good Lord!" said Davie, "what a world do we live in! Gin a hale synat had sworn, I coudna hae believed this! My sooth, but the Brownie o' Bodsbeck has had a busy night!"

Walter of Chapelhope had ten acres of as good corn as ever grew in a moorland district. Davie knew, that when he went to his bed the evening before, that corn was all growing in the field, dead ripe, and ready for the sickle ; and he had been lamenting that very night that such a crop should be lost for want of reapers, in a season when there was so much need for it. But now Davie saw that one half of that crop at least was shorn during the night, all standing in tight shocks, rowed and hooded, with their ends turned to the south-west.—Well might Davie exclaim, "My sooth, but the Brownie of Bodsbeck has had a busy night!"

Davie thought no more of his five scores of ewes, nor of his prayer, nor the miracle that was to take place in consequence of that, but turned and ran back to Riskinhope as fast as his feet would carry him, to arouse the rest of the people, and apprise them of this wonderful event that had occurred beneath their noses, as he called it. He did so, and all of them rose with wonder and astonishment, and agreed to go across the lake and look at the Brownie's workmanship. Away they went in a body to the edge of the stubble, but durst not set foot thereon for fear of being affected by enchantment in some way or another ; but they saw that the corn had been shorn exactly like other corn, except that it was rather more neat and clean than ordinary. The sheaves were bound in the same way as other bandsters bind them ; and in the shocking, the corn-knots were all set outermost. "Weel, is not he a most unaccountable fellow that Brownie of Bodsbeck?" said Davie Tait.

While they were thus standing in a row at the side of the shorn field, wondering at the prowess and agility of Brownie, and trying to make some random calculations of the thousands of cuts thut he had made with his hook

that night, Katharine went by at a little distance, driving her father's cows afield, and at the same time directing her father's dog far up the hill to turn the ewes from the Quave Brae. She was dressed in her usual neat morning habit, with a white short-gown, green petticoat, and her dark locks bound up with a scarlet snood; she was scolding and cajoling the dog in a blithesome and good-humoured way, and scarcely bestowing a look on the workmanship of her redoubted Brownie, or seeming to regard it.

"Ay, ye may speel the brae, Keatie Laidlaw," said Davie Tait, apostrophising her, but shaking his head all the while, and speaking in a low voice, that his fellow-servants only might hear—"Ay, ye may speel the brae, Keatie Laidlaw, an' drive your ewes an' your kye where ye like; but wae's me for ye! Ye hae a weel-faurd face o' your ain, an' a mak that's liker to an angel than a thing o' flesh an' blude; but och! what a foul heart ye boud to hae within!—And how are ye to stand the aftercome? There will be a black reckoning with you some day. I wadna that my fit were i' your shoe the night for a' the ewes on the Lang Bank."

Old Nanny went over, as usual, and assisted her to milk the cows, and make the butter and cheese, but spoke no word that day to her young mistress, good or bad. She regarded her with a kind of awe, and often took a long stolen look of her as one does of a dog that he is afraid may be going mad.

As the people of Riskinhope went home, Dan chanced to say jocularly, "He's a clever fellow the Brownie—I wish he would come and shear our croft too."

"Foul fa' the tongue that said it," quoth Davie, "an' the heart that thought the ill! Ye think na how easily he's forespoken. It was but last night I said he hadna wrought to the gudeman for half his meat, an' ye see what he has done already. I spake o' him again, and he came in bodily. Ye should take care what ye say here, for ye little ken wha's hearing. Ye're i' the very same predicament, billy Dan, as the tod was in the orchard,—'Afore I war at this speed,' quo' he, 'I wad rather hae my tail cuttit off,'—he hadna the word weel said before he stepped into a trap, which struck, and snapt off his tail—'It's a queer place this,' quo' he; 'ane canna speak a word but it is taen in nettle-earnest.' I' the same way is Brownie likely to guide you; an' therefore, to prevent him taking you at your word, we'll e'en gang an' begin the shearing oursels."

Davie went in to seek out the hooks; he knew there were half-a-dozen lying above the bed in the room where the spirit had been the night before. They were gone! not a sickle was there!—Davie returned, scratching his head, biting his lip, and looking steadily down to the ground. "It hasna been Kirky's ghost after a'," said he: "it has been Brownie, or some o' his gang, borrowing our hooks."

Davie lost all hope of working any great change in the country by dint of prayer. His faith, which never was great, gave way; but yet he always said, that when he was hasting up to the rash-bush in the little green gair that morning, to pray for the return of his master's ewes, it was at least equal to a grain of mustard-seed.

About eight days after that, when the moon was in the wane, the rest of Walter's corn was all cut down in one night, and a part of the first safely stowed in the barn-yard. About the same time, too, the shepherds began to smear their flocks at a small sheep-house and fold, built for the purpose near to the forkings of the Chapelhope-burn. It is the custom with them to mix as much tar with grease before they begin as they deem sufficient to smear all the sheep on the farm, or at least one hirsell of them. This the herds of Chapelhope did; but, on the very second morning after they began, they perceived that a good deal of their tar was wanting; and judging that it had been stolen, they raised a terrible affray about it with their neighbours of Riskinhope and Corse-cleuch. Finding no marks of it, old John Hoy said, "We must give it up, callants, for lost; there is nae doubt but some of the

fishers about Dryhope has stown it for fish-lights. There are a set of the terriblest poachers live there that's in all the Forest."

In the afternoon John went out to the Ox-cleuch-head, to bring in a house-ful of white sheep, and to his utter astonishment saw that upwards of an hundred ewes had been smeared during the night, by the officious and unwearied Brownie of Bodsbeck. "The plague be in his fingers," quoth old John to himself, "gin he haena smeared crocks an' fat sheep, an' a' that has come in his way. This will never do."

Though the very hairs of John's head stood, on coming near to the sheep that had been smeared by Brownie, yet seeing that his sensible dog Keilder was nothing afraid of them, but managed them in the same way as he did other sheep, John grew by degrees less suspicious of them. He confessed, however, as he was shedding them from the white ones, that there was a ewe of Brownie's smearing came running by very near him, and he could not help giving a great jump out of her way.

All shepherds are accused of indolence, and not, perhaps, without some reason. Though John dreaded as death all connexion with Brownie, yet he rejoiced at the progress they were likely to make in the smearing, for it is a dirty and laborious business, and he was glad by any means to get a share of it off his hands, especially as the season was so far advanced. So John took into the fold twice as many sheep as they needed for their own smearing, put the crocks and the fat sheep out from among them, and left them in the house to their fate, taking good care to be out of sight of the place before dark. Next morning a certain quantity of tar was again gone, and the sheep were all neatly smeared and keeled, and set to the hill. This practice the shepherds continued throughout smearing-time, and whether they housed many or few at night, they were still all smeared and set to the hill again next morning. The smearing of Chapelhope was finished in less than one-third of its wonted time. Never was the labour of a farm accomplished with such expedition and exactness, although there were none to work, to superintend, or direct it, but one simple maiden. It became the wonder and theme of the whole country, and has continued to be a standing winter evening tale to this day. Where is the cottager, dwelling between the Lowthers and Cheviot, who has not heard tell of the feats of the Brownie of Bodsbeck?

CHAPTER XIV.

WALTER was hardly used in prison for some time, but at last Drummelzier found means of rendering his situation more tolerable. Several of his associates that were conducted with him from Dumfries died in jail; he said they seemed to have been forgotten both by the Council and their friends, but they kept up so good a heart, and died with such apparent satisfaction, that he could scarcely be sorry for their release by death, though he acknowledged, that a happiness beyond the grave was always the last kind of happiness that he wished to his friends. His own trial was a fire-side theme for him as long as he lived, but he confounded names, and law terms, and all, so much through other, that, were it given wholly in his own words, it would be unintelligible. It took place on the 12th of November, and Sir George Lockhart and Mr. Alexander Hay were his counsel. His indictment bore, that he had sheltered on his farm a set of the most notorious and irreclaimable rebels in the whole realm; that sundry of his majesty's right honest liege subjects had been cruelly murdered there, very near to the prisoner's house, and a worthy curate in the immediate vicinity. It stated the immense quantity of victuals found in his house, and the number of fugitive whigs that were seen skulking in the boundaries of his farm; and also how some false delinquents were taken and executed there.

Clavers was present, as he had a right to be when he desired it, and gave strong and decided evidence against him. The time had been, and not long agone, when, if the latter had manifested such sentiments against any one, it had been sufficient for his death-warrant; but the killing time was now

nearly over, and those in power were only instituting trials in order to impose heavy fines and penalties, that they might glean as much of the latter vintage of that rich harvest as possible, before the sickle was finally reft from their grasp. Several witnesses were examined to prove the above accusations, and among the rest Daniel Roy Macpherson, whose deposition was fair, manly, and candid. As soon as his examination was over, he came and placed himself near to Walter, who rejoiced to see him, and deemed that he saw in him the face of a friend.

Witnesses were next called to prove his striking Captain Bruce with his fist, and also tripping the heels from Ingles, and tossing him over a steep, while in the discharge of his duty, whereby he was rendered unable to proceed in the king's business. Walter, being himself examined on these points, confessed both, but tried to exculpate himself as well as he could.

"As to Bruce, my masters," said he, "I didna ken that he was a captain, or what he was; he pu'd up his bit shabble of a sword an' dang aff my bonnet, when I was a free man i' my ain ben-end. I likit nae sic freedoms, as I had never been used wi' them, sae I took up my neive an' gae him a yank on the haffat till I gart his bit brass cap rattle against the wa'. I wonder ye dinna ceete me too for nippin' Jock Graham's neck there, as he ca'd himsel, that day, an' his friend Tam Liviston—There's nae word o' that the day!—Nah! but I could tell an I likit what I hae been put to a' this plague for."

Here the advocate stopped him, by observing that he was wandering from the point in question, and his own counsel were always trembling for him when he began to speak for himself. Being asked what defence he had to offer for kicking and maltreating a king's officer in the discharge of his duty?

"If it was that drunken dirt Ingles that ye mean," said Walter, "I dinna ken what ye ca' a man's duty here, but it surely coudna be a duty, when my hands war tied ahint my back, to kick me i' the wame; an' that's what he was doing wi' a' his pith, whan I gart him flee heels-ower-head like a batch o' skins."

Sir George MacKenzie and Dalrymple of Stair both laughed outright at this answer, and it was sometime before the business could proceed. Sir George Lockhart, however, compelled them to relinquish these parts of the indictment on account of the treatment offered to the prisoner, and the trial proceeded on the charges previously mentioned, which were found relevant. Walter was utterly confounded at the defence made for him by Sir George Lockhart. He was wont to say, "Aih, but he's a terrible clever body yon Geordie Lockie: od, he kent mair about me, and mair that was in my favour, than I did mysel."

The conclusion of this trial must be given in Walter's own phrase. "I pretendit to be very crouse, an' no ae bit fear'd—aha! I was unco fear'd for a' that—I coudna swally my spittle for the hale day, an' I fand a kind o' foost, foost, foostin about my briskit that I coudna win aneath ava. But when the chield MacKenzie began to clink thegither the evidence against me, gude faith I thought it was a' ower wi' me then; I saw nae outgate, an' lost a' hope; mair than aince I tried to think o' auld Maron Linton an' the bairns, but I could think about naething, for I thought the house was heaving up i' the tae side, an' gaun to whommel a' the judges and jurymen on the tap o' me. He revertit aye to the evidence of Clerk the curate, wha had said that I had a private correspondence wi' the whigs, an' then he brought a' the ither proof to bear upon that, till he made my guilt perfectly plain; an' faith I coudna say that the chield guessed far wrang. Then my Lord Moray, wha was head judge that day, was just gaun to address the jurymen, and direct them to hang me, when up gat Geordie Lockie again for the hindmost time; (he had as mony links and wimples in his tail as an eel, that body,) an' he argyed some point o' law that gart them a' glowr; at last he said, that it was hard, on a point of life an' death, to take the report of a man that wasna present to make oath to the information he had gi'en, which might be a slander

to gain some selfish end ; and he prayed, for the satisfaction o' the jury, that his client might be examined on that point, (he ca'd me aye *a client*, a name that I abhorred, for I didna ken the meaning o't, but I trowed it meant nae good,) for, says he, he has answered very freely, and much to the point, a' that ye hae speered at him. I was just considering what I should say, but I could get nought to say ava, when I was startit wi' a loud Hem ! just amaist at my elbow. I naturally liftit up my een, very stupit-like, I dare say, to see what it was ; and wha was it but the queer Highland chap, Roy Macpherson, makin' sic faces to me as ye never saw. I thought he was wanting to mak me recollect something, but what it was I coudna tell. I was dumfoundered sae, that when the judge put the question to me about Clerk I never answered a word, for I was fore-foughten wi' another thought. At length I mindit the daft advice that honest Macpherson gae me at parting with me in Dumfries, which was sic a ridiculous advice I had never thought o't mair. But now, thinks I to mysel, things canna be muckle waur wi' me ; the scrow's come fairly to the neb o' the miresnipe now ; an' never had I better reason to be angry than at the base curate whom I had fed an' clad sae aften. Sae I musters a' my wrath up into my face, and when the judge, or the advocate, put the question again, I never heedit what it was, but set up my birses an' spak to them as they had been my herd callants. 'What the deil are ye a' after?' quoth I. 'Curse the hale pack o' ye, do you think that auld Wat Laidlaw's a whig, or wad do aught against his king, or the laws o' his country ? They ken little about him that say sae ! I aince fought twa o' the best o' them armed wi' swords, an' wi' nought but my staff I laid them baith flat at my feet ; an' had I ony twa o' ye on Chapelhope-flow thegither, if ye dared to say that I was a whig or a traitor to my king, I wad let ye find strength o' airm for aince.' Here the wily chap Geordie Lockie stappit me in great agitation, and beggit me to keep my temper and answer his lordship to the point, what defence I had to make against the information given by Clerk the curate ? 'He, the wretch !' said I : 'he kens the contrair o' that ower weel ; but he kend he wad be maister an' mair when he gat me away frae about the town. He wantit to wheedle my wife out o' ilk thing she had, an' to kiss my daughter too, if he could. Vile brock ! gin I war hame at him I'll dad his head to the wa' ; ay, an' ony twa o' ye forby, quo' I, raising my voice, an' shaking that neive at them,—ony twa o' ye that dare set up your faces an' say that I'm a whig or a rebel.—A wheen d—d rascals, that dinna ken what ye wad be at !'

"The hale court was thunnerstruck, an' glowred at ane anither like wull-cats. I gae a sklent wi' my ee to Daniel Roy Macpherson, an' he was leaned ower the back o' the seat, an' fa'n into a kink o' laughing. The hale crowd ahint us got up wi' a great hurrah ! an' clappit their hands, an' I thought the fock war a' gaen mad thegither. As soon as there was a wee quiet, my lord the Earl o' Moray he speaks across to Clavers, an' he says : 'This winna do, my lord ; that carl's nae whig, nor naething akin to them. Gin that be nae a sound worthy man, I never saw ane, nor heard ane speak.' An' wi' that the croud shoutit an' clappit their hands again. I sat hinging my head then, an' looking very blate, but I was unco massy for a' that. They then spak amang themsels for five or sax minents, and they cried on my master Drummelzier, an' he gaed up an' crackit wi' them too ; an' at last the judge tauld me, that the prosecution against me was drappit for the present, an' that gin I could raise security for twa thousand merks, to appear again if cited before the first of June, 1686, I was at liberty to go about my business. I thankit his lordship ; but thinks I to mysel, ye're a wheen queer chaps ! Ye shoot fock for praying an' reading the bible, an' whan ane curses an' damns ye, ye ca' him a true honest man ! I wish ye be nae the deil's bairns, the hale wort o' ye ! Drummelzier an' Lockie cam' security for me at aince, an' away I sets for hame, as weel satisfied as ever I was a' my life, that I mind o'.

"Weel, when I came out to the closs at the back o' the prison, a' the fock croudit about me ; an' *he* shook hands wi' me ; an' the young chaps they

hurra'd an' waved their caps, an' cried out, Ettrick Forest for ever!--Auld Braid-Bonnet for ever,—hurra! An' I cam up the Lawn-Market, an' down the Bow, wi' sic an army at my tail, as I had been gaun away to fight Boddell-Brigg ower again.

"I now begoud to think it wad be as weel to gie the lads the slip, for my army was gathering like a snaw-ba', an' I little wist how sic a hobbleshue might end; sae I jinkit into Geordie Allan's, at the West-Port, where I had often been afore, when selling my eild ewes and chasers; an' I whispered to them to keep out my sodgers, for there were too many of them for the house to haud; but they not perfectly understanding my jest, I was not well entered ere I heard a loud altercation at the head o' the stair, an' the very first aith that I heard I knew it to be Macpherson."

"By Cot's preath, put she shall pe coing in; were not she her friend and counshel?"

"You his counsel? A serjeant of dragoons his counsel? That winna do. He charged that nae sodgers should get in. Get aff wi' your Hieland impudence—brazen-faced thief!"

"Fat? Tief? Cot t—n y' mack-en dhu na bhaish! M'Leadle!—Trocho!—Hollo! Cresorst!"

"I ran to the door to take the enraged veteran in my arms, and welcome him as my best friend and adviser, but they had bolted the inner door in his face, through which he had run his sword amaist to the hilt, an' he was tugging an' pu'ing at it to get it out again, swearing a' the time like a true dragoon. I led him into my room, an' steekit the door o't, but there he stood wi' his feet asperr, and his drawn sword at arm's length ahint his back, in act to make a lounge at the door, till he had exhausted a' his aiths, baith in Gaelic an' English, at the fock o' the house, and then he sheathed his sword, and there was nae mair about it.

"I speered what I could do to oblige him?"

"Hu, not creat moach at hall, man; only pe kiffing me your hand. Py McTavish, More, put if you tit not stonish tem! Vas not I peen telling you tat him's hearty curse pe to cood?"

"My certy," quo' I, "but ye did do that, or I wad never hae thought o't; ye're an auld-farrant honest chiel! I am sorry that I canna just now make ye sic a present as ye deserve; but you man come out an' see me."

"Present! Poo, poo, poo! Teol more take te present tat pe coing between friends, and she may have sharper works tan pe coing visits; put not te more, she pe haifing small favour to seek."

"Od, man," says I, "ye hae been the mean o' preserving my life, an' ye sanna ax a thing that I'll refuse, e'en to my ain doughter. An' by the by, serjeant, gin ye want a good wife, an' a bonny ane, I'll gie ye sic a tocher wi' my Katie, as never was gi'en wi' a farmer's lassie i' the Forest."

"Hu! Cot pe plessing you! She haif cot wife, and fery hexcellent boddach, with two childs after him."

"What is it, then, serjeant? Gin the thing be in my power, ye hae naething ado but to say the word."

"Do you know tat her nainsell pe coosin to yourself?"

"Od, man," quo' I, "that's hardly possible, or else the taen o' us has come o' the wrang side o' the blanket."

"Now do you just pe holding your paice for a fery less time, for you must halways pe spaik spaiking, without knowing fat to say, unless I were putting it into your haid. I haif tould ould Simon Glas Macrhimmon, who knows all the pedigrees from the creation of the world, and he says that te Lheadles are Macphersons; for, in the days of Rory More of Ballindalloch and Invereshie, tere was te Gordons, who would pe making grheat prhogress on te Sassenach, and tere went down wit Strabogie of te clan Ahnderson, and te clan Grhaham, and one Letulloch Macpherson of Strathneshalloch, vit as bould a clan after her as any and mhore; and they would pe toing creat might upon the Sassenach, and they would pe killing her in tousands, and

ten she cot crheat lhands out of King Robert on te Bhorder, and Letulloch he had a whoule country to himself. But te people could not pe putting her nhame into worts, and instead of Letulloch tey called her *Leadlea*, and te Sassenach she called her *Little*, so that all tese are of Macpherson, and you may pe te chief, ann te forward son of te crheat Strathneshalloch himself. Now tat I would pe te tog, and te shame, and te tisgrhace, not to help my owhn poor clansman and prhother out of te evil, tat would pe worse eneuch; and te ting tat I would pe asking of you is tis, tat you will always look upon a Macpherson as a prhother until te end of te world, and pe standing py her as long as tere is peing one trop of plood in your whole poty."

"Gude faith, serjeant," says I, "I never was sae happy as to find, that the man to whom I hae been sae muckle obliged is sic a noble disinterested chiel; an' there's my hand, I'll never gie up the cause of a Macpherson, if he's in the right."

"Hu! Never mind your *right!* a clansman speak of the right! Any man will stand py me when I am in te right, put wit a prhother I must always pe in te right. No right or wrong tere!—Poo, poo!"

"Od, man," quo' I, "that's a stretch o' billyhood that I was never up to afore, but sin' ye say't, may I never see the Hermon Law again gif I winna stand by it. Come, then, we'll hae a stoup o' brandy, or a bottle o' wine thegither, for a parting cup."

"Hu!—no, no! None of your prandies or your wines for me!—I must pe on duty in less than an hour, and I would not pe tasting any of your tamn prandies or wines. No, no!—Cot pless you!—And should she never pe seeing your face again, you will pe———"

"He could say nae mair, for the muckle round tears were coming hopping down ower his weather-beaten cheek, but he gae my hand a hard squeeze an' a shake, an' brak out at the door; an' that was my last sight of honest Daniel Roy Macpherson, a man that I hae met few like! I was tauld lang after, that he fell fighting like a lion against the Campbells, at the battle o' Killiecranky, and that, to the last day o' his life, he spake o' his kinsman, ould MacLeadle."

CHAPTER XV.

IT was on the inauspicious night of All-Hallow-eve, that Walter arrived again at his own house, after so long an absence; but some of the farmers of Manor-Water, his acquaintances, were so overjoyed at seeing him again, that they persuaded him to go in, taste of their cheer, and relate his adventures and his trial to them; and so long was he detained in this way, that it was dark before he left Dollar-Burn; yet so anxious was he to get home to his family, and all unconscious that it was Hallow-E'en, the great jubilee of the fairies and all the spirits of these mountain regions, he set out on his journey homeward, across the dreary moors of Meggat-dale. Walter found his way full well, for he knew every brae, height, and declivity by the way, and many delightful little dreams was he cherishing in his heart, how he would surprise Maron an' the bairns by his arrival, and how extravagantly delighted his excellent and generous dog Reaver would be; for he often said, "he had mair sense about him than what was a beast's good right;" but, above all, his mind dwelt most on his dear lassie Kate, as he called her. He had been informed by Drummelzier of all that she had done for him, who gave her a character so high before some friends of his who were present, that Walter never was so proud in his life, and he longed with all a father's fondness, to clasp "his bit dear kind-heartit lassie" again in his arms.

With all these delightful and exhilarating thoughts glowing in his breast, how could that wild and darksome road, or indeed any road, be tedious to our honest goodman? For, as to the evil spirits with whom his beloved Keatie was in conjunction, the idea had died away like a thing of the imagination, and he barely spent a thought upon it. He crossed the Meggat about eleven o'clock in the night, just as the waning moon began to peep over the hills to the

south-east of the lake,—but such scenes, and such adventures, are not worth a farthing, unless described and related in the language of the country to which they are peculiar.

"I fand I was come again into the country o' the fairies an' the spirits," said Walter; "an' there was nae denying o't; for when I saw the bit crookit moon come stealing o'er the kipps o' Bowerhope-Law, an' thraw her dead yellow light on the hills o' Meggat, I fand the very nature an' the heart within me changed. A' the hills on the tae side o' the loch war as dark as pitch, an' the tither side had that ill-hued colour on't, as if they had been a' rowed in their winding sheets; an' then the shadow o' the moon it gaed bobbing an' quivering up the loch fornent me, like a street o' cauld fire. In spite o' my teeth I turned eiry, an' the mair I feucht against it I grew the eiryer, for whenever the spirits come near ane, that kind o' feeling comes on.

"Weel, just as I was gaun round the end o' the Wedder-Law, a wee bit aboon the head o' the Braken Wood, I sees a white thing on the road afore me. At the first it appeared to be gaun away, but at length I saw it coming nearer an' nearer me, keeping aye a little aboon the road till I came amaist close to it, an' then it stood stane-still an' glowered at me. What in the wide world can it be that is here at sic an untimely time o' night as this? thinks I to mysel. However, I steps aye on, an' wasna gaun to mak or meddle wi't ava, till at last, just as I was gaun by, it says in a soft low voice,—"Wow, friend, but ye gang late the night!"

"Faith, no muckle later than yoursel," quo' I, "gin it be your will."

"O'er late on sic a night!" quoth the creature again; "o'er late on Hallow-E'en, an' that ye will find."

"It elyed away o'er the brow, an' I saw nae mair o't. "Lord sauf us!" quo' I to mysel, "is this Hallow-E'en? I wish I war safe at hame, or in amang Christian creatures o' ony kind!—Or had I but my fine dog Reaver wi' me, to let me ken when the fairies are coming near me— Goodness to the day! I may be amang the mids o' them ere ever I ken what I'm doing." A' the stories that ever I heard about fairies in my life came linkin into my mind ane after anither, and I almaist thought I was already on my road to the fairy land, an' to be paid away to hell, like a kane-cock, at the end o' seven years. I likit the boding o' the apparition I had met wi' unco ill, but yet I had some hopes that I was oe'r muckle, an' oe'r heavy metal for the fairies. Hout, thinks I, what need I be sae feared? They'll never take away ane o' my size to be a fairy—Od, I wad be the daftest-like fairy ever was seen.

"I had naething for't but to stride on as fast I could, an' on I comes till I comes to the bit brae at the side o' the Ox-Cleuch-Lea, an' there I heard something fistling amang the brakens, an' making a kind o' wheenge, wheenge, wheenging, that gart a' my heart loup to my mouth; an' what was this but my poor dog Reaver, coming creeping on his wame, an' sae fain to meet me again that he hardly kend what he was doing. I took him up in my arms an' clappit him, an' said a' the kind things to him that I could, an' O sic a wark an' fidgeting as he made! But yet I couldna help thinking there was a kind o' doufness and melancholy in his looks. What ails ye, Reaver man? quo' I. I wish a' may be weel about Chapelhope the night; but ye canna tell me that, poor fallaw, or else ye wad. He sometimes lickit my stocking wi' his tongue, an' sometimes my hand, but he wadna gang away afore me as he used to do, cocking his tail sae massy-like; an' I feared sair that a' wasna right about hame, an' can hardly tell ony body how I felt,—fock's ain are aye their ain!

"At length I cam' amaist close to the bit brow o' the Lang Bank that brought me in sight o' my ain house, but when I lookit ower my shoulder Reaver was fled. I grew fearder than ever, an' wistna what to think; an' wi' that I sees a queer-like shapen thing standing straight on the road afore me. Now, thinks I, this is the Brownie o' Bodsbeck; I wadna face him for a' the warld; I maun try to gie him the slip. Sae I slides aff the road, an' down a bit howe into the side o' the loch thinking I wad get up within the brae out o' sight o' him—But aha! there was he standing straight afore me on the shore.

I clamb the brae again, and sae did he. Now, thinks I, his plan is first to pit me out o' my reason, an' then wear me into the loch and drown me ; I'll keep an open side wi' him. Sae up the hill I scrambles wi' a' my speed, an' doun again, and up again, five or six times ; but still he keepit straight afore me. By this time I was come by degrees very near him, an' waxed quite desperate an' desperation made me crouse. 'In the name o' God,' cries I, 'what are ye that winna let me by to my ain house?"

"Did you see a woman on your way?" said the creature in a deep solemn voice.

"Yes, I did," answered I.

"Did she tell you any thing?" said the apparition again.

"No," said I.

"Then I must," said the creature. "You go no nearer to your own house to-night."

"Say you sae?" said I ; "but I'll gang to my ain house the night, though sax like you stood atween me an' it."

"I charge you," said the thing again, "that you go not nearer to it. For your own sake, and the sakes of those that are dearest to you, go back the gate you came, and *go not* to that house."

"An' pray wha may you be that's sae peremptory?" said I.

"A stranger here, but a friend to you, Laidlaw. Here you do not pass to-night."

I never could bide to be braved a' my life. "Say you sae, friend?" quo' I ; "then let me tell ye, stand out o' my way ; or, be ye brownie or fairy —be ye ghaist, or be ye deil—in the might o' Heaven, I sall gie ye strength o' arm for aince ; an' here's a cudgel that never fell in vain."

"So saying, I took my stick by the sma' end wi' baith my hands, an' heaving it ower my shoulder I cam' straight on to the apparition, for I hardly kend what I was doing ; an' my faith it had gotten a paik ! but it had mair sense than to risk it; for when it saw that I was dementit, it e'en steppit quietly aff the road, and said, wi' a deep grane, "Ye're a wilfu' man, Laidlaw, an' your wilfu'ness may be your undoing. Pass on your ways, and Heaven protect your senses."

"I dredd sair I was doing wrang, but there was something in my nature that wadna be contrair'd ; sae by I went, an' lookit full at the thing as I past. It had nouther face nor hands, nor head nor feet ; but there was it standing like a lang corn sack. L—d tak me, (as Serjeant Macpherson said,) if I kend whether I was gaun on my feet or the crown o' my head.

"The first window that I came to was my ain, the ane o' that room where Maron and I slept. I rappit at it wi' a rap that wont to be weel kend, but it was barred, an' a' was darkness and vacancy within. I tried every door and window alang the foreside o' the house, but a' wi' the same effect. I rappit an' ca'd at them a', an' named every name that was in the house when I left it, but there was nouther voice, nor light, nor sound. 'Lord have a care o' me!' said I to mysel, 'what's come o' a' my fock? Can Clavers hae been here in my absence an' taen them a' away? or has the Brownie o' Bodsbeck eaten them up, stoop an' roop? For a' that I hae wearied to see them, here I find my house left unto me desolate. This is a waesome welcome hame to a father, an' a husband, an' a master !—O what will come o' puir auld Wat now?'

"The Auld Room was a place I never thought o' ganging to : but no kenning what to mak o' mysel, round the west end o' the house I gaes towards the door o' the Auld Room. I soon saw through the seam atween the shutters that there was a light in it, an' kenning weel that there was a broken lozen, I edged back the shutter naturally to see what was gaun on within—May never a father's e'e again see sic a sight as mine saw !—There was my dear, my only daughter Katharine, sitting on the bed wi' a dead corpse on her knee, and her hands round its throat ; and there was the Brownie o' Bodsbeck, the ill-faurd, runkled, withered thing, wi' its eildron form and grey beard, standin

at the bed side haudin the pale corpse by the hand. It had its tither hand liftit up, and was mutter, muttering some horrid spell, while a crew o' the same kind o' grizly bearded phantoms were standing round them. I had nae doubt but there had been a murder committit, and that a dissection was neist to take place; and I was sae shockit that I was just gaun to roar out. I tried it twice, but I had tint my voice, and could do naething but gape.

"I now fand there was a kind o' swarf coming o'er me, for it came up, up, about my heart, an' up, up o'er my temples, till it darkened my een; an' I fand that if it met on the crown o' my head I was gane. Sae I thought it good, as lang as that wee master bit was sound, to make my escape, an' aff I ran, an' fell, an' fell, an' rase an' ran again. As Riskinhope was the nearest house, I fled for that, where I wakened Davie Tait out o' his bed in an unco plight. When he saw that I was a' bedaubit wi' mire o'er head an' ears, (for I had faun a hunder times,) it was impossible to tell wha o' us was maist frightit.

"'Lord sauf us, goodman,' quo' he, 'are ye hangit?'

"'Am I hangit, ye blockhead!' says I; 'what do ye mean?'

"'I m-m-mean,' says Davie, 'w-w-war ye ek-ek-execute?'

"'Dinna be feard for an auld acquaintance, Davie,' quo' I, 'though he comes to you in this guise.'

"'Guise!' said Davie, staring, and gasping for breath—'Gui-gui-guise! Then it se-e-e-eems ye *are* dead?'

"'Gin I were dead, ye fool,' quoth I, 'how could I be here? Give me your hand.'

"'Uh-uh-uh-uuuh!' cried Davie, as I wore him up to the nook, and took haud o' his hand by force. 'Uh, goodman, ye are flesh and blude yet! But O ye're cauld an' ugsome!'

"'Davie,' quoth I, 'bring me a drink, for I hae seen something o'er-bye, an' I'm hardly just mysel.'

"Davie ran and brought me a hale bowie-fu' o' milk. 'Tak a gude waught, goodman,' quo' he, 'an' dinna be discouraged. Ye maun lay your account to see and hear baith, sic things as ye never saw or heard afore, gin ye be gaun to bide here. Ye needna wonder that I thought ye war dead,—the dead are as rife here now as the living—they gang amang us, work amang us, an' speak to us; an' them that we ken to be half-rotten i' their graves, come an' visit our fire-sides at the howe o' the night. There hae been sad doings here sin ye gaed away, goodman!'

"'Sad doings I fear, indeed, Davie!' says I. 'Can ye tell me what's become o' a' my family?'

"'Troth can I, goodman. Your family are a' weel. Keatie's at hame her lievahlane, an' carrying on a' the wark o' the farm as weel as there war a hunder wi' her. Your twa sons an' auld Nanny bide here; an' the honest gudewife hersel she's away to Gilmanscleuch. But oh, gudeman, there are sad things gaun on o'er-by yonder; an' mony a ane thinks it will hae a black an' a dreadfu' end. Sit down an' thraw aff your dirty claes, an' tell us what ye hae seen the night.'

"'Na, na, Davie! unless I get some explanation, the thing that I hae seen the night maun be lockit up in this breast, an' be carried to the grave wi' it. But, Davie, I'm unco ill; the cauld sweat is brekking on me frae head to foot. I'm feared I gang away athegither.'

"'Wow, gudeman, what can be done?' quo' Davie. 'Think ye we sudna tak the beuk?'

"'I was sae faintish I couldna arguy wi' the fool, an' ere ever I wist he has my bonnet whuppit aff, and is booling at a sawm; and when that was done, to the prayin' he fa's, an' sic nonsense I never heard prayed a' my life. I'll be a rogue gin he wasna speakin' to his Maker as he had been his neighbour herd; an' then he was baith fleetching an' fighting wi' him. However, I came something to mysel again, an' Davie he thought proper to ascribe it a' to his bit ragabash prayer.'"

Walter spent a restless and a troubled morning till daylight, and Davie said, that wearied as he was, he believed he never closed his een, for he heard him frequently turning in the bed, and moaning to himself; and he heard him once saying, with deep sighs, as if weeping,—"O my poor Keatie Laidlaw! what is to become o' her! My poor lost, misled lassie! Wa'es my heart for her! I fear she is ruined for this world—an' for the aftercome, I dare hardly venture to think about it!—O wae's me for my poor luckless bairn!"

CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning Walter and his two sons, and old Nanny, went all over to Chapelhope together, just as the cows came to the lone; and the farmer was sundry times remarking by the way that "daylight had mony een!" The truth was, that the phantoms of superstition had in a measure fled with the shadows of the night, which they seldom fail to do. They, indeed, remain in the bosom, hid, as it were, in embryo, ready to be embodied again at the fall of the long shadow in the moon-light, or the evening tale round the fading embers; but Walter at this time, perhaps, regarded the visions of last night as dreams scarcely remembered, and less believed, and things which in open day he would have been ashamed to have acknowledged.

Katharine had begun a milking, but when she beheld her father coming across the meadow, she left her leglen and ran home. Perhaps it was to put his little parlour in order, for no one of the family had set foot within that house but herself for three weeks—or perhaps she did not choose that their meeting should be witnessed by other eyes. In short, she had something of importance to put to rights—for home she ran with great haste; and Walter, putting his sons to some work to detain them, followed her all alone. He stepped into the parlour, but no one being there, he sat down on his elbow chair, and began to look about him. In a few seconds his daughter entered—flung herself on her father's knee and bosom—clasped her arms about his neck—kissed him, and shed a flood of tears on his breast. At first he felt somewhat startled at her embrace, and his arms made a feeble and involuntary effort to press her away from him; but she grew to him the closer, and welcomed him home with such a burst of filial affection and tenderness, that nature in a short time regained her empire over the father's heart; and there was to be seen old Walter with his large hands pressing her slender waist, keeping her at a little distance from him on his knee, and looking stedfastly in her face, with the large tear rolling in his eye. It was such a look as one sometimes takes of the corpse of one that was dearly beloved in life. Well did she read this look, for she had the eye of the eagle for discernment; but she hid her face again on his shoulder, and endeavoured, by familiar enquiries, to wean him insensibly from his reserve, and draw him into his wonted freedom of conversation with her.

"Ye ken o'er weel," said he at length, "how deep a haud ye hae o' this heart, Keatie. Ye're my ain bairn still, and ye hae done muckle for my life—but"———

"Muckle for your life!" said she, interrupting him—"I have been but too remiss. I have regretted every hour that I was not with you attending you in prison, administering to all my father's wants, and helping to make the time of bondage and suspense pass over more lightsomely; but grievous circumstances have prevented me. I have had sad doings here since you went away, my dear father—there is not a feeling that can rack the human heart has not been my share. But I will confess all my errors to my father, fall at his knees, and beg his forgiveness—ay, and I hope to receive it too."

"The sooner ye do sae the better then, Keatie," said he—"I was here last night, an' saw a sight that was enough to turn a father's heart to stane."

"*You were here last night!*" said she emphatically, whilst her eyes were fixed on the ground—"You were here last night! Oh! what shall become of me."

"Ay, weel may ye say sae, poor lost and undone creature! I was here last night, though worn back by some o' your infernals, an' saw ye in the mids o' your dreadfu' game, wi' a' your bike o' hell round about ye. I watna what your confession and explanation may do; but without these I hae sworn to myself, and I'll keep my aith, that you and I shall never night thegither again in the same house, nor the same part o' the country—ay, though it should bring down my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave, I'll keep that aith."

"I fear it will turn out a rash vow," said she, "and one that we may all repent to the last day that we have to live. There is danger and jeopardy in the business, and it is connected with the lives and souls of men; therefore, before we proceed further in it, relate to me all the circumstances of your trial, and by what means you are liberated."

"I'll do that cheerfully," said Walter, "gin it war but to teach you compliance."

He then went over all the circumstances of his extraordinary trial, and the conditions on which he was discharged; and ended by requiring her positively to give him the promised explanation.

"So you are only then out on bail," said she, "and liable to be cited again on the same charges?"

"No more," was the reply.

"It is not then time yet for my disclosure," said she, "and no power on earth shall wring it from me; therefore, my dear father, let me beg of you to urge your request no farther, that I may not be under the painful necessity of refusing you again."

"I hae tauld ye my determination, Keatie," returned he; "an' ye ken I'm no very apt to alter. If I should bind ye in a cart wi' my ain hands, ye shall leave Chapelhope the night, unless ye can avert that by explaining your connections to me. An' why should ye no?—Things can never appear waur to my mind than they are just now—If hell itself had been opened to my e'e an' I had seen you ane o' the inmates, I couldna hae been mair astoundit than I was yestreen. I'll send ye to Edinburgh, an' get ye safely put up there, for I canna brook things ony langer in this state. I winna hae my family scattered, an' made a byeword and an astonishment to the hale country this gate—Outher tell me the meaning o't, or lay your account to leave your father's house this day for ever."

"You do not know what you ask, father—the thing is impossible. Was ever a poor creature so hard bestead? Will not you allow me a few days to prepare for such a departure?"

"No ae day, nor ae hour either, Kate. Ye see this is a situation o' things that canna be tholed ony langer."

She sat down as if in deep meditation, but she neither sobbed nor wept. "You are only out on bail," said she, "and liable to be tried again on the same grounds of charge?"

"Ay, nae mair," said Walter, "but what need ye harp on that? I'm safe enough. I forgot to tell you that the judges were sae thoroughly convinced of my loyalty and *soundness* (as they ca'd it) that they wadna risk me to the vote of a jury; an' that the bit security they sought was naething but a mere sham to get honourably quit o' me. I was likewise tauld by ane that kens unco weel, that the king has gotten ither tow to tease than persecuting whigs ony langer, an' that there will soon be an order put out of a very different nature. There is never to be mair blood shed on account of the covenanted reformation in Scotland."

When Walter began his speech, his daughter lifted up her downcast eyes, and fixed them on his face with a look that manifested a kind of hopeless apathy; but as he advanced, their orbs enlarged, and beamed with a radiance as if she had been some superior intelligence. She did not breathe—or, if she did, it stole imperceptibly from between her parted ruby lips. "What did you say, my dear father?" said she.

"What did I say!" repeated Walter, astonished and nettled at the question —"What the deil was i' your lugs, that ye didna hear what I said. I'm sure I spake out. Ye are thinking o' something else, Kate."

"Be so good as repeat every word that you said over again," said she, "and tell me whence you drew your intelligence."

Walter did so; repeating it in still stronger and more energetic language than he had done before, mentioning at the same time how he had his information, which could not be doubted.

"It is enough, my dear father," said she. "Say not another word about it. I will lay open all my errors to my father this instant—come with me, and I will show you a sight!"

As she said this she put her arm in her father's to lead him away; but Walter looked about him with a suspicious and startled eye, and drew somewhat back.

"You must go instantly," continued she, "there is no time so fit; and whatever you may see or hear, be not alarmed, but follow me, and do as I bid you."

"Nane o' your cantrips wi' me, Kate," said Walter—"I see your drift weel eneugh, but ye'll find yoursel disappointit. I hae lang expectit it wad come to this; but I'm determined against it."

"Determined against what, my dear father?"

"Ye want to mak a warlock o' me, ye imp o' mischief," said Walter; "but I hae taen up my resolution there, an' a' the temptations o' Satan sanna shake it. Nah! Gudefaith, auld Wat o' the Chapelhope's no gaun to be led away by the lug an' the horn to the deil that gate."

Katharine's mien had a tint of majesty in it, but it was naturally serious. She scarcely ever laughed, and but seldom smiled; but when she did so, the whole soul of delight beamed in it. Her face was like a dark summer day, when the clouds are high and majestic, and the lights on the valley mellowed into beauty. Her smile was like a fairy blink of the sun shed through these clouds, than which, there is nothing in nature that I know of so enlivening and beautiful. It was irresistible;—and such a smile beamed on her benign countenance, when she heard her father's wild suspicions expressed in such a blunt and ardent way; but it conquered them all—he went away with her rather abashed, and without uttering another word.

They walked arm in arm up by the side of the burn, and were soon out of sight of Nanny and the boys. Walter was busy all the way trying to form some conjecture what the girl meant, and what was to be the issue of this adventure, and began to suspect that his old friends, the Covenant men, were some way or other connected with it; that it was they, perhaps, who had the power of raising those spirits by which his dwelling had been so grievously haunted, for he had heard wonderful things of them. Still there was no coindication of circumstances in any of the calculations that he was able to make, for his house had been haunted by Brownie and his tribe long ere he fell in with the fugitive Covenanters. None of them had ever given him the least hint about the matter, or the smallest key to it, which he believed they would have done; nor had he ever mentioned a word of his connection with them to one of his family, or indeed to any one living. Few were the words that passed between the father and daughter in the course of that walk, but it was not of long duration.

They soon came to the precipitate linn on the South Grain, where the soldiers had been slain. Katharine being a little way before, began to scramble across the face of the rock by a path that was hardly perceptible. Walter called after her, "Where are ye gaun, Keatie? It's impossible to win yont there—there's no outgate for a mouse."

"We will try," answered she; "it is perhaps not so bad as it looks—Follow me—you have nothing to fear."

Walter followed; for however much he was affrighted for brownies, and fairies, and dead corpses, and all these awful kind of things, he was no coward

among rocks and precipices. They soon reached a little dass in the middle of the linn, or what an Englishman would call a small landing-place. Here she paused till her father reached her, and pointed out to him the singularity of their situation, with the burn roaring far below their feet, and the rock fairly overhanging them above.

"Is it not a romantic and tremendous spot?" said she.

"It is that!" said Walter, "an' I believe you and I are the first that ever stood on it."

"Well, this is the end of our journey," said she; and, turning about, she began to pull at a bush of heath that grew between two rocks.

"What can she be gaun to do wi' the heather?" thought Walter to himself, when instantly a door opened, and showed a cavern that led into the hill. It was a door wattled with green heath, with the tops turned outward so exactly, that it was impossible for any one to know but that it was a bush of natural heath growing in the interstice. "Follow me, my dear father," said she, "you have still nothing to fear;" and so saying she entered swiftly in a stooping posture. Walter followed, but his huge size precluded the possibility of his walking otherwise than on all fours, and in that mode he fairly essayed to follow his mysterious child; but the path winded—his daughter was quite gone—and the door closed behind him, for it was so constructed as to close of itself, and as Walter expressed it,—"There was he left, gaun boring into the hill like a moudiwort, in utter darkness." The consequence of all this was, that Walter's courage fairly gave way, and by an awkward retrograde motion, he made all the haste he was able back to the light.—He stood on the shelve of the rock at the door for several minutes in confused consternation, saying to himself, "What in the wide world is com'd o' the wench? I believe she is gane away down into the pit bodily, an' thought to wile me after her; or into the heart of the hill, to some enchantit cave, amang her brownies, an' fairies, an' hobgoblins. Gudeness have a care o' me, gin ever I saw the like o' this!" Then losing all patience, he opened the door, set in his head, and bellowed out,—"Hollo, lassie!—What's com'd o' ye? Keatie Laidlaw—Hollo!" He soon heard footsteps approaching, and took shelter behind the door, with his back leaning to the rock, in case of any sudden surprise, but it was only his daughter, who chided him gently for his timidity and want of confidence in her, and asked how he could be frightened to go where a silly girl, his own child, led the way? adding, that if he desired the mystery that had so long involved her fate and behaviour to be cleared up, he behoved to enter and follow her, or to remain in the dark for ever. Thus admonished, Walter again screwed his courage to the sticking place, and entered in order to explore this mysterious cave, following close to his daughter, who led him all the way by the collar of the coat as he crept. The entrance was long and irregular, and in one place very narrow, the roof being supported here and there by logs of birch and alder. They came at length into the body of the cave, but it was so dimly lighted from above, the vent being purposely made among rough heath, which in part overhung and hid it from view without, that Walter was almost in the middle of it ere ever he was aware, and still creeping on his hands and knees. His daughter at last stopped short, on which he lifted his eyes, and saw indistinctly the boundaries of the cave, and a number of figures standing all around ready to receive him. The light, as I said, entered straight from above, and striking on the caps and bonnets which they wore on their heads, these shaded their faces, and they appeared to our amazed goodman so many blackamoors, with long shaggy beards and locks, and their garments as it were falling from their bodies piece-meal. On the one side, right over against him, stood a coffin, raised a little on two stones; and on the other side, on a couch of rushes, lay two bodies that seemed already dead, or just in the last stage of existence; and, at the upper end, on a kind of wicker chair, sat another pale emaciated figure, with his feet and legs wrapt up in flannel, a napkin about his head, and his body wrapped in an old duffel cloak that had once belonged to Walter himself. Walter's

vitals were almost frozen up by the sight,—he uttered a hollow exclamation, something like the beginning of a prayer, and attempted again to make his escape, but he mistook the entrance, and groped against the dark corner of the cavern. His daughter pulled him by the arm, entreating him to stay, and addressing the inmates of that horrid den, she desired them to speak to her father, and explain the circumstances of their case, for he was still bewildered, and the scene was too much for him to bear.

"That we will do joyfully," said one, in a strong intelligent voice.

Walter turned his eyes on the speaker, and who was it but the redoubted Brownie of Bodsbeck, so often mentioned before, in all his native deformity; while the thing in the form of a broad bonnet that he wore on his head, kept his features, grey locks and beard, wholly in the shade; and, as he approached Walter, he appeared a being without any definite form or feature. The latter was now standing on his feet, with his back leaning against the rock that formed the one side of the cave, and breathing so loud, that every whiff sounded in the caverned arches like the rush of the winter wind whistling through the crevices of the casement.

Brownie approached him, followed by others.

"Be not alarmed, goodman," said the creature, in the same solemn and powerful voice; "you see none here but fellow-creatures and Christians—none who will not be happy to bestow on you their blessing, and welcome you as a father."

He stretched forth his hand to take hold of our goodman's. It was bent to his side as by a spasm, and at the same time a volley of breath came forth from his capacious chest with such a rush, that it was actually like the snort of a horse that is frightened in the dark. The Brownie, however, laid hold of it, stiff as it was, and gave it a squeeze and a hearty shake. "You are welcome, sir!" continued the shapeless mass, "to our dismal habitation. May the God of heaven particularly bless you in your *family*, and in all your other concerns!"

The naming of this name dispelled Walter's wild apprehensions like a charm, for though he was no devotee, yet his mind had a strong bias to the superstitions of the country in which he was bred; therefore this benediction, pronounced in such a tone of ardour and sublimity of feeling, had a powerful effect on his mind. But the circumstance that proved the most effective of all, was perhaps the sensible assurance gained by the shaking of hands, that Brownie was really and truly a corporeal being. Walter now held out his hand to all the rest as they came forward one by one, and shook hands heartily with them all, while every one of them blest him in the name of their Maker or Redeemer. Walter was still involved in mystery, and all this while he had never uttered a word that any man could make meaning of; and after they had all shook hands with him, he looked at the coffin; then at the figures on the couch; then at the pale wretch on the wicker-seat, and then at the coffin again.

"Let us fully understand one another," said Katharine. "Pray, Brown, be so good as detail the circumstances of this party as shortly as you can to my father, for, as is natural, he is still perplexed and bewildered."

"You see here before you, sir," said the little hunch-backed figure, "a wretched remnant of that long persecuted, and now nearly annihilated sect, the covenanted reformers of the west of Scotland. We were expelled from our homes, and at last hunted from our native mountains like wolves, for none of our friends durst shelter any of us on their grounds, on pain of death. Even the rest of the persecuted disowned us, and became our adversaries, because our tenets were more stern and severe than theirs; for we acted on the principle of retaliation as far as it lay in our power, holding that to be in consistency with the laws of God and man; therefore were we expelled from their society, which indeed we disdained.

"We first came to Bodsbeck, where we got shelter for a few weeks. It was there that I was first supposed by the menials, who chanced to see me, to be a Brownie, and that superstitious idea the tenant thought meet to improve for

our safety, but on the approach of Lagg's people he dismissed us. We then fled to Leithenhall, from whence in a few days we were again compelled to fly; and at last came to this wild, the only place in the south the soldiers had never searched, or could search with any degree of success. After much labour we completed this cave, throwing the stuff into the torrent below, so that the most minute investigator could not distinguish the smallest difference in the linn or face of the precipice; and here we deemed we might live for years without being discovered; and here we determined to live, till God should see fit, in his own good time, to send some relief to his persecuted church in these lands.

"But alas, the worst evil of all awaited us! We subsisted for a considerable time by bringing victuals over night from a great distance, but even the means of obtaining these failed us; so that famine, and the dampness of the air here, we being compelled to lie inactive in the bowels of the earth for days and nights together, brought on us a malignant and pestilential fever. In three days from its first appearing, one half of our number were lying unable to move or lift an eye. What could we do? The remnant could not fly, and leave their sick and wounded brethren to perish here unseen. We were unable to carry them away with us, and if we had, we had no place to which we could have conveyed them. We durst not apply to you, for if you had taken pity on us we knew it would cost you your life, and be the means of bereaving your family of all your well-earned wealth. In this great extremity, as a last resource, I watched an opportunity, and laid our deplorable case before that dear maid, your daughter—Forgive these tears, sir; you see every eye around fills at the mention of her name—She has been our guardian angel—She has, under Almighty Providence, saved the lives of the whole party before you—has supplied us with food, cordials, and medicines: with beds, and with clothing, all from her own circumscribed resources. For us she has braved every danger, and suffered every privation; the dereliction of her parents, and the obloquy of the whole country. That young man, whom you see sitting on the wicker chair there, is my only surviving son of five—he was past hope when she found him—fast posting to the last goal—her unwearied care and attentions have restored him; he is again in a state of convalescence—O may the Eternal God reward her for what she has done to him and us!

"Only one out of all the distressed and hopeless party has perished, he whose body lies in that coffin. He was a brave, noble, and pious youth, and the son of a worthy gentleman. When our dear nurse and physician found your house deserted by all but herself, she took him home to a bed in that house, where she attended him for the last seven days of his life with more than filial care. He expired last night at midnight, amid our prayers and supplications to heaven in his behalf, while that dear saint supported his head in his dying moments, and shed the tear of affliction over his lifeless form. She made the grave-clothes from her own scanty stock of linen—tied her best lawn napkin round the head; and"———

Here Walter could contain himself no longer; he burst out a crying, and sobbed like a child.

"An' has my Keatie done a' this?" he said, in a loud broken voice—"Has my woman done a' this, an' yet me to suspect her, an' be harsh till her? I might hae kend her better!" continued he, taking her in his arms, and kissing her cheek again and again. "But she shall hae ten silk gowns, an' ten satin anes, for the bit linen she has bestowed on sic an occasion, an' a' that she has wared on ye I'll make up to her a hunder an' fifty fauld."

"O my dear father," said she, "you know not what I have suffered for fear of having offended you; for I could not forget that their principles, both civil and religious, were the opposite of yours—that they were on the adverse side to you and my mother, as well as the government of the country."

"Deil care what side they war on, Kate!" cried Walter, in the same vehement voice; "ye hae taen the side o' human nature; the suffering and the humble side, an' the side o' feeling, my woman, that bodes best in a young

unexperienced thing to tak. It is better than to do like yon bits o' gillflirts about Edinburgh ; poor shilly-shally milk-an'-water things ! Gin ye but saw how they cock up their noses at a whig, an' thraw their bits o' gabs ; an' downa bide to look at aught, or hear tell o' aught, that isna i' the tap fashion. Ye hae done very right, my good lassie—od, I wadna gie ye for the hale o' them, an' they war a' hung in a strap like ingans."

"Then, father, since you approve, I am happy. I have no care now save for these two poor men on that couch, who are yet far from being out of danger."

"Gudeness guide us !" said Walter, turning about, "I thought they had been twa dead corpse. But now, when my een are used to the light o' the place, I see the chaps *are* living, an' no that unlife-like, as a body may say."

He went up to them, spoke to them kindly, took their wan bleached sinewy hands in his, and said, he feared they were still very ill ?

"Better than we have been," was the reply—"Better than we have been, goodman. Thanks to you and yours."

"Dear father," said Katharine, "I think if they were removed down to Chapelhope, to dry comfortable lodgings, and had more regular diet, and better attendance, their health might soon be re-established. Now that you deem the danger over, will you suffer me to have them carried down there ?"

"Will I no, Kate ? My faith, they shall hae the twa best beds i' the house, if Maron an' me should sleep in the barn ! An' ye sal hae naething ado but to attend them, an' nurse them late an' aire ; an' I'll gar Maron Linton attend them too, and she'll rhame o'er bladds o' scripture to them, an' they'll soon get aboon this bit dwaum. Od, if outher gude fare or drogs will do it, I'll hae them playin' at the pennystane wi' Davie Tait, an' prayin' wi' him at night, in less than twa weeks."

"Goodman," said old Brown, (for this celebrated Brownie was no other than the noted Mr. John Brown, the goodman of Caldwell)—"Goodman, well may you be proud this day, and well may you be uplifted in heart on account of your daughter. The more I see and hear of her, the more am I struck with admiration ; and I am persuaded of this, that, let your past life have been as it may, the Almighty will bless and prosper you on account of that maid. The sedateness of her counsels, and the qualities of her heart have utterly astonished me—She has all the strength of mind, and energy of the bravest of men, blent with all the softness, delicacy, and tenderness of feminity—Neither danger nor distress can overpower her mind for a moment—tenderness does it at once. If ever an angel appeared on earth in the form of a woman, it is in that of your daughter."

"I wish ye wad haud your tongue," said Walter, who stood hanging his head, and sobbing aloud. The large tears were not now dropping from his eyes—they were trickling in torrents. "I wish ye wad haud your tongue, an' no make me ower proud o' her. She's weel eneugh, pair woman———I'ts a—It's a shame for a great muckle auld fool like me to be booin an' greetin like a bairn this gate !—but deil tak the doer gin I can help it !—I watna what's ta'en me the day !—She's weel eneugh, puir lassie. I daresay I never learned her ony ill, but I little wat where she has gotten a' the gude qualities ye brag sae muckle o', unless it hae been frae Heaven in gude earnest ; for I wat weel, she has been brought up but in a ramstamphish hamely kind o' way wi' Maron an' me.—But come, come ! let us be done wi' this fuffing an' blawing o' noses, an' makin' o' wry faces. Row the twa puir sick lads weel up, an' bring them down in the bed-claes to my house. An' d'ye hear, callants—gudesake get your beards clippit or shaven a wee, an' be something warld-like, an' come a' down to Chapelhope ; I'll kill the best wedder on the Hermon-Law, an' we shall a' dine heartily thegither for ance ; I'll get ower Davie Tait to say the grace, an' we'll be as merry as the times will allow."

They accepted the invitation, with many expressions of gratitude and thankfulness, and the rays of hope once more enlightened the dejected

countenances that had so long been overshadowed with the gloom of despair.

"But there's ae thing, callants," said Walter, "that has astonished me, an' I canna help speering. Where got ye the coffin sae readily for the man that died last night?"

"That coffin," said Brown, "was brought here one night by the friends of one of the men whom Clavers caused to be shot on the other side of the ridge there, which you saw. The bodies were buried ere they came; it grew day on them, and they left it; so, for the sake of concealment, we brought it into our cave, It has been useful to us; for when the wretched tinker fell down among us from that gap, while we were at evening worship, we pinioned him in the dark, and carried him in that chest to your door, thinking he had belonged to your family. That led to a bloody business, of which you shall hear anon. And in that coffin, too, we carried off your ungrateful curate so far on his journey, disgraced for ever, to come no more within twenty miles of Chapelhope, on pain of a dreadful death in twenty-four hours thereafter; and I stand warrandice that he shall keep his distance. In it we have now deposited the body of a beloved and virtuous friend, who always foretold this, from its first arrival in our cell.—But he rejoiced in the prospect of his dissolution, and died as he had lived, a faithful and true witness; and his memory shall long be revered by all the just and the good."

CHAPTER XVII.

I HATE long explanations, therefore this chapter shall be very short; there are, however, some parts of the foregoing tale, which require that a few words should be subjoined in elucidation of them.

This John Brown was a strenuous and desperate reformer. He was the son of a gentleman by a second marriage, and half-brother to the Laird of Caldwell. He was at the battle of Pentland, with five brave sons at his back, two of whom were slain in the action, and he himself wounded. He was again at Bothwell Bridge with the remaining three, where he was a principal mover of the unhappy commotions in the army that day, owing to his violent irreclaimable principles of retaliation. A little before the rout became general, he was wounded by a musket bullet, which grazed across his back, and deprived him of all power. A dragoon coming up, and seeing him alive, struck him again across the back with his sword, which severed the tendons, and cut him to the bone. His sons had seen him fall, and knowing the spot precisely, they returned overnight, and finding him still alive, they conveyed him to a place of safety, and afterwards to Glasgow, where he remained concealed in a friend's house for some months; and, after great sufferings in body and mind, recovered of his wounds; but, for want of surgical assistance, he was so crooked and bowed down, that his nearest friends could not know him; for in his youth, though short in stature, he was strong and athletic. At length he reached his own home, but found it ransacked and desolate, and learned that his wife was carried to prison, he knew not whither. His powerful eloquence, and wild Cameronian principles, made him much dreaded by the other party; a high reward was offered for apprehending him, so that he was driven to great straits, yet never failed to wreak his vengeance on all of the persecuting party that fell within his power, and he had still a number of adherents.

At length there was one shot in the fields near Kirkconnel that was taken for him, and the promised reward actually paid; on which the particular search after him subsided. His two youngest sons both died for the same cause with the former, but James, his third son, always kept by his father, until taken prisoner by Clavers as he was fishing one day in Coulter Water. Clavers ordered him to be instantly shot, but the Laird of Coulteralloes being present, interceded for him, and he was detained a prisoner, carried about from place to place, and at length confined in the jail at Selkirk. By the assistance of his father and friends he effected his escape, but not before being

grievously wounded ; and, by reason of the hurts he received, and the fever that attacked them in the cave, when Katharine was first introduced there, he was lying past hope ; but by her unwearied care and attention, he, with others, was so far recovered as to be able to sit up, and walk about a little. He was poor Nanny's own son ; and this John Brown was her husband, whom she had long deemed in another and a happier state—No wonder that she was shocked and affrighted when she saw him again in such a form at midnight, and heard him speak in his own natural and peculiar voice. Their meeting that day at Chapelhope must be left to the imagination ; it is impossible for any pen to do it justice.

It is only necessary to add, that Walter seems to have been as much respected and beloved by his acquaintances and domestics, at least as any neighbour or master of the present day, as will appear from the few following remarks. The old session-clerk and precentor at Ettrick said, "It was the luckiest thing that could have happened that he had come home again, for the poor's ladle had been found to be a pund Scots short every Sunday since he and his family had left the church." And Sandy Cunningham, the conforming clergyman there, a very honest inoffensive man, remarked, "that he was very glad to hear the news, for the goodman always gave the best dinners at the visitations and examinations of any farmer in his parish ; and one always felt so comfortable in his house." Davie Tait said, that "Divine Providence had just been like a stell dike to the goodman. It had bieldit him frae the bitter storm o' the adversary's wrath, an' keepit a' the thunder-bolts o' the wicked frae brekking on his head ; that, for his part, he wad sit down on his knees an' thank Heaven, Sunday and Saturday, for his return, for he could easily lend his master as muckle siller as wad stock a' Riskinhope ower again, an' there was little doubt but he wad do it." Even old John of the Muchrah remarked, "that it was just as weel that his master was come back, for he had an unco gude e'e amang the sheep when ought was gaun wrang on the hill, an' the ewes win nae mair into the hogg fence o' the Quave Brae, i' the day time at ony rate."

If there are any incidents in this Tale that may still appear a little mysterious, they will all be rendered obvious by turning to a pamphlet, entitled, A CAMERONIAN'S TALE, *or The Life of John Brown, written by himself.* But any reader of common ingenuity may very easily solve them all.

THE
WOOL-GATHERER:

TALE OF A LOST HEIR.

LOVE is a passion so capricious, so violent, and so productive of whimsical expedients, that there is no end of its varieties. Dramas may be founded, plots arranged, and novels written on the subject, yet the simple truth itself generally outlasts them all. The following story, which relates to an amiable family still existing, is so like a romance, that perhaps the word of a narrator is insufficient to stamp it with that veracity to which it is entitled. The principal incidents, however, are set down precisely as they were related to me ; only I have deemed it meet to change the designations of the individuals, so far that they cannot be recognized by any one not previously acquainted with the circumstances.

The late Laird of Earlhall dying in the fiftieth year of his age, as his gravestone intimates, left behind him a widow, and two sons both in their minority.

The eldest was of a dashing impatient character—he had a kind and affectionate heart, but his actions were not always tempered with prudence. He entered at an early age into the army, and fell in the Peninsular war when scarcely twenty-two years of age. The estate thus devolved wholly on the youngest, whose name for the present shall be Lindsey, that being his second Christian name, and the one by which his mother generally called him. He had been intended for the law, but on his brother's death gave up the study, as too laborious for his easy and careless disposition. He was attached to literature; and after his return home his principal employment consisted in poring over his books, and managing a little flower-garden in which he took great delight. He was studious, absent, and sensible, but paid little attention to his estate, or the extensive farm which he himself occupied.

The old lady, who was a stirring, talkative, industrious dame, entertained him constantly with long lectures on the ill effects of idleness. She called it the *blight* of youth, the *grub* of virtue, and the *mildew* of happiness; and sometimes, when roused into energy, she said it was *the devil's langsettle* on which he plotted all his devices against human weal. Lindsey bore all with great patience, but still continued his easy and indolent way.

The summer advanced—the weather became peculiarly fine—labourers were busy in every field, and the shepherd's voice, and the bleating of his flocks, sounded from the adjacent mountains by break of day. This lively and rousing scene gave a new edge to the old lady's remonstrances; they came upon poor Lindsey thicker and faster, like the continued dropping of a rainy day, until he was obliged in some degree to yield. He tried to reason the matter with her, in somewhat near to the following words; but there, lawyer as he was, he had no chance. He was fairly overcome.

"My dear mother," said he, "what does all this signify?—Or what is it that I can effect by my superintendence? Our farmers are all doing well, and pay their rents regularly; and as for our farm-servants, they have each of them filled the same situation so long and so creditably, that I feel quite awkward when standing looking over them,—it looks as if I suspected their integrity, which has been so often proved. Besides, it is a leading maxim with me, that if a man, and more particularly a woman, know and believe that trust is reposed in them, they will, in ten out of eleven instances, deserve it; but if once they see that they are suspected, the feeling towards you is changed, and they will in a little time as likely deserve the one as the other. Our wealth is annually increasing, at least as fast as necessary, and it is my principal wish, that every one under us may be as easy and comfortable as possible."

This was true, for the old lady being parsimonious in the extreme, their riches had increased rapidly since the death of the late laird. As for Lindsey, he never spent anything, save some trifle that he laid out yearly in payment of Reviews, and new books, and in relieving some poor families in the neighbourhood. The article of dress he left entirely to his mother: whatever she bought or made for him he approved of, and whatever clothes or linen she laid down in his chamber, he put on without any observations. He acted upon the same principle with regard to his meals, but he sometimes was obliged to insist on a little addition being made to the comforts of the family servants, all of whom loved him as a friend and benefactor. He could at any time have swayed his mother so far as to make her a little more liberal towards the men-servants, but with regard to the maids he had no such power. She and they lived at constant variance,—an irreconcileable jealousy seemed always to subsist between them, and woe to them if the young laird interested himself in their favour! Matters being in this state, he was obliged to witness this mutual animosity; this tyranny on the one hand, and discontent on the other, without having the power to amend it.

"But then, my dear Lindsey," returned she to his former remonstrance, "making allowance for a' that you say—allowing that your weel-spoken arguments are a' foundit in truth, for laith wad you be to say an untruth, an' I

never heard an argument that wasna sound come out o' your mouth,—but then I say, what's to hinder you to gang a fishing like other gentlemen, or shooting moor-cocks, an' paetricks, an' black-cocks, as a' ither countrymen o' your age an' station do? Some manly exercise in the field is absolutely necessary to keep your form robust, your colour fresh, and your mind active; an', indeed, you maunna be discontentit, nor displeased, if I insist on it, while the weather is so fine."

"With regard to fowling, my dear mother, I am perfectly ignorant; I know nothing about the sport, and I never can delight in it, for often has it given me pain to see others pursuing it. I think the pleasure arising from it can scarcely originate in any thing else than a principle of cruelty. Fishing is little better. I never regret the killing of an ox, or sheep, by which we have so much necessary food for one life, but I think it hard to take a precious life for a single mouthful."

"His presence be about us! Lindsey! what's that ye say? Wha heard ever tell of a trout's precious life? Or a salmon's precious life? Or a ged's precious life? Wow, man, but sma' things are precious i' your een! Or wha can feel for a trout? A cauldrife creature that has nae feeling itsel; a greedy grampus of a thing, that worries its ain kind, an' eats them whenever it can get a chance. Na, na, Lindsey, let me hear nae mair o' sickan lang-nebbit fine-spun arguments: but do take your father's rod, like a man, and a gentleman, and gang a-fishing, if it were but an hour in the day; there are as many hooks and lines in the house as will serve you for seven years to come; an' it is weel-kend how plenty the trouts are in your ain water. I hae seen the day when we never wanted plenty o' them at this time o' the year."

"Well, well," said Lindsey, taking up a book, "I shall go to please you, but I would rather be at home."

She rung the bell, and ordered in old John the barn-man, one well skilled in the art of angling. "John," said she, "put your master's fishing-rod and tackle in order, he is going a-fishing at noon."

John shrugged up his shoulders when he heard of his master's intent, as much as to say, "sic a fisher as he'll mak!" however, he went away in silence, and the order was quickly obeyed.

Thus equipt, away trudged Lindsey to the fishing for the first time in his life; slowly and indifferently he went, and began at the first pool he came to. John offered to accompany him, to which he assented, but this the old lady resisted, and bid him go to his work; he, however, watched his master's motions slyly for some time, and on joining his fellow labourers remarked, that "his master was a real saft hand at the fishing."

An experienced angler certainly would have been highly amused at his procedure. He pulled out the line, and threw it in again so fast, that he appeared more like one threshing corn than angling; he, moreover, fixed always upon the smoothest parts of the stream, where no trout in his right senses could possibly be inveigled. But the far greater part of his employment consisted in loosening the hook from different objects with which it chanced to come in contact. At one time he was to be seen stooping to the arm-pits in the middle of the water, disengaging it from some officious twig that had intercepted its progress; at another time on the top of a tree tearing off a branch on which it had laid hold. A countryman happening to pass by just as he stood stripped to the shirt cutting it out of his clothes, in which it had fastened behind, observed, by way of friendly remark, that "they were fashous things them hooks." Lindsey answered, that "they certainly had a singular knack of catching hold of things."

He went through all this without being in the least disconcerted, or showing any impatience; and towards dinner-time, the trouts being abundant, and John having put on a fly that answered the weather, he caught some excellent fish, and might have caught many more had he been diligent; but every trout that he brought ashore took him a long time to contemplate. He surveyed his eye, his mouth, and the structure of his gills with tedious curiosity;

then again laid him down, and fixed his eyes on him in deep and serious meditation.

The next day he needed somewhat less persuasion from his mother to try the same amusement; still it was solely to please her that he went, for about the sport itself he was quite careless. Away he set the second day, and prudently determined to go farther up the water, as he supposed that part to be completely emptied of fish where he had been the day before. He sauntered on in his usual thoughtful and indifferent mood, sometimes throwing in his line without any manner of success. At length, on going over an abrupt ridge, he came to a clear pool where the farmers had lately been washing their flocks, and by the side of it a most interesting female, apparently not exceeding seventeen years of age, gathering the small flakes of wool in her apron that had fallen from the sheep in washing; while, at the same time, a beautiful well-dressed child, about two years old, was playing on the grass. Lindsey was close beside her before any of them were aware, and it is hard to say which of the two were most surprised. She blushed like scarlet, but pretended to gather on, as if wishing he would pass without taking any notice of them; but Lindsey was rivetted to the spot; he had never in his life seen any woman half so beautiful, and at the same time her array accorded with the business in which she was engaged. Her form was the finest symmetry; her dark hair was tucked up behind with a comb, and hung waving in ringlets over her cheeks and brow, "like shadows on the mountain snow;" and there was an elegance in the model of her features, arms, and hands, that the youth believed he had never before seen equalled in any lady, far less a country girl.

"What are you going to do with that wretched stuff, lassie," said Lindsey: "it has been trampled among the clay and sand, and is unfit for any human use."

"It will easily clean again, sir," said she, in a frank and cheerful voice, "and then it will be as good as ever."

"It looks very ill; I am positive it is for no manner of use."

"It is certainly, as you say, not of great value, sir; but if it is of any, I may as well lift it as let it lie and rot here."

"Certainly, there can be no harm in it; only I am sorry to see such a girl at such an employment."

"It is better doing this than nothing," was the reply.

The child now rolled himself over to get his face turned towards them; and, fixing his large blue eyes on Lindsey, looked at him with the utmost seriousness. The latter observing a striking likeness between the girl and the child, had no doubt that she was his sister; and, unwilling to drop the conversation, he added, abruptly enough, "Has your mother sent you to gather that stuff?"

"I have neither father nor mother, sir."

"But one who supplies both their places, I hope. You have a husband, have not you?"

"Not as yet, sir; but there is no time lost."

She blushed; but Lindsey coloured ten times deeper when he cast his eyes on the child. His heart died within him at the thoughts that now obtruded themselves; it was likewise wrung for his imprudence and indelicacy. What was his business whether she was married or not, or how she was connected with the child? She seemed likewise to be put into some confusion at the turn the conversation was taking; and, anxious to bring it to a conclusion as soon as possible, she tucked up the wool in her apron below one arm, and was lifting up the child with the other to go away, when Lindsey stepped forward, saying, "Will not you shake hands with me, my good little fellow, before you go?"

"Ay," said the child, stretching out his little chubby hand; "how d'ye doo, sil?"

Lindsey smiled, shook his hand heartily, and put a crown piece into it.

"Ah, sir, don't give him that," said she, blushing deeply.

"It is only a play-thing that he must keep for my sake."

"Thank you sil," said the child. "Great muckle shilling, mamma."

This last appellation, *mamma*, struck Lindsey motionless;—he had not another word to say;—while the two went away prattling to one another.

"Vely lalge fine-looking shilling, mamma."

"Ay, it is a very bonny shilling, dear," said she, kissing him, and casting a parting look at the petrified fisher.

"Mamma, mamma!" repeated Lindsey to himself an hundred times, trying it with every modulation of his voice. "This is the most extraordinary circumstance I ever witnessed. Now, who in the world can comprehend that thing called woman?—Who would not have sworn that that rural beauty there was the most pure, innocent, and untainted of her sex?—And yet, behold! she has a fine boy running at her side, and calling her *mamma!*—Poor girl, is she not to be pitied?—When one thinks how some tender parent might rejoice over her, anticipating so much better things of her! It is plain she has been very indifferently used by the world—most cruelly used—and is she the less interesting on that account? I wish I knew how to make her some amends."

Thus reasoned our moral fisher with himself, keeping all the while a side-long glance towards her, till he saw her enter a little neat white-washed cottage not far from the side of the stream; there were sundry other houses inhabited by cottagers in the hamlet, and the farm-house stood at the head of the cluster. The ground belonged to Lindsey, and the farmer was a quiet sober man, a widower, with a large family. Lindsey now went up the water a-fishing every day; and though he often hovered a considerable while at the washing-pool, and about the crook opposite to the cot, pretending all the while to be extremely busy fishing, he could never get another sight of the lovely Wool-gatherer, though he desired it above all present earthly things; for, some way or other, he felt that he *pitied* her exceedingly; and though he was not greatly *interested* in her, yet he was very much so in the *child*—he was *certain it was the child* that interested him so much—nevertheless, he was sorry too on account of the mother, for she seemed *very gentle*, and *very amiable*, and must have been abominably used; and therefore he could not help feeling *very sorry for her indeed*, as well as deeply *interested in the child*. On the second and third day that he went up, little George came out paddling to meet him at the water side, on which he always sent him in again with a fish in one hand, and some little present in the other; but after that, he appeared no more, which Lindsey easily perceived to originate in the Wool-gatherer's diffidence and modesty, who could not bear the idea of her little man receiving such gifts.

The same course was continued for many days, and always with the same success, as far as regarded the principal motive, for the trouts were only a secondary one—the beauteous Wool-gatherer was thenceforward invisible. After three weeks' perseverance, it chanced to come on a heavy rain one day when he was but a little way above the farm-house. Robin the farmer, expecting that he would fly into his house until the shower abated, was standing without his own door to receive him; but he kept aloof, passed by, and took shelter in the Wool-gatherer's cottage; though not without some scruples of conscience as to the prudence of the step he was taking. When he went in she was singing a melodious Scottish air, and plying at her wheel. "What a thoughtless creature she must be," said he to himself; "and how little conscious of the state to which she has fallen." He desired her to go on with her song, but she quitted both that and her wheel instantly, set a chair for him, and sitting down on a low form herself, lighted sticks on the fire to warm and dry him, at the same time speaking and looking with the utmost cheerfulness, and behaving with all that ease and respect as if she had been his equal, and an old intimate acquaintance. He had a heart of the greatest integrity, and this was the very manner that delighted him; and indeed he felt that he was delighted in the highest degree by this fair mystery. He would gladly

have learned her story, but durst not hint at such a thing for fear of giving her pain, and he had too much delicacy to inquire after her at any other person, or even to mention her name. He observed that though there was but little furniture in the house, yet it was not in the least degree like any other he had ever seen in such a cottage, and seemed very lately to have occupied a more respectable situation. Little George was munching at a lump of dry bread, making very slow progress. He kept his eyes fixed on his benefactor, but said nothing for a considerable time, till at length he observed him sitting silent as in pleasing contemplation; he then came forward with a bounce upon his knee, and smiled up in his face, as much as to say, "You are not minding little George?"

"Ah, my dear little fellow, are you there? Will you have a muckle shilling of me to-day?"

"Na, na; be vely solly. Mamma quite angly. She scold me."

"Well, but since you have never come to help me to catch the fish for so long a time, I will only give you a very little one to-day."

"Dear sir, if you would not distress me, don't mind him; he is a little impudent fellow.—Go off from the gentleman, George."

George clapped both his hands upon his head, and went back without hesitation, gloomed at his mamma, and took again up his luncheon of dry bread.

"Nay, pardon me," continued Lindsey; "but you must always suffer me to give my little new acquaintance something." So saying, he put a guinea into the child's hand.

"Hank you, sil," said George.—"O no be angy, mamma—only ittle wee halfpenny—ook ye, mamma."

"Oh sir," said she, "you distress me by these presents. I have no need of money, and what can he do with it but throw it away?"

"Nay, nay; pray don't notice it; that is nothing between two friends like George and me."

Lindsey dried himself; talked of indifferent matters, and then took the child on his knee and talked to him. The conversation had as yet been as free and unrestrained as possible, but Lindsey, by a blunder quite natural to a studious and absent man, cut it short at once. "Tell me your name, good lad?" said he to the child. "Let me hear you say your name?"

"George," was the reply.

"But what more than George? Tell me what they call you more than George?"

"Just Geoge, sil. Mamma's Geoge."

"Pray, what is my young friend's surname?" said Lindsey, with the greatest simplicity.

The Wool-gatherer stooped to the floor as if lifting something, in order that she might keep her face out of the light; two or three times an answer seemed trembling on her tongue, but none came. There was a dead silence in the cot, which none had the courage to break. How our unfortunate fisher's heart smote him! He meant only to confer happiness, in place of which he had given unnecessary pain and confusion. The shower was past; he arose abruptly, said, "Goodbye, I will call and see my little George to-morrow," and home he went, more perplexed than ever, and not overmuch pleased with himself. But the thing that astonished him most of all was, the cheerful serenity of her countenance and manners under such grievous misfortunes. He did not know whether to blame or approve of her for this; however, he continued to go up the water for the most part every day, and seldom failed to call at the cot. He meant no ill—he was certain he meant no harm to any one—it was only to *see the child* that he went, and why should any man be ashamed to go and see a child? Very well reasoned, gentle fisher! but beware that this is not the reverse of what you feel within. At all events, it is the world that must judge of your actions and mine, not we ourselves. Scandal is a busy vixen, and none can make fame fly so fast on an errand as she.

Robin, the farmer, was hurt in the tenderest part that day when his laird went by his door, and took shelter in the Wool-gatherer's cot; and, on going in, he mentioned it in such a way, that his old-maiden sister, Meg, took note of it, and circulated it among the men-servants, with strong injunctions of secrecy. The continuation of his visits confirmed their worst suspicions; it was now no longer a matter of doubt with them what was going on, but an obvious certainty. The shameful and sudden attachment was blabbed from tongue to tongue, until every ear in the parish had drunk the delicious draught, save those of the parties implicated, and the old lady, the original cause of all. When he was seen go into the cot, an event that was strictly watched, the lasses would smile to each other,—the ploughmen broke jests upon it,—and Meg would hold up both her hands and say,—"Hech wow, sirs! I wonder what our young gentles will turn to by an' by. It winna be lang till marriage be out o' the fashion a' thegither, an' the fock that pretend to be Christians a' living through other like the wild Tartarers."

Little wist the old lady of what was going on! She dreamed not once of a beautiful stranger among the cottagers at Todburn (the name of Robin's farm), that was working such deray, else woe would have been to her and all concerned; for there was nothing short of the sin not to be forgiven, that she dreaded so much as her son forming any attachment or connexion with the country maidens. She had been congratulating herself mightily on the success of her expedient, in making him take such delight in a manly and healthful exercise, and one which led him insensibly to be acquainted with his people, and every part of his estate. She had even been boasting aloud of it to every one with whom she conversed; indeed her conversation with others was mostly about her son, for he being her only surviving child, she loved him with her whole heart, and her cares were all for him.

It happened one day that a little pert girl had come down from one of the cottages at Todburn to buy some milk, which the lady supplied to them from her dairy, and while skimming and measuring it, she fell into conversation with this little sly and provoking imp.

"Did you see my son fishing in the water as you came down?"

"Na, na, mim; he was safe landit or I came away. He was fishing wi' Hoy's net."

"Safe landit? Fishing wi' Hoy's net?—How do you mean?"

"He was gane in to take a rest, mim,—that's a'."

"Oh, that was a'—was it? I'm glad to hear o' that. I never knew he had called upon his tenants, or looked after them at all!"

"I trow he disna look muckle after them, mim. He's keener o' lookin' after something else."

"Oh ay, the trouts! To be sure they hae almaist gane between him an' his wits for some time; but he'll aye be seeing something o' his land, an' something o' his fock. It was I that persuaded him to it. There are some lucky hits in life."

"Ay, an' some lucky misses too, mim, that some think he likes as weel."

"He's sae tender-hearted, I believe he may be as happy oft to miss the fish as to hit them; but that will soon wear away, as I tell him. He's tender-hearted to a fault."

"An' there's mae tender-heartit nor him. There's some other kind o' misses forbye trouts up the water."

"What is it you say?"

"I'll say nae mair about it—ane may very easily speak muckle nonsense."

"Didna ye say that my son was gane into Robin's house afore ye came away?"

"I never said sic a word, begging you pardon, mim. He wadna gang into Robin's, though it war raining auld wives and Jeddart staves."

"What house has he gone into then?"

"Into Jeany's, mim."

"Jeany's! What Jeany?"

"I dinna ken what they ca' her mair than Jeany. Little George's mother, ye ken, that lives at the head o' the Washing-green."

"Jeany!—Little George's mother!—That lives at the head o' the Washing-green! Wha is she? Where comes she frae? Has she a husband?"

"Na, na, mim—nae husband."

The lady breathed as short as if in the heat of a fever—hasted out to the air, and then returned with equal haste into the house, without being able to accomplish anything, for her hands trembled like the aspen leaf; and, finally, after ordering the girl to send Robin down to her immediately, she took to her bed, and lay brooding over the great calamity of her son's shameful attachment. These low-bred women were her bane; especially if they were beautiful, she loathed, she hated, and, if she could, would have cleared the country of them. This, therefore, was a great trial; and before Robin arrived, she had made out to herself a picture of as many disagreeable objects as ever a distempered imagination conceived. Instead of a genteel respected wife, the head of a lovely family, a disgraceful connexion, and an illegitimate offspring! Ills followed on ills, a dreadful train! She could think of nothing else, and the more she thought of it the worse did the consequences appear. Before her messenger *reached* Robin, she had regularly determined on the young woman's dismissal from the estate, and, if possible, from the district.

We will pass over a long conversation that took place between the old dame and Robin. It was maintained with great bitterness on the one hand and servility on the other; but the final resolution was, that Jane should be ordered to depart from Todburn that night, or early the next morning; and if she refused, Robin was to bribe her to a compliance with any moderate sum of money, rather than that she should be suffered to remain longer; for the lady sagely observed, she might corrupt and lead astray all the young men in the country side, and would likely, at the long run, cost the parish more than if it were to maintain a company of soldiers. Last of all, it was decreed that their proceedings should be kept a profound secret from Lindsey.

Robin went home; and waiting upon Jane, told her abruptly to prepare for her immediate departure from the house that she occupied, for that she could not be longer there; and that he would be answerable for her furniture until she sent for it, or otherwise disposed of it; that she needed not to ask any questions as to his motives, for that he was obliged to do as he did, and the thing was decided that she was not to remain longer there.

She answered not a word; but, with the tears in her eyes, and many a half-smothered sob, she packed up a small bundle of clothes, and, taking that below her arm, and little George on her back, she went away, having first locked the door and given the key to the farmer. "Farewell, Robin," said she; "you are turning two very helpless and friendless creatures out to the open fields; but think you, you may not rue this on a day when you cannot help it?"

Robin was affected, but he was obliged to do as he was desired, and therefore made no defence, but said simply, "Farewell! Farewell!—God help thee, poor thing!"—He then kept an eye on her, that she might not communicate with any of the rest until she was fairly across the end of the Todburn-Law, and he was agreeably surprised at seeing her take that direction.

As soon as she got out of sight of her late dwelling, she sought a retired spot by the side of a clear mountain rivulet, where she sat down and gave free vent to her tears. "My poor child," said she, clasping little George to her breast, "what is now to become of us, and where will our sorrows terminate? Here we are turned out on the wide world, and have neither house nor home to cover our heads; we have no bed now, George, but the cold earth, and no covering but that sky that you see over us."

"O no geet, mamma—no geet; Geoge vely wae," said the child, clasping

her neck in return, and sobbing aloud ; "no geet, else Geoge tun bad child, and geet too."

"No, for your sake, my dear, I will not greet ; therefore cheer up thy little kind heart, for there is One who will provide for us still, and will not suffer two helpless inexperienced beings like you and I to perish."

"Geoge like 'at man."

"It is no man that we must now depend on, my dear ; we must depend on God, who will never forsake us."

"Geoge like God."

Here she kissed him and wept anew, yet was all the while trying to console him. "Let us be of good cheer, George ; while I have health I will work for you, for you have no one else on earth that cares for you."

"But no geet, mamma, I tell you ; George wulk too. When George tuln geat big man, Geoge wulk mole 'an two mans."

Here their tender prattle was interrupted by a youth named Barnaby, who was close at their side before they observed him. He was one of Robin's servants, who herded a few young sheep at the back of the hill where Jane was sitting. He was fifteen years of age, tall and thin, but had fine features somewhat pitted with the small-pox. He had an inexhaustible fund of good humour and drollery, and playing the fool among the rest of the servants to keep them laughing was his chiefest delight ; but his folly was all affected, and the better part of his character lay concealed behind the screen of a fantastic exterior. He never mended his clothes like the rest of the servant lads, but suffered them to fall into as many holes as they inclined ; when any expostulated with him on the subject, he said, "he likit them nae the waur o' twa or three holes to let in the air;" and, in truth, he was as ragged a youth as one would see in a summer day. His hat was remarkably broad-brimmed and supple, and hung so far over his eyes, that, when he looked any person in the face, he had to take the same position as if looking at a vertical star. This induced him often, when he wanted to see fairly about him, to fold in the fore part of the brim within the crown, which gave it the appearance of half a hat, and in this way was he equipped when he joined Jane and little George. They had been intimately acquainted from the first; he had done many little kind offices for her, and had the sagacity to discover that there was something about her greatly superior to the other girls about the hamlet; and he had never used the same freedom with her in his frolics that he was wont to do with them.

"What ails you, Jeany?" said he; "I thought I heard you greeting."

"No, no, Barnaby; I do not ail any thing; I was not crying."

"Why, woman, you're *crying* yet, as you call it; tell me what ails you, and whar ye're gaun this wild gate?"

"I'm going to leave you, Barnaby. I am going far from this."

"I fear ye're gaun awa frae us a'thegither. Hae ye been obliged to leave your ain wee house for want o' meat?"

"I had plenty of meat; but your master has turned me out of my cot at an hour's warning; he would not even suffer me to remain overnight, and I know of no place to which I can go."

"O, deil be i' the auld hard-heartit loon ! Heard ever ony body the like o' that?—What ailed him at ye? Hae ye done ony thing, Jeany, or said ony thing wrang?"

"It is that which distresses me. I have not been given to know my offence. and I can form no conjecture of it."

"If I had a hame, Jeany, ye should hae a share o't. I dinna ken o' ane I wad make mair welcome, even though I should seek a bed for mysel. War ye at my father's cottage, I could insure ye a month's good hamely lodging, but it is far away, an' a wild road till't. I hae indeed an auld aunt about twa miles frae this, but she's no muckle to lippen to, unless it come frae her ain side o' the house; and then she's a hinny and joe. If ye like I'll gang that length with ye, an' try if she'll put ye up a while till we see how matters turn."

Jane was now so much confused in her mind, that, not being able to form any better measure for the present, she arose and followed her ragged conductor, and they arrived at his aunt's house before sunset.

"My dear aunt," said Barnaby, "here is a very good an' a very helpless lassie turned away frae her hame this same day, and has nae place to gang to; if ye'll be sae good, an' sae kind, as to let her stay a while wi' you, I will do ten times as muckle for you again some ither day."

"My faith, stirra!" said she, setting up a face like a firebrand, and putting her arms a-kimbo—"My faith, man, but ye're soon begun to a braw trade!—How can ye hae the assurance, ye brazen-faced rascal, to come running to me wi' a hizzy an' bairn at your tail, an' desire me to keep them for ye? I'll sooner see you an' her, an' that little limb, a' hung up by the links o' the neck, than ony o' ye sal crook a hough or break bread wi' me."

"There's for't now! There's for't! When the deil gets in, the fire maun flee out!—But, aunt, I ken the first word's aye the warst wi' ye; ye're never sae ill as ye say. Think like a Christian. How wad ye hae likit, when ye war as young, to hae been turned out to the open hills wi' a bairn in your arms?"

"Hear to the tatterdemallion!—Christian! Bairn i' *my* arms!—ye impudent, hempy-looking tike that ye are! Pack out o' my house, I say, or I'll gar the bluid blind your een—ay, an' your bit toastit pie to! Gang after your braw gallaunt, wi' your oxterfu' ket!—A bonny pair, troth!—A light head makes a heavy fit?"

Barnaby retired with his back foremost, facing up to his aunt all the way till fairly in the open fields, for fear of actual violence; but the epithets he bestowed on her there in the bitterness of his heart cannot here be set down. Jane trembled, yet was obliged to smile at his extravagance, for it had no bounds; while his aunt stood in her door, exulting and calling after him every thing that she could construe to mortify and provoke him. Tears for a space choked his utterance; at length he forced out the following sentence in volleys.

"Wae—wae be to the—the auld randy witch!—Had I but the—owrance o' the land for ae day—I—I should gar some look about them. My Master an' she hae this wark to answer for yet; they'll get their dichens for't some day—that's ae comfort! Come away, Jeany—they'll squeal for this—let them tak it!—Come away, Jeany."

"Where would you have me to go now, Barnaby?"

"Out-by aff that auld witch at ony rate! I'll hae ye put up though I should travel a hunder mile."

"Let me beseech you to return to your flock, and trouble yourself no farther about my infant and me. Heaven will take care of us."

"It disna look very like it just now. I dinna arguy that it is wrang to trust in Heaven—only gin we dinna use the means, Heaven's no obliged to work miracles for us. It is hard upon the gloamin', an' there is not another house near us; if we sit down and trust, ye'll hae to sleep in the fields, an' then baith you an' that dear bairn may get what ye will never cast. Let us make a wee exertion the night, and I hae resolved what ye shall do to-morrow."

"And what shall I do to-morrow, Barnaby?"

"Go with me to my parents; they hae nae doughter o' their ain, an' my mither will be muckle the better o' your help, an' they will baith be very glad to see you, Jeany. Gudeness be thankit! the warld's no just a' alike. I' the mean time my pickle gimmers dinna need muckle at my hand just now, sae I'll gae an' ax my master for a day to see my fock, and gang fit for fit wi ye the morn."

She fixed her humid eyes on him in pleasing astonishment; she had never before witnessed such earnest and disinterested benevolence; the proposal was made in such a way that she could not refuse it, else she saw that she would give a kind and feeling heart pain. "I have a great mind to make trial of your expedient, good Barnaby," said she; all parts of the country are now alike to me; I must go somewhere; and as it is but a hard day's journey, I will go and see the parents of so good a lad."

"Now that's spoken like yoursel, an' I'm glad to hear ye say't—But what's to come o' ye the night?"

"I have some victuals with me, and I can lie in the fields this pleasant night; it is a good one to begin with, for who knows what's before one?"

"I canna think o' that ava. If ye war to lay that bonny red cheek on the cauld dew, an' the wind blawin' i' little George's face, there wad some sleep nane the night; but there is a little snug sheep-house in our Hope, a wee bit frae this; let us gang there, an' I will take little George in my bosom, an' hap *you* wi' my plaid.—O, but I forgot—that will never do," continued he, in a melancholy tone, and looking at his ragged doublet and riven clothes. Away, however, to the sheep-cot they went, where they found plenty of old hay, and Jane instantly proposed that he should go home and leave them alone, get leave of his master, and join them next morning.

"But I dinna ken about it," said Barnaby, hanging his head and looking serious; "that linn's an unco uncanny place for bogles; an' by this time o' night they'll be keeking ower the black haggs o' the Cairny Moss to see what's gaun on. If ony o' them war to come on ye here, they might terrify you out o' your wits, or carry ye baith aff, lith and limb—Is the callant baptized?"

Jane answered in the affirmative, smiling; and farther assured him, that he needed to be under no apprehensions on account of spirits, for she was perfectly at ease on that score, having a good assurance that no spirit had power over her.

"Ay, ye are maybe a gospel minister's bairn, or an auld Cameronian; that is, I mean, come o' the saints and martyrs—they had unco power—I hae heard o' some o' them that fought the deil, hand to fist, for an hour and forty minutes, and dang him at the last—yethered him and yerked him till he couldna mou' another curse. But these times are gane! yet it's no sae lang sin' auld Macmillan (ye hae heard o' auld Macmillan?) was coming through that linn i' the derk wi' twa o' his elders, an' they spak o' the bogle, but Macmillan jeered at it; an' when they came to the tap o' yon steep brae they stoppit to take their breath, and there they heard a loud nichering voice come out o' the how o' the linn, an' it cried,

"Ha, ha, Macky! had ye been your láne,
Ye should never hae crackit through either wood or water again."

"Say ye sae, fause loon," quo' the auld hardy veteran; "than be at your speed, for I'll gang through that wood my lane in spite o' your teeth, an' a' hell at your back."

An' what does the carl do, but leaves his twa elders yonder, standin glowrin i' the howe night, an' trodges his way back through the linn to the very farrest side o't—said the hunder-an'-ninth psalm against him, an' came back wi' never a turned hair on his head. But yet for a' that, Jeany, dinna lippen ower muckle to bygane things; there have been fairy raids i' the Hope, an' mony ane ill fleyed. I could tell ye sic a story of a wicked laird here!"

Jane entreated him not to tell it that night, but amuse them with it to-morrow as they journeyed. He was passive—left them his plaid—went home and got leave of absence from his master for two days, but hinted nothing of what had passed in the Hope. He was again back at the sheep-house by the time the sun rose; and, early as it was, he found Jane walking without, while little George was sleeping soundly on the hay, wrapped in the plaid. She said she had got a sound and short sleep, but awakening at dawn she had stepped out to taste the fresh mountain air, and see the sun rise. When they lifted the child he was somewhat fretful—a thing not customary with him; but he was soon pacified, and they proceeded without delay on their journey.

Until once they had cleared the boundaries of the farm of Todburn, Barnaby was silent, and looked always around with a jealous eye, as if dreading a surprise. When his fellow traveller asked the reasons of his anxiety, he remained silent; but as soon as they got fairly into the next glen he became

as gay and talkative as ever. She deemed it to be some superstitious dread that discomposed him, but was left to guess the cause.

"Jeany," said he, "you said you had a short and sound sleep last night—so had I. Pray, did you dream ony?"

"Not that I remember of; but I put no faith in dreams."

"Weel, how different fock's bodies, or their souls, or something about them maun be frae ane anither! For I'm come this length in the warld, an' I never yet dreamed a regular dream, in a sound sleep, that I didna get as plainly read to me as the A, B, C. I had a strange dream last night, Jeany, an' it was about you. I am sure I'll live to see it fulfilled; but what it means even now, I canna in the least comprehend."

"Well, Barnaby, suppose you give us it. I have read the Book of Knowledge, and may lend you a hand at the interpretation."

"I thought I saw ye lying in a lonesome place, an' no ane in the wide world to help or heed ye, till there was a poor bit black mootit-like corby came down frae the hills an' fed ye. I saw it feeding ye, an' I thought ye war as contentit, an' as bonny, an' as happy as ever. But ere ever I wist, down comes there a great majestic eagle some gate frae about the e'e-bree o' the heavens, an' cleeks ye away up to the lowne bieldy side o' a sunny hill, where ye had a' braw things. An' I dinna ken how it was, I thought ye war a she eagle sitting among your young, an' I thought aye ye war a woman too, an' I coudna separate the tane frae the tither; but the poor bit plottit forefoughen corby gaed alang wi' ye, an' ye war kind to him, an' fed him in your turn, an' I saw him hoppin, an' pickin, an' dabbin round about ye, as happy as ever I saw a beast, an' the eagle didna chase him away, but was kind to him; but somehow, or I wakened, I thought it was the confusedest thing I ever saw. Na, ye needna laugh nor smile, for we'll baith live to see it read."

"Believe me, Barnaby, it will never be apparent; you may force circumstances to agree with it, but these will not be obvious ones."

"It's needless for me to arguy wi' you unless I can bring things hame to your ain conscience; but can ye say that ye never got a dream read?"

"Never that I noted; for I never thought of them."

"Or, for instance, have ye never, when you saw a thing for the first time, had a distinct recollection of having seen it sometime afore?"

"Never."

"How wonderfu'! I have done so a thousand an' a thousand times. I have remembered of having seen exactly the same scene, the same faces, the same looks, and heard the same words, though I knew all the while that I never had seen them in reality; and that I could only have seen them in some former vision, forgotten, or perhaps never remembered."

She now saw clearly that dreams, visions, and apparitions, were Barnaby's region of existence—His very thoughts and language seemed elevated whenever he entered on the subject; and it being a trait in the shepherd's character that she had never thought of before, she resolved to encourage it, and asked for a single instance of that strange foresight alluded to.

"You'll surely acknowledge," said Barnaby, "that it is impossible I could ever have come up that strait swire before with a bairn on my back, an' a young woman gaun beside me exactly like you; an' that while in that condition, I should have met wi' a bull an' a cow coming out o' the path by themsels, an' thought o' yon craig for a shelter to the bairn that I was carrying; yet when that happened about an hour ago, I remembered so distinctly of having gone through it some time long before, that I knew every step that would next be taken, and every word that would next be said. It made me very thoughtful; but I can remember nothing of where or when I dreamed it, or what was the issue.

"There was another instance that I'll never forget. The winter afore last, I gaed out wi' my father in the morning to help him to gather the sheep; for the rime had sitten down, an' the clouds war creepin, and we kend the drift wad be on. Weel, away we sets, but a' the hills were wrappit i' the clouds o'

rime as they had been rowed in a fleece o' frosty-woo, an' we couldna see a stime; we were little better than fock gaun *graiping* for sheep; an' about twal o'clock (I mind it weel,) just when I was in the very straitest and steepest part o' the Shielbrae-Hope, the wind gae a swirl, an' I lookit up an' saw the cloud screwing up to heaven—the brow o' the hill cleared, an' I saw like a man cringing and hanging ower the point o' the rock, an' there was seven white ewes an' a black ane gaun bleetin in a raw yont aneath him. That was a'; but the sight struck me motionless. I mindit that I had seen the very thing afore; the very clouds—the very rocks—an' the man standing courin' and keekin' ower, wi' the white rime hingin' about his lugs like feathers; an' I mindit that it ended ill—it endit awsomely!—for I thought it endit in death. I could speak nae mair a' that day; for I expectit that either my father or I wad never gang hame living. He aften said to me, 'What ails ye callant? Are ye weel eneugh? Od, ye're gane stupid.' We saved some sheep, an' lost some, like mony ane, for it was a dreadfu' afternoon; however, we wan baith safe hame. But that night, afore we gaed to bed, our neighbour, auld Robin Armstrong, was brought into our house a corp. Our fock had amaist gane out o' their judgment; but the very features, the white rime frozen about the cauld stiff een, and the ice-shogles hangin' at the grey hair, war nae new sight to me: I had seen them a' before, I kendna when. Ah, Jeany! never tell me that we haena some communication wi' intelligences, far ayont our capacity to comprehend."

The seriousness of Barnaby's manner made it evident to his fellow traveller that he believed in the reality of every word he had said; there was an inconceivable sublimity in the whole idea, and she fancied herself going to reside, perhaps for a season, in the regions of imagination and romance, and she asked him if his father and mother had faith in dreams an' apparitions?

"Aye, that they hae," answered he; "ye had need to take care how ye dispute the existence of fairies, brownies, and apparitions there; ye may as weel dispute the gospel o' Sant Matthew. We dinna believe in a' the gomral fantastic bogles an' spirits that fley light-headed fock up an' down the country, but we believe in a' the apparitions that warn o' death, that save life, an' that discover guilt. I'll tell ye what we believe, ye see.

"The deil an' his adgents, they fash nane but the gude fock; the Cameronians, an' the prayin' ministers, an' sic like. Then the bogles, they are a better kind o' spirits, they meddle wi' nane but the guilty; the murderer, an' the mansworn, an' the cheater o' the widow an' fatherless, they do for *them*. Then the fairies, they're very harmless; they're keener o' fun an' frolic than aught else; but if fock neglect kirk ordinances, they see after *them*. Then the brownie, he's a kind o' half-spirit half-man; he'll drudge an' do a' the wark about the town for his meat, but then he'll no work but when he likes for a' the king's dominions. That's precisely what we a' believe here awa', auld an' young; an' I'll tell ye twa or three stories that we a' ken to be true, an' which I wadna misbelieve for a' that I'm worth.

"Sandy Shiel, the herd o' the Birky-Cleuch, was standing afore his sheep ae fine day in winter. The snaw had been drifted ower the brae-head to the size of another hill, but it was blawn bare aneath; an' there was Sandy standin' i' the sun afore his sheep whistling an' singing, and knitting a stocking. Ere ever he wist there comes a broken leggit hare by his very foot—Every Scotsman's keen of a hunt—Sandy flings the plaid frae him, an' after the hare what he can streik, hallooing, and crying on his dog to kep. As he gaed o'er the brow he was close upon her, an' had up his stick just to knock her dead—Tut! the hare vanished in a moment! Sandy jumpit round about an' round about—'What the devil's come o' my hare now? Is she santit? or yirdit? or flown awa'?'—Sandy lookit up into the air, but she wasna to be seen there neither. She was gane, an' for ever! Sandy was amaist swarf'd, the cauld sweat brak on him, an' he clew his head. 'Now, gude faith, I hae seen muckle,' quo' Sandy, 'but the like o' that I saw never.'

Sandy trodged back, wantin' his hare, to lift his plaid. But what think ye? The hale volume o' snaw on the hill aboon had shot away and buried the plaid fifty feet deep; it was nae mair seen till the month o' May. Sandy kneeled down amang the snaw and thankit his Maker; he saw brawly what the hare had been.

"I'll tell you another that I like still better. The shepherd's house at Glen-Tress, in Tweeddale, had aince been a farm-steading, but it was at the time this happened inhabited by an honest respectable shepherd, his wife and six children. One evening after the sun had set, the eldest girl came running in, crying, 'Bless me, sirs, come here—Here is the grandest lady coming to the house that ever was seen in the world.' They all ran to the door, young and old, and they every one saw her coming at the distance of only about twenty paces—She was never more seen! But that very moment the house fell in, gable and all, with a dreadful crash; and thus a worthy family was saved from momentary destruction. Ah! I wadna hae given that man's feelings of gratitude that night toward his Maker and Preserver, for a' the dogmas of a thousand cauld-heartit philosophers!"

"Nor would I," said Jane; and they walked on in deep silence.

Barnaby always carried the child one half of the way as nearly as they could agree, but after carrying him often two miles, he would contend that it was but one; they got plenty of bread and milk at the farm-houses and cottages as they passed, for there was no house of accommodation near the whole of their track. One time, after they had refreshed and rested themselves, Jane reminded her conductor that he had promised the evening before to entertain her on their journey with the story of the profligate laird.

"That's an awfu' story," said Barnaby, but it is soon tauld. It was the Laird o' Ettrickhaw; he that biggit his house amang the widow's corn, and never had a day to do weel in it. It isna yet a full age sin' the foundation-stane was laid, an' for a' the grandeur that was about it, there's nae man at this day can tell where the foundation has been, if he didna ken afore. He was married to a very proud precise lady, come o' high kin, but they greed aye weel enough till bonny Molly Grieve came to the house to serve. Molly was as light-hearted as a kid, an' as blithe as a laverock, but she soon altered. She first grew serious, then sad, an unco pale at times: an' they whiles came on her greeting by hersel. It was ower weel seen how matters stood, an' there was nae mair peace about the house. At length it was spread ower a' the parish that the lady had gotten Molly a fine genteel service in Edinburgh, an' up comes hurkle-backit Charley Johnston, the laird's auld companion in wickedness, wi' a saddle an' a pad to take her away. When they set her on ahint him, Molly shook hands wi' a' the servants, but couldna speak, for she little kend when she would see them again. But, instead o' taking her away i' the fair daylight, i' the ee o' God an' man, he took her away just when the lave war gaun to their beds: an' instaed o' gaeing the road to Edinburgh, they were seen riding ower the Cacra-cross at twal o'clock at night. Bonny Molly Grieve was never seen again, nor heard of mair in this world! But there war some banes found about the Alemoor Loch that the doctors said had belanged to a woman. There was some yellow hair, too, on the scull, that was unco like Molly's, but naebody could say.

"Then there was a fine strapping lass came in her place, a farmer's daughter, that had mony a lad running after her, but it wasna a year and a half till a service was to provide in Edinburgh for her too. Up came hurkle-backit Charley to take her away, but no gin they should a' hae sutten down on their knees wad she gae wi' him; she grat an' pray'd, an' they fleeched an' flait; but she stayed in the parish in spite o' their teeth, an' shamed them a'. She had a son, but Charley got him to take to the nursing, far away some gate, an' there was naebody ony mair fashed wi' him.

"It wad be endless to tell ye ower a' their wickedness, for it can hardly be believed. Charley had mony sic job to do, baith at hame and at a distance.

They grew baith odious in the country, for they turned aye the langer the waur, and took less pains to hide it; till ae night that the laird was walking at the back o' his garden, in the moonlight. It was thought that he was waiting for a woman he had some tryste with, but that was conjecture, for he never said sae. At length he saw ane coming towards him, and hasted to meet her, but just as he approached, she held up her hand at him, as it war to check him, or make him note who she was; and when he lookit in her face, and saw what it was like, he uttered a loud cry, and fell senseless on the ground. Some fock heard the noise, and ran to the place, and fand him lying streekit in a deep dry seuch at the back of the garden. They carried him in, and he soon came to himself; but after that he was never like the same man, but rather like ane dementit. He durst never mair sleep by himsel while he lived: but that wasna lang, for he took to drinking, and drank, and swore, and blasphemed, and said dreadfu' things that folk didna understand. At length, he drank sae muckle ae night out o' desperation, that the blue lowe came burning out at his mouth, and he died on his ain hearth-stane, at a time o' life when he should scarcely have been at his prime.

"But it wasna sae wi' Charley! He wore out a lang and hardened life; and, at the last, when death came, he couldna die. For a day and two nights they watched him, thinking every moment would be the last, but always a few minutes after the breath had left his lips, the feeble cries of infants arose from behind the bed, and wakened him up again. The family were horrified; but his sons and daughters were men and women, and for their ain sakes they durstna let ane come to hear his confessions. At last, on the third day, at two in the morning, he died clean away. They watched an hour in great dread, and then streekit him, and put the dead-claes on him, but they hadna weel done before there were cries, as if a woman had been drowning, came from behind the bed, and the voice cried, 'O, Charlie, spare my life!—Spare my life! For your own soul's sake and mine, spare my life!' On which the corpse again sat up in the bed, pawled wi' its hands, and stared round wi' its dead face. The family could stand it nae langer, but fled the house, and rade and ran for ministers, but before any of them got there, Charley was gane. They sought a' the house and in behind the bed, and could find naething; but that same day he was found about a mile frae his ain house, up in the howe o' the Baileylee-linn, a' torn limb frae limb, an' the dead-claes beside him. There war twa corbies seen flying o'er the muir that day, carrying something atween them, an' fock suspectit it was Charley's soul, for it was heard makin' a loud maen as they flew o'er Alemoor. At the same time it was reportit, that there was to be seen every morning at two o'clock, a naked woman torfelling on the Alemoor loch, wi' her hands tied behind her back, and a heavy stane at her neck. It's an awsome story. I never dare tell it but in the middle o' the day, and even then it gars a' my flesh creep; but the hale country has heard it, and God only kens whether it be true or no. It has been a warning to mony ane."

Our fair wanderer asked for no more ghost stories. The last had sufficed her,—it having been even more shocking than the former ones were delightful; so they travelled on, conversing about common or casual events, save that she gave him a short sketch of her history, whereof to inform his parents, with strong injunctions of secrecy. They came in view of his father's cottage before sunset. It was situated in the very wildest and most romantic glen in the shire of Peebles, at the confluence of two rough but clear mountain streams, that ran one on each side of the house and *kailyard*, and mingled their waters immediately below these. The valley was level, green, and beautiful, but the hills on each side, high, steep, and romantic; and while they cast their long black shadows aslant the glen, the beams of the sun were shed over these like streamers in the middle air. It was a scene of tranquillity and repose, if not indeed the abode of the genii and fairies. Jane's heart danced within her when her eye turned to the varied scenery of the mountains, but again sunk when it fell on the cottage at which she was going to

seek a retreat. She dreaded her reception, knowing how equivocal her appearance there must be; but she longed and thirsted for such a retreat, and as she was not destitute of money, she determined to proffer more for her board than she could well afford to pay, rather than be refused. Barnaby also spoke less as they advanced up the glen, and seemed struggling with a kind of dryness about his tongue which would not suffer him to pronounce the words aright. Two fine shaggy healthy-looking collies came barking down the glen to meet them, and at a timid distance behind them, a half grown puppy, making more noise than them both. He was at one time coming brattling forward, and barking fiercely, as if going to attack them, and at another, running yelping away from them with his tail between his legs. Little George laughed as he had been tickled at him. When the dogs came near, and saw that it was their old fire-side acquaintance and friend, they coured at his feet, and whimpered for joy; they even licked his fair companion's hand, and capered around her, as if glad to see any friend of Barnaby's. The whelp, perceiving that matters were amicably made up, likewise ventured near; and though he had never seen any of them before, claimed acquaintance with all, and was so kind and officious that he wist not what to do; but at last he fell on the expedient of bearing up the corner of Jane's mantle in his mouth, which he did all the way to the house.—George was perfectly delighted.

"I think," said Jane, "the kindness of these creatures betokens a hearty welcome within!"

"Ay, that it does," answered Barnaby; "a dog that is brought up with a man in a wild place, is always of the very same disposition with himself."

Strangers seldom approached that sequestered spot—passengers never. They observed, while yet at a good distance, Barnaby's mother standing amid her burly boys at the end of the cottage, watching their approach, and they heard her calling distinctly to her husband, "Aigh! Geordie, yon's our ain Barny, I ken by auld Help's motions; but wha she is that he's bringing wi' him, is ayont my comprehension."

She hurried away in to put her fire-side in some order, and nought was then to be seen but two or three bare-headed boys, with their hair the colour of peat ashes, setting their heads always now and then by the corner of the house, and vanishing again in a twinkling. The old shepherd was sitting on his divot-seat, without the door, mending a shoe. Barnaby stole up to him. "How are ye the night, father?"

"No that ill, Barny lad—is that you? How are ye yoursel?" said a decent-looking middle-aged man, scratching his head at the same time with the awl, and fixing his eyes, not on his son, but the companion that he had brought with him. When he saw her so young, so beautiful, and the child in her arms, the inquiring look that he cast on his son was unutterable. Silence reigned for the space of a minute. Barnaby made holes in the ground with his staff—the old shepherd began again to sew his shoe, and little George prattled to his mamma, "It's a very good bonny halp, mamma; Geoge nevel saw sic a good halp."

"An' how hae ye been sin' we saw ye, Barny?"

"Gaylys!"

"I think ye hae brought twa young strangers wi' ye?"

"I wat have I."

"Whar fell ye in wi' them?"

"I want to speak a word to you, father."

The old shepherd flung down his work, and followed his son round the corner of the house. It was not two minutes till he came back. Jane had sat down on the sod-seat.

"This is a pleasant evening," said he addressing her.

"It is a very sweet evening," was the reply.

"Ye'll be weary; ye had better *gang in* an' rest ye."

She thanked him, and was preparing to go.

"It's a muckle matter," continued he, "when fock can depend on their ain. My Barny never deceived me a' his life, an' you are as welcome here as heart can mak ye. The flower in May is nae welcomer than ye are to this bit shieling, and your share of a' that's in it. Come your ways in, my bonny woman, an' think nae shame. Ye shall never be lookit on as either a beggar or borrower here, but just ane o' oursels." So saying he took her hand in both his, and led her into the house.

"Wife, here's a young stranger our son has brought to bide a while wi' ye; mak her welcome i' the mean time, and ye'll be better acquainted by and by."

"In troth I sal e'en do sae. Come awa in by to the muckle chair—Whar is he himsel, the muckle duddy feltered gouk?"

"Ah, he's coming, poor fellow—he's takin a tune to himsel at the house-end—there's a shower i' the heads wi' Barny—his heart can stand naething—it is as saft as a snaw-ba', an' far mair easily thawed, but it's aye in the right place for a' that."

It was a happy evening; the conversation was interesting, and kept up till a late hour; and when the old couple learned from Jane of the benevolent and disinterested part that their son had acted, their eyes glowed with delight, and their hearts waxed kinder and kinder. Before they retired to rest, the old shepherd performed family worship, with a glow of devotional warmth which Jane had never before witnessed in man. The psalm that he sung, the portion of Scripture that he read, and the prayer that he addressed to the throne of grace, savoured all of charity and benevolence to our fellow creatures. The whole economy of the family was of that simple and primitive cast, that the dwellers in a large city never dream of as existing. There was to be seen contentment without affluence or ambition, benevolence without ostentation, and piety without hypocrisy; but at the same time such a mixture of gaiety, good sense, and superstitious ideas, blent together in the same minds, as was altogether inscrutable. It was a new state of existence to our fair stranger, and she resolved with avidity to improve it to the best advantage.

But we must now leave her in her new habitation, and return with Barnaby to the families of Earlhall and Todburn. Lindsey went up the water every day fishing as he had done formerly, but was astonished at observing from day to day, that his fair Wool-gatherer's cottage was locked, and no smoke issuing from it. At first he imagined that she might have gone on a visit, but at length began to suspect that some alteration had taken place in her circumstances; and the anxiety that he felt to have some intelligence, whether that change was favourable or the reverse, was such that he himself wondered at it. He could not account for it even to his own mind. It was certainly *the child* that so much interested him, else he *could not* account for it. Lindsey might easily have solved the difficulty had he acquiesced freely in the sentiments of his own heart, and acknowledged to himself that he was in love. But no!—all his reasoning, as he threw the line across the stream and brought it back again, went to disprove that. "That I can be in love with the girl is out of the question—there is no danger of such an event; for, in the first place, I would not wrong her, or abuse her affections, for the whole world; and in the next, I have a certain rank and estimation to uphold in society. I am a proprietor to a large extent—a freeholder of the county—come of a good family, at least by the father's side, and that I should fall in love with and marry a poor Wool-gatherer, with a"——! He was going to pronounce a word, but it stuck, not in his throat, but in the very utmost perceptible avenues that lead to the heart. "It is a very fine child, however,—I wish I had him under my protection, then his mother might come and see him; but I care not for that, provided I had the child. I'll have that child, and for that purpose I will inquire after the mother directly."

He went boldly up to the cot, and peeped in at the little window. The hearth was cold, and the furniture neatly arranged. He examined the door,

but the step and threshold had not been swept as they wont for many days, and the green grass was beginning to peep up around them. "There is something extremely melancholy in this!" said he to himself. "I could not endure the veriest wretch on my estate to be thus lost, without at least inquiring after him."

He turned his eyes to the other cottages, and to the farm-house, but lacked the courage to go boldly up to any of them, and ask after the object of his thoughts. He returned to the fishing, but caught no fish, or if he did it was against his will.

On Barnaby's return he made some sly inquiries about the causes that induced to Jane's removal without effect, the farmer had kept all so snug. But haverel Meg, (as they called her for a nick-name,) his sister, knew, and though she was an excellent keeper of secrets among her own sex, yet she could not help blabbing them sometimes to the young fellows, which her brother always accounted a very ridiculous propensity;—whether or not it is a natural one among old maids, the relater of this tale does not pretend to decide; he is induced to think it is, but is not dogmatic on that side, not having bestowed due consideration on the subject.

One day, when Barnaby came home to his breakfast rather later than usual, and while he was sitting hewing away at a good stiff bicker of paritch, mixed with butter-milk, his excellent dog Nimrod all the time sitting with his head leaned on his master's knee, watching the progress of every spoonful, thinking the latter was rather going near him that day in their wonted proportions—while Barnaby, I say, was thus delightfully and busily employed, in comes Meg, bare-footed, with a clean white wrapper and round-eared cap on. "Barny, will ye hae time to help me to the water wi' a boucking o' claes? Ye'll just only hae to carry the tae end o' the hand-barrow to the water, wait till I sinde up the sarks, an' help me hame wi' them again."

"That I will, Miss Peggy, wi' heart an' hand."

"Miss Peggy! Snuffs o' tobacco! Meg's good enough! Troth, I'm nane o' your molloping, precise flegaries, that want to be *miss'd*, an' *beckit*, an' *bowed* to. Na, sooth! Meg's good enough; plain downright *Meg o' the Todburn*."

"Weel, weel, haud your tongue; I'll do a' that ye bid me, an mair, Meg, my bonny woman."

"How war a' your focks, Barny, when ye war ower seeing them?"

"Unco weel, an' they're muckle behadden to you for your kind speering."

"I kend your father weel; he's a good cannie man."

"I wish he had beltit your shoulders as aft as he has done mine, ye maybe wadna hae said sae muckle for him."

"Ay, it's weel o' you to say sae; but he's a douse, respectable man, and he's no disgraced in his son."

Barnaby rose with his bicker in his hand; gave it a graceful swing, as a gentleman does his hat when he meets a lady, made a low bow, and set down Nimrod his share of the paritch.

When they went to the river Barnaby sat him down on the bank, and Meg went into the running stream, and began with great agility, and much splashing, to wash up her clothes. Barnaby perceived her smiling to herself, and was sure that a volley of some stuff or other was forthcoming. She cast her eyes towards the laird's house, then looked up the water, then down, in case any one might be angling on it; and after perceiving that there was nobody within a mile of them, she spoke as follows to Barnaby, in a half whisper, lest any one should overhear her.

"Guid sauf us to the day, Barny man! What think ye o' our laird?"

"Very muckle. I think him a decent worthy lad."

"Decent! Shame fa' *his* decency!—I watna what will be countit *un*decent soon! Sae ye haena heard o' his shamefu' connexion wi' the bit prodigal, dinnagood lassie, that was here?"

"Never."

"It's a' ower true, though; but say nae a word about it. My billy Rob was obliged to chase her out o' the country for it; an' a burnin shame an' a disgrace it was to the laird to take up wi' the likes o' her.—Deil a bit o' her has the pith o' a pipe-stapple!—Fich, fy! Away wi' your spindle-shankit babyclouts—they're no the gear."

"As ye say, Meg. I like nane o' the women that *stand pon trifles*."

"Stand on trifles!—Ha! ha! that's real good! that's devilish clever for a —young man! Ha! ha!—Tut! that water's weetin a' my claes.—Wad ye hae made sic a choice, Barny?"

"D'ye think that I'm blind? or that I dinna ken what's what?—Na, na, Meg! let me alane; I'm no sae young a cat but I ken a mouse by a feather."

"If a' our young men had the sense o' you, Barny, some o' them might get a pock an' a wheen rustit nails to jingle in't; they might get something better than a bit painted doll, wi' a waist like a thread-paper, an' hae nought ado foreby but to draw in the chair an' sit down; but *they'll* rin after a wheen clay-cakes baken i' the sun, an' leave the good substantial ait-meal bannocks to stand till they moul, or be pouched by them that draff an' bran wad better hae mensed!—Tut! I'm ower deep into the stream again, without ever thinkin' o't."

"That's a' ower true that ye hae been sayin', Meg—ower true, indeed! But as to your news about the laird and Jane, I dinna believe a word o't."

"Oh! it's maybe no true, ye ken! It's very likely a lee! There's naething mair likely, than that a' their correspondence was as pure as the morning snaw. For a laird, ye ken, worth three thousand pund o' yearly rental to frequent the house o' a bit lassie for an hour ilka day, an' maybe ilka night toowha kens; ye ken it's a' fair! there's nought mair likely than that they're *very* innocent! An' *sic* a ane too as she is! little better, I trow, than she should be, gin a' war kend. To be sure she has a son, *that* may arguy *something* for her decency. But after a', I dinna blame *her*, for I ken by mysel————"

"Haud your tongue now, Meg, my bonny quean; for I ken ye are gaun to lee on yoursel, an' speak nonsense into the bargain."

"Ah! Barny! but ye are a queer ane!" (then in a whisper.) "I say —Barny—What do ye think o' the bit farm o' Hesperslack? How wad ye like to be tenant there yoursel, an' hae servants o' your ain?"

"I haena thought about that yet; but yonder's my master keekin ower the knowe; he'll be thinkin I'm stayin unco lang frae my sheep."

"Ah! is my billy Rob yonder?—No a *word* ye ken now, Barny. No a cheip aboon your breath about yon."

Sad and heavy were Barnaby's reflections that day as he herded his sheep all alone. "And *this* is the girl that I have taken and recommended so warmly to my parents! I do not believe the hateful slander; but I will go and inform them of all. It is proper they should know all that I know, and then let them judge for themselves. Poor luckless Jeany! I fear she is a ruined creature, be she as innocent and harmless as she will!"

Barnaby was resolved to go, but day past on after day, and still he had not the heart to go and tell his parents, although every whisper that he heard tended rather to strengthen suspicion than dispel it.

On the very day that we left Lindsey in such distress for the loss of his amiable Wool-gatherer, Barnaby and he met by the side of the stream at the foot of the Todburn-Hope. They were both alike anxious to speak to one another, but neither of them had the courage to begin, although both were burning to talk on the same theme. Lindsey fished away, swimming the fly across the ripple as dexterously and provokingly as he was able. Barnaby stood and looked on in silence; at length a yellowfin rose. "Aigh, that was a great chap! I wish your honour had hookit that ane."

"It was better for him that I did not. Do you ever fish any?"

"O yes. I gump them whiles."

"*Gump* them? pray what mode of fishing is that?"

"I guddle them in aneath the stanes an' the braes like."

"I do not exactly understand the terms nor the process. Pray will you be so good," continued he, holding out the fishing-rod to Barnaby, "as give me a specimen how you *gump* the fish?"

"Od bless you, sir, I can do naething wi' that goad; but if ye'll gang wi' me a wee piece up the Todburn-Hope, or up to the Rowantree Linn, I'll let ye see gumping to perfection."

On being assured that it was not above half a mile to either of the places, the laird accompanied Barnaby without hesitation, to witness this pastoral way of fishing. By the way their converse became very interesting to both parties, but we cannot interrupt the description of such a favourite rural sport just now. Let it suffice that their discourse was all concerning a fair unfortunate, of whom the reader has heard a good deal already, and of whom he shall hear more in due time.

They crossed over a sloping ground, at the bottom of a green steep hill, and soon came into the Todburn-Hope. It was a narrow level valley between two high hills, and terminated in the haunted linn, above the sheep-house formerly mentioned. Down this narrow vale the Tod Burn ran with a thousand beautiful serpentine windings, and at every one of these turns there were one or two clear deep pools, overhung by little green banks. Into the first of these pools Barnaby got with his staff, plunging and poaching to make all the fish take into close cover; then he threw off his ragged coat, tucked up the sleeves of his shirt to the shoulders, tying them together behind, and into the pool he got again, knees and elbows, putting his arms in below the green banks, into the closest and most secret recesses of the trouts. There was no eluding him; he threw them out one after another, sometimes hitting the astonished laird on the face, or any other part of the body without ceremony, for his head being down sometimes close with the water, and sometimes below it, he did not see where he flung them. The trouts being a little startled at this momentary change from one element to another, jumped about on the grass, and cast so many acute somersets, that the laird had greater difficulty in getting hold of them the second time to put them into his basket than Barnaby had at first; and when the latter had changed the scene of plunder to a new pool, Lindsey was commonly to be seen beside the old one, moving slowly about on his hands and knees. "I think ye're pinched to catch them on the dry grund, sir," said Barnaby to him."

"No, no," returned he with the utmost simplicity; "but I was looking lest some of them had made their way among the long grass and eluded me; and besides they are so very active and slippery that I seldom can keep the hold of them that I get."

As they were going from one of these little pools to another, he said to our shepherd, "So this is what you call *gumping?*"

"Yes, sir, this is gumping, or *guddling*, ony o' them ye like to ca't."

"I do not think this is altogether a fair way of fishing."

"Now, I think it is muckle fairer than the tither way, sir. Your way is founded on the lowest artifice and deceit, but I come as an avowed enemy, and let them escape me if they can. I come into a family as a brave mountain robber, or freebooter: but you come as a deceitful friend, promising to treat the family with all good things, that you may poison them every one unawares. A mountaineer's sports are never founded on cunning; it's a' sheer and main force wi' us."

Lindsey confessed that the shepherd's arguments had some foundation in nature and truth, but that they savoured of a period exempt from civilization and the fine arts. "At all events," said he, "it is certainly the most downright way of fishing that I ever beheld." In short, it was not long till the laird was to be seen wading in the pools, and *gumping* as busily as the other; and, finally, he was sometimes so intent on his prey, that the water was running over his back, so that when he raised himself up it poured out torrents from

his fine Holland shirt and stained cambrick ruffles. "Ye hae settled the pletts o' your sark," said Barnaby. Never did the family of Earl-hall behold such a basket of trouts; and never had its proprietor such a day's sport at the fishing, as he had at the *gumping* or *guddling* the trouts among the links of the Todburn-Hope.

Though the sport occupied their minds completely during the time they were engaged in it, yet it was only a relaxation from concerns of a more serious nature. From Barnaby's information the laird now saw exactly how the land lay; and though he got no hint of the part that his mother had acted in it, yet he rather suspected, for he well knew her sentiments regarding all the young and beautiful part of her own sex. Barnaby gave him no notice that he had ever seen the girl after her dismissal, or that he knew to what part of the world she had retired; and before they parted he desired him to tell his master to come down and speak with him that night.

Robin came as appointed; Lindsey and his mother were sitting by themselves in the parlour when the servant announced him; he was ordered to join them, and as soon as he came in, Lindsey said, "Come away, Robin, I had a piece of information within these few days of you, that has somewhat distressed me, and I sent for you to make inquiry concerning it. What reasons had you for turning away the poor stranger girl and child from her cot before the term of your agreement expired?"

Robin looked to the window, then to the lady, and then to the window again, and finally looked down to the carpet, twirled his bonnet with both hands, and remained silent.

Though a strong and speaking look of appeal was turned on the old lady by Robin from time to time, yet she, hearing her son speak in that determined manner, likewise sat still without opening her lips.

"Why don't you answer me?" continued Lindsey. "I ask you simply what were your reasons for turning her away? you certainly must be able to state them."

"Hem! We war feared, sir—we war feared that she was a bad ane."

"You were *afraid* she was bad? Had you no other proofs of her badness farther than your own fears?"

"Indeed, sir, I never saw ony ill behaviour about the lassie. But ye ken weel enough that ane wha had forsaken the paths o' virtue and honesty sae early as it appears she had done, wi' sic an enchanting manner, an' weelfaured face into the boot, was rather a dangerous neighbour for sae mony young chiels."

"I think what Robin says is very true, and good sense," said the old lady.

"You certainly ought to have taken all these things into consideration before you bargained with her at first, Robin," said Lindsey. "I suppose you cannot argue that she is either grown younger or more beautiful since that period? I rather suspect, Robin, that you have used this young woman extremely ill; and if you cannot give any better reasons for your severity towards her, I can find out a method of forcing you to make an ample retribution."

"Indeed then, sir, sin' I maun tell the truth, I will tell the truth; it was my lady, your worthy mother there, that persuaded, and *ordered* me to turn her away; for we had observed how great a favourite she was with you, and dreaded the consequences."

"It is then exactly as I suspected. You two have done me a great injury, and one that will not be easily wiped away. I hope neither of you intended it; but I would gladly know what trait in my character justified the conclusion you made; I think you might both have known my dispositions better than to have so readily believed that I would injure youth and beauty, that had already been unfortunate in the world; that I would add to her state of wretchedness, by annihilating for ever that innate principle of virtue and modesty, inherent in every young female's breast, which never man loved more, or delighted more to view, exerting all its primitive and untainted sway. If you had reflected at all, you could not have believed me capable of it. You have

taken the readiest means in your power of injuring my character in the eyes of the world. It must naturally be concluded, that there was a profligate and criminal intercourse subsisting between us, which rendered such an act of cruelty and injustice necessary. You have hurt my honour and my feelings, and wronged a defenceless and amiable young woman. It is on my account that she is thus innocently suffering, and I am determined, for my own satisfaction, to see her righted, as far as redress is in my power, though equivalent for an injured reputation there is none; but every vile insinuation on my account shall be fairly dispelled. To make, therefore, an end of all reflections at once, I warn you, Robin, that if she is not found and restored to her rights in less than a fortnight at farthest, you need not be surprised if *you* are some day removed on as short notice as you gave to her."

The old lady and farmer had an inward view of matters in a different light. They perceived that the world would say he had brought her back to keep her there as his mistress, but this elegant and inflated harangue they were unable to answer. The young man's conscience was hurt, and they were no casuists. The lady, it is true, uttered some involuntary sounds as he was speaking, but it was not easy to determine whether they were groans or hems of approbation. If one might have judged from her countenance, they were like the former, but the sounds themselves were certainly modulations of the latter. She was dependent on her son! Robin was studying a friendly reply, by way of remonstrance, all the time of the speech; but Robin was a widower, had a good farm, a large family, and was a tenant at will, and the conclusion of the said speech was a stumbling-block to Robin.

Pray, gentle reader, did you ever see a country maiden baking pease-meal bannocks? If you ever did you must have noted, that before she committed them one by one to the gridiron, she always stood straight up, with her head gracefully turned to one side, and moulded them with her two hands to an orb, as nearly resembling the full moon as she could. You must likewise have remarked, that while engaged in this becoming part of her avocation, she was never once looking at her work, but that while her head had that sly cast to the one side, her eyes were ever and anon fixed on the window, noting what was going on without, looking perhaps for her lad coming from the hill, or whistling at the plough. If you have ever seen this, you can easily comprehend the attitude I mean—if you have never, it is a great pity!

Exactly in such a situation stood our honest farmer, Robin Muckerland, plying his bonnet round with both hands in the same way—his head was likewise turned to one side, and his eyes immoveably fixed on the window—it was the girl's position to a hair. Let any man take his pen and describe the two attitudes, there is not the slightest shade of difference to be discerned—the one knee of both is even slackened and bent gently forward, the other upright and firm, by its own weight made steadfast and immoveable. Yet how it comes I do not comprehend, and should like much to consult my friend, David Wilkie, about it—it is plain that the attitudes are precisely the same, yet the girl's is quite delightful—Robin's was perfectly pitiable. He had not one word to say, but baked his bonnet, and stood thus.

"This is my determination," continued Lindsey, "and you may pay what attention to it you please."

"Od, sir, I'm excessively vexed at what has happened, now when ye hae letten me see it in its true light, an' I sal do what I can to find her again, an' mak her what amends I am able. But, od ye see, naebody kens where she's, ye see. She may be gane into the wild Highlands, or away to that outlandish country ayont the sea that they ca' Fife, an' how am I to get her? therefore, if I canna an' dinna get her, I hope you will excuse me, especially as neither the contrivance nor the act was mine."

"You and my honoured mother settle that betwixt you. I will not abate a tittle of that I have said; but to encourage your people in the search, or whomsoever you are pleased to employ, I shall give ten guineas to the person who finds her and restores her to her home."

"Aweel, son Lindsey," said the lady, moving her head like the pendulum of a clock, "your mother meant you good, an' nae ill, in what she has done; but them that will to Coupar maun to Coupar. For the sake o' Robin and his family, and no for the neighbourhood o' this whilly-wha of a young witch, I shall gi'e the body that finds her half as muckle."

"And I," said Robin, "shall gi'e the same, which will make up the reward to twenty guineas, an' it is mair than I can well spare in sic hard times. I never saw better come o' women's schemes, as I say whiles to my titty Meg."

The company parted, not on the most social terms; and that night, before Robin dismissed his servants to their beds, he said, "Lads, my master informs me that I am to be plaguit wi' the law for putting away that lassie Jeany an' her bit brat atween term days. I gie ye a' your liberty frae my wark until the end o' neist week, if she be not found afore that time, to search for her; and whoever finds her, and brings her back to her cottage, shall have a reward o' twenty guineas in his loof."

A long conversation then ensued on the best means of recovering her; but Barnaby did not wait on this, but hasted away to the stable loft, where his chest stood at the head of his bed, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, and went without delay to the nearest stage where horses were let out for hire, got an old brown hack equipped with a bridle, saddle, and pad, and off he set directly for his father's cottage, where he arrived next morning by the time the sun was up.

To describe all Barnaby's adventures that night would take a volume by itself, for it was the very country of the ghosts and fairies that he traversed. As his errand was, however, solely for good, he was afraid for none of them meddling with him, save the devil and the water-kelpie; yet so hardly was he beset with these at times, that he had no other resource but to shut his eyes close, and push on his horse. He by this resolute contrivance, got on without interruption, but had been so near his infernal adversaries at times, that twice or thrice he felt a glow on his face as if a breath of lukewarm air had been breathed against it, and a smell exactly resembling (he did not like to say brimstone, but *a coal fire just gaun out!*—But it is truly wonderful what a man, with a conscience void of offence towards God and towards his neighbour, will go through!

When the daylight began to spring up behind the hills of Glenrath, what a blithe and grateful man was Barnaby! "The bogles will be obliged to thraw aff their black claes now," said he, "an' in less than half an hour the red an' the green anes too. They'll hae to pit on their pollonians o' the pale colour o' the fair daylight, that the e'e o' Christian maunna see them; or gang away an' sleep in their dew-cups an' foxter-leaves till the gloaming come again. O, but the things o' this warld are weel contrived!"

Safely did he reach the glen, at the head of which his father's cottage stood, with its little kail-yard in the forkings of the burn; there was no dog, nor even little noisy pup, came out to give note of his approach, for his father and canine friends had all gone out to the heights at a very early hour to look after the sheep. The morning was calm and lovely; but there was no sound in the glen save the voice of his mother's grey cock, who was perched on the kail-yard dyke, and crowing incessantly. The echoes were answering him distinctly from the hills; and as these aerial opponents were the only ones he ever in his life had to contend with, he had learned to value himself extremely on his courage, and was clapping his wings, and braving them in a note louder and louder. Barnaby laughed at him, although he himself had been struggling with beings as unreal and visionary during the whole night; so ready we are to see the follies of others, yet all the while to overlook our own!

The smoke was issuing from his mother's chimney in a tall blue spire that reached to the middle of the hill: but when there, it spread itself into a soft hazy cloud, and was resting on the side of the green brae in the most still and moveless position. The rising sun kissed it with his beams, which gave it a

light wooly appearance, something like floating down; it was so like a vision that Barnaby durst scarcely look at it. "My mither's asteer," said he to himself, "I ken by her morning reek; she'll be fiking up and down the house, an' putting a' things to rights; an' my billies they'll be lying grumphing and snoring i' their dens, an' Jeany will be lying waking, listening what's gaun on, an' wee George will be sniffing and sleeping sound in her bosom. Now I think, of a' things i' the warld a young mother an' her first son is the maist interesting—if she has been unfortunate it is ten times mair sae—to see how she'll sit an' look at him!—(here Barnaby blew his nose.)—I was my mother's first son; if she'd been as bonny, an' as gentle, an' as feeble as Jeany, aih! but I wad hae likit weel!"

No one being aware of Barnaby's approach, he rode briskly up to the door and rapped, causing at the same time his horse's feet make a terrible clamping on the stones. His mother, who had been sweeping the house, came running out with the heather besom in her hand. "Bless my heart, callant, is that you? Sic a gliff as I hae gotten wi'ye! What's asteer wi'ye? or whar ir ye gaun sae early i' the morning on that grand cut-luggit beast?"

"I'm turned a gentleman now, mother, that's a'; an' I thought I wad g'ye a ca' as I gaed by for auld lang syne—Hope you're all well?"

"Deed we're a' no that ill. But, dear Barny, what ir ye after?—Hae ye a' your senses about ye?"

"I thank ye, I dinna miss ony o' them that I notice. I'm come for my wife that I left w'ye—How is she?"

"*Your* wife! Weel I wat ye'll never get the like o' her, great muckle hallanshaker-like guff."

"Haud your tongue now, mother, ye dinna ken wha I may get; but I can tell ye o' something that I'm to get. If I take hame that lassie Jeany safe to her house, ony time these ten days, there's naebody kens where I hae her hidden, an' I'm to get twenty guineas in my loof for doing o't."

"Ay, I tauld ye sae, my dear bairn."

"Ye never tauld me sic a word, mother."

"I hae tauld ye oft, that ae good turn never misses to meet wi' another, an' the king may come i' the beggar's way."

"Ramsay's Scots Proverbs tells me that."

"It will begin a bit stock to you, my man; an' I sal say it o' her, gin I sude never see her face again, she's the best creature, ae way an' a' ways, that ever was about a poor body's house. Ah, God bless her!—she's a dear creature!—Ye'll never hae cause to rue, my man, the pains ye hae ta'en about her."

Jane was very happy at meeting with her romantic and kind-hearted Barnaby again, who told her such a turn as affairs had taken in her favour, and all that the laird had said to him about her, and the earnest inquiries he had made; and likewise how he had put Robin to his shifts. She had lived very happy with these poor honest people, and had no mind to leave them; indeed, from the day that she entered their house she had not harboured a thought of it; but now, on account of her furniture, which was of considerable value to her, and more particularly for the sake of Barnaby's reward, she judged it best to accompany him. So after they had all taken a hearty breakfast together at the same board, the old Shepherd returned thanks to the Bestower of all good things, and then kissing Jane, he lifted her on the horse behind his son. "Now fare-ye-weel, Jeany my woman," said he; "I think you will be happy, for I'm sure you deserve to be sae. If ye continue to mind the thing that's good, there is Ane wha will never forsake ye; I come surety for him. An' if ever adversity should again fa' to your lot, ye shall be as welcome to our bit house as ever, and to your share o' ilka thing that's in it; an' if I should see you nae mair, I'll never bow my knee before my Maker without remembering you. God bless you, my bonny woman! Fareweel."

Jane dropped a tear on her benefactor's hand, for who could stand such unaffected goodness? Barnaby, who had folded his plaid and held little

George on it before him, turned his face towards the other side of the horse, and contracted it into a shape and contortion that is not often seen, every feature being lengthened extremely the cross way ; but after blowing his nose two or three times he recovered the use of his rod, with which he instantly began a thrashing his nag, that he might get out of this flood of tenderness and leave-taking. It is not easy to conceive a more happy man than he was that day, he was so proud of his parent's kindness to Jane, and of the good he thought he was doing to all parties, and, besides, the twenty guineas was a fortune to him. He went on prating to George, who was quite delighted with the ride on such a grand horse ; yet at times he grew thoughtful, and testified his regret for the horse, lest he should be tired with carrying them all. "Geoge vely solly fol poole holse, Balny ! Geoge no like to be a holse."

Many were the witch and fairy tales that Barnaby related that day to amuse his fellow-travellers. He set down Jane and George safe at their cottage before evening, and astonished Robin not a little, who was overjoyed to see his lost gimmer and lamb (as he termed them) so soon. He paid Barnaby his twenty guineas that night in excellent humour, making some mention, meantime, of an old proverb, "They that hide ken where to seek," and without delay sent information to the mansion-house that Jane was found, and safely arrived at her own house, a piece of news which created no little stir at Earlhall.

The old lady had entertained strong hopes that Jane would not be found ; or that she would refuse to return after the treatment she had met with, and the suspicions that were raised against her ; in short, she wished her not to return, and she hoped she would not, but now all her fond hopes were extinguished, and she could see no honourable issue to the affair. It was like to turn out a love intrigue ; a low and shameful business, her son might pretend what he chose. She instantly lost all command of her temper, hurried from one part of the house to another, quarrelled with every one of the maid servants, and gave the two prettiest ones warning to leave their places.

Lindsey was likewise a little out of his reason that night, but his feelings were of a very different kind. He loved all the human race ; he loved the little birds that sang upon the trees almost to distraction. The deep blue of the heavens never appeared so serene—the woods, the fields, and the flowers never so delightful ! such a new and exhilarating tone did the return of this beautiful girl (child, I mean) give to his whole vital frame. "What a delightful world this is !" said he to himself ; "and how happy might all its inhabitants live, if they would suffer themselves to do so !" He did not traverse the different apartments of the house with the same hasty steps as his mother did, but he took many rapid turns out to the back garden, and in again to the parlour.

In the middle of one of these distant excursions his ears were assailed by the discordant tones of anger and reproach—Proud and haughty contumely on the one side, and the bitter complaints of wronged but humble dependence on the other.

"This is some one of my mother's unreasonable imputations," said he to himself ; "it is hard that the fairer and more delicate part of my servants, who are in fact *my* servants, receiving meat and wages from me, and whom I most wish to be happy and comfortable in their circumstances, should be thus harassed and rendered miserable—I will interfere in spite of all obloquy." He went in to the fore-kitchen, "What is the matter ? What is the meaning of all this disturbance here ?"

"Matter, son ! The matter is, that I will not be thus teased and wronged by such a worthless scum of menials as your grieve has buckled on me. I am determined to be rid of them for the present, and to have no more servants of his hiring."

So saying, she bustled away by him, and out of the kitchen. Sally, one of the maidens that wrought a-field, whose bright complexion and sly looks had

roused the lady's resentment, was standing sobbing in a corner. "What is this you have done, Sally, thus to irritate my mother?"

"I hae done naething ava that's wrang, sir; but she's never aff my tap; an' I'm glad I'm now free frae her. Had she tauld me my fault, an' turned me away, I wad never hae regrettit; but she's ca'd me sic names afore a' these witnesses, that I'll never get mair service i' the country. I see nae right ony body has to guide poor servants this gate."

"Nor I either, Sally; but say no more about it; I know you to be a very faithful and conscientious servant, for I have often inquired; remain in your place, and *do not* go away—remember I order it—give no offence to my mother that you can avoid—be a good girl, as you have heretofore been, and here is a guinea to buy you a gown at next fair."

"Oh, God bless him for a kind good soul!" said Sally, as he went out, and the benediction was echoed from every corner of the kitchen.

He rambled more than half-way up the river side to Todburn; but it was too late to call and see *the dear child* that night, so he returned—joined his mother at supper; was more than usually gay and talkative, and at last proposed to invite this fair rambler down to Earlhall to breakfast with them next morning. The lady was almost paralyzed by this proposal, and groaned in spirit.

"Certainly, son! certainly! your house is your ain; invite ony body to it you like; nane has a better right! a man may keep ony company he chooses. Ye'll hae nae objections, I fancy, that I keep out o' the party?"

"Very great objections, mother; I wish to see this girl, and learn her history; if I call privately, you will be offended; is it not better to do this before witnesses? And I am likewise desirous that you should see her, and be satisfied that she is at all events worthy of being protected from injury. Let us make a rustic party of it, for a little variety—we will invite Robin and his sister Miss Margaret, and any other of that class you choose."

"O certainly! invite them ilk ane, son—invite a' the riff-raff i' the parish; your mother has naething to say."

He was stung with this perversity, as well as with his love for *the child* on the other hand—he did invite them, and the invitation was accepted. Down came Robin Muckerland, tenant of the Todburn, dressed in his blue and gray thread-about coat, with metal buttons, broader than a Queen Anne's half-crown, dark corduroy breeches, and drab-coloured leggums (the best things, by the bye, that ever came in fashion); and down came haverel Meg, his sister, *alias* Miss Peggy, for that day, with her cork-heeled shoon, and long-waisted gown, covered with broad stripes, like the hangings of an ancient bed. She had, moreover, a silken bonnet on her head for laying aside in the lobby, under that a smart cap, and under that, again, an abundance of black curly hair, slightly grizzled, and rendered more outrageously bushy that morning by the effects of paper-curls over night. Meg was never seen dressed in such style before, and I wish from my heart that any assembly of our belles had seen her. She viewed the business as a kind of *show of cattle* before the laird, in the same way as the young ladies long ago were brought in before King Ahasuerus; and she was determined to bear down Jane to the dust, and carry all before her. The very air and swagger with which she walked was quite delightful, while her blue ribbon-belt, half a foot broad, and proportionally long, having been left intentionally loose, was streaming behind her, like the pennon of a ship. "It's rather odd, billy Rob," said she, "that we should thus be invited alang wi' our ain cottar—However the laird's ha' levels a'—if she be fit company for him, she maunna be less for us—fock maun bow to the bush that they seek beild frae."

"E'en sae, Meg; but let us see you behave yoursel like a woman the day, an' no get out wi' ony o' your volleys o' nonsense."

"Deed, Rob, I'll just speak as I think; there sall naething gyzen i' my thrapple that my noddle pits there. I like nane o' your kind o' fock that dare do naething but chim chim at the same thing ower again, like the gouk

in a June day. Meg maun hae out her say, if it sude burst Powbeit on her head."

As they came down by the washing-green, Jane joined them, dressed in a plain brown frock, and leading little George, who was equipt like an earl's son ; and a prettier boy never paddled at a mother's side.

The old lady was indisposed that day, and unable to come down to breakfast ; and it was not till after the third visit from her son, who found he was like to be awkwardly situated with his party, that she was prevailed on to appear. Robin entered first, and made his obeisance. Meg came in with a skip and a courtesy, very like that of the water-owzel when she is sitting on a stone in the middle of the stream. Poor Jane appeared last, leading her boy ; her air was modest and diffident, yet it had nothing of that awkward timidity, inseparable from low life, and a consciousness that one has no right to be there. The lady returned a slight nod to her courtesy, for she had nearly dropt down when she first cast her eyes upon her beauty, and elegance of form and manner. It was the last hope that she had remaining, that this girl would be a vulgar creature, and have no pretensions to that kind of beauty admired in the higher circles ; now that last hope was blasted. But that which astonished every one most was the brilliancy of her eyes, which all her misfortunes had nothing dimmed ; their humid lustre was such, that it was impossible for any other eye to meet their glances without withdrawing abashed. The laird set a seat for her, and spoke to her as easily as he could, but of that he was no great master ; he then lifted little George, kissed him, and, setting him on his knee, fell a talking to him. "And where have you been so long away from me, my dear little fellow ? Tell me where you have been all this while."

"Fal away, at auld Geoldie's little Davie's falel, ye ken ; him 'at has 'e fine bonny 'halp wi' a stipe down hele, and anolel down hele.—Little Davie vely good till Geoge, an vely queel callant."

Every one laughed aloud at George's description of the whelp, and his companion little Davie, save Jane, who was afraid he would discover where their retreat had been, rather prematurely. Breakfast was served ; the old lady forced a complaisance and chatted to Meg, who answered her just with what chanced to come uppermost, never once to the point or subject on which she was previously talking ; for all the time the good old dowager was addressing her, she was busied in adjusting some part of her dress—looking at the shape of her stays—casting a glance at the laird, and occasionally at Jane—then adjusting a voluptuous curl that half-hid her grey eye. She likewise occasionally uttered a vacant hem ! when the lady paused ; and, as soon as she ceased, began some observation of her own. Robin was quite in the fidgets. "Dear Meg, woman, that's no what her ladyship was speaking about. That's no to the purpose ava."

"Speak ye to the purpose then, Rob. Ye think naebody can speak but yoursel, hummin an' hawin. Let us hear how weel ye'll speak to the purpose. —Whisht, sirs ! haud a' your tongues ; my billy Rob's gaun to mak a speech."

"Humph !" quoth Robin, and gave his head a cast round.

"Humph !" returned Meg, "what kind of a speech is that ? Is that to the purpose ? If that be to the purpose, a sow could hae made that speech as weel as you, and better. The truth is, mem, that our Rob's aye wantin to be on his hich horse afore grit folk ; now I says till him, Rob, says I, for you to fa' to afore your betters, and be trying to speak that vile nicky-nacky language they ca' English, instead o' being on your hich horse then, ye are just like a heron walkin on stilts, an' that's but a daft-like beast. Ye sude mind, says I, —Rob, man, says I, that her ladyship's ane o' our ain kind o' fock, an' was bred at the same heck an' manger wi' oursels ; an' although she has lightit on a good tethering, ye're no to think that she's to gi'e hersel airs, an' forget the good auld haemilt blude that rins in her veins."

The lady's cheek was burning with indignation, for, of all topics, Meg was

fallen on the most unlucky ; nothing hurt her feelings half so much as hints of her low extraction. Lindsey, though vexed, could not repress a laugh at the proud offence on the one side, and the untameable vulgarity on the other. Meg discerned nothing wrong, and, if she had, would not have regarded it. She went on. "Ah, Meg, woman ! quo' he, ye ken little thing about it, quo' he ; when the sole of a shoe's turned uppermost, it maks aye but an unbowsome overleather ; if ye corn an auld glide aver weel, she'll soon turn about her heels, and fling i' your face."

Robin's whole visage changed ; his eyes were set on Meg, but his brows were screwed down, and his cheeks pursed up in such a manner, that those were scarcely discernible ; his mouth had meanwhile assumed the form and likeness of one of the long S's on the belly of a fiddle. Meg still went on. "Dear Rob, says I, man, says I, that disna apply to her ladyship ava, for every thing that she does, an' everything that she says, shows her to be a douse hamely body ; the very way that she rins bizzin through the house, an' fliting on the servants, proves that she maks nae pretensions to high gentility."

Lindsey, who now dreaded some explosion of rage subversive of all decorum, began and rallied Meg, commended her flow of spirits and fresh looks, and said she was very much of a lady herself.

"I wat, laird," said she, "I think aye if a body behaves wi' ease, an' without ony stiffness an' precision, that body never behaves ill ; but, to be sure, you grand fock can say an' do a hantle o' things that winna be ta'en aff our hands. For my part, when the great fike rase about you an' Jeany there, I says—says I"——

This was a threatening preface. Lindsey durst not stand the sequel. "I beg your pardon for the present, Miss Peggy," said he ; "we shall attend to your observations on this topic after we have prepared the way for it somewhat. I was, and still am convinced, that this young woman received very harsh and unmerited treatment from our two families. I am desirous of making her some reparation, and to patronise her, as well as this boy, if I find her in any degree deserving of it. This protection shall, moreover, be extended to her in a manner that neither suspicion nor blame shall attach to it ; and, as we are all implicated in the wrong, I have selected you as judges in this matter.—It is impossible," continued he, addressing himself to Jane, "to be in your company half an hour, and not discern that your education has been much above the sphere of life which you now occupy ; but I trust you will find us all disposed to regard you with the eye of friendship, if you will be so good as relate to us the incidents of your life which have contributed to your coming among us."

"The events of my life, sir," said she, "have been, like the patriarch's days, few and evil, and my intention was, never to have divulged them in this district—not on my own account, but for the sake of their names that are connected with my history, and are now no more. Nevertheless, since you have taken such an interest in my fortunes, it would both be ungrateful and imprudent to decline giving you that satisfaction. Excuse me for the present in withholding my family name, and I will relate to you the incidents of my short life in a very few words.

"My father was an eminent merchant. Whether ever he was a rich one or not I cannot tell, but he certainly was looked upon as such, for his credit and dealings were very extensive. My mother died twelve years ago, leaving my father with no more children than another daughter and myself. I received my education in Edinburgh along with my sister, who was two years older than I. She began to manage my father's household affairs at thirteen years of age, and I went to reside with an aunt in East-Lothian, who had been married to a farmer, but was now a widow, and occupied a farm herself.

"Whether it originated in his not finding any amusement at home, or in consciousness of his affairs getting into confusion, I know not, but our father about this time fell by degrees from attending to his business in a great

measure, and sunk into despondency. My sister's letters to me were full of regret; my aunt being in a declining state of health I could not leave her for some months. At last she died, leaving me a legacy of five hundred pounds, when I hastened home, and did all in my power to assist my sister in comforting our father, but he did not long survive, and dying insolvent, we not only lost our protector, but had nothing to depend on save my little legacy and our own industry and exertions. We retired to a small lodging; none of our friends thought proper to follow us to our retreat; and now, bereaved as we were of our natural protector, we could not help perceiving that we were a friendless and helpless pair. My sister never recovered her spirits; a certain dejection and absence of mind from this time forth began to prey upon her, and it was with real sorrow and concern that I perceived it daily gaining ground, and becoming more and more strongly marked. I tried always to console her as much as I could for our loss, and often, to cheer her, assumed a gaiety that was foreign to my heart; but we being quite solitary, her melancholy always returned upon her with double weight. About this time I first saw a young officer with my sister, who introduced him carelessly to me as *the captain*. She went out with him, and when she returned I asked who he was. "Bless me, Jane," said she, "do you not know the Captain?" I was angry at the flippancy of her manner but she gave me no further satisfaction."

At the mention of this officer Lindsey grew restless and impatient, changing his position on the seat every moment.

"Things went on in this manner," continued Jane, "for some time longer, and still my sister grew more heartless and dejected. Her colour grew pale, and her eyes heavy, and I could not help feeling seriously alarmed on her account.

"For nine or ten days she went out by herself for an hour or so every day, without informing me where she had been. But one morning, when I arose my sister was gone. I waited until noon before I took any breakfast; but nothing of my sister appearing, I became distracted with dreadful apprehensions. I went about to every place where I thought there was the least chance of hearing any news of her, yet durst I not ask for her openly at any one for fear of the answer I might receive; for, on considering the late dejected state of her mind, I expected nothing else than to hear that she had put an end to her existence. My search was fruitless; night came, and still no word of my sister; I passed it without sleep; but, alas! the next night, and many others, came and passed over without bringing a trace of her steps, or throwing a gleam of light on her fate. I was now obliged to set on foot a strict and extensive search, and even to have her advertised; yet still all my exertions proved of no avail.

"During this long and dreadful pause of uncertainty I thought there could not be conceived a human being more thoroughly wretched than I was. Only seventeen years of age; the last of all my father's house; left in a lodging by myself; all my neighbours utter strangers to me, and not a friend on earth to whom I could unbosom my griefs; wretched I was, and deemed it impossible to be more so; but I had over-rated my griefs, and was punished for my despondency.

"When some months had passed away, one spring morning, I remember it well! after a gentle rap at the door, the maid entered, and said, *a man* wanted to see me. 'A man!' said I; 'What man wishes to speak to me?'

"'I don't know, mem, he is like a countryman.'

"He was shown in; a pale man, of a dark complexion, and diminutive size. I was certain I had never seen him before, for his features were singularly marked. He asked my name, and seemed at a loss to deliver his message, and there was something in his air and manner that greatly alarmed me. 'So you said your name is so so?' said he again.

"'I did; pray, tell me what is your business with me?'

"'There is a lady at our house, who I suppose wishes to speak with you.

"'What lady wishes to see me? Where is your house?'

"He named some place on the London road towards Berwick.

"'What lady can possibly be there,' said I, 'that knows any thing of me?'

"He looked at me again—'Pray, mem, have you a sister, or had you ever any that you know of?'

"This query paralyzed me. I sunk down on the sofa; but as soon as I could speak, I asked how long the lady had been with him?

"'Only since Friday evening last,' said he. 'She was taken ill at the inn on her way to Edinburgh, from whence she was conveyed to my house, for the sake of better and more quiet accommodation; but she has been very ill,—*very* ill, indeed. There is now hope that she will recover, but she is still *very* ill. I hope you are the lady she named when all was given over; at all events you must go and see.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I desired the man to call a post-chaise. We reached the place before even. I entered her apartment, breathless and impatient; but how shall I relate to you the state in which I found her! My heart bleeds to this day, when remembrance presents me with the woful spectacle! She was lying speechless, unable to move a hand or lift an eye, and posting on, with rapid advances, to eternity, having some days before given birth to this dear child on my knee."

At this moment the eyes of all the circle were fixed on Jane, expressing strongly a mixture of love, pity, and admiration. Lindsey could contain himself no longer. He started to his feet—stretched his arms toward her, and, after gasping a little for breath,—"Wh—wh—what!" said he, sighing, "are you not then the *mother* of little George?"

"A poor substitute only for a better, sir; but the only parent he has ever known, or is likely to know."

"And you have voluntarily suffered all these privations, trouble, and shame, for the sake of a poor little orphan, who, it seems, is no nearer akin to you than a nephew? If ever the virtuous principles and qualities of a female mind deserved admiration—But proceed. I am much to blame for interrupting you."

"I never for another moment departed from my sister's bed-side until she breathed her last, which she did in about thirty hours after my arrival. During that time, there was only once that she seemed to recollect or take the slightest notice of me, which was a little before her final exit; but then she gave me such a look!—So full of kindness and sorrow, that language could not have expressed her feelings half so forcibly. It was a farewell look, which is engraven on the tablets of my mind, never to be obliterated while that holds intercourse with humanity.

"The shock which my feelings received by the death of the only friend of my heart, with the mysterious circumstances which accompanied it, deprived me for some time of the powers of recollection. My dreams by night, and my reflections during the day, were all so much blent and intermingled, and so wholly of the same tendency, that they became all as a dream together; so that I could not, on a retrospect, discover in the least, nor ever can to this day, what part of my impressions were real, or what were mere phantasy, so strongly were the etchings of fancy impressed on my distempered mind. If the man I mentioned before, who owned the house, had not looked after the necessary preparations for the funeral, I know not how or when it would have been set about by any orders of mine. They soon enticed me away from the body, which they suffered me to visit but seldom, and, it seems, I was perfectly passive. That such a thing as my sister's funeral was approaching, occurred but rarely to my mind, and then, it in a manner surprised me as a piece of unexpected intelligence was wont to do, and it as suddenly slipped away, leaving my imagination again to wander in a maze of inextricable confusion.

"The first thing that brought me to myself was a long fit of incessant weeping, in which I shed abundance of tears. I then manifested an ardent desire to see the child, which I recollect perfectly well. I considered him as

the only remembrance left to me of a respectable and well-descended family, and of the dearest friend ever I remembered upon earth. When I first saw him, he was lying on an old woman's knee ; and when I stooped to look at him, he, with a start of his whole frame, fixed his young unstable eyes on me, and stretched out his little spread hands toward me, in which position he remained steadily for a considerable time. This was so marked and uncommon, that all the standers-by took notice of it ; and the woman who held him said, 'See ! saw ye ever the like o' that ? I never saw the like o' that a' my life ! It is surely impossible he can ken ye ?'

"It was, without doubt, an involuntary motion of the babe, but I could not help viewing it as a movement effected by the Great Spirit of universal nature. I thought I saw the child beseeching me to protect his helpless innocence, and not to abandon him to an injurious world, in which he had not another friend remaining, until he could think and act for himself. I adopted him that moment in my heart as my son—I took him into my arms as a part of myself !—That simple motion of my dear child fixed my resolution with respect to him at once, and that resolution never has been altered nor injured in the smallest part.

"I hired a nurse for him ; and, it being term time, gave up my house, and sold all my furniture, save the little that I have still, and retired to a cottage at Slateford, not far from Edinburgh. Here I lived frugally with the nurse and child ; and became so fond of him, that no previous period of my life, from the days of childhood, was ever so happy ; indeed, my happiness was centred solely in him, and if he was well, all other earthly concerns vanished. I found, however, that after paying the rent of the house, the expenses of the two funerals, and the nurse's wages, that my little stock was reduced nearly one-third ; and fearing that it would in a little while be wholly exhausted, I thought the sooner I reconciled myself to hardships the better ; so leaving the remainder of my money in the bank as a fund in case of sickness or great necessity, I came and took this small cottage and garden from your farmer. I had no ambition but that of bringing up the child, and educating him, independent of charitable assistance ! and I cannot describe to you how happy I felt at the prospect, that the interest of my remaining property, with the small earnings of my own industry, was likely to prove more than an equivalent to my yearly expenses. I have from the very first acknowledged little George as my own son. I longed for a retirement, where I should never be recognised by any former acquaintance. In such a place I thought my story might gain credit ; nor could I think in any degree to stain the name of my dear departed sister by any surmises or reflections that might in future attach to it by telling the story as it was. How I should have felt had he really been my son I cannot judge ; but instead of feeling any degradation at being supposed his mother, so wholly is my existence bound up in him, that I could not bear the contrary to be supposed.

"Who his father is, remains a profound, and, to me, unaccountable mystery. I never had the slightest suspicion of the rectitude of her behaviour, and cannot understand to this day how she could possibly carry on an amour without suffering me to perceive any signs of it. She had spoke but little to the people with whom I found her ; but their impressions were, that she was not married, and I durst not inquire farther ; for, rather than have discovered his father to be unworthy, I chose to remain in utter ignorance concerning it, and I could not think favourably of one who had deserted her in such circumstances. There was no man whom I had ever seen that I could in the least suspect, if it was not the young officer that I formerly mentioned, and he was the least likely to be guilty of such an act of any man I ever saw."

Here Lindsey again sprang to his feet. "Good God?" said he, "there is something occurs to my mind—the most extraordinary circumstance—if it be really so. You wished to be excused from giving your surname, but there is a strange coincidence in your concerns with my own, which renders it absolutely necessary that I should be informed of this."

Jane hesitated, and said she could not think of divulging that so as to make it public, but that she would trust his honour, and tell it him in his ear. She then whispered the name M'———y.

"What!" said he aloud, forgetting the injunction of secrecy, "of the late firm M'———y and Reynolds?"

"The same, sir,"

The positions into which he now threw himself, and the extravagant exclamations that he uttered cannot here be all described. The other three personages in the room all supposed that he was gone out of his reason. After repeating, till quite out of breath, "It is she! it is she! it is the same! it is the same!" and, pressing both her hands in his, he exclaimed, "Eternal Providence! how wonderful are thy ways, and how visible is thy superintendence of human affairs, even in the common vicissitudes of life? but never was it so visible as in this! My dear child," continued he, taking little George in his arms, who looked at him with suspicion and wonder, "by how many fatal and untoward events, all seemingly casual, art thou at last, without the aid of human interference, thrown into the arms of thy natural guardian! and how firmly was my heart knit to thee from the very first moment I saw thee! But thou art my own son, and shalt no more leave me; nor shall your beautiful guardian either, if she will accept of a heart that her virtues have captivated. This house shall henceforth be a home to you both, and all my friends shall be friends to you, for you are my own."

Here the old lady sprang forward, and laying hold of her son by the shoulder, endeavoured to pull him away. "Consider what you are saying, Lindsey, and what you are bringing on yourself, and your name, and your family. You are raving mad—that child can no more be yours than it is mine. Will you explain yourself, or are we to believe that you have indeed lost your reason? I say, where is the consistency in supposing that child can be yours?"

"It is impossible," said Robin.

"I say it's nae sic a thing as unpossible, Rob," quoth Meg. "Haud your tongue, ye ken naething about it—it's just as possible that it may be his as another's—I sal warrant whaever be aught it, it's no comed there by sympathy! Od, if they war to come by sympathy"———

Here Meg was interrupted by Lindsey, who waved his hand for silence,—a circumstance that has sorely grieved the relater of this tale,—for of all things he would have liked to have had Meg's ideas, at full length, of children being produced by sympathy.

"I beg your pardon," said Lindsey, "I must have appeared extravagant in my rapturous enthusiasm, having forgot but that you knew all the circumstances as well as myself. The whole matter is, however, very soon and very easily explained."

He then left the room, and all the company gazing upon one another. Jane scarcely blushed on receiving the vehement proffer from Lindsey, for his rhapsody had thrown her into a pleasing and tender delirium of amazement, which kept every other feeling in suspense.

In a few seconds he returned, bringing an open letter in his hand.—"Here is the last letter," said he, "ever I received from my brave and only brother; a short extract from which will serve fully to clear up the whole of this very curious business."

He then read as follows: "Thus you see, that for the last fortnight the hardships and perils we have encountered have been many and grievous; but TO-MORROW will be decisive one way or another. I have a strong prepossession that I will not survive the battle; yea so deeply is the idea impressed on my mind, that with me it amounts to an absolute certainty; therefore I must confide a secret with you which none in the world know, or in the least think of, save another and myself. I was privately married before I left Scotland, to a young lady, lovely in her person, and amiable in her manners, but without any fortune. We resolved, for reasons that must

be obvious to you, to keep our marriage secret, until I entered to the full possession of my estate, and if possible till my return; but now (don't laugh at me, my dear brother), being convinced that I shall never return, I entreat you, as a last request, to find her out and afford her protection. It is probable, that by this time she may stand in need of it. Her name is Amelia M'———y, daughter to the late merchant of that name of the firm of M'———y and Reynolds. She left her home with me in private, at my earnest request, though weeping with anguish at leaving a younger sister, a little angel of mercy, whom, like the other, you will find every way worthy of your friendship and protection. The last letter that I had from her was dated from London, the 7th of April, on which day she embarked in the packet for Leith, on her way to join her sister, in whose house, near Bristo-Port, you will probably find her. Farewell, dear brother. Comfort our mother; and O, for my sake, cherish and support my dear wife! We have an awful prospect before us, but we are a handful of brave determined friends, resolved to conquer or die together."

The old lady now snatched little George up in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and shed abundance of tears over him.—"He is indeed my grandson! he is! he is!" cried she. "My own dear George's son, and he shall henceforth be cherished as my own."

"And he shall be mine, too, mother," added Lindsey; "and heir of all the land which so rightly belongs to him. And she, who has so disinterestedly adopted and brought up the heir of Earlhall, shall still be his mother, if she will accept of a heart that renders her virtues every homage, and beats in unison with her own to every tone of pity and benevolence."

Jane now blushed deeply, for the generous proposal was just made while the tears of joy were yet trickling over her cheeks on account of the pleasing intelligence she had received of the honour of her regretted sister, and the rank of her child.—She could not answer a word—she looked stedfastly at the carpet, through tears, as if examining how it was wrought—then at a little pearl ring she wore on her finger, and finally fell to adjusting some of little George's clothes. They were all silent—It was a quaker meeting, and might have continued so much longer, had not the spirit fortunately moved Meg.

"By my certy, laird! but ye hae made her a good offer! an' yet she'll pretend to tarrow at taking't! But ye're sure o' her, tak my word for it.—Ye dinna ken women. Bless ye! the young hizzies mak aye the greatest fike about things that they wish maist to hae. I ken by mysel;—when Andrew Pistolfoot used to come stamplin in to court me i' the dark, I wad hae cried (whispering), 'Get away wi' ye! ye bowled like shurf!—whar are ye comin pechin an' fuffin to me?' Bless your heart! gin Andrew had run away when I bade him, I wad hae run after him, an' grippit him by the coat-tails, an' brought him back. Little wist I this morning, an' little wist mae than I, that things war to turn out this way, an' that Jeany was to be our young lady! She was little like it that night she gaed away greetin wi' the callant on her back! Dear Rob, man, quo' I to my billy, what had you and my lady to do wi' them? Because her day and yours are ower, do ye think they'll no be courting as lang as the world stands; an' the less that's said about it the better —I said sae!"

"And you said truly, Meg," rejoined Lindsey. "Now pray, Miss Jane, tell me what you think of my proposal?"

"Indeed, sir," answered she, "you overpower me. I am every way unworthy of the honour you propose for my acceptance; but as I cannot part with my dear little George, with your leave I will stay with my lady and take care of him."

"Well, I consent that you shall stay with my mother as her companion. A longer acquaintance will confirm that affection, which a concurrence of events has tended so strongly to excite."

It was not many months until this amiable pair were united in the bonds of

matrimony, and they are still living, esteemed of all their acquaintances. Barnaby is the laird's own shepherd, and overseer of all his rural affairs, and he does not fail at times to remind his gentle mistress of his dream about the *eagle* and the *corbie*.

A TALE OF THE

BATTLE OF PENTLAND.

WODROW mentions the following story, but in a manner so confused and indefinite, that it is impossible to comprehend either the connexion of the incidents with one another, or what inference he wishes to draw from them. The facts seem to have been these. Mr. John Haliday having been in hiding on the hills, after the battle of Pentland, became impatient to hear news concerning the suffering of his brethren who had been in arms, and in particular if there were any troops scouring the district in which he had found shelter. Accordingly, he left his hiding-place in the evening, and travelled towards the valley until about midnight; when, coming to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and perceiving a light, he determined on entering, as he knew him to be a devout man, and one much concerned about the sufferings of the church of Scotland.

Mr. Haliday, however, approached the house with great caution, for he rather wondered why there should be a light there at midnight, while at the same time he neither heard psalms singing nor the accents of prayer. So, casting off his heavy shoes, for fear of making a noise, he stole softly up to the little window from whence the light beamed, and peeped in, where he saw, not Johnstone, but another man, whom he did not know, in the very act of cutting a soldier's throat, while Johnstone's daughter, a comely girl, about twenty years of age, was standing deliberately by, and holding the candle to him.

Haliday was seized with an inexpressible terror; for the floor was all blood, and the man was struggling in the agonies of death, and from his dress he appeared to have been a cavalier of some distinction. So completely was the covenanter overcome with horror, that he turned and fled from the house with all his might; resolved to have no participation in the crime, and deeply grieved that he should have witnessed such an act of depravity, as a private deliberate murder, perpetrated at such an hour, and in such a place, by any who professed to be adherents to the reformed religion of the Scottish church. So much had Haliday been confounded, that he even forgot to lift his shoes, but fled without them; and he had not run above half a bowshot before he came upon two men hasting to the house of Gabriel Johnstone. As soon as they perceived him running towards them they fled, and he pursued them, for when he saw them so ready to take alarm, he was sure they were some of the persecuted race, and tried eagerly to overtake them, exerting his utmost speed, and calling on them to stop. All this only made them run the faster, and when they came to a fealdyke they separated, and ran different ways, and he soon thereafter lost sight of them both.

This house, where Johnstone lived, is said to have been in a lonely concealed dell, not far from West Linton, in what direction I do not know, but it was towards that village that Haliday fled, not knowing whither he went, till he came to the houses. Having no acquaintances here whom he durst venture to call up, and the morning having set in frosty, he began to conceive that it was absolutely necessary for him to return to the house of Gabriel Johnstone, and try

to regain his shoes, as he little knew when or where it might be in his power to get another pair. Accordingly he hasted back by a nearer path, and coming to the place before it was day, found his shoes. At the same time he heard a fierce contention within the house, but as there seemed to be a watch he durst not approach it, but again made his escape.

Having brought some victuals along with him, he did not return to his hiding-place that day, which was in a wild height, south of Biggar, but remained in the moss of Craigengaur; and as soon as it grew dark descended again into the valley, determined to have some communication with his species, whatever it might cost. Again he perceived a light at a distance, where he thought no light should have been. But he went toward it, and as he approached, he heard the melody of psalm-singing issuing from the place, and floating far on the still breeze of the night. The covenanter's spirits were cheered, he had never heard anything so sweet; no, not when enjoying the gospel strains in peace, and in their fullest fruition. It was to him the feast of the soul, and rang through his ears like a hymn of paradise. He flew as on hinds' feet to the spot, and found the reverend and devout Mr. Livingston, in the act of divine worship, in an old void barn on the lands of Slipperfield, with a great number of serious and pious people, who were all much affected both by his prayers and discourse.

After the worship was ended, Haliday made up to the minister, among many others, to congratulate him on the splendour of his discourse, and implore "a further supply of the same milk of redeeming grace, with which they found their souls nourished, cherished, and exalted." Indeed, it is quite consistent with human nature to suppose, that the whole of the circumstances under which this small community of Christians met, could not miss rendering their devotions impressive. They were a proscribed race, and were meeting at the penalty of their lives; their dome of worship a waste house in the wilderness, and the season, the dead hour of the night, had of themselves tints of sublimity which could not fail to make impressions on the souls of the worshippers. The good man complied with their request, and appointed another meeting at the same place on a future night.

Haliday having been formerly well acquainted with the preacher, convoyed him on his way home, where they condoled with one another on the hardness of their lots; and Haliday told him of the scene he had witnessed at the house of Gabriel Johnstone. The heart of the good minister was wrung with grief, and he deplored the madness and malice of the people who had committed an act that would bring down tenfold vengeance on the heads of the whole persecuted race. At length it was resolved between them, that as soon as it was day, they would go and reconnoitre; and if they found the case of the aggravated nature they suspected, they would themselves be the first to expose it, and give the perpetrators up to justice.

Accordingly, next morning they took another man into the secret, a William Rankin, one of Mr. Livingston's elders, and the three went away to Johnstone's house, to investigate the case of the cavalier's murder; but there was a guard of three armed men opposed them, and neither promises, nor threatenings, nor all the minister's eloquence, could induce them to give way one inch. They said they could not conceive what they were seeking there, and as they suspected they came for no good purpose, they were determined that they should not enter. It was in vain that Mr. Livingstone informed them of his name and sacred calling, and his friendship for the honour of the house, and the cause which he had espoused; the men continued obstinate; and when he asked to speak a word to Gabriel Johnstone himself, they shook their heads, and said, "he would never see him again." The men then advised the intruders to take themselves off, without any more delay, lest a worse thing should befall them; and as they continued to motion them away, with the most impatient gestures, the kind divine and his associates thought meet to retire, and leave the matter as it was; and thus was this mysterious affair hushed up in silence and darkness for that time, no tongue having been

heard to mention it further than as above recited. The three armed men were all unknown to the others, but Haliday observed, that one of them was the very youth whom he saw cutting off the soldier's head with a knife.

The rage and cruelty of the popish party seemed to gather new virulence every day, influencing all the counsels of the king; and the persecution of the nonconformists was proportionably severe. One new act of council was issued after another, all tending to root the covenanters out of Scotland, but it had only the effect of making their tenets still dearer to them. The longed-for night of the meeting in the old hay-barn at length arrived, and it was attended by a still greater number than that on the preceding. A more motley group can hardly be conceived than appeared in the barn that night, and the lamps being weak and dim, rendered the appearance of the assembly still more striking. It was, however, observed, that about the middle of the service, a number of fellows came in with broad slouch bonnets, and watch coats or cloaks about them, who placed themselves in equal divisions at the two doors, and remained without uncovering their heads, two of them being busily engaged in taking notes. Before Mr. Livingston began the last prayer, however, he desired the men to uncover, which they did, and the service went on to the end, but no sooner had the minister pronounced the word *Amen*, than the group of late comers threw off their cloaks, and drawing out swords and pistols, their commander, one General Drummond, charged the whole congregation, in the king's name, to surrender.

A scene of the utmost confusion ensued; the lights being extinguished, many of the young men burst through the roof of the old barn in every direction, and though many shots were fired at them in the dark, great numbers escaped; but Mr. Livingston, and other eleven, were retained prisoners and conveyed to Edinburgh, where they were examined before the council, and cast into prison; among the prisoners was Mr. Haliday, and the identical young man whom he had seen in the act of murdering the cavalier, and who turned out to be a Mr. John Lindsay from Edinburgh, who had been at the battle of Pentland, and in hiding afterwards.

Great was the lamentation for the loss of Mr. Livingston, who was so highly esteemed by his hearers: the short extracts from his sermons in the barn, that were produced against him on his trial, proved him to have been a man endowed with talents somewhat above the greater part of his contemporaries. His text that night, it appears, had been taken from Genesis: "And God saw the wickedness of man that it was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." One of the quoted passages run thus:

"And while we have thus ample experience of the *effects* of sin, we have also abundance of examples set before us of sin itself, yea, in its most hideous aspect; for behold how it abounds among us all, but chiefly among the rulers and nobles of the land! Dare I mention to you those crimes of theirs which cause the sun of heaven to blush and hide his head as ashamed of the sight of their abominations? Dare I mention to you the extent of their blasphemies against that God who made them, and the Saviour who died to redeem them? Their cursing, and swearing, Sabbath-breaking, chambering, and wantonness; and, above all, their trampling upon the blood of the covenant, and pouring out the blood of saints and martyrs like water on the face of the earth. Because of those the land mourneth, and by these, multitudes, which no man can number, are plunging their souls into irretrievable and eternal ruin. But some say, O these are honourable men! Amiable, upright, and good moral men—though no great professors of religion. But I say, my brethren, alack and well-a-day for their uprightness and honour! which, if ever they come to be tried by the test of the Divine law, and by the example of him who was holiness itself, will be found miserably short-coming. So true it is that the kings of the earth have combined to plot against the Lord and his anointed. Let us, therefore

join together in breaking their bands and casting their cords from us. As for myself, as a member of this poor persecuted Church of Scotland, and an unworthy minister of it, I hereby call upon you all, in the name of God, to set your faces, your hearts, and your hands against all such acts, which are or shall be passed, against the covenanted work of reformation in this kingdom; that we here declare ourselves free of the guilt of them, and pray that God may put this in record in heaven."

These words having been sworn to, and Mr. Livingstone not denying them, a sharp debate arose in the council what punishment to award. The king's advocate urged the utility of sending him forthwith to the gallows; but some friends in the council got his sentence commuted to banishment; and he was accordingly banished the kingdom. Six more, against whom nothing could be proven, farther than their having been present at a conventicle, were sentenced to imprisonment for two months; among this number Haliday was one. The other five were condemned to be executed at the cross of Edinburgh, on the 14th of December following; and among this last unhappy number was Mr. John Lindsay.

Haliday now tried all the means he could devise to gain an interview with Lindsay, to have some explanation of the extraordinary scene he had witnessed in the cottage at midnight, for it had made a fearful impression upon his mind, and he never could get rid of it for a moment; having still in his mind's eye a beautiful country maiden standing with a pleased face, holding a candle, and Lindsay in the mean time at his horrid task. His endeavours, however, were all in vain, for they were in different prisons, and the jailor paid no attention to his requests. But there was a gentleman in the privy council, that year, whose name, I think, was Gilmour, to whose candour Haliday conceived, that both he and some of his associates owed their lives. To this gentleman, therefore, he applied by letter, requesting a private interview with him, as he had a singular instance of barbarity to communicate, which it would be well to inquire into while the possibility of doing so remained, for the access to it would soon be sealed for ever. The gentleman attended immediately, and Haliday revealed to him the circumstances previously mentioned, stating that the murderer now lay in the Tolbooth jail, under sentence of death.

Gilmour appeared much interested, as well as astonished at the narrative, and taking out a note-book, he looked over some dates, and then observed; "This date of yours tallies exactly with one of my own, relating to an incident of the same sort, but the circumstances narrated are so different, that I must conceive, either that you are mistaken, or that you are trumping up this story to screen some other guilty person or persons."

Haliday disclaimed all such motives, and persevered in his attestations. Gilmour then took him along with him to the Tolbooth prison, where the two were admitted to a private interview with the prisoner, and there charged him with the crime of murder in such a place and on such a night; but he denied the whole with disdain. Haliday told him that it was in vain for him to deny it, for he beheld him in the very act of perpetrating the murder with his own eyes, while Gabriel Johnstone's daughter stood deliberately and held the candle to him.

"Hold your tongue, fellow!" said Lindsay, disdainfully, "for you know not what you are saying. What a cowardly dog you must be by your own account! If you saw me murdering a gentleman cavalier, why did you not rush in to his assistance?"

"I could not have saved the gentleman then," said Haliday, "and I thought it not meet to intermeddle in such a scene of blood."

"It was as well for you that you did not," said Lindsay.

"Then you acknowledge being in the cottage of the dell that night?" said Gilmour.

"And if I was, what is that to you? Or what is it now to me or any person? I *was* there on the night specified; but I am ashamed of the part I

there acted, and am now well requited for it. Yes, requited as I ought to be, so let it rest; for not one syllable of the transaction shall any one hear from me."

Thus they were obliged to leave the prisoner, and forthwith Gilmour led Haliday up a stair to a lodging in the Parliament Square, where they found a gentleman lying sick in bed, to whom Mr. Gilmour said, after inquiring after his health, "Brother Robert, I conceive that we two have found out the young man who saved your life at the cottage among the mountains."

"I would give the half that I possess that this were true," said the sick gentleman, "who or where is he?"

"If I am right in my conjecture," said the privy councillor, "he is lying in the Tolbooth jail, there under sentence of death, and has but a few days to live. But tell me, brother, could you know him, or have you any recollection of his appearance?"

"Alas! I have none!" said the other mournfully, "for I was insensible, through the loss of blood, the whole time I was under his protection; and if I ever heard his name I have lost it: the whole of that period being a total blank in my memory. But he must be a hero of the first rank; and therefore, O my dear brother, save him whatever his crime may be."

"His life is justly forfeited to the laws of his country, brother," said Gilmour, "and he must die with the rest."

"He shall not die with the rest if I should die for him," cried the sick man, vehemently, "I will move heaven and earth before my brave deliverer shall die like a felon."

"Calm yourself, brother; and trust that part to me," said Gilmour, "I think my influence saved the life of this gentleman, as well as the lives of some others, and it was all on account of the feeling of respect I had for the party, one of whom, or, rather I should say two of whom, acted such a noble and distinguished part toward you. But pray undeceive this gentleman by narrating the facts to him, in which he cannot miss to be interested." The sick man, whose name it seems, if I remember aright, was Captain Robert Gilmour, of the volunteers, then proceeded as follows:—

"There having been high rewards offered for the apprehension of some south-country gentlemen, whose correspondence with Mr. Welch, and some other of the fanatics, had been intercepted, I took advantage of information I obtained, regarding the place of their retreat, and set out, certain of apprehending two of them at least.

"Accordingly I went off one morning about the beginning of November, with only five followers, well armed and mounted. We left Gilmerton long before it was light, and having a trusty guide, rode straight to their hiding-place, where we did not arrive till towards the evening, when we started them. They were seven in number, and were armed with swords and bludgeons: but, being apprized of our approach, they fled from us, and took shelter in a morass, into which it was impossible to follow them on horseback. But perceiving three men more, on another hill, I thought there was no time to lose; so giving one of my men our horses to hold, the rest of us advanced into the morass with drawn swords and loaded horse pistols. I called to them to surrender, but they stood upon their guard, determined on resistance; and just while we were involved to the knees in the mire of the morass, they broke in upon us, pell-mell, and for about two minutes the engagement was very sharp. There was an old man struck me a terrible blow with a bludgeon, and was just about to repeat it when I brought him down with a shot from my pistol. A young fellow then ran at me with his sword, and as I still stuck in the moss, I could not ward the blow, so that he got a fair stroke at my neck, meaning, without doubt, to cut off my head; and he would have done it had his sword been sharp. As it was, he cut it to the bone, and opened one of the jugular veins. I fell, but my men firing a volley in their faces, at that moment, they fled. It seems we did the same, without loss of time; for I must now take my narrative from the report of others, as I remember no

more that passed. My men bore me on their arms to our horses, and then mounted and fled; trying all that they could to stanch the bleeding of my wound. But perceiving a party coming running down a hill, as with the intent of cutting off their retreat, and losing all hopes of saving my life, they carried me into a cottage in a wild lonely retreat, commended me to the care of the inmates, and, after telling them my name, and in what manner I had received my death wound, they thought proper to provide for their own safety, and so escaped.

"The only inmates of that lonely house, at least at that present time, were a lover and his mistress, both intercommuned whigs; and when my men left me on the floor, the blood, which they had hitherto restrained in part, burst out afresh and deluged the floor. The young man said it was best to put me out of my pain, but the girl wept and prayed him rather to render me some assistance. 'Oh Johnny, man, how can ye speak that gate?' cried she, 'suppose he be our mortal enemy, he is ay ane o' God's creatures, an' has a soul to be saved as well as either you or me; an' a soldier is obliged to do as he is bidden. Now Johnny, ye ken ye war learned to be a doctor o' physic, wad ye no rather try to stop the blooding and save the young officer's life, as either kill him, or let him blood to death on our floor, when the blame o' the murder might fa' on us?'

"'Now, the blessing of heaven light on your head, my dear Sally!' said the lover, 'for you have spoken the very sentiments of my heart; and, since it is your desire, though we should both rue it, I here vow to you that I will not only endeavour to save his life, but I will defend it against our own party to the last drop of my blood.'

"He then began, and in spite of my feeble struggles, who knew not either what I was doing or suffering, sewed up the hideous gash in my throat and neck, tying every stitch by itself; and the house not being able to produce a pair of scissars, it seems that he cut off all the odds and ends of the stitching with a large sharp gully knife, and it was likely to have been during the operation that this gentleman chanced to look in at the window. He then bathed the wound for an hour with cloths dipped in cold water, dressed it with plaster of wood-betony, and put me to bed, expressing to his sweetheart the most vivid hopes of my recovery.

"These operations were scarcely finished, when the maid's two brothers came home from their hiding-place; and it seems they would have been there much sooner had not this gentleman given them chase in the contrary direction. They, seeing the floor all covered with blood, inquired the cause with wild trepidation of manner. Their sister was the first to inform them of what had happened; on which both the young men gripped to their weapons, and the eldest, Samuel, cried out with the vehemence of a maniac, 'Blessed be the righteous avenger of blood! Hoo! Is it then true that the Lord hath delivered our greatest enemy into our hands!' 'Hold, hold, dearest brother!' cried the maid, spreading out her arms before him, 'Would you kill a helpless young man, lying in a state of insensibility? What, although the Almighty hath put his life in your hand, will he not require the blood of you, shed in such a base and cowardly way?'

"'Hold your peace, foolish girl,' cried he, in the same furious strain, 'I tell you if he had a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all this moment! Wo be to this old rusty and fizenless sword, that did not sever his head from his body, when I had a fair chance in the open field! Nevertheless he shall die; for you do not yet know that he hath, within these few hours, murdered our father, whose blood is yet warm around him on the bleak height.'

"'Oh! merciful heaven! killed our father!' screamed the girl, and flinging herself down on the resting-chair, she fainted away. The two brothers regarded not, but, with their bared weapons, made towards the closet, intent on my blood, and both vowing I should die if I had a thousand lives. The stranger interfered, and thrust himself into the closet door before them, swearing that, before they committed so cowardly a murder, they should first

make their way through his body. A long scene of expostulation and bitter altercation then ensued, which it is needless to recapitulate; both parties refusing to yield. Samuel at the last got into an ungovernable rage, and raising his weapon, he said, furiously, 'How dare you, sir, mar my righteous vengeance when my father's blood calls to me from the dreary heights? Or how dictate to me in my own house? Either stand aside this moment, or thy blood be upon thine own head!'

"'I'll dictate to the devil, if he will not hearken to reason,' said the young surgeon, 'therefore strike at your peril.'

"Samuel retreated one step to have full sway for his weapon, and the fury depicted on his countenance proved his determination. But in a moment, his gallant opponent closed with him, and holding up his wrist with his left hand, he with the right bestowed on him a blow with such energy, that he fell flat on the floor, among the soldier's blood. The youngest then ran on their antagonist with his sword, and wounded him, but the next moment he was lying beside his brother. He then disarmed them both, and still not thinking himself quite safe with them, he tied both their hands behind their backs, and had then time to pay attention to the young woman, who was inconsolable for the loss of her father, yet deprecated the idea of murdering the wounded man. As soon as her brothers came fairly to their senses, she and her lover began and expostulated with them, at great length, on the impropriety and unmanliness of the attempt, until they became all of one mind, and the two brothers agreed to join in the defence of the wounded gentleman, from all of their own party, until he was rescued by his friends, which they did. But it was the maid's simple eloquence that finally prevailed with the fierce covenanters, in whom a spirit of retaliation seemed inherent.

"'O my dear brothers,' said she, weeping, 'calm yourselves, and think like men and like Christians. There has been enough o' blood shed for a'e day, and if ye wad cut him a' to inches it coudna restore our father to life again. Na, na, it coudna bring back the soul that has departed frae this weary scene o' sin, sorrow, and suffering; and if ye wad but mind the maxims o' our blessed Saviour ye wadna let revenge rankle in your hearts that gate. An' o'er an' aboon a', it appears that the young officer was only doing what he conceived to be his bounden duty, and at the moment was actually acting in defence of his own life. Since it is the will of the Almighty to lay these grievous sufferings on our covenanted church, why not suffer patiently, along with your brethren, in obedience to that will; for it is na like to be a private act of cruelty or revenge that is to prove favourable to our forlorn cause.'

"When my brothers came at last, with a number of my men, and took me away, the only thing I remember seeing in the house was the corpse of the old man whom I had shot, and the beautiful girl standing weeping over the body; and certainly my heart smote me in such a manner that I would not experience the same feeling again for the highest of this world's benefits. That comely young maiden, and her brave intrepid lover, it would be the utmost ingratitude in me, or in any of my family, ever to forget; for it is scarcely possible that a man can ever be again in the same circumstances as I was, having been preserved from death in the house of the man whom my hand had just deprived of life."

Just as he ended, the sick-nurse peeped in, which she had done several times before, and said, "Will your honour soon be disengaged d'ye think? for ye see because there's a lass wanting till speak till ye."

"A lass, nurse? what lass can have any business with me? what is she like?"

"Oo 'deed, sir, the lass is weel enough, for that part o't, but she may be nae better than she should be for a' that; ye ken, I's no answer for that, for ye see because *like* is an ill mark: but she has been aften up, speering after ye, an' gude troth she's fairly in nettle-earnest now, for she winna gang awa till she see your honour."

The nurse being desired to show her in, a comely girl entered, with a timid

step, and seemed ready to faint with trepidation. She had a mantle on, and a hood that covered much of her face. The privy councillor spoke to her, desiring her to come forward, and say her errand; on which she said that "she only wanted a preevat word wi' the captain, if he was that weel as to speak to ane." He looked over the bed, and desired her to say on, for that gentleman was his brother, from whom he kept no secrets. After a hard struggle with her diffidence, but, on the other hand, prompted by the urgency of the case, she at last got out, "I'm unco glad to see you sae weel comed round again, though I daresay ye'll maybe no ken wha I am. But it was me that nursed ye, an' took care o' ye in our house, when your head was amaist cuttit off."

There was not another word required to draw forth the most ardent expressions of kindness from the two brothers; on which the poor girl took courage, and, after several showers of tears, she said, with many bitter sobs, "There's a poor lad wha, in my humble opinion, saved your life; an' wha is just gaun to be hanged the day after the morn. I wad unco fain beg your honour's interest to get his life spared."

"Say not another word, my dear, good girl," said the Councillor, "for though I hardly know how I can intercede for a rebel who has taken up arms against the government, yet for your sake and his, my best interest shall be exerted."

"Oh, ye maun just say, sir, that the poor whigs were driven to desperation, and that this young man was misled by others in the fervour and enthusiasm of youth. What else can ye say? but ye're good! oh, ye're very good! and on my knees I beg that ye winna lose ony time, for indeed there is nae time to lose!"

The Councillor lifted her kindly by both hands, and desired her to stay with his brother's nurse till his return, on which he went away to the president, and in half-an-hour returned with a respite for the convict, John Lindsay, for three days, which he gave to the girl, along with an order for her admittance to the prisoner. She thanked him with the tears in her eyes, but added, "Oh, sir, will he and I then be obliged to part for ever at the end of three days?"

"Keep up your heart, and encourage your lover," said he, "and meet me here again on Thursday, at this same hour, for, till the Council meet, nothing further than this can be obtained."

It may well be conceived how much the poor forlorn prisoner was astonished, when his own beloved Sally entered to him, with the reprieve in her hand, and how much his whole soul dilated when, on the Thursday following, she presented him with a free pardon. They were afterwards married, when the Gilmours took them under their protection. Lindsay became a highly qualified surgeon, and the descendants of this intrepid youth occupy respectable situations in Edinburgh to this present day.

EWEN M'GABHAR:

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

In my peregrinations through the North highlands, I came upon a large and romantic lake, in the country of the M'Kenzies, called Loch Mari, or St. Mary's Loch, the same designation with that of my own beloved lake, but originating in a different language. It is one of the most romantic places in the world; speckled with beautiful islets, and overhung by tremendous

mountains, some of them quite spiral and white as snow. I spent a number of days about this enchanting lake, sailing, fishing, and shooting gulls, with the M'Kenzies of Ardlair, and M'Intire of Lutterewe. With this latter gentleman I made a day's excursion towards the north part of the Lutterewe estate, and certainly was highly gratified; for such groups of grandeur, horror, and sublimity, I have never yet seen. Sequestered dells, surrounded by inaccessible cliffs; vistas of grim, vast, and yawning caverns, were everywhere opening upon us, so that we were soon entangled in a wilderness of wonders, out of which none but a well experienced guide could have extricated us.

At length he said he would show me the greatest curiosity of all; and led me a long way to the south-west, to see a remarkable cavern. It was a place of horrid grandeur, and most difficult of access, and is called Uadha-na Kigh, or the King's Son's Cave. I asked at Mr. M'Intire how it came to receive that dignified title. "I will tell you that," said he, "once we have got our dinner eaten and our whisky drunk;" and I saw by the quick and silent way in which he despatched his meal, that he weened he had recollected a theme which would please and interest me; for a more obliging little fellow never breathed than John M'Intire. Before I had half done eating, he returned thanks very shortly in Gaelic, and thus began:—

"Well, do you know, sir, that you are now sitting in a place where some of the most remarkable events have happened that ever took place since the world was made? Do you remember the steading grown green with age which I bade you pay particular attention to?" I answered that I did, and never would forget it. "Well, in that sequestered home there lived, some time long ago, a young man and his mother, whose subsistence depended chiefly on hunting and fishing; but they had also a few goats, and among others, a large and most valuable one, called Earba. She was the colour of a hind, a dim chestnut, and almost invisible; and tradition says she gave more than any cow. She was a pet and well fed, and some of these animals will give more milk than could well be believed by a Sassenach. Well, but all at once Earba begins to give less and less milk, to the great consternation of old Oighrig, who fed and better fed her favourite to no purpose. She complained to her son Kenet of the astounding circumstance, but he only laughed at her, and said she was not very easily pleased of the quantity of milk, that she had not fed poor Earba well enough, or the good creature had perhaps been unwell.

"The next day, when Kenet came in from the hills, his mother says, 'I tell you, Kenet, something must be done about Earba, else we may all starve. I declare she has not given me a green-horn spoonful of milk this morning.'

"'That is very extraordinary, mother,' said Kenet, 'but how can I help it?'

"'Why, the truth is, Kenet, that I am sure the fairies milk her; or else she has picked up some poor motherless fawn, for it is a kindly creature; and that either some fairy or this motherless fawn suck her evening and morning. For, do you know, Kenet, that though she comes evening and morning for her meals, yet she gives me nothing in return for them. Besides, she shows a sort of impatience to get away, and does not lick my hand as she was wont to do; and then she takes always one path, up through the middle of these rocks, and I hear her often bleating as she ascends;—but, plague on her, nobody can keep sight of her.'

"'It is very singular, indeed,' says Kenet; 'we must tether her.'

"'No, no, son Kenet, I cannot consent to that. Were we to put a rope about poor Earba's neck and tether her, it would break her heart, and she would never come home to us again. I'll tell you what you must do, Kenet, you must watch her the whole day, and never let her know that you see her, for it is a cunning beast; and if she knows that you see her, she will not go near her fairy or her fawn, but wait till it be dark and then give us the slip.'

"Kenet promised that he would; and early next morning went and hid himself among the rocks that overhung his cottage, to cheat Earba. He also took a lump of dried salmon with him, that he might not be hungry for a whole day, determined to find out Earba's secret. Nevertheless, for all his precaution, she cheated him; she went by paths on which he could not follow her, and before he got round by passable parts of the rock he had lost sight of her; and, when once lost sight of, it was almost impossible to discover her again, owing to her invisible colour. She actually appeared often to vanish, when scarcely a bow-shot off, among the rocks.

"'It will be as well for us to keep on good terms with you, Earba,' said Kenet to himself; 'for if it should come into your head to absent yourself, long would it be before we found you again. But I'll be about with you! for I'll watch till you return, and see where you come from, for you will pay us a visit for your meal.'

"Kennet watched and watched; but he might as well have watched for a spirit. The first sight that he saw of her she was with his mother on the green at the cottage-door. Kenet was terribly chagrined at being thus outwitted; and more so when he returned to his mother and learned that Earba had not given a green-horn spoonful of milk, having been newly sucked.

"They could ill subsist without Earba's milk: further exertion was necessary; so Kenet went higher up among the rocks next day. He saw her pass by him, but again lost her. He went farther and farther on the track till at the last he saw her enter this very cavern. Kenet, quite overjoyed, came posting to the foot of the rock there, where we began to climb, and called out, in his native tongue, 'Hilloa, dear Earba! are you in? come out! come out!' Earba came farward, and looked over at him from this very spot, uttering a kindly bleat, and then posted down the rock to her owner. 'What have you got in there, dear Earba? I must see what you have got in there.' Earba looked up in his face with a countenance of the utmost distress. He began to climb, Earba mounted the rock like lightning before him, and placed herself there on the verge, and with a decided inveteracy defended the mouth of the cave. She popped her master on the forehead as it reared above the verge, gently at first; but when he tried to force himself up she smote him hard, letting him know that there he should not come; and as he had no footing he was obliged to retreat.

"As soon as he got fairly down upon the greensward there beneath, she came at his call, and accompanied him on his way home, but left him. Her secret was now discovered, and she did not choose to trust herself any more in the power of her owners. What was to be done? Their darling and chief support was lost to them, and that by a sort of mystery which they could not comprehend. They slept none all that night, consulting what was best to be done; and at length came to the resolution to go together and storm the cave. Kenet hesitated; but the curiosity of his mother prevailed, though she attributed it all to necessity. So, after stuffing her lap with all the herbs and good things that Earba loved, the two sallied out at dawn, and reached this cave by sunrising. They had resolved to take Earba by surprise; but a woman's tongue, even in a whisper, long as it is, proved not longer than a goat's ears. Before they were half-way up, by different routes, the one coming by that step there, and the other by this one here, Earba appeared on the verge with looks of great uneasiness. She answered to her name by a shrill bleat; but when Oighrig held out kail-blades to her, and the finest herbs, she would not taste them, but stood there tramping with her foot and whistling through her nostrils, determined to resist all encroachments on her premises to the death.

"But instinct is unfairly opposed to reason: by throwing a noose over her horns, and holding down her head, Kenet succeeded in mounting to this platform where we sit. Till that instant all had been quiet; but, when the goat fell a struggling and bleating, there issued from that dark corner there a

beautiful little child, creeping with great velocity, and crying out 'mam-mam, mam-mam.'

"'Sirre gleidh Dia more!' roared Kenet, and half threw himself over that precipice, not taking two steps on the whole. Oighrig still held by the rope that kept down Earba's head; and abusing her son for his cowardice in no very measured terms, ordered him to come and hold Earba, and she would enter the cave herself. 'Sithiche, sithiche! le mair Dia!" shouted Kenet, and made signs for his mother to run for her life.

"'What, you fool!' cried Oighrig, in her native tongue, 'and do you think a fairy would be so unreasonable as to wreak any vengeance on us for claiming our own? Come and hold down the rope here, and keep that perverse beast in order, and I'll face the fairy.'

"Kenet took a long grip of the rope at the bottom of the rock, and Earba, finding that he now had it in his power to pull her headlong over, stood quiet, still bleating always in answer to the child's 'mam-mam.' But when Oighrig succeeded in getting up here, where my foot is placed, there the goat was standing with her head held down, and there on that spot, was the loveliest boy sucking her that ever the eye of woman beheld; so Oighrig said, and so I believe she thought. She started back as she saw, and held up her hands at such an extraordinary sight, crying out—'Did not I tell you, Earba, that you were sucked by the fairies?'

"Oighrig, I believe, never told her any such thing; but, though convinced in her own mind that the lovely child was a fairy, there is something in woman's feeling heart that clings to a fellow-creature in extremity. It is out of her power to abandon such a being, whatever privations she may suffer in her efforts to mitigate human suffering. But let a helpless infant once come in her way, then all the sympathies of her generous nature overflow, as with a spring-tide. A lovely boy sucking a goat in a cave of the wilderness, was more than poor Oighrig's heart could stand—she flew to him, snatched him up in her arms, and shed a flood of tears over him, exclaiming—'Be you a fairy, or be you a fiend, you shall lie in my bosom and have good Earba for your nurse still. Blessings on you, poor and kind-hearted Earba, for preserving the life of this dear child!' 'Anam bhur ceaduich comhnuich neamhuidh.'*

"The child held out his hands to Earba, wept, and continued to cry out 'mam-mam,' while poor Earba answered every cry with a bleat. Oighrig caressed the child and blessed him, and promised him that he should lie in her bosom and be fed with Earba's milk, and ride upon her back on a pretty level green. The boy would not be comforted nor soothed, but screamed to be at Earba; and so Oighrig set him down, when he instantly clasped his little arms round the animal's neck and laid his cheek to hers; she muttered sounds of kindness over him and licked his hands. Kenet now ascended into the cave, but was in utter terror for the fairy, and kept wildly aloof, threatening, at the same time, to fling the creature headlong over the rocks.

"'But you shall first fling the mother that bore you over the rocks,' cried Oighrig. 'Would you take the life that God has preserved by a miracle, or dash an innocent babe to pieces that a brute beast has taken pity on and saved?'

"'Do you think that being would dash to pieces?' said Kenet. 'A fairy dash to pieces! You may throw him over there, he will light on a bed of down. You may throw him into the flame, he will mount up into the air like

* I am not sure if this is the very expression used by Mr. M'Intire, not being a Gaelic scholar, but it is something like it; for he used in his narrative some strong short Gaelic sentences, which he swore would not translate, and I believe it. One time I was with a party of gentlemen in Balquhidder, and after dinner, the reverend clergyman of the parish told us a story of a Balquhidder lad and a young game cock. It was no story at all. I wondered at it. "It is impossible to tell it in English," said he, and told it shortly in Gaelic, with a triumphant look. The effect was like electricity. The Highland gentlemen rolled upon the floor and laughed at it.

a living spark, and laugh at you. You may throw him into the sea, he will swim like a marrot. Do you not see his green dress, his flaxen hair, and light blue eyes?—a fairy, as I breathe!'

"'He is no such thing, hind, but as good flesh and blood as you; and a great deal better,' cried a voice from that darksome den, right behind Kenet, who almost jumped out of his skin with fright. And instantly there rushed forth a comely girl to the heart of the stage here as we may call it. Her air was wild, her apparel torn, and famine painted in her youthful features, which, nevertheless, bore decisive traces of youth and beauty. 'The child is mine!' cried she. 'The dear babe is mine! in woe and in weakness have I watched over him; and journeyed both by sea and land to save his dear life, until now that my strength is exhausted, and had it not been for this dear creature, which I wiled and bribed into the cave for our assistance, we should both long ago have perished of want.'

"'Your child, dear heart!' said Oighrig. 'If he had been your child, would you not have nursed him yourself, and not set him out to nurse on a poor old woman's goat, which is her principal dependence? Your son, indeed! Now, I wish I were as sure of living in heaven as that you never had a child in your life.'

"The girl blushed exceedingly, and hid her face and wept. But the sight of this youthful and half-famished beauty wrought a great change in Kenet's mind with regard to the child of the fairies. He now perceived a glimmer of human nature to beam through the mystery, or rather through the eyes of a lovely female, which often convey powerful arguments to the hearts of young men.

"'Come, come now, mother, don't be going too strictly into your researches; for though you be exceedingly wise in your own conceit, yet you may be mistaken. Many a mother has had a child who could not nurse it, and so young a one as she is may well be excused. One thing only is certain at present, and that is, that the helpless couple must go home with us for we cannot leave them to perish here.'

"'And that is most certain, indeed,' sighed Oighrig, wiping her eyes; 'and God be blessing you for a dear lad for first making the proposal: for if you had left them here I would have stayed with them. And now I know that when mercy, and kindness, and necessity require it, you will hunt double and fish double, and we shall live more sumptuously than ever we did before.'

"'Ay, and that I will, mother. And now, M'Gabhar (son of the goat), come you on my back, and we'll march in grand battle array home.'

"Kenet had now got a new stimulus. His success in hunting and fishing astonished even old Oighrig herself, who daily declared, that if Kenet had ten of a family it would be all the same to him, for he would maintain them all, and more. The girl's name was Flora; and she told them that the boy's Christian name was Ewan, but she would not say the patronymic name of either, so the boy got the name of M'Gabhar until his dying day.

"They lived as happily together as ever a little group did in such a wilderness; Earba got kids of her own, and Ewan herded and fed them, with a daily acknowledgment of their fraternity. Flora grew as plump as a doe in autumn, and far, far too lovely for the peace of poor Kenet's heart. From the moment that he first saw her in the cavern here, when she came out of that dark hole, with her ragged array and dishevelled locks, there was a spontaneous leaning of affection towards her, which at once disarmed him of his rancour against the child of the fairies: but now, when well fed and living at ease, and in the full blow of her beauty, Kenet found himself fairly her slave. Though he had never spoken of love to her, there were, nevertheless, a kindness and suavity of manner expressed towards him, in all their field-labours and daily transactions, which made him hope and believe that the affection between them was mutual. But before entering on such a serious concern as a life-rent lease of Flora, he, like a dutiful son, thought proper to consult his mother about it.

"'Do you think Flora is really the mother of little Ewan? because, if she is, it is not fair to call him M'Gabhar—he should be called M'Aillaidh (son of the beautiful). Tell me truly what you think of this, mother.'

"'Do I think that you are the mother of the boy, son Kenet? That would not be a very natural thought for me to take up, would it? Then you are just as much the mother of the boy as maighdean Flora is. Do you think I have lived so long in the world and not know oigh neochirramach from bean muither? Just as well as you know a red deer from a goat, Kenet; and you may take my word for it that Flora is a virgin as pure as on the day that she was born.'

"'I rejoice to hear you say so, my dear old mother; for I am going to take Flora for a wife to me, and I should not have much liked to take another man's wife, or his mistress, in that capacity.'

"'You take Flora for a wife, son Kenet! You may as well think of taking the queen of heaven for a wife, which is the moon. Cannot you perceive that Flora is a great-born lady, and doubtless the daughter of a king; and for a poor young forester to think of marrying a king's daughter is a vain thought. That sword and mantle, which she preserves with such care for the boy, and which were his father's, show that *he* is at least the son of a king; and I have no doubt that she is his sister, who has fled with the boy from some great and imminent danger—for she has told me that both their lives depend on the strictest concealment. Let us therefore be kind to them and protect them in close concealment, and our fortunes, by and by, will be made. But, as I said before, you may as well expect that the moon will stoop down to be your wife as that Flora will; so never bring your kind heart into any trouble about that.'

"This was a cutting speech to Kenet, and made his spirit sink within him, for he had calculated on the beauty as his own, thrown as she was on his special protection. But he bowed to his mother's insinuation, and remained respectful and attentive, sighing for love in secret, and cherishing the dangerous passion more and more, but never made mention of it to Flora. Young Ewan grew apace, was a healthy and hardy boy, of a proud, positive disposition; and though clad in the homeliest mountain array, had an eye, a form, and an expression of features, which could never be mistaken for a peasant's child; for over all this country the two classes are a distinct species.

"They were surprised and greatly deranged one day by the great Lord Downan, the chief, coming to their cottage with his train; nor did they ever see him till he alighted at the door; and Kenet being one of his own foresters, he entered without ceremony, and jocosely blamed him for not being out with them at the hunt. Kenet excused himself in an embarrassed, confused way, as not knowing of it; but Lord Downan, casting his eyes on the beautiful and blushing Flora—'Ah, Kenet! I excuse you, I excuse you,' exclaimed he; 'I did not know you had brought a wife home to Corry-dion; and, upon my word, Kenet, a prettier one never tripped over the hills of Lutterewe. How comes it that I knew nothing of this?'

"'Oh, you do not know the half that is done among your mountains and forests, my lord,' said Kenet.

"'But I ought to have known, and to have been at the wedding, too, you know, Kenet;' said Lord Downan. 'You have not recognised your chief's right there. But pray tell me where you got that flower; for I am sure she was not a Kenetdale maiden, else my eye would have caught her before now.'

"'No; I got her not so far from home,' said Kenet, terribly perplexed, and changing colours.

"'I perceive there is some secret here, Kenet,' said Downan; 'but with your chief there ought to be none. Tell me, then, where you found this maiden, for I do not think she is of my vassals; and I have a peculiar reason for wishing to know where you got her, and who she is.'

"'I got her on your own lands, my lord. She is of your own clan, for any thing I know to the contrary; and you know my wife must be your vassal.'

"'Your wife, Kenet? No, that gem cannot be your wife; she was formed for the chamber of a lord or a king.'

"'Then, where is this boy come from, my lord, if she is not my wife?'

"'Not from you. It is a mystery, I perceive that well enough; a runaway story—a matter of deep concealment; but I'll probe it, as it may concern myself perhaps too nearly; and to make sure of coming to the real truth, I shall take the maiden along with me; so you may make ready, my pretty dear, for your immediate journey to Dowan castle.'

"'O no, no my good lord and chief, do not speak of a thing so unjust and cruel. If you take her, you shall take me too; for you shall never part Flora and I.'

"'Flora! Flora!' cried Lord Downan; that is no name of our clan; no, but a polite one among our enemies. Why won't you tell me the truth, hind? I charge you to do it, then, before I sever your head from your body at one stroke.'

"Kenet trembled, for he had nothing to tell, and knew not what to say; but Flora sprung forward, and kneeling, with tears in her eyes, she implored him to leave her with her poor husband and child, for that her life was bound up in them; and for him to take the wife of a poor forester of his own to his lordly halls would bring disgrace upon himself, and ruin her own peace of mind for ever.'

"Lord Downan raised his eyes with astonishment. 'I cannot comprehend this!' exclaimed he. 'Your address proves it to me beyond a doubt that you are of the best blood of the land, or of some other land, for your tongue differs from ours. But the avowal from your own lips, that you are the wife of my own young forester, confounds me. Yet I do not believe it; women are deceitful. Go with me, Flora, I will be kind to you; and whatever has been your fate, you may confide in my honour.'

"Then all the little group set up a lamentation; and Kenet, in the plenitude of his misery, exclaimed, 'And poor little M'Gabhar, what will become of you!'

"At the name, Lord Downan started again to his feet. 'M'Gabhar! What is the meaning of that name?' cried he. 'There is something ominous to our family and name in that patronymic; for there is a legend of a thousand years which bears that—

> 'The son of the goat shall triumphantly bear—
> The mountain on flame and the horns of the deer—
> From forest of Loyne to the hill of Ben-Croshen—
> From mountain to vale, and from ocean to ocean.'

'Thou art a stem worthy to be looked after, little blue-eyed M'Gabhar; the first, I am sure, who ever bore the name. So thou and thy lovely protectress shall both go with me.'

"'I will not go, my lord, that is peremptory,' said Flora. 'If you take me you shall force me; and if you proffer force, I'll die before I yield. So take your choice—to leave me at peace, or kill both me and my dear boy.'

"'I yield for the present,' said Lord Downan, 'for forcibly on a woman shall my hand never be laid. But, Kenet, I trust the beautiful pair with you, and keep them safe till my return, as you shall answer with your head. I will make inquiries and see them soon again; and, lovely Flora, whatever your secret may be, you may depend on my honour. I make a present to you of the best stag of my quarry, to help your fare, and hope soon to place you in a situation that better becomes your rank and condition;' and then kissing her, he bade her adieu; but left a bold kinsman with them as a guard upon both, being a little jealous of their future movements.

"Their situation was now most critical, and Flora's distress extreme; yet she showed no signs of it before Hector, Lord Downan's friend, who accompanied Kenet to the fishing and hunting, and both were equally well received when they came home, and kindly treated. The circumstance of having been

acknowledged as the husband of Flora, by her own lips, had raised the poor fellow's spirits, so that, for all their jeopardy, he perhaps never was so happy. But one evening when they came home, all the three were amissing. Kenet called here and called there; and then, with troubled looks said 'They will be out milking the goats and will be home anon. God grant they may not have wandered among the rocks.'

"'Is this not some stratagem, Kenet?' said Hector: 'for it appears strange to me that two women and a boy should desert by themselves, without any to protect them; therefore, take you care and do not you desert too, else the best shaft that I have shall overtake you.'

"'As I live and breathe,' said Kenet, 'any intention of desertion was utterly unknown to me; and, therefore, I am certain, that if they are gone, they must have been carried off by force. We will search to-morrow, and if we find them not we will both haste to my lord for assistance. If my wife, my child, and my parent, are lost, what is to become of me!'

The two young men went to no bed, nor slept they any that night. They went often to the door and called, but they were only mocked by a hundred echoes from the rocks that surrounded them. Even Earba answered not to her name; and that was the first circumstance which made Kenet suspect some deep-laid and desperate plot.

"Next morning they were standing ready at break of day to begin the search. Kenet had strong hopes that he should find them once more here in Tol-au-Kigh; but Hector was sulky and ill-humoured, suspecting that he was duped, and likewise that his neck might suffer on account of his remissness.

"Kenet knew that no living man was aware of the cave, and there were many hundreds of yawning openings among the rocks much liker a cave than it, he was therefore very cautious how he approached it in view of Hector; but found means in the course of the day, to make a signal, which was answered, and then he knew all was right. The only remaining difficulty now was to get quit of Hector; but that proved easier than was apprehended, for he vanished that very day on the hill, and hasted home with the news to his lord, convinced that he was duped, and that the party had planned an escape to another country.

"What to do the party knew not. They could not abide in the cave, for Kenet durst not go out either to fish or to hunt, and they were terrified for the sloth-hounds; so they decamped that night and went down to the shore, where they hid themselves, and waited the appearance of some boat to take them from Lord Downan's dominions, that being their chief concern for the present, Flora having imbibed a terror for that family which was to the rest quite unaccountable. Earba followed them with her two remaining kids, she being still as much attached to Ewan as any of them.

"The next day, towards evening, a vessel approached as from the coast of Skye, and came into Pool-ewe, where she cast anchor, and a boat came towards the shore. Kenet and Flora went down, hand in hand, to ask for a passage to the islands, old Oighrig remaining on the top of the promontory, with the boy, the goats, and the stuff, until the two returned to help her to remove them. But never, till the barge's prow was within half a stone-cast of the land, did Kenet and Flora know or suspect that this was a party of Lord Downan's men, sent for the express purpose of preventing their escape; while another party, with the sloth-hounds, were behind them. The two took to their heels and fled like two deers taken by surprise; but the roughness of the ground entangled the maiden; they were soon overtaken, seized, and carried to the vessel, with loud rejoicings of the crew for their instant success; but, oh! what a grievous scene it was to the two captives, as well as to Oighrig and little Ewan, to be separated from them and know not to what quarter of the world they were taken. Flora's distress it is impossible to describe; she wept incessantly, and called on the name of the boy; and had Lord Downan been there, he doubtless, would have caused his men to return for Oighrig and the boy; but as their lord's great anxiety seemed to be the attainment of the

young lady and his disingenuous forester, the men returned with their prize, looking for nothing further.

"Oighrig, altogether forlorn and destitute, wist not what to do. She thought of returning to her cot, but, with her baggage, was not able; neither had she any mode of subsistence when there. All places were now alike to her, only she wished to sail or to travel southward after her son and darling Flora. Some of her poor clansmen on the shore protected her and her little store, consisting of three goats, three baskets, and a small locked chest or cage, in which were the boy's sword, mantle, and some jewels, for several days; and at length they spoke a vessel, which promised to take them to Castle Downan, where Oighrig was sure she would hear some news of her son, either good or bad. But, whether by chance or design, certain it is they took the hapless pair into the country of a great chief, plunderer, and freebooter, called Colin Gillespick.

"Oighrig and Ewan, with their little store, were taken by the captain of the vessel, and deposited in one of his out-houses, with their three goats; but before he left them he searched all their baggage; and what was his astonishment when he found the scarlet velvet mantle of state, all fringed and bound with pure gold, and the sword with a handle of gold and ivory, and some mystic characters on it! The captain then adjured Oighrig to tell him who this boy was; and she for herself having no secret to keep, told him all—that he was the king's son, and that she found him in a cave with that same old goat nursing him.

"The man was amazed, as may well be supposed. He made straight to his chief, Colin More, with the story and the trophies, who was no less amazed than he; and being certain that he had a great prize in his power, he lost no time in providing liberally for the boy. He placed Oighrig in a little hut beside his castle, provided well for her goats, and gave her a cow; and Ewan he took into his own family, and brought him up with his own sons in all the liberal and warlike arts, with liberty to visit his old protectress daily.

"But, as the proverb goes, 'blood is thicker than water.' Oighrig grew restless and impatient to learn something of the fate of her own son Kenet; and finding that the great Colin disapproved of it, for fear of the secret of the illustrious boy being discovered to a rival chief who appeared to have prior claims, the poor old matron decamped by herself; and what became of her, or whether she reached Castle Downan or not, tradition has brought down no record.

"But young Ewan, in the mean time, grew in strength and in favour with all. There was none who could match him in warlike exercises, though these were practised every day at the castle of Colin.

"A great and bloody war now commenced between Colin More and the king of the country that should have been Ewan's own, of which he knew nothing. Lord Downan was joined with Colin More in this great enterprise, which they hoped to accomplish easily, a queen (lady) only being at the head of the enemy's affairs. They took one whole kingdom from her, which they plundered and burned (probably Mull); and then, proceeding to the main kingdom with a fleet under which the ocean groaned, they went into a long bay which winded twenty miles into the country, and there they landed 20,000 men, who immediately began to burn and plunder, without opposition.

"At night, the chiefs and a few followers went to their ships for the night, as a safe and comfortable retreat. Their army was encamped at from ten to twenty miles distance, having seen no appearance of a foe. But before day-break the chiefs and their attendants got a disagreeable wakening by the lady's captains, who had come quietly up the loch by night, and enclosed the fleet of their enemies with few on board to defend it. The conquest was easy. They boarded, and took every man of them prisoners, not above twenty being slain in a fruitless attempt at defence. Colin More was taken, with two of his sons and Ewan M'Gabhar. Lord Downan also, and three of his brothers, with sixty gentlemen besides, were made prisoners. The land forces were attacked

at the same time, and, though taken by surprise, they defended themselves stoutly, retreating towards their ships. Most of their captains were slain; and when the retreaters reached the head of the bay, expecting encouragement and aid from their chiefs, they were saluted with the hurras of their enemies. They had no more power; they were pursued and slaughtered like sheep, and those who escaped were hunted from day to day, till few of all that puissant army were left alive.

"When the orders came from the Scottish court for the prosecution of this war, and the great clans began to arise, Ewan was all fire and eagerness for the glorious enterprise, having got the command of a thousand men. During the bustle one morning, a Highlander came to him, and proffered himself as his page. He was of middle age, rather small of stature, and not like a form calculated for the battle-field, which Ewan told him by way of rejection. But every subsequent day the young hero found this page in waiting, and ready to assist with everything, whether called or not; so that he soon contrived to establish himself in the good graces of his master, who felt his services and manner peculiarly agreeable to him, and finally he gave him the charge of making up his baggage and attending to it.

"The nobles and chiefs were conducted prisoners before that gallant and ruthless queen. They found her seated on high beneath a canopy of ermine, supported by great numbers of her chiefs and kinsmen. She arose, and made a long and vehement speech to them, accusing them as the slaves of a tyrant, and of having persecuted, hunted, and destroyed every remnant of her royal race; but she said that now the judgment of heaven had overtaken them, and her word was, Vengeance for vengeance!

"She then gave orders that the next morning, beginning at nine of the clock, the whole of the prisoners should be brought again into her presence, and hanged by sevens at a time, beginning with the youngest, that the fathers might have the pleasure of beholding the dying throes of their sons, and that the old men should be reserved for the last.

"Her guards and executioners were then ordered to begin, who, selecting the seven youngest, led them across the court to make their obeisance to the queen before they were hung up. No sooner had they made their appearance than the queen's hands began to move slowly upwards, her colour went and came, her bosom palpitated, her lips quivered, and at length she shrieked out, 'O God of heaven! what do I see? Stop the execution—stop!' and down she fell in a swoon. Her maids came to her assistance, and now a hundred shouts rent the air—'A M'Olaw More! a M'Olaw More!' (a son of Olaw the Great)—and instantly all the queen's chiefs and kinsmen were kneeling around one of the condemned prisoners. This was a tall, goodly, and graceful youth, who approached at the head of the other six, clothed in his father's scarlet robe of state, and his ancient sword of state by his side. It was Ewan. There was no mistaking his identity by any one who had seen his father in the days of his prosperity and glory. His mother's heart at once acknowledged her son; and ere our young hero could comprehend what was in the wind, his hands were loosed, and he was borne on the arms of kinsmen, seated on his father's throne, and acknowledged as sole lord and governor of the country; while the shouts of 'A M'Olaw More!' still increased, till all the rocks round the castle of Dunskaigh rang, and the firmament was rent.

"This great noise and hubbub brought the queen to herself, who again mounted the temporary throne. 'Give place, young stranger!' cried she: I yield not the throne of my husband's ancient house on the shallow ground of a mere personal likeness, with those of a pilfered robe and sword. That you are my husband's son my own heart tells me; but my own son you cannot be, for my child, my beloved Ewan, was foully murdered in his bed by hired ruffians and conspirators, whom I had blindly trusted; and with his innocent life the last lineal heir of the great M'Olaw perished. Therefore declare your lineage and your name, or dare not to approach this honoured and dangerous seat!' And, saying this, she again seated herself on the regal chair.

"Madam, I was hurried, I know not why, from the foot of the gallows to that dignified chair,' said he, 'to which I claim no pretensions. I am called Ewan M'Gabhar. Of my lineage I know nothing, nor is there any one here who can prove it. My lot has been a strange one; but I know, from one who has long been lost, that this robe and that sword were my father's.'

"The assembled crowd once more began to shout, 'A M'Olaw More!' But the queen ordered silence, and declared that though her senses convinced her of the truth that the youth was a son of M'Olaw, yet unless he was *her own son*, he could not be the heir of his father, and no illegitimate should ever sway that ancient sceptre.

"A lady clothed in dark silk was now admitted, who, kneeling at the queen's knee, said, in a vehement voice, so loud that all the vassals might hear, 'Madam, I appear as an important witness here to-day. I am Flora—your own youngest sister Flora! and that gallant youth who stands by your side is your own son Ewan, the only surviving son of the great M'Olaw.'

"The queen then embraced her son and sister alternately, and placed Ewan on his father's throne amid the most extravagant shouts of approbation. Flora then related, in their hearing, how that love had whispered to her that the conspirators were in the castle who had undertaken, for a great bribe, to murder at night that last remaining stem of a dangerous house; and how she gave up her bed to the wife and child of one of the conspirators, whose cruel deaths satisfied the ruffians and procured them their reward, while at the same time it prevented any pursuit or subsequent search after Flora and her precious charge; though of that circumstance she remained long ignorant, which kept her in great alarm. The rest of her story has already been related, saving the last scene. When she heard that Ewan was going to engage in that unnatural and exterminating war against his mother and kinsmen, she left her husband and family, and, in the habit of a page, had accompanied her young hero on the enterprise. She had taken care to bring the precious proofs along with her, and, as a page, her own hands had arrayed him in the very mode in which his father was wont to wear them, certain of the effect.

"Ewan's first act of authority was to go and loose all his condemned associates with his own hands. Their joy and astonishment may well be conceived. He entertained them gallantly at his castle for many days, and there a friendly league was framed, which has preserved the peace and tranquillity of those realms to this day. Ewan afterwards married Mary, Lord Downan's youngest daughter, and by his bravery and policy greatly increased the dominions of that potent house; so that the old prophecy relating to the 'son of the goat,' was literally fulfilled."

THE BRIDAL OF POLMOOD:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE STUARTS.

CHAPTER I.

NORMAN HUNTER of Polmood, the ninth of that name, and chief forester to the king of Scotland in all those parts, was a gentleman of high courage and benevolence, much respected by his Majesty, and all the nobles of the court who frequented the forests of Frood and Meggat-dale for the purpose of hunting. He had repeatedly entertained the king himself at his little castle of Polmood; and during the harvest months, while the king remained at his hunting seat of Crawmelt, Norman of Polmood was never absent from his side; for besides his other qualifications, he was the best marksman then in Scotland; and so well could his eye have measured distances, that when the

deer was running at full speed, and the arrows of all the courtiers flying like meteors, some this way, and some that, whenever Polmood's arrow reached its destination, she was seen to founder.

While the king and his nobles were enjoying the chase on Meggat-dale and the mountains of the Lowes, the queen, with her attendants, remained at the castle of Nidpath, where his Majesty went to visit her once a week; but when the weather was fine, and the mountains of the forest clear, the queen and her maidens frequently made excursions to the hunting quarters, and spent a few days in diversions with the king and his nobles.

It was during one of those excursions, that the laird of Polmood fell desperately in love with one of the queen's maidens, a very young lady, and supposed to have been the greatest beauty of her time. Her name was Elizabeth Manners; she was of English extraction; having followed the queen of Scots from her native home when only a little girl. Many of the young courtiers admired the glow of her opening charms, which were every day ripening into new beauties; and some of them were beginning to tease and flatter her; but she being an orphan from a strange country, destitute of titles or inheritance, and dependent on the bounty of the queen, by whom she was greatly beloved, none of them had the generosity to ask her in marriage. The principal of these her admirers were the young Baron Carmichael, and the Duke of Rothesay, brother to the king. They were both goodly knights. Carmichael admired and loved her with all his heart; but diffidence, or want of opportunity, had prevented him from making his sentiments known to her, otherwise than by his looks, which he had always flattered himself were returned in a way that bespoke congeniality of feeling. As for Rothesay, he had no other design than that of gaining her for his mistress, a scheme on which his heart had for some time been ardently intent. But no sooner had Norman of Polmood seen her, than he fell violently in love with her, and shortly after asked her of the king and queen in marriage. Polmood being at that time a man of no small consequence, both with regard to possessions and respectability, the royal pair, judging this to be a good offer, and an advantageous settlement for their beauteous ward, approved readily of the match, provided that he gained the young lady's consent. The enamoured forester, having so successfully *started his game*, lost no time *in the chase;* and by the most determined perseverance, to use his own expression, *he ran her down* in the course of one week. He opened his proposals in presence of the king and queen, and encouraged by their approbation, pressed his suit so effectually, that the young Elizabeth, not being able to offer any plausible reason why she could not consent, and weening that it would be bad manners to give a disinterested lover an absolute refusal, heard him at first in thoughtful silence, and in a few days finally acquiesced, though Polmood was considerably past the bloom of youth.

Every young lady is taught to consider marriage as the great and ultimate end of her life. It is that to which she looks forward for happiness, and in which she hopes to rival or excel her associates; and even *the first* to be married in a family, or court, is a matter of no small consideration. These circumstances plead eloquently in favour of the first lover who makes the dear proposal. The female heart is naturally kind and generous—it feels its own weakness, and its inability to encounter singly the snares and troubles of life; and in short, that it must lean upon another, in order to enjoy the delights most congenial to its natural feelings, and the emanation of those tender affections, in the exercise of which the enjoyments of the female mind chiefly consist. It is thus that the hearts of many young women become by degrees irrevocably fixed on those whom they were formerly wont to regard with the utmost indifference, if not with contempt; merely from a latent principle of generosity existing in the original frame of their nature; a principle which is absolutely necessary towards the proper balancing of our respective rights and pleasures, as well as the regulation of the conduct of either sex to the other.

It will readily be conjectured, that it was the power of this principle over the heart of young Elizabeth, that caused her to accept with such apparent condescension, the proposal of marriage made to her by the laird of Polmood; and this, without doubt, influenced her conduct in part; but it was only to her mind like the rosy streaks of the morning, that vanish before a brighter day. From the second day after the subject was first proposed to her, Polmood was of all things the least in her mind. She thought of nothing but the gaiety and splendour of her approaching nuptials, and the deference and respect that would be paid by all ranks to the lovely bride, and of the mighty conquest that she was about to have over all her titled court associates, every one of whom she was told by the queen would have been blithe to have been the wife of Polmood. Elizabeth had been brought up an eye witness to the splendour of a court, and learned to emulate, with passionate fondness, every personal qualification, and every ornament of dress, which she had there so often seen admired or envied. Her heart was as yet a stranger to the tender passion. If she felt an impatience for any thing, she knew not what it was, but believed it to be the attainment of finery and state; having never previously set her heart upon anything else, she thought the void which she began to feel in her heart, was in consequence of such privations. Of course her bridal ornaments—the brilliant appearance she would make in them—the distinguished part that she was to act in the approaching festivity—her uncontested right of taking place of all those court ladies, to whom she had so long stooped, and even of the queen herself—the honour of leading the dance in the hall and on the green, as well as the procession to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, and the more distant one to the shrine of St. Bothans,—these gay phantoms wrought so powerfully upon the mind of the fair Elizabeth, that it eagerly set aside all intervening obstacles which placed themselves in array before the wedding, and the tract beyond it vanished from her mind's eye, or only attracted it occasionally by a transient meteor ray, which like the rainbow, retired when she approached it, refusing a nearer inspection.

Polmood became every day more and more enamoured of his betrothed bride; and indeed, though she was little more than arrived at woman's estate, it was impossible to converse with her without considering her as a model of all that was lovely and desirable in women. She played upon the lute, and sung so exquisitely, that she ravished the hearts of those that heard her; and it is even reported, that she could charm the wild beasts and birds of the forest to gather around her at even-tide. Her air and countenance were full of grace, and her form displayed the most elegant symmetry. Her colour outvied the lily and the damask rose; and the amel of her eye, when she smiled, it was impossible to look steadfastly on.

Instead of any interchange of fond endearments, or any inquiries about the mode of life they were in future to lead, in all their short conversations, she only teased Polmood about such and such articles of dress and necessary equipage, and with proposals for plans of festivity and pleasure of such a nature as had never before entered our forester's head. He however yielded to everything with cheerful complacency, telling her, that, as she had been bred at court, and understood all those matters, and as the king and court were to be their guests on that occasion, everything should be provided and executed according to her directions. He would then kiss her hand in the most warm and affectionate manner, while she would in return take her leave with a courtesy, and smile so bewitchingly, that Polmood's heart was literally melted with feelings of soft delight, and he congratulated himself as the happiest of men. At one time, in the height of his ardour, he attempted to kiss her lips, but was astonished at seeing her shrink involuntarily from his embrace, as if he had been a beast of prey; but as she instantly recovered her gaiety, this was no more thought of, and everything went on as usual.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the news came to the courtiers' ears, that Elizabeth was instantly to be given away by the king, into the arms of Polmood, they were all a little startled. For even those who had never deigned to take any particular notice of her, could not bear the thought of seeing such a flower cropped by the hand of a country baron, and removed from their circle for ever. Even the lords who had spouses of their own were heard to say, "that they wished her well, and should rejoice at seeing her married, if it turned out conducive to her happiness; but that indeed they should have been glad of her company for a few years longer, for, upon the whole, Polmood could not have taken one from them who would be as much missed." These remarks drew the most sharp retorts from their ladies. They wondered what some people saw about some people—there were some people in the world who were good for nothing but making a flash, and there were others so silly as to admire those people. Happy at getting quit of so formidable a rival, the news of her approaching marriage were welcome news to them—they tossed up their heads, and said, "it was the luckiest occurrence that could have happened to her; there was no time to lose.—If Polmood had not taken her from the court in that manner, possibly no other would, and she would in all probability soon have left it in some other way—there were some who knew, and some who did not know about those things."

Alexander, duke of Rothesay, was not at that time along with the court, though he arrived shortly after, else it is conjectured that his violent and enterprising spirit would never have suffered the match to go on. Having had abundance of opportunities, he had frequently flattered and teased Elizabeth, and from her condescending, and, as he judged, easy disposition, he entertained no doubts of gaining his dishonourable purpose. Young Carmichael was with the king; and when he was told, that in a few days his dear Elizabeth was to be given in marriage to his kinsman Polmood, together with the lands of Fingland, Glenbreck, and Kingledoors, as her dowry, it is impossible to describe his sensations. He was pierced to the heart, and actually lost for a time all sense of feeling, and power of motion. On recovering a little, he betook himself to the thickest part of the wood, in order to ponder on the best means of preventing this marriage. Elizabeth had before appeared to his eyes a gem of the first water; but when he heard of the sovereign's favour, and of the jointure lands, which lay contiguous to his own, he then saw too late the value of the jewel he was about to lose. He resolved and re-resolved—formed a thousand desperate schemes, and abandoned them again, as soon as suggested, for others more absurd. From this turmoil of passion and contrivance, he hastened to seek Elizabeth; she was constantly surrounded by the queen and the court ladies; and besides, Polmood was never from her side; therefore, though Carmichael watched every moment, he could not once find an opportunity of imparting his sentiments to her in private, until the very day previous to that which was fixed for the marriage ceremony. About noon that day, he observed her steal privately into the linn, to wash her hands and feet in the brook—sure such hands and such feet were never before, nor since that time, bathed in the Crawmelt burn!—Thither Carmichael followed her, trembling with perturbation; and, after begging pardon for his rude intrusion, with the tear rolling in his eye, he declared his passion in the most ardent and moving terms, and concluded by assuring her, that without her it was impossible for him to enjoy any more comfort in this world. The volatile and unconscionable Elizabeth, judging this to be matter of fact, and a very hard case, after eyeing him from head to foot, observed carelessly, that if he got the king's consent, and would marry her to-morrow, she had no objection. Or, if he chose to carry her off privately that night, she hinted, that she was willing to accompany him. "Either of those modes, my dear Elizabeth," said he, "is utterly impossible. The king cannot and will not revoke his agreement with

Polmood; and were it possible to carry you away privately to-night, which it is not: to do so in open defiance of my sovereign, would infallibly procure me the distinguished honour of losing my head in a few days; but you have everything in your power. Cannot you on some pretence or other delay the wedding? and I promise to make you my own wife, and lady of my extensive domains, as soon as circumstances will permit." Elizabeth turned up her blue eyes, and fixed them on the summit of the dark Clokmore, in a kind of uneasy reverie; she did not like that *permission of circumstances*—the term was rather indefinite, and sounded like something at a distance. Upon the whole, the construction of the sentence was a most unfortunate one for Carmichael. The wedding had taken such absolute possession of Elizabeth's mind, that she thought of nothing else. The ardent manner and manly beauty of Carmichael had for a moment struggled for a participation in the movements of her heart, which even in its then fluctuating state never lost its hold of the favourite object. But the mentioning of *the wedding* brought all the cherished train of delightful images with it at once; nor could she connect it along with that hated word *delay*—a verb which, of our whole vocabulary, is the most repugnant to every sense and feeling of woman. The wedding could not be delayed!—All was in readiness, and such an opportunity of attracting notice and admiration might never again occur; it was a most repulsive idea; the wedding could not be delayed! Such were the fancies that glanced on Elizabeth's mind during the time that she sat with her feet in the stream, and her lovely eyes fixed on the verge of the mountain. Then turning them softly on Carmichael, who waited her decision in breathless impatience, she drew her feet from the brook, and retiring abruptly, said with considerable emphasis, "I wish you had either spoken of this sooner or not at all."

Carmichael was left standing by himself in the linn like a statue; regret preying on his heart, and that heart the abode of distraction and suspense. The voice of mirth, and the bustle of preparation, soon extinguished in the mind of Elizabeth any anxiety which her late conversation had excited there; but the case was widely different with regard to Carmichael. The lady's visible indifference for Polmood, in preference to any other man, while it somewhat astonished him, left him assured that her affections were yet unengaged; and the possession of her maiden heart appeared now to him an attainment of such inestimable value, that all other earthly things faded from the comparison. The equivocal answer with which she had left him, puzzled him most of all; he could gather nothing from it unfavourable to himself, but to his hopes, everything, as she went away, seemingly determined to follow the path chalked out to her by her royal guardians. He stalked up the glen, at every two or three steps repeating these words, "I wish you had mentioned this sooner or not at all." He could at first decide upon nothing, for his ideas were all in confusion, and the business was of so delicate a nature that he durst not break it to any of the courtiers; the resolutions which he at last came to were therefore of a hasty and desperate nature; but what will not love urge a man to encounter.

On his return to the castle, he found orders had been given, to spend the remainder of the day in such sports as in that country they were able to practise, by way of celebrating the bridal eve. They first had a round of tilting at the ring, from which King James himself came off victorious, owing, as was said, to the goodness of his charger. Polmood's horse was very untractable, and when it came to his turn to engage with Carmichael, the latter unhorsed him in a very rough and ungracious manner. Polmood said he was nothing hurt; but when he rose, the ladies being all on-lookers, his cheek was burning with vexation and anger. There were no plaudits of approbation from the ring, as Carmichael expected there would be, for all the company weened that he had acted rather unhandsomely. He, however, won the race fairly, though there were nine lords and knights started for the prize, and held him at very hard play Marr, in particular, kept so stoutly by his side, that in the end he

lost only by one step. When Carmichael received the prize from the fair hand of Elizabeth, he kissed it, pressed it hard, and, with a speaking eye, pointed to a pass among the mountains of the forest, pronouncing at the same time in a low whisper, the words, "to-night." Elizabeth courtseyed smiling, but in so easy and careless a manner, that he doubted much if she comprehended his meaning.

The sports went on. A number were by this time stripped in order to throw the mall. Each candidate was to have three throws. When the rounds were nearly exhausted, his Majesty continued foremost by a foot only; but Carmichael, by his last throw, broke ground a few inches before his mark. It was then proclaimed, that, if there were no more competitors, Carmichael had gained the prize.

Polmood had declined engaging in the race, though strongly urged to it. He had taken some umbrage at the manner in which Carmichael had used him in the tournament. He likewise refused to enter the lists on this occasion; but when he saw the king beat by Carmichael, and that the latter was about to be proclaimed victor a second time, his blood warmed—he laid hold of the mall—retired in haste to the footing post, and threw it with such violence that he missed his aim. The mall took a direction exactly on a right angle from the line he intended; flew over the heads of one-half of the spectators, and plunged into the river, after having soared to an immense height. The incensed forester, having, at the same time, by reason of his exertion, fallen headlong on the ground, the laughing and shouting were so loud that the hills rang again, while some called out to measure the altitude, for that the bridegroom had won. He soon recovered the mall; came again to the footing post; threw off his blue bonnet; and, with a face redder than crimson, flung it a second time with such inconceivable force, that, to the astonishment of all the beholders, it went about one-third further than any of the rest had cast it. Polmood was then proclaimed the victor with loud and reiterated shouts. His heart was a prey to every passion in its fiercest extreme. If he was affronted before, he was no less overwhelmed with pleasure when presented with the prize of honour by his adorable Elizabeth.

But here a ridiculous circumstance occurred, which however it is necessary to relate, as it is in some measure connected with the following events.

The gray stone on which Queen Margaret and the beautiful Elizabeth sat, during the celebration of those games, is still to be seen at the bottom of the hill, a small distance to the eastward of the old castle of Crawmelt. The rest of the ladies, and such of the nobles as did not choose engaging in those violent exercises, are said to have leaned on a bank below; but the situation which the queen and the bride held, fairly overlooked the field where the sports were. For lack of a better seat, on this stone was placed a small pannel or sack filled with straw. Now it so happened, that the prize for the victor in this exercise, was a love knot of scarlet ribbon, and two beautiful plumes, which branched out like the horns of a deer. When Polmood went up to receive the prize from the hands of his betrothed and adored bride, she, in a most becoming manner, took his blue bonnet from his hand, and fixing the knot and the plumes upon it, in a most showy and tasteful mode, placed it upon his head. Polmood, in the most courtly style he was master of, then kissed her hand, bowed to the queen, and placed Elizabeth by her side on the seat of straw. But when he faced about, the appearance which he made struck every one so forcibly, that the whole company, both men and women, burst out into a roar of laughter; and Carmichael, in whose heart a latent grudge was still gaining ground, valuing himself upon his wit, cried out, "It is rather a singular coincidence, Polmood, that you should place Elizabeth upon the straw, and she a pair of horns on your head, at the same instant." The laugh was redoubled—Polmood's cheek burned to the bone. He could not for shame tear off the ornaments which his darling had so lovingly and so recently placed in his bonnet, but he turned them to one side, at which the laugh was renewed. He was any thing but pleased at Carmichael.

CHAPTER III.

THE next trial of skill was that of shooting at a mark; but in this the competition was of no avail. Polmood struck the circle in the middle of the board each time with so much exactness, that they were all utterly astonished at his dexterity, and unanimously yielded him the prize. It was a silver arrow, which he also received from the hands of Elizabeth. Carmichael, having been successful in his former philippic, took occasion to break some other jests on that occasion, too coarse to be here repeated, although they were not in those days considered as any breach of good manners.

Sixteen then stripped themselves to try their skill in wrestling, and it having been enacted as a law, that he who won in any one contest, was obliged to begin the next, Polmood was of course one of the number. They all engaged at once, by two and two, and eight of them having been overthrown, the other eight next engaged by two and two, and four of these being cast, two couples only remained.

Some of the nobles engaged were so expert at the exercise, and opposed to others so equal in strength and agility, that the contests were exceedingly equal and amusing. Some of them could not be cast until completely out of breath. It had always been observed, however, that Polmood and Carmichael threw their opponents with so much ease, that it appeared doubtful whether these opponents were serious in their exertions, or only making a sham wrestle; but when it turned out that they two stood the last, all were convinced that they were superior to the rest either in strength or skill. This was the last prize on the field, and on the last throw for that prize the victory of the day depended, which each of the two champions was alike vehemently bent to reave from the grasp of the other. They eyed each other with looks askance, and with visible tokens of jealousy; rested for a minute or two, wiped their brows, and then closed. Carmichael was extremely hard to please of his hold, and caused his antagonist to loose his grip three or four times, and change his position. Polmood was however highly complaisant, although it appeared to every one beside, that Carmichael meant to take him at a disadvantage. At length they fell quiet; set their joints steadily, and began to move in a circular direction, watching each other's motions with great care. Carmichael ventured the first trip, and struck Polmood on the left heel with considerable dexterity. It never moved him; but in returning it, he forced in Carmichael's back with such a squeeze, that the by-standers affirmed they heard his ribs crash; whipped him lightly up in his arms, and threw him upon the ground with great violence, but seemingly with as much ease as if he had been a boy. The ladies screamed, and even the rest of the nobles doubted if the knight would rise again. He however jumped lightly up, and pretended to smile; but the words he uttered were scarcely articulate; his feelings at that moment may be better conceived than expressed. A squire who waited the king's commands then proclaimed Norman Hunter of Polmood the victor of the day, and consequently entitled, in all sporting parties, to take his place next to the king, until by other competitors deprived of that prerogative. This distinction pleased Elizabeth more than any thing she had yet seen or heard about her intended husband, and she began to regard him as a superior character, and one whom others were likely to value. The ruling passions of her heart seem to have been hitherto levelled only to the attainment of admiration and distinction, an early foible of the sex, but though a foible, one that leads oftener to good than evil. For when a young female is placed in a circle of acquaintances who know how to estimate the qualities of the heart, the graces of a modest deportment and endearing address, how then does this ardent and amiable desire of rendering herself agreeable stimulate to exertions in the way of goodness! But, on the contrary, when she is reared in a circle, where splendour is regarded as the badge of superiority, and title as the compendium of distinction, it is then, as in the case of the beauteous Elizabeth, that this inherent principle "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind." The flowers of

the forest and garden are not more indicative of the different soils that produce them, than the mind of a young woman is of the company she keeps. It takes its impressions as easily and as true as the wax does from the seal, if these impressions are made while it is heated by the fire of youth; but when that fire cools, the impressions remain, and good or bad remain indelible for ever. With how much caution these impressions ought at first to be made, let parents then consider, when on them depends, not only the happiness or misery of the individual in this life, but in that which is to come; and when thousands of the same stock may be affected by them from generation to generation.

When Polmood went up and received the final prize from the hand of Elizabeth, she delivered it with a smile so gracious and so bewitching, that his heart was almost quite overcome with delight; some even affirmed that they saw the tears of joy trickling from his eyes. Indeed, his love was, from the beginning, rather like a frenzy of the mind than a passion founded on esteem, and the queen always remarked, that he loved too well to enjoy true conjugal felicity.

When Carmichael perceived this flood of tenderness and endearment, his bosom was ready to burst, and he tried once more to turn the laugh against Polmood by cutting jests. The prize was a belt with seven silver buckles; and when he received it from Elizabeth, Carmichael cried out, that it was of sufficient length to go about them both; and that Polmood could not do better than make the experiment; and when he once had her buckled fairly in, he would be wise to keep the hold he had, else they would not be one flesh.

The sports of the evening were closed with a dance on the green, in which the king and queen and all the nobles joined. The king's old harper was then placed on the gray stone and the sack of straw, and acquitted himself that evening so well, that his strains inspired a hilarity quite unusual. It being so long since such a scene was seen in Scotland, scarcely will it now be believed, that a king and queen, with the lords and ladies of a court, ever danced on the green in the wild remote forest of Meggat-dale; yet the fact is well ascertained, if tradition can be in aught believed. Nay, the sprightly tunes which the king so repeatedly called for that night, *O'er the boggy*, and *Cutty's wedding*, remain, on that account, favourites to this day in that country. Crawmelt was then the most favourite hunting retreat of the Scottish court, on account of the excellent sport that its neighbourhood, both in hunting and angling, afforded; and it continued to be the annual retreat of royalty, until the days of the beauteous and unfortunate Queen Mary, who was the last sovereign that visited the forest of Meggat, so long famed for the numbers and fleetness of its deer.

James and Elizabeth led the ring, and the double octave that evening; and so well did she acquit herself, that all who beheld her were delighted. Polmood made but an indifferent figure in the dance. The field on which he appeared to advantage was overpast, that of Elizabeth's excellence was only commencing. She was dressed in a plain white rail; her pale ringlets were curled and arranged with great care, yet so, that all appeared perfectly natural. Her movements were so graceful, and so easy, that they looked rather like the motions of a fairy or some celestial being, than those of a mortal composed of flesh and blood. The eyes of the nobles had certainly been dazzled while they gazed at her, for they affirmed that they could not convince themselves that the grass bent beneath her toe. The next to her among the court ladies, both in beauty and accomplishments, was one Lady Ann Gray, a great favourite with the king, and of whom it was supposed the queen had good reason to have been jealous; but she being a lady of an easy and unassuming character, never showed any symptoms of suspicion. During the dance, however, it was apparent that the king's eyes were oftener fixed upon her than either his partner or his queen. They continued their frolics on the green till after the setting of the sun, and then, retiring into the pavilion before the

castle, they seated themselves promiscuously in a circle, and drank large bumpers to the health of Polmood and Elizabeth, and to other appropriate toasts given by the king; the ladies sung—the lords commended them—and all became one flow of music, mirth, and social glee.

Carmichael alone appeared at times absent and thoughtful, which by the king, and all the rest, was attributed to the defeats he received in the sports of the day; but his intents towards his kinsman Polmood were evil and dangerous, and there was nothing he desired more than an occasion to challenge him, but no such occasion offering, as the mirth and noise still continued to increase, he slipped away to his chamber in the castle without being missed. He lay down on his bed, dressed as he was, and gave himself up to the most poignant and tormenting reflections. The manner in which he had been baffled by Polmood in the sports hung about his heart, gnawing it in the most tender part, and much he feared that circumstance had lessened him in the eyes of the young Elizabeth, and exalted his more fortunate rival. Polmood had not only baffled and dishonoured him in presence of all the court, but was moreover on the very eve of depriving him of one he believed more dear to him than life—it was too much to be patiently borne. In short, love, envy, revenge, and every passion of the soul were up in arms, exciting him to counteract and baffle his rival, with regard to the possession of Elizabeth. The night was short, it was the last on which she was free, or could with any degree of honour be taken possession of; that opportunity once lost, and she was lost to him for ever. The result of all those reflections was, a resolution to risk every thing, and rather to die than suffer himself to be deprived of her without an effort.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Castle of Crawmelt was fitted up in such a manner as to accommodate a great number of lodgers. In the uppermost story were twelve little chambers, all distinct from one another; and in each of these a bed laid with rushes, and above these, by way of mattress, a bag filled with a kind of light feathery bent, which they gathered on the hills in abundance, and which made a bed as soft as one of down. When the queen and her attendants visited the hunting quarters that floor was given wholly up by the gentlemen, who then slept in the pavilion or secondary castle; and each lady had a little chamber to herself, but no curtains to their beds, nor any covering, save one pair of sheets and a rug. The rushes were placed on the floor between a neat seat and the wall, and this was all the furniture that each of these little chambers contained, the beds being only intended for the accommodation of single individuals. The king's chamber was on the second floor. In it there was a good bed, well fitted up, and on the same flat were five other little chambers, in one of which lay Carmichael, with his bosom in a ferment.

Shortly after his retreat from the pavilion, the queen and ladies, judging from the noise which the wine had excited, that it was proper for them to retire, bade the jolly party good-night. The king, the lord chamberlain, and a few others having conveyed them to the bottom of the staircase, they compelled them to return to the rest of the company in the tent, which they knew they would gladly comply with, and proceeded in a body to their attic story.

In the mean time, Carmichael, hearing their voices approach, began to quake with anxiety; and placing his door a little open, he stood by it in such a way that he could both see and hear them without being seen. When they arrived at the door of the king's apartment, which was hard by his own, they halted for a considerable time, giggling and speaking very freely of the gentlemen they had just left; and at last when they offered to take leave of the queen for the night, she said, that as his majesty seemed inclined to enjoy himself for some time with his lords, she would leave him his apartment by himself, that he might not be restrained in his mirth, nor have the opportunity of disturbing her. Some of the others rallied her, saying, if they had such a

privilege, they would know better what use to make of it. She however went up with the rest to one of the little chambers in the upper story.

Though Carmichael had taken pains previously to ascertain in which of the chambers Elizabeth slept, he nevertheless followed quietly after them, and, from a dark corner, saw her enter it. That was the decisive moment—he had no resource left but to attempt an interview; the adventure was attended with imminent danger, both of shame and disgrace, but he hoped that the ardour of his passion would plead some excuse for his intrusion in the eyes of Elizabeth.

Judging it necessary that he should surprise her before she undressed, though not one of the other ladies was yet gone to sleep, he lifted the latch softly, and entered behind her; for there was not one of the chambers, save the king's, that bolted on the inside. Elizabeth bore no similitude to a number of our ladies, who are so squeamish as to fall into fits when any thing surprises or affects them. On the contrary, she was possessed of uncommon calmness and equanimity of temper, which sometimes savoured not a little of insensibility; and instead of being startled, and screaming out, when she saw a knight enter her chamber at that time of night, she being busied in putting up her ringlets, did not so much as discontinue her employment, but only reprimanded him in a calm whisper for his temerity, and desired him to withdraw instantly, without any further noise. But, falling on his knees, he seized both her hands, and, in the most passionate manner, beseeched her by all the endearments of love, and by the estimation in which she held the life of one who adored her, and who was willing to sacrifice his life for her, instantly to elope with him, and become his through life, for good or for evil. "This is the last and the most favourable moment," said he; "the ladies are gone to their chambers; the king and nobles are drinking themselves drunk; I know all the passes of the forest; we shall easily elude them to-night; if indeed we are once missed, which I do not conceive we will. To-morrow perhaps we may be able to reach a place of safety." Elizabeth was about to reply, but he interrupted her. "Consider, my dearest Elizabeth," continued he, "before you answer me finally; consider that Polmood is nowise worthy of you; his years will outnumber yours three times," added he; "his manners are blunt and uncourtly; and it is well known that his estates, honours, and titles, cannot once be compared with mine."

These were weighty considerations indeed. Elizabeth hesitated, and looked him stedfastly in the face, while a ray of joyful anticipation seemed to play on her lovely countenance. "It will make a great noise," said she; "the ladies will be terribly astonished." "Yes, my dear Elizabeth, they will be all astonished indeed; and some, without doubt will be highly displeased. But if we can escape to the court of England, or France, until the first fury of the blast is overblown, your kind god-mother, the queen will be happy to receive you again into her arms and household, as Lady Hyndford."—That title sounded charmingly in Elizabeth's ears—she smiled—Carmichael, observing it, pursued the theme. "Consider," continued he, "which of the two titles is most likely to command respect at court—the plain, common, vulgar designation, Dame Elizabeth Hunter of Polmood; or, Lady Carmichael of Hyndford?—The right honourable Countess of Hyndford?" It was all over with Polmood—Elizabeth uttered a sigh of impatience—repeated the title three or four times to herself, and forthwith asked what course he proposed for their procedure. "Come directly with me to my chamber," said he; "I will furnish you with a suit of my clothes—I have a couple of good horses and a trusty squire in readiness—we shall pass the steps of Glendearg before the rising of the sun, and disappoint Polmood, the king, and all his court, of a wedding for once."—"Wedding!—Disappoint the king and all his court of a wedding for once!"—unfortunate and rash expression!—It had no business there. The term *wedding* was itself enough and too much. It glanced on Elizabeth's mind like electricity, and came not alone, but with all its concatenation of delights. "We shall have no wedding then?" said she,—"Perhaps we may contrive to have

one by and by," said Carmichael. Elizabeth sighed deeply, and rested her rosy cheek upon her left shoulder, while the pressure of her chin dimpled the polish of her fair breast.

Whether she was at that time balancing the merits of each side of the alternative which she had in her offer has never yet been thoroughly ascertained; for at that instant they were alarmed by hearing the king tapping at some of the adjoining chamber doors, and asking who slept in each of them; and besides, adding inquiries, in which of them he would find Elizabeth. The door of the apartment in which they stood not being quite close, they were greatly alarmed, as they knew not what was the matter, but, as they had good reason, dreaded the worst—The light and the footsteps were fast approaching; there was not a moment to lose; and if Elizabeth had not been more alert than her lover, they would certainly have been caught in that questionable condition. But the mind of woman is ever fruitful in expedients. It is wonderful to behold with what readiness they will often avert the most sudden and fatal surprises, even before the other sex have leisure to think of their danger. With regard to all love affairs, in particular, if a woman does not fall upon some shift to elude discovery, the exigencies are desperate indeed. This inventive faculty of the fair sex, which is so manifest on all sudden emergencies, is most kindly bestowed by the Creator of the universe and of man. The more we contemplate any of his works, whether these works are displayed in the productions of nature, or the formation of the human soul, the more will we be satisfied of his kind intentions towards all his creatures, of his regards for their happiness, and the provisions he has made for their various natures and habits. The most pure and delicate vesture under heaven, nay the virgin snow itself, is not more easily sullied than female reputation; and when once it is sullied, where is the fountain that will ever wash out the stain? In proportion with the liability of censure to which they are exposed, and the dangerous effects of that censure on their future respectability and moral conduct, is bestowed that superior readiness and activity in managing all the little movements and contingents of life. If it were not for this inventive faculty, many thousands of female characters would be ruined in the eyes of the world, that are fair and unblameable, and which this alone enables the lovely wanderer among snares and toils, to preserve without blemish, till the dangerous era of youth and inexperience is overpast.

There being, as was observed, not a moment to lose, so neither was there a moment lost, from the time that Elizabeth was fully apprized of the danger to which they were both exposed. She flung off her rail, uncovered her bosom, and extinguished the light in her chamber, all ere Carmichael could once move from the spot. Determined to make one effort for the preservation of her honour, and the life of a lover who, at all events, had treated her with respect, she placed herself close behind the door, awaiting the event with firmness and resolution. But here we must leave them for a few minutes, till we explain the cause of this indecorous invasion.

CHAPTER V.

THE party that conveyed the queen and her ladies from the pavilion to the castle, on the way to their chambers, having returned to the rest, they all, at the king's request, joined in drinking a bumper to the bride's health. Polmood, in return, proposed one to the queen, which was likewise drunk off; the health of all the ladies was next drunk, and afterwards several of them by name, and amongst others the beautiful Madam Gray. By that time the most steady amongst them all were affected by the fumes of the wine, and some of them were becoming considerably drunk. The battles of the bygone day, in their various sports, were all fought over again, and every man was stouter and swifter in his own estimation than his compeers. Many bets were offered, and as readily accepted, without ever being more thought of; even the lord Chamberlain Hume, who was by no means a strong man, proffered to wrestle with Polmood for 1000 merks. The latter paid little attention to all these

rhodomontades, having entered into a close and humorous argument with his Majesty, who was rallying him most unmercifully about his young wife; and who at length, turning to him with a serious countenance, "Polmood," said he, "you have forgot one particularly important and necessary ceremony, and one which, as far as I know, has never been dispensed with in this realm. It is that of asking the bride, at parting with her on the bridal eve, if she had not rued. Many a bridegroom has been obliged to travel far for that very purpose, and why should you neglect it when living under the same roof." Polmood acknowledged the justice of the accusation; and likewise the fact that such a custom was prevalent; but excused himself on the grounds, that if she had relented, she had plenty of opportunities to have told him so. His Majesty, however, persisted in maintaining, that it was an omission of a most serious nature, and one that gave her full liberty to deny him to-morrow even before the priest, which would prove an awkward business; and that therefore he ought, in conformity to the good old custom, to go and ask the question even though the lady was in bed. Polmood objected to this on account that it was a manifest breach of decorum; but that only excited farther raillery against him; for they all cried out, "he dares not, he dares not." Polmood was nettled, and at that instant offered to go if his Majesty would accompany him as a witness.

Whether or not the king had any sinister motives for this procedure cannot easily be ascertained; but certain it is, that he went cheerfully along with Polmood on the expedition, carrying a lighted torch in his hand, and leading the way. Every chamber door that he came to, he tapped, asking at the same time, who slept there, until he came to that behind which Elizabeth stood with her lover at her back; and observing it not to be quite shut, instead of tapping, he peeped in, holding the torch before him. Elizabeth at that moment put her face and naked bosom bye the edge of the door full in his view, and instantly pushed the door in his face, exclaiming, "What does your Majesty mean? I am undressed, you cannot come in now." And having by this manœuvre, as she particularly intended, put out the light, she waited the issue; but instead of being agitated with terror, as most women would have been in the same situation, she could scarcely refrain from indulging in laughter; for the king, instead of returning her any answer, fell a puffing and blowing at the wick of the flambeau, thinking to make it rekindle; but, not being able to succeed, he fell a groping for his companion, "Confound her, Polmood," said he, "she has extinguished our light; what shall we do now?" "We had better ask the question in the dark, if it please your Majesty," said Polmood. "No," said the king, "come along with me, we will try to get it relumined;" then, groping his way along, with Polmood at his back, he tapped at every chamber door he came at around the circle, asking each of the ladies, if she had any light. Several denied, but at length he came to one, below which, on stooping, he espied a little glimmering light, and having by this time learned what lady was in each chamber, he called at that too, but was not a little startled at hearing the voice of her within—It was the queen—but, affecting not to know, he lifted the latch, and pretending great modesty, did not so much as look in, but only held in the torch with the one hand, begging of her to relight it, which she did, and returned it to his hand.

Carmichael, having by these means escaped quietly, and with perfect deliberation, to his own chamber, Elizabeth laid herself down, not a little pleased at the success of her expedient, but somewhat astonished what could have occasioned this extraordinary scrutiny. The two champions returned to Elizabeth's door—the king tapped gently, and asked if she was in undress still. She begged a thousand pardons of his royal Majesty for the trouble which she had caused him, which happened solely from the circumstance of his having surprised her in deshabille, that he might now enter, and let her know what his royal pleasure was with her. James entered cautiously, but took care to keep his flambeau behind him in case of further accidents, and then began by asking pardon in his turn of Elizabeth for his former abrupt

entrance; but seeing that her door was not altogether shut, he said, he judged the chamber to be unoccupied—that he had come at her lover's request, in order to be a witness to a question he had to propose to her. He then desired Polmood to proceed, who, stepping forward much abashed, told her bluntly, that all he had to ask was, whether or not she had repented of the promise she had made him of marriage? Elizabeth, not having been previously instructed of any such existing ceremony in Scotland, did not readily comprehend the meaning or drift of this question; or else, thinking it proper to avail herself of it, in order to provide for certain subsequent arrangements which had very lately been proposed to her, answered with perfect good humour, that she understood Polmood had himself relented, and wished to throw the blame upon her. "I therefore tell you, sir," said she, "that I *have* rued our agreement, and that most heartily."—"Bravo!" cried the king, as loud as he could shout, pushing Polmood out at the door before him. He then closed it, and without waiting a moment, ran down the stair laughing and shouting aloud "Hurra! hurra! The bride has rued! the bride has rued! Polmood is undone." He hasted to the pavilion, and communicated the jest to his nobles, who all laughed abundantly at Polmood's expense.

The staircase of the Crawmelt castle was in one of the turrets, and from that there were doors which opened to each of the floors. The upper story which contained the twelve chambers in which the queen and ladies were that night lodged, was fitted up so that it formed a circle. All the chamber doors were at equal distances, and the door which led to the staircase was exactly in the circle with the rest, and in every respect the same. Now Polmood, not being at all satisfied with the answer he had received from Elizabeth, and unwilling to return to the company without some farther explanation, turned round as the king departed, dark as it was, and putting his mouth to the latch hole of the door, began to expostulale on the subject. Elizabeth, perceiving that he was somewhat intoxicated, desired him to withdraw; for that it was highly improper for him to remain there in the dark alone, and added, that she would tell him all about it to-morrow.

Now Polmood was not only half drunk, but he was, beside, greatly stunned with the answer he had received; and moreover, to add to his misfortune, the king had, either in the midst of his frolic, shut the door behind him, or else it had closed of itself. The consequence of all this was, that when Polmood turned about to depart, he soon discovered that it was like to be a very intricate business. By means of going round the circle, with one hand pressed against the wall, he found that the doors were all shut, and that there was no possibility of distinguishing one of them from another. He could easily have opened any of them, because none of them were bolted; but in doing so, he had no assurance that he would not light upon the queen, or some sleeping countess, which might procure him much disgrace and ridicule. He was a modest bashful gentleman, fearful of giving offence, and would not have been guilty of such a piece of rudeness for the world; he knew not what to do; to call was in vain, for the apartment was vaulted below, therefore he could alarm none save the ladies. He had but one chance to find the right door for twelve to go wrong; the odds were too great for him to venture. He would gladly have encroached again upon Elizabeth, but he knew no more of her door than the others.

There is every reason to believe that the fumes of the wine tended greatly to increase Polmood's dilemma; for it is well known how much that impairs the reasoning faculties of some men, and what singular fancies it creates in their minds. Be that as it may, Polmood could think only of one expedient whereby to extricate himself from his whimsical situation, and the idea had no sooner struck him than he proceeded to put it in practice. It was to listen at each door, if there was any person breathing within; and if there was no person breathing within, he thought he might conclude that to be the door he wanted. In order to effect this with more certainty, he kneeled softly on the floor, and laid his ear close to the bottom of each door, creeping always to the next, as soon as he had certified that a lady was within. It was a long time

ere he could be satisfied of some, they breathed so softly—he kept an account in his memory of the doors he past, and had nearly got round them all when he heard, as he thought, a door softly and cautiously opened. No light appearing, Polmood judged that he was overheard; and that this was one of the ladies listening what he was about. He was on the point of speaking to her, and begging for pardon and assistance, when he heard the sound of footsteps approaching behind him. He was resting on his hands and knees at a chamber door, with his head hanging down in the act of listening—he kept his position, pricking up his ears, and scarcely able to hear for the palpitations of his heart; but it was not long ere a man stumbled on his feet, fell above him, and crushed his face against the floor. Polmood swore a loud oath, and being irritated, he laid furiously hold of the stranger's heel, and endeavoured to detain him, but he wrenched it from his grasp, and in a moment was gone. Polmood then judging that it must have been some one of the courtiers stealing to his mistress, and hearing the door close behind him, hasted to his feet, and followed to the sound, hoping to escape after him—opened the same door, as he thought, and rushed forward, but at the third step he foundered over something that interposed his progress; and, to his utter confusion, found that he had alighted with all his weight across a lady in her bed, who was screaming out murder, fire and ravishment, in a voice so loud and so eldrich, that Polmood's ears were deafened, and his joints rendered utterly powerless through vexation and dismay. He tried to get up and escape, but the injured fair laid hold of his coat, pulled it over his head, and as he scorned to hurt her, or resist her frantic violence by violence in return, in that manner she held him fast, continuing all the while her violent outcries. The rest of the ladies awakening, set up one universal yell of murder—sprang from their beds, and endeavoured to escape, some one way and some another, running against each other, and screaming still the louder.—Their cries alarmed the guards, and these the courtiers, who all rushing in promiscuously with lights, beheld one of the most ludicrous scenes that ever was witnessed by man—A whole circular apartment full of distressed dames, skipping into their holes as the light appeared like so many rabbits; and in one apartment, the door of which was shut, but to which they were directed by the cries, the right honourable Lady Hume, holding the worthy bridegroom, the bold, the invincible Norman of Polmood! with his coat drawn over his head, in her own bed-chamber, and abusing him all the while, as a depraved libertine and a ravisher. Polmood was rendered quite speechless, or at least all that he attempted to advance by way of palliation was never once heard, so loud was the mixed noise of laughter, ridicule, and abuse; and the king, with a grave face, observed, that unless he could give security for his future good behaviour, he would be obliged to confine him in the keep until such time as he could be got married, that then perhaps the virtue of other men's wives might be preserved from his outrageous violence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE transactions of that night were not brought to a conclusion by the unlucky adventure which befel the Laird of Polmood. On the contrary, that was only a prologue to further mistakes, of greater atrocity, and of consequences more serious.

The king did not again return to the pavilion, but retired to his chamber as they came down stairs. The Earl of Hume, having got extremely drunk, and fallen into an argument with another knight, who was much in the same condition, about some affair of border chivalry, of which their ideas totally differed, they were both become so warm and so intent upon the subject, that they never once perceived when the late alarm was given, nor when the company left them, in order to succour the distressed ladies. But when they returned with Polmood guarded as a prisoner in jest, and related the circumstances, the earl got into a furious passion, and right or wrong insisted on running Polmood through the body. "What, Sir," said he; "because you cannot get a wife of your

own, does that give you a right to go and take violent possession of mine? No, sir! draw out your sword, and I'll give you to know the contrary; I'll carve you, sir, into a great number of pieces, sir."

When the earl was in the height of this passion, and had stripped off a part of his clothes to fight a duel with Polmood by torch light, one of the lords whispered in his ear, that Polmood only *mistook the bed*, that was all; and that Lady Hume had acquitted herself in such a manner, by taking him prisoner, that it reflected immortal honour upon her and all her connexions.

This pleased the lord chamberlain so well, that he was never weary of shaking hands with Polmood, and drinking to him; but he did not forget to observe each time, that he thought Polmood would take care in future how he mistook Lady Hume for another. The earl grew every minute more and more pleased on account of his lady's resolute and intrepid behaviour, and being a sprightly ingenious gentleman, began singing a song, which he swore was extempore, and which was indeed believed to be so by all present, as none of them had ever heard it before. It is said to be still extant, and to be yet sung in several parts of Scotland, which certainly is not very probable. It began "I hae ane wyffe o' mi ain." In short his enthusiasm and admiration of his lady arose to such a height, that he took up a resolution to go and spend the remainder of the night in her company. A number of his merry associates encouraged this proposal with all the plausible arguments they could suggest, reminding him that the chamber was in sooth his own—that he had only given it up in favour of her ladyship for a few nights, and she could in nowise grudge him a share of it for one night, especially as there was no rest to be had in the pavilion. Thus encouraged, the earl arose and went towards the castle, singing with great glee

I hae ane wyffe o' mi ain;
I'll be behadden til nae bodye;
I'll nowther borey nor lenne,
Swap nor niffer wi' nae bodye.

The porter and guards at the gate objected strongly to his admission, and began to remonstrate with his lordship on its impropriety; but he drew his sword, and swore he would sacrifice them, every mother's son, if they offered to debar his entrance to his own wife. It was in vain that they reminded him there was no room in her ladyship's apartment for any person besides herself, which they said he himself well knew. He d—d them for liars and officious knaves, who meddled with matters about which they had no business: said it was his concern to find room, and theirs to obey his orders, or abide the consequences; at the same time he spit upon his hand and squared, in order forthwith to begin the slaughter of the porters; and as they were afraid of resisting the determined resolution of the lord chamberlain, they suffered him to pass, after leaving his sword behind him, and promising on his honour to make no noise.

The earl, by dint of determined perseverance, found his way, amid utter darkness, to the upper story of the castle, where his beloved lady and her fair associates were all enjoying sweet repose after the sports and merriment of the late day—He entered with great caution—counted the doors to the right hand with accurate exactness, in order to ascertain his lady's chamber—opened the door softly, and advanced stooping, in search of her lowly but desirable couch—but when he proceeded to clasp her in his arms in a transport of love and admiration—"O horrible! most horrible!" he found that she was already lying fast locked in the arms of a knight, whose cheek was resting upon hers, and his long shaggy beard flowing round her soft neck. It is impossible to conceive the fury into which this discovery threw the enamoured earl. He entertained not the slightest doubt but that it was Polmood, and resolving to make an example of him, he laid hold of him by the beard with one hand, and by the throat with the other, determined to strangle him on the spot. But the desperate inamorata sprung upon his assailant like

a tiger from his den—struck the lord chamberlain violently on the head—overturned him on the floor, and forthwith escaped. The earl followed as fast as he was able to the door—gave the alarm with a loud voice, and hastily returned to secure the other accomplice in wickedness and shame. He flung himself upon the bed—laid violent hands upon her—swearing that she too should not escape, and that he would inflict upon her the most condign punishment. The lady bore all with silence and meekness, until she heard the rest of the courtiers approaching, and then she took hold of him by the hair of the head with both hands, held him down thereby, and screamed as loud as she was able.

The waggish lords, who had excited the earl to this expedition, certain that in the state he then was, he was sure to breed some outrage in the castle, were all in waiting without the gate, ready to rush in on the least alarm being given. Consequently, it was not long before they entered with lights, and among the rest the king in his night-gown and slippers. They entered the chamber from which the cries proceeded ; and, to their no small astonishment, discovered the lord chamberlain engaged in close combat—not with his own lady, as he had unwarrantably supposed—but with the beauteous Lady Ann Grey, who was weeping bitterly, and crying out to revenge her on that wicked and barbarous lord.

The merriment of the party at this discovery would have been without bounds, had not the king appeared to be seriously displeased. He ordered Lord Hume to be carried down stairs instantly, and confined in the keep until he should answer for his conduct. The earl attempted to remonstrate; assuring his majesty that he had only *mistaken the bed ;* but his ebriety being apparent, that had no effect upon the king, who declared he could not suffer such liberties to be taken with any lady under their royal protection with impunity, and that perhaps the lord chamberlain might have yet to atone for his rudeness and temerity by the loss of the head.

The courtiers were all astonished at this threatening, and at the king's peremptory manner and resentment, as no one could for a moment suppose that the earl had indeed any designs upon the person of Lady Ann Grey ; and when at length he protested, in mitigation of the crime alleged against him, that he actually caught another man in the chamber with her, the king was still more wroth, asserting that to be impossible, guarded as the castle then was, unless it were himself who was there, which he hoped Lord Hume did not mean to insinuate in the presence, or at least in the hearing, of his royal consort—that, as far as he knew, there was not another knight within the walls of the castle, and that such a malicious attempt to asperse the young lady's honour was even worse than the other crime. "Let the castle be instantly searched," cried he, "and if there is no other person found in it, save the ladies and those now admitted, I shall order the head to be taken from this uncourtly and slanderous earl early in the morning. Was it not enough that he should attempt the violation of a royal ward, of the highest birth and respect, but that, when frustrated, he should endeavour to affix an indelible stain upon her honour, and in the accusation implicate his sovereign, to the lessening of his respectability in the eyes of his queen and his whole nation. Let the castle be searched strictly and instantly."

The earl was confined in the keep—the castle gate was double guarded—the castle was searched for men throughout, and at last Carmichael was found concealed in his own chamber, and half dressed. No doubt then remained with the courtiers but that he was the guilty person with regard to Madam Grey.

The king appeared visibly astonished when Carmichael was discovered, but affecting to be of the same opinion as the rest, he accompanied them down stairs—locked Carmichael in the keep beside the Lord Chamberlain—dismissed the rest to the pavilion, charging them on pain of death not to attempt entering the gate of the castle again, till once they received his orders ; and having caused it to be locked, he retired to his apartment.

The displeasure of the king acted like electricity on the minds of the hitherto jovial party. Their organs of sensation were benumbed at once, and their risibility completely quashed. They durst not even speak their minds freely to one another on the subject, afraid of having their remarks overhauled at next day's examination ; but they all judged Carmichael to be in a bad predicament, considering how great a favourite Lady Anne was with the king. It was then discovered, that Carmichael had been absent from the pavilion, from the time that the ladies retired, and how long previously to that could not be recollected ; consequently, they were all satisfied that they were two lovers, and that the meeting had been preconcerted, although their passion had hitherto been concealed from the eyes of all the court. The whole matter appeared to them now perfectly obvious ; whereas there was not a single incident save one, on which they put a right construction.

A short and profound sleep ushered that group of noble sportsmen into the healthful morning breeze of the mountain, and the beams of the advancing sun, and finished the adventures of that memorable night, but not their consequences. The examination which follows in the next chapter, will assist somewhat in the explication of the one, and the subsequent narrative of the other.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE animal spirits have certainly a natural medium level, at which, if suffered to remain, they will continue to flow with a constant and easy motion. But if the spring be drained to the sediment for the supply of a lengthened and frenzied hilarity, it must necessarily remain some time low before it can again collect force sufficient to exert its former energy.

Fair and lovely rose that morning on the forest of Meggat-dale—it was the third of September—the day destined by the king and queen for the marriage of their beloved Elizabeth. The dawning first spread a wavy canopy of scarlet and blue over all the eastern hemisphere ; but when the sun mounted from behind the green hills of Yarrow, the fairy curtain was updrawn into the viewless air. The shadows of the mountains were then so beauteously etched, and their natural tints so strongly marked, that it seemed as if the mountains themselves lay cradled in the bosom of the lovely lake—but while the eye yet rested on the adumbrated phenomenon, the spectre hills with all their inverted woods and rocks, melted away in their dazzling mirror.

It was a scene that might have stirred the most insensate heart to raptures of joy ; yet the queen of Scotland and her ladies were demure and sullen, even though their morning walk was over a garnish of small but delicate mountain flowers, belled with the dews of heaven—though fragrance was in every step, and health in every gale that strayed over the purple heath.

The king and his nobles were even more sullen than they. The king took his morning walk by himself—his nobles sauntered about in pairs, but they discoursed only to their hounds, whose gambols and mimic hunts were checked by the unwonted gloom on the brows of their masters. The two aggressors were still lying in the dismal keep, both in the highest chagrin ; the one at his disappointment in love, the other at his disgrace. Such are the motley effects of intemperance, and such the importance by the inebriated fancy attached to trifles, which, in moments of calm reflection, would never have been regarded.

The king returning, threw himself into his easy chair ; the queen paid her respects to him, and interceded for the imprisoned lords—he ordered them to be brought before him, and summoned all the rest of the nobles to attend. When the news of the examination spread, the ladies came running together, some of them dressed, and some only half-dressed, to hear it. A trial of a delinquent who has come under any suspicions with respect to their sex is to them a most transcendent treat. But the king rising, beseeched them kindly to withdraw, because, in the course of elucidating the matter, some things might be expressed offensive to their modesty. They assured his majesty

that there was no danger of such a circumstance occurring; but he persisted in his request, and they were obliged reluctantly to retire.

The king first called on Polmood to give an account of all that befell him in the vault of the twelve chambers; and how he came to make the unmannerly attack on the Lady Hume, all which he was required to answer on oath. The speeches which follow are copied literally from the hand-writing of *Archembald Quhitelaw airtshdeiken of Lowden and cekreter to kinge James.* The MSS. are now in the possession of Mr. J. Brown, Edin., and fully confirm the authenticity of the story, if any doubts remain of the tradition. The first, as being the most original, is given at full length; it is entitled, *Ane speetsh and defenns maide by Normaund Huntyr of Poomoode on ane wyte of royet and lemanrye with Elenir Ladye of Hume.*

"Mucht it pleiz mai sovrayne lege, not to trowe sikkan euil and kittel dooins of yer ain trew cervente, and maist lethfu legeman; nor to lychtlefye myne honer sa that I can ill bruke; by eyndling, that, withoutten dreddour I shulde gaung til broozle ane fayir deme, ane honest mannis wyffe, and mynnie to twa bairnis; and that in the myddis of ane loftful of queenes. I boud haife bein dementyde to kicke ane stoure, to the skaithinge of hir preclair pounyis, and hairshillynge myne ayin kewis. Nethynge mai lege was ferder fra myne heid thanne onye sikkan wylld sneckdrawinge and pawkerye. But quhan yer Maigestye jinkyt fra me in the baux, and left me in the darknesse, I was baiss to kum again wi' sikkan ane ancere; and stude summe tyme swutheryng what it avysat me neiste to doo in thilke barbulye. At the launge, I stevellit backe, and lowten downe, set mai nebb to ane gell in the dor, and fleechyt Eleesabett noore to let us torfell in the wairtyme of owir raik. But scho skyrit to knuife lownly or siccarlye on thilke sauchning, and heiryne that scho was wilsum and glunchye, I airghit at keuillyng withe hirr in that thraward paughty moode, and baidna langer to haigel. But ben doitrifyed with thilke drynke and sachless and dizzye with lowtyn, and thilke lofte as derke as pick, I tint ilka spunk of ettlyng quhair the dor laye. And thaun I staupyt and gavit about quhille I grewe perfitlye donnarit, and trowit the castil to be snuiffyng and birlyng round; foreby that it was heezing upon the tae syde, and myntyng to whommil me. I had seendil watherit a selwyn raddour, but boddin that I wad coup, that I muchtna gie a dooffe, I hurklit litherlye down, and craup forret alang on myne looffis and myne schynes, herkyng at ilka dorlief gyffe ther was onye ane snifteryng withyn side. Outhir I owirharde, or thocht I owirharde sliepyng soughs ahynte thilke haile, and begoude to kiep sklenderye houpes of wynning out of myne revellet fank unsperkyt with scheme or desgrece. Ben richt laith to rin rashylye, with ane posse, on the kyttes or the chaftis of thilke deir eichil kimmers, that war lying doveryng and snuffyng, and spelderyng, rekelesse and mistrowyns of all harmis, I was eidentlye hotteryng alang with muckle paishens. I was lyinge endslang at ane dor, quhan I harde ane chylde unhaspe thilke sneck, as moothlye as ane snail quhan scho gaungs snowking owir thilk droukyt swaird; but thilk dor gyit ay thilk tother whesk, and thilk tother jerg, and oore I gatt tyme til syne mysel, ane grit man trippyt on myne feit, and fell belly flaught on me with ane dreadful noozle, quhille myne curpin was jermummlyt, and myne grunzie knoityd with ane cranch against thilke lofte. I cursyt him in wraith, and mynding to taigel him, claught haud of his koote whilke I gyit ane hele of ane nibble. Oore I gatt to myne kyne he elyit, garryng thilk door clashe ahynt him. I strifflit till thilke samen plesse as gypelye as I culde—puit up thilk samen dor as I thoucht and ran on—but Cryste quhair suld I lichte! but on thilke dafte syde of ane feil madame! Myne heid mellyt thilk biggyng, and I was klien stoundyt and daveryt. Myne ledde sychit and mummlyt, pittyng me in ane dreidfulle fyke; and sae fummylyng til ryse, scho trowit I had bein gumpyng, and sett up sic ane yirlich skrighe that my verie sennyns sloomyt and myne teith chackyt in myne heid. Scho brainzellyt up in ane foorye and dowlicappyd me, and ben richt laithe to lay ane laitless finger on her, I brankyt in myne gram, and laye smooryng quhille ye

claum fra the barmykene and redde us. This is thilke hale and leil troothe, as I houpe for merse bye ouir blissyt ladye."

The king then asked him if he was certain it was a man that stumbled over him in the dark? Polmood swore he was certain, for it was weightier and stronger than any three women in the forest, and besides he was farther certified by feeling his clothes and leg. The king still continued to dwell on that subject, as seeming to doubt of it alone; but Polmood having again sworn to the certainty of the whole, he was dismissed and forgiven, on condition that he asked pardon of Lady Hume, her Majesty, and all the ladies.

The Lord Chamberlain was then called up, and being accused of "*Misleeryt racket and gruesome assault on thilke body of Lady Anne Grey*, he began as follows:

"Mai maist grashous and soveryne lege, I do humblye beseetsh yer pardonne for myne grit follye and mismainners, and do intrete you til attrybute thatn haile frolyke to yer Majestye's liberalitye, and no til nae roode and wuckit desyne. I hae nae pley to urge, only that in fayth and troothe I mystuke thilke bed, as myne ayin guid deme, and Lady Grey well baith weil allow; and gin I didna fynde ane man in thilke bed——"

Here it appears the king had interrupted him; for there is no more of this speech in Whitlaw's hand, save some broken sentences which cannot be connected. His majesty is said to have called out angrily, "Hold, hold, no more of that: we have heard enough. Carmichael," continued he, turning about to him, "tell me on your honour, and tell me truly; were you in the room of the twelve chambers last night in the dark, or were you not?" Carmichael answered, with great promptness, that he was. "Was it you who stumbled over Polmood?" "It was indeed." "Then tell me, sir, what was your business there?" Carmichael bowed, and begged to be excused, assuring his majesty that though he would willingly yield his life for him, that secret he would not yield at that time. "I thank you," said the king, "I know it all. I am glad you have some honour left; had you publicly divulged your motives, you should never have seen the noon of this day. Carmichael! you have been ungrateful, unwary, and presumptuous! I have trusted you near my person for three years, but we must take care that you shall never insult royalty again. Conduct him to the keep, till our farther pleasure is manifested. My Lord Chamberlain, you must ask pardon of Madam Grey, the queen, and all the ladies." The nobles did not comprehend the king's awards, but he knew more and saw farther into the matter than they did.

CHAPTER IX.

THE lords having, by desire, retired, the ladies were next sent for, and examined one by one, after being informed that none of them were required to divulge anything relating to themselves, but only what they heard passing with regard to others.

There was such a flood of mystery and surmise now poured in upon the king, that he felt himself utterly at a loss to distinguish truth from fiction. According to their relations there had been great battles—men cursing and swearing, and occasionally falling down upon the floor with such a shock as if the roof of the castle had fallen in. There were besides whisperings heard and certain noises which were well described, but left to the judge for interpretation. In a word, it appeared from the relations of the fair enthusiasts, that all the nobles of the court had been there, and the king himself among them; and that every lady in the castle had been engaged with one paramour *at least*—the narrator always excepted. James would gladly have put a stop to this torrent of scandal and insinuation, but, having once begun, he was obliged to hear them all out; each being alike anxious to vindicate herself by fixing the guilt upon her neighbours.

There was, however, one circumstance came out, which visibly affected James. It was affirmed by two different ladies, one of whom, at least, he had good reason for believing, that there was actually one in the chamber

with Elizabeth, when he and Polmood came up in their frolic, and when she contrived so artfully to extinguish the light. Several circumstances occurred to his mind at once in confirmation of this accusal, but he affected as much as he was able to receive it with the same indifference that he received the rest. He cast one look at Elizabeth, but he was too much of a gentleman to suffer it to remain—he withdrew his piercing eye in a moment—smiled, and asked questions about something else. When they had done, Elizabeth rose to explain, and had just begun by saying, "My dear lord, it is very hard indeed, that I cannot pay my evening services to the virgin, but I must be suspected of."———Here she paused, and the lively and petulant Ann Grey, springing up, and making a low courtesy, said, in a whimpering tone, "My dear Lord! it is very hard indeed that Carmichael cannot pay his evening services to a virgin but he must be suspected of."———The manner in which she pronounced this, and in particular the emphasis which she laid upon the concluding preposition, set all the ladies a giggling; and the king, being pleased with the sly humour of his favourite, and seeing Elizabeth put to the blush, he started up, and clasping her in his arms, kissed her, and said, "There is no need of any defence or apology, my dear Elizabeth, I am too well convinced of your purity to regard the insinuations of that volatile imp. We all know whereto her sarcasms tend; she has the Earl of Hume in her mind, and the gentleman who knocked him down last night; she wishes you to be thought like herself, but it will not do. We shall soon see you placed in a situation beyond the power of her wicked biting jests, and of court scandal; while she may continue to sigh and ogle with knights, wreck her disappointment on all her acquaintances, and sigh for that she cannot have." "Heigh-ho!" cried the shrewd minx, in a tone which again set all the party in a titter.

After this, the king, having dismissed them, sent for Carmichael, and said unto him, "Carmichael, I am shocked at your behaviour. The attempt which you have made on a royal ward, on the very eve of her marriage with a man of honour and integrity, whom we esteem, manifests a depravity of mind, and a heart so dead to every sense of gratitude, that I am ashamed at having taken such a knight into my household. Whatever were your motives for this disgraceful and clandestine procedure, whether the seduction of her person or of her affections from the man who adores her, and who has obtained our sanction to her hand, they must have been wrong, and far from that line of respect which, in return for our confidence, it was your bounden duty to pursue. I therefore will, that you immediately quit for the space of three years, the society of which you have been an unworthy member; and if at any time within that period you are found within twenty miles of our residence, your life shall answer for it—this I shall cause to be proclaimed to the country at large. I desire to hear no intreaty or excuse."

Carmichael bowed, and retired from the presence in the utmost trepidation. He and his groom, the only attendant he had, were both ready mounted in less than ten minutes; and being driven, in some degree, to a state of desperation, he rode boldly up to the castle-gate, and desired a word with Elizabeth. This was a most imprudent action, as it in some degree divulged the cause of his expulsion from the court, which it was the king's chief design to conceal, or gloss over with some other pretence.

When the squire in waiting carried up his demand, Elizabeth was sitting between the queen and the Lady Hamilton; and acting from the impulse of the moment, as she too often did, she was rising to comply with the request, when a look from the king, which she well knew how to interpret, caused her to sink again into her seat, like a deer that has been aroused by a false alarm. "What answer shall I return?" said the squire, who had only witnessed her spontaneous motion, but received no order; "That Elizabeth has nothing to say to him," said the king. The squire returned down stairs. "Elizabeth has nothing to say to you, my lord." Carmichael turned his horse slowly around, as if not knowing what he did. "Was it she that returned me this

answer?" said he; "Yes, sir," said the man, walking carelessly back into the castle. That word pierced Carmichael to the heart; he again turned his horse slowly around, and the porter said he seemed as if he had lost sight of the ground. He appeared desirous of leaving some message, but he rode off without uttering another syllable, and instead of shaping his course homeward as was expected, he crossed the Meggat, went round the Breaken Hill, and seemed bound for the border.

Though it is perhaps perfectly well understood, it may not be improper to mention here by way of explanation, that when Carmichael escaped from Elizabeth's chamber in the dark, and had slunk quietly down to his own, in a few minutes he heard the king come running down the stair, laughing, and calling out the bride had rued; and not having the slightest suspicion that Polmood would remain among the ladies in the dark, he judged him to have gone along with the king. He was extremely happy on hearing the king exclaiming that Elizabeth had taken her word again, not doubting but that it was in consequence of the conversation he had with her; and in order to strengthen her resolution, or prevail upon her instantly to elope with him, he took the opportunity of stealing again to her apartment before any other irruption of the revellers into the castle should take place; but in his way, and when at the very point at which he aimed, he stumbled upon the forlorn Polmood, whose voice and grasp he well knew, and from whom he narrowly escaped.

Carmichael was now gone, and Elizabeth did not believe that any person knew of her amour with him. She thought that the king was merely jealous of him and Lady Ann Grey, yet she could not help considering herself as the cause of the noble youth's disgrace, and for the first time in her life felt her *heart* interested in the person or concerns of another. Perhaps her passion for admiration prompted the feeling, for the circumstance had deprived her of a principal admirer; but it is probable that a sentiment more tender mixed with the regret she felt at his departure.

The king, who perceived well how matters stood, was considerably alarmed for his fair ward, both on account of her bewitching beauty and accomplishments, and her insatiable desire of excelling all others of her sex; but more on account of her rash thoughtless manner of acting. He entertained no doubt of her stainless purity, but he knew that a great deal more was required in order to maintain her character uncontaminated in the eyes of the world—that caution and prudence were as requisite as the others, and that purity of heart, and innocency of intention, instead of proving shields against the aspersions of calumny, often induce to that gaiety and freedom of demeanour, which attaches its most poignant and venomous shafts. Of this caution and prudence Elizabeth seemed destitute. Her own word, with that of both her royal guardians, was pledged to Polmood, yet notwithstanding all this, he dreaded that she had admitted a knight into her chamber at midnight, and had artfully effected his escape, within nine hours of the time appointed for her nuptials. He could not judge Carmichael's pretensions to have been honourable from his manner of proceeding, and he trembled for the impressions he might have made upon her inexperienced heart, subversive of honour, faith, and virtue; especially when he considered the answer she had returned to Polmood the very minute after Carmichael had left her.

As for Polmood, he had, as yet, no suspicions of Carmichael nor any man living; but the answer he had received sunk deep into his heart, for he absolutely adored Elizabeth, and feared he had offended her by some part of his behaviour, and that she had actually repented of her promise to him on that account. He knew not to whom first to address himself, and wandered about all that morning, with a countenance so rueful that nothing in this age will ever compare with it.

The king put his arm within Elizabeth's, and led her to the Balcony. The day was clear, and the scene on which they looked around, wild and romantic. The high mountains, the straggling woods, the distant lake, and the limpid

river, with its hundred branches, winding through valleys covered with brake and purple heath, whose wild variety of light and shade the plough never marred ;—the kid, the lamb, the leverit, and the young deer, feeding or sporting together in the same green holt, formed altogether a scene of rural simplicity, and peaceful harmony, such as the eye of a Briton shall never again look upon.

"We shall have a sweet day for your wedding, Elizabeth," said the king. Elizabeth cast her eyes towards the brow of the hill, where Carmichael had but a few minutes before vanished, and remained silent. The king was agitated. "It was an effectual rub you gave the bridegroom last night," continued he ; "I owe you a kiss, and a frock of purple silk beside for it. I would not have missed the jest for a hundred bonnet pieces, and as many merks to boot ; you are a most exquisite girl." Never was flattery lost on the ear of a woman ! especially if that woman was possessed of youth and beauty. Elizabeth smiled and seemed highly pleased with the compliment paid to her ingenuity. "What a loss it is," continued James, "that we cannot push the jest a little farther. Suppose we should try?"

"Oh ! by all means !" said Elizabeth, "let us carry the jest a little farther.'

"Polmood is in sad taking already," said the king, "were you to persist in your refusal a little longer he would certainly hang himself." Elizabeth smiled again. "But the worst of it is, he will take it so heinously amiss. I know his proud heart well, that all the world will not persuade him ever to ask you again ; and then, if the match is in our vain humour broke off, it is irretrievable ruin to you."

"Ruin to me ! what does your Majesty mean ?"

"Yes, certain ruin to you ; for the court and all the kingdom will say that he has slighted and refused you, and you know we cannot help what people say. You know they will say it was because he and I surprised a man in your chamber at midnight, and much more than that they will say. They know that you could not, and would not resist our will, and therefore they will infallibly regard you as an offcast, and you will be flouted and shunned by the whole court. It would almost break my heart to see those who now envy and imitate you, turning up their noses as you passed them."

"But I will inform them ; I will swear to them that it was not so," said Elizabeth, almost crying.

"That is the readiest way to make them believe that it was so," said the king. "We shall, besides, lose an excellent and splendid wedding, in which I hoped to see you appear to peculiar advantage, the wonder and admiration of all ranks and degrees ; but that is nothing." Elizabeth gave him a glance of restless impatience. "After all, I think we must venture to give Polmood a farther refusal for the joke's sake ; even in the worst case, I do not know but an old maid is as happy as many a married lady."

These few, seemingly spontaneous sentences, presented to the mind of Elizabeth a picture altogether so repulsive, that she scarcely had patience to listen until the king concluded ; and when he had done, she remained silent, first turned round the one bracelet, then the other, fetched a slight sigh, and looked the king in the face.

"I think that for the humour of the jest you ought to persist in your refusal," continued James.

"I have often heard your Majesty say, that we should never let the plough stand to kill a mouse," said Elizabeth. "I never saw *long jokes* come to much good."

"Upon my soul I believe you are right after all," returned the king ; "you have more sense in your little finger than most ladies have in all. It is not easy to catch you in the wrong ; I suppose the wedding must go on?" "I suppose it must," said Elizabeth, pleased with the idea of her acuteness and discernment. She was again turning her eyes toward the brow of the Breaken hill, but the king changed sides with her, linking his left arm in her right, and led her at a sharp walk round the balcony, commending her prudence and

discretion as much above her years, and expatiating on the envy and spleen of the court ladies, and the joy they would have manifested if the marriage agreement had been finally dissolved. From that he broke of, and descanted on the amusements and processions in which they were to be engaged, and even on the dresses and jewels in which such and such ladies were likely to appear; until he had winded up Elizabeth's fancy to the highest pitch; for it was always on the wing watching for change of place, and new treasures of vain delight. Without giving her time for any further quiet reflection, he hurried her away to the great hall, where the queen and her attendants remained. "Make haste, make haste, my ladies," said he; "you seem to forget that we have this day to ride to the Maiden chapel, and from thence to the castle of Nidpath, where I have ordered preparations to be made for the ensuing festival. Falseat is high, and the braes of Hundleshope steep; make haste, my ladies, make haste."

The order of the day seemed hitherto scarcely well understood, but when the king had thus expressed his will, in such apparent haste and good humour, away tripped she, and away tripped she, each lady to her little wardrobe and portable mirror. The king ran down stairs to issue the same orders in the pavilion, where a plentiful breakfast of cakes, venison, and milk was set in order, and where the nobles had begun to assemble; but on his way he perceived Polmood walking rapidly by the side of the burn, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his bonnet over his brow; he heard not, nor saw what was going on. The king accosted him in a hasty careless manner. "Polmood, why are you sauntering there? the ladies are quite ready! the bride is ready for mounting her horse! fy! fy! Polmood, the ladies will all be obliged to wait for you." Polmood ran towards the burn to wash his face; but recollecting something else, he turned, and ran towards the tent; then, stopping short all of a sudden, he turned back again, and ran towards the burn, "I'll be shot to dead with an arrow if I know what to do," said he, as he passed the king this last time with his bonnet on. "And I'll be shot too," said the king, "if you know what you are doing just now—make haste, make haste, Polmood! you have not time to be sauntering and running to and fro in this manner,—fy! fy! that the ladies should be obliged to wait for the bridegroom!"

The king was highly diverted by Polmood's agitation and embarrassment, which he attributed to his violent passion, with its concomitant hopes and fears; and having thus expelled at one moment his dread of losing Elizabeth, and at the same time, while his senses were all in a flutter, put him into such a terrible hurry, he retired within the door of the tent, and watched his motions for some time without being observed. Polmood washed his hands and face in the stream without delay, and perceiving that he had nothing wherewith to dry them, he tried to do it with the tail of his coat, but that being too short, though he almost doubled himself, he could not bring it in contact with his face. He then ran across the green to the servant's hall, stooping and winking all the way, while the water poured from his beard. In his hurry he left his fine plumed bonnet by the side of the burn, which the king lifted and hid, and afterwards warned his nobles to prepare for the cavalcade; telling them, that the marriage of Polmood with Elizabeth was to be celebrated at Nidpath for several days.

CHAPTER X.

THE rural breakfast over, our noble party mounted and rode away from the castle of Crawmelt. The lightness of the breeze, the presence of so much beauty, royalty, and respect, together with the joyous occasion, completely eradicated from their minds the effects of last night's intemperance and misrule. They were again all in high spirits, and scoured the links of Meggat, so full of mirth and glee, that every earthly care was flung to the wind, in which, too, many a lovely lock and streaming ribbon floated.

If there is any one adventitious circumstance in life which invariably exhil-

arates the mind, and buoys up the spirits to the highest pitch, it is that of a large party of men and women setting out on an expedition on horseback. Of this party, excluding grooms, pages, and other attendants, there were upwards of forty, the flower of the Scottish nation. The followers scarcely amounted to that number, so little was James afraid of any harm within the realm.

On their way they came to the castle of Pearce Cockburn, who then accompanied the king. He compelled them all to halt and drink wine at his gate; but when the foremost twelve had taken their glasses, and were about to drink to the health of the bride and bridegroom, they looked around in vain for one of them; the bridegroom was lost no one knew how; they were all dumb with astonishment how they had lost Polmood; or how they came to travel so far without missing him; but he was at last discovered, nigh to the rear, sitting silently on his horse, dressed in an old slouch hat, which had lately been cast by one of the grooms. His horse was a good one, his other raiment was costly and elegant, and the ludicrous contrast which the old slouch hat formed to these, with the circumstance of the wearer being a bridegroom, and just going to be married to the most beautiful, elegant, and fashionable lady in the kingdom, altogether struck every one so forcibly, that the whole company burst out in an involuntary shout of laughter. Polmood kept his position without moving a muscle, which added greatly to the humour of the scene. The king, who never till that moment recollected his having hid Polmood's bonnet, was so much tickled, that he was forced to alight from his horse, sit down upon a stone, hold his sides, and laugh.

"What, Polmood!" said he, when he recovered breath to speak. "What, Polmood! do you prefer that courch'e to your own elegant bonnet?"

"No, sire," said Polmood, "but I preferred it to a bare head; for when ready to mount, I found that I had mislaid my bonnet, or lost it some way, I do not know how."

"I have been somewhat to blame in this, Polmood, but no matter: you cannot and shall not appear at your own nuptials in such a cap as that; therefore let us change for a day—no excuses; I insist on it." Polmood then put on his royal master's bonnet, which was beset with plumes, gold, and diamonds. That new honour made him blush deeply, but at the same time he bluntly remarked, that his majesty was the greatest wag in all his dominions. The humour of the party was greatly heightened when they beheld James, the fourth of that name, the greatest and the best of all the Stuart line, riding at the head of his nobles, and by the side of his queen, with the old greasy slouched hat on his head. They were mightily diverted, as well as delighted, with the good humour of their sovereign, and his easy condescension.

In a short time they reached the virgin's chapel, where they were met by the prior, and two monks of St. Mary's, dressed in their robes of office. There Polmood was married to the lovely Elizabeth Manners, by the abbot of Inchafferie, chaplain to the king. The king himself gave her in marriage, and during the ceremony Polmood seemed deeply affected, but the fair bride was studious only how to demean herself with proper ease and dignity, which she effected to the admiration of all present. Her beauty was so transcendent, that even the holy brothers were struck with astonishment; and the abbot, in the performance of his office, prayed fervently, as with a prophetic spirit, that that beauty which, as he expressed it, "outvied the dawn of the morning, and dazzled the beholders, might never prove a source of uneasiness, either to her husband or her own breast. May that lovely bloom," said he, "long dwell on the face that now so well becomes it, and blossom again and again on many a future stem. May it never be regarded by the present possessor as a cause of exultation, or self-esteem; but only as a transient engaging varnish over the more precious beauties of the mind; and may her personal and mental charms be so blended, that her husband may never perceive the decay of the one, save only by the growing beauties of the other." The tear

rolled in Polmood's eye. Elizabeth was only intent on the manner in which she stood, and on ordering her downcast looks and blushes aright; she thought not of the petition, but of the compliment paid to her beauty.

Soon were they again on horseback, and ascending the high hill of Falseat, they dined on its summit, by the side of a crystal spring. From that elevated spot they had an immense and varied prospect, which, on all hands, was intercepted only by the blue haze, in which distance always screens herself from human vision. The whole southern part of the kingdom, from sea to sea, lay spread around them as on a map, or rather like one half of a terrestrial globe,—

> Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,
> To bound the aims of sinful man.
> Man never looked on scene so fair
> As Scotland from the ambient air;
> O'er valleys clouds of vapour rolled,
> While others beamed in burning gold;
> And, stretching far and wide between,
> Were fading shades of fairy green.
> The glossy sea that round her quakes;
> Her thousand isles and thousand lakes;
> Her mountains frowning o'er the main;
> Her waving fields of golden grain;
> On such a scene, so sweet, so mild,
> The radiant sunbeam never smiled!

But though the vales and frith of Lothian lay stretched like a variegated carpet below his feet on the one side, while the green hills and waving woods of Ettrick Forest formed a contrast so noble on the other, it was remarked, that the king fixed his eyes constantly on the fells of Cheviot, and the eastern borders of England. Did he even then meditate an invasion of that country? or did some invisible power, presiding over the mysteries of elicitation and sympathy, draw his eyes and cogitations irresistibly away to that very spot where his royal and goodly form was so soon to lie in an untimely grave?

Towards the evening, in endeavouring to avoid a morass, the whole party lost their way; and the king, perceiving a young man at a little distance, rode briskly up to him in order to make inquiries. The lad, who was the son of a farmer, and herding his father's sheep, seeing a cavalier with a slouched hat galloping towards him, judged him to be one of a troop of foragers, and throwing away his plaid and brogues, he took to his heels, and fled with precipitation.

It was in vain that the king shouted and called on him to halt; he only fled the faster; and James, who delighted in a frolic, and was under the necessity of having some information concerning the way, seeing no better would, drew his sword, and pursued him full speed. As the youth ran towards the steepest part of the hill, the king, who soon lost sight of his company, found it no easy matter to come up with him. But at last the hardy mountaineer, perceiving his pursuer hard upon him, and judging that it was all over with him, faced about, heaved his baton, and prepared for a desperate defence.

Whether the king rode briskly up in order to disarm him at once, or whether, as he pretended, he was unable to stop his horse on the steep, could not be determined, owing to the difference of the relation, when told by the king and the shepherd; but certain it is, that at the first stroke the shepherd stunned the king's Spanish bay, who foundered on the heath, and threw his rider forward among the feet of his antagonist. The shepherd, who deemed himself fighting for life and salvation, plied his blows so thick upon the king's back and shoulders, that, if the former had not previously been quite exhausted by running, he had certainly maimed the king. But James, feeling by experience that there was no time to parley, sprung upon his assailant, whom he easily overthrew and disarmed, as being completely out of breath. "What does the fool

mean?" said the king. "All that I wanted of you, was to put us on our way to Peebles, for we have entirely lost both our path and our aim."

"But you must first tell me who you are," said the youth; I fear you have no good design on Peebles."

"We are a wedding party going there to make merry. The king and queen are to meet us, and honour us with their company; and if you will go along and direct us the way, you too shall be our guest, and you shall see the king and all his court."

"I can see plenty o' fools without ganging sae far," said the shepherd. "I account that nae great favour; I have often seen the king."

"And would know him perfectly well, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. I could ken him amang a thousand. But tell me are you indeed Scotsmen?"

"Indeed we are, did you not see many ladies in company?"

"I am sorry for putting you to sae muckle trouble, sir; but wha the devil ever saw a Scot wear a bonnet like that!"

"Come, mount behind me, and direct us on our way, which seems terribly intricate, and you shall be well rewarded."

The youth mounted, bare-legged as he was, behind the stalwart groom, without farther hesitation. They soon came in sight of the company, who were waiting the issue of the pursuit; the king waved his slouched hat, and called on them to follow, and then rode away at a distance before, conversing with his ragged guide. The eminence where the party dined is called the *King's Seat*, and the glen where they found the shepherd, *the Weddingers Hope* to this day.

CHAPTER XI.

THE road which they were now obliged to follow was indeed intricate; it winded among the brakes and woods of Grevington in such a manner, that, if it had not been for the shepherd, the royal party could not have found their way to the town of Peebles or the castle of Nidpath that night. James and the shepherd led the way, the latter being well acquainted with it, while the rest followed. The two foremost being both on the same horse, conversed freely as they went. There being a considerable difference in the relation which the parties gave of the particulars of this conversation, the real truth could not be fully ascertained; but the following is as near a part of it as could be recovered.

King.—"So you know the king well enough by sight, you say?"

Shep.—"Perfectly well."

"Pray, what is he like?"

"A black looking, thief-like chap, about your ain size, and somewhat like you, but a great deal uglier."

"I should like of all things to see him and hear him speak."

"You would like to see him and hear him speak, would you? Well, if you chance to see him, I will answer for it, you shall soon hear him speak. There's naething in the hale warld he delights sae muckle in, as to *hear himself* speak—if you are near him, it will gang hard if you hear ony thing else; and if you do not *see* him, it will not be his fault; for he takes every opportunity of showing his *goodly person*."

"So you have no great opinion of your king, I perceive."

"I have a *great opinion* that he is a silly fellow; a bad man at heart; and a great rascal."

I am sorry to hear that, from one who knows him so well, for I have heard on the contrary, that he is accounted generous, brave, and virtuous."

"Ay, but his generosity is a' ostentation—his bravery has never yet been weel tried; and for his virtue—God mend it."

"Well, shepherd, you know we may here speak the sentiments of our hearts freely, and whatever you say—"

"Whatever I say! I have said nothing which I would not repeat if the king

were standing beside me. I only said his courage has not yet been tried—I say sae still—And I said, for his virtue, God mend it. Was that wrong? I say sae still too—I would say as muckle for any person; of you, or even my own father. The truth is, I like James Stuart weel enough as my king, and would fight for him to my last breath against the Englishmen? but I am unco angry at him for a' that, and would as willingly fight *wi'* him. If I had got him amang my feet as I had you lately, mercy! how I would have laid on!"

"The devil you would?"

"That I would! But by the by, what makes you wear an iron chain? you have not killed your father too, have you? Or is it only for the purpose of carrying your master's wallet?"

"No more; only for carrying my master's wallet."

"Ay, but the king wears ane sax times as big as that of yours, man—Was not that a terrible business? How can we expect any blessing or good fortune to attend a king who dethroned and murdered his father? for ye ken it was the same thing as if he had done it wi' his ain hand."

"It is well known that his father was much to blame; and I believe the king was innocent of that, and is besides very sorry for it."

"Though he was to blame, he was still his father—There's nae argument can gang against that; and as to his being sorry, it is easy for him to say sae, and wear a bit chain over his shoulder, as you do; but I firmly believe, if the same temptation, and the same opportunity, were again to occur, he would do the same over again. And then, what a wicked man he is with women! He has a very good queen of his ain, even though she be an Englishwoman, which is certainly wonderful; nevertheless, she's a very good queen; yet, he is so indifferent about her, that he is barely civil, and delights only in a witching minx that they ca' Grey—Grey by name and Grey by nature, I wad reckon. What a terrible sin and shame it is to gallaunt as they do! I wonder they two never think of hell and purgatory."

"We must allow our king a little liberty in that way."

"Yes; and then he must allow it in others, and they in others again—you little think what a wicked prince has to answer for."

"Are such things indeed reported of the king!"

"Ay, and in everybody's mouth. Fy! fy! what a shame it is! if I were in his place I would 'shu the Herone away,' as the auld song says—Pray did you never hear the song of *the Herone*, which one of our shepherds made, a strange chap he is?"

"Never."

"Well, it is the sweetest thing you ever heard, and I will sing it to you when I have time. I would give the best wedder in my father's flock that King James heard it; I am sure he would love our old shepherd, who well deserves his love, for there is no man in Scotland that loves his king and nation so well as he. But to return to our king's faults: the worst of the whole is his negligence in looking after the rights and interests of the common people. It is allowed on all hands, that James is a good-natured and merciful prince; yet the acts of cruelty and injustice which every petty lord and laird exercises in his own domain, are beyond all sufferance. If his majesty knew but even the half that I know, he would no more enjoy his humours and pleasures so freely, till once he had rectified those abuses, which it has always been the chief study of his nobles to conceal frae his sight. I could show him some scenes that would convince him what sort of a king he is."

The shepherd, about this time, observing that one of the troop behind them continued to sound a bugle at equal intervals, with a certain peculiar lilt, asked the king what the fellow meant. The king answered, "That he was only warning Mess John and the weddingers to be ready to receive them. And you will soon see them," continued he, "coming to meet us, and to conduct us into the town." "And will the king indeed be there?" "Yes, the king will indeed be there." "Well, I wish I had my hose, brogues, and Sunday clothes on; but it is all one, nobody will mind me."

Now it so happened that James had, a short time previous to that, conferred a grant of the lands of Caidmoor on the town of Peebles, on account of its great attachment and good will towards him; and the news of his approach having been brought there by some of the servants, who had been despatched to provide accommodations at Nidpath, the townsmen had dressed themselves in their best robes, and were all prepared to receive their royal benefactor with every demonstration of joy; and, on hearing the well-known sound of his bugle, they repaired to meet him on a moor south of the river. The king being still foremost, rode up into the midst of his loyal burgesses without being discovered, and indeed without being regarded or looked at; then, wheeling about his horse, he made a halt until his train came up; the bare-legged youth was still riding at his back on the same horse.

The shepherd could perceive no king, nor anything like one, save Polmood, on whom the eyes of the townsmen were likewise fixed as he approached; yet they could not help thinking their king was transformed.

The courtiers with their attendants soon came up, and after arranging themselves in two rows before the king and the queen, who had now drawn up her horse close by his side, they uncovered their heads, and all bowed themselves at once. The shepherd likewise uncovered his head, without knowing to whom, but he understood some great affair to be going on. "For God sake! neighbour, tak aff that ugly slouched hat of yours, man," said he to his companion, and at the same time pushed it off with one of his arms. The king catched it between his hands as it fell. "To whom shall I take it off, sirrah?—to you, I suppose," said he, and put it deliberately on again. This incident discovered his majesty to all present, and a thousand shouts, mixed with a thousand bonnets, scaled the firmament at once.

The dreadful truth now glanced upon the shepherd's mind all at once, like the bolt of heaven that preludes a storm. The station which his companion held in the middle of the ring—the queen by his side—the heads uncovered, and the iron chain, all confirmed it.—He sprung from his seat, as the marten of the Grampians springs from his hold when he smells the fire—darted through an opening in the circle, and ran across the moor with inconceivable swiftness. "Hold that rascal," cried the king, "lay hold of the villain, lay hold of him." The shepherd was pursued by man, horse, and hound, and soon overtaken and secured. Their majesties entered the town amid shouts and acclamations of joy; but the unfortunate shepherd was brought up a prisoner in the rear by four officers of the king's guard, who were highly amused by the different passions that agitated his breast. At one time he was accusing himself bitterly of folly and stupidity—at another, laughing at his mistake, and consoling himself after this manner: "Weel, the king will hang me the morn, there is no doubt of it; but he canna dae it for naething, as he does to mony ane, that is some comfort; by my faith, I gae him a hearty loundering, he never gat sic dadds in his life—let him tak them." Again, when he spoke or thought of his parents, his heart was like to burst. After locking him into the tolbooth of Peebles, they left him to darkness and despair; while all the rest were carousing and making merry, and many of them laughing at his calamity.

The king, whose curiosity had been aroused, made inquiries concerning the name, occupation, and qualities of this youth, and was informed that his name was Moray (the same it is supposed with Murray); that he was a great scholar, but an idle, useless fellow; that the old abbot had learned him to sing, for which every one valued him; but that, unfortunately, he had likewise taught him the unprofitable arts of reading and writing, in which alone he delighted; and it was conjectured he would end in becoming a warlock, or studying the black art.

The king, though no profound scholar himself, knew well the value of education, and how to estimate it in others. He was, therefore, desirous of trying the youth a little further, and of being avenged on him for galling him in such a merciless manner, and sent a messenger to him that night, informing

him that he would be brought to the scaffold next day; but that if he had any message or letter to send to his father, the king would despatch a courier with it. The youth replied, that if the king would send a messenger with the letter who could read it to his father, he would certainly write one instantly; but that his father could not read. The messenger, knowing that the king was particularly desirous of seeing the writing and composition of a shepherd, and of comparing it with those of his clerks, promised that such a messenger should be sent with it. The shepherd wrote one without delay, which the man took, and carried straight to the king. This letter is likewise inserted in Mr. Brown's book of ancient manuscripts, but it seems to have been written at a much later period than many others that are there; the spelling is somewhat more modern, and the ink scarcely so yellow. The following is a literal copy:—

"Dr faythr, im to be hangit the morn, for daddinge of the kingis hate; for miskaing him to his fes ahynt his bak; for devering his whors, and layinge on him with ane grit stick. i hope el no be vext, for im no theefe; it was a sayir battil, an a bete him doune wis dran sorde; for I miskent him. if it hadna bin krystis merse, ad kild him. me muthr l be wae, but ye men pleis her, an il be gled to see ye in at the deth, for i wonte er blissying. im no feirit, but yit its ane asom thynge; its no deth it feirs me, but the eftir-kum garis my hert girle. if kryste an his muthr dinna do sumthin for me ther, i maye be ill——im er lukles sonne, Villem mora——to Villem mora of kreuksten."

When this letter was read to the king and his courtiers, instead of laughing at it, as might have been expected, they admired it, and wondered at the shepherd's profound erudition; a proof that learning, in those days, was at a very low ebb in Scotland.

The messenger was despatched to his father, and the old man and his wife, on receiving the news, repaired instantly to Peebles in the utmost consternation. They were however denied access to their son, until such time as he appeared on the scaffold. A great crowd was by that time assembled; for besides the court, all the towns people, and those of the country around, were gathered together to see poor William hanged. When his father and mother mounted the steps, he shook each of them by the hand, smiled, and seemed anxious to console them; but they both turned about and wept, and their utterance was for some time quite overpowered. They had been given to understand that the king would listen to no intercession; for that their son had uttered sentences of a most dangerous and flagrant nature, in which they were likely to be involved, as having instilled such sentiments into his young mind. But when they learned from his own mouth that he had committed the assault on the person of his majesty under a mistake, and knowing how justly their son had blamed his conduct and government, they could not help considering it extremely hard, to bring a valuable youth thus to a shameful and public execution for such an offence. The mother cried downright, and the old man with difficulty restrained himself. He did not fall at the king's feet, nor attempt speaking to him, as judging it altogether vain and unprofitable; but he turned on him a look that said more than any words could express; and then, as if hopeless of mercy or justice from that quarter, he turned them to heaven, uncovered his grey head, and sinking on his knees, invoked the justice and forgiveness of the Almighty in strong and energetic terms. This was the language of nature and of the heart; and when he prayed, there was no cheek in the assembly dry, save those of the king and courtiers. "What hard hearts these great folks have," said the country people one to another.

The usual ceremonies being all got over, William's face was at length covered—the executioner was just proceeding to do his duty—thousands of burgesses and plebeians were standing around with bare heads and open mouths holding in their breath in awful suspense—the women had turned their backs to the scaffold, and were holding down their faces and weeping—the parents of the youth had taken a long farewell of him, when the king

sprung forward to the scene of action. "Hold!" said he, "this fellow, traitor as he is, has behaved himself throughout with some degree of spirit, and therefore he shall not die like a common felon—No," continued he, unsheathing his sword, "he shall die by the hand of a king. Kneel down, William, I command you!" William, whose senses were all in confusion, and who felt the same kind of sensations as he sometimes wont to do in a dream, kneeled implicitly down on the boards, and held forward his head, making a long neck that his majesty might get a fair blow at it. The king, either inadvertently or in a frolic, laid the cold blade of his sword for a moment upon his neck. William imagined his head was off, and fell lifeless upon the scaffold. The king then crossed him with his sword—"Rise up, Sir William Moray," said he; "I here create you a knight, and give to you, and yours, the lands of Crookston and Newbey, to hold of me for ever." The old farmer and his wife uttered both an involuntary cry, between a sigh and a shout; it was something like that which a drowning person utters, and they were instantly at the king's feet, clasping his knees. The crowd around hurled their caps into the air, and shouted until the hills rang again; "Long live our gracious king!—long live our good king James!

When the tumult of joy had somewhat subsided, it was observed that William was lying still upon his face. They unbound his hands, and desired him to rise; but he neither answered nor regarded; and on lifting him up, they saw with astonishment that he was dead in good earnest. His parents, in the utmost despair, carried him into a house, and for a long time every art to restore suspended animation proved fruitless. When the king laid the cold sword upon his bare neck, it was observed that he gave a violent shiver. The poor youth imagined that his head was then struck off, and to think of living longer in such circumstances was out of the question, so he died with all manner of decorum; and it is believed he would never more have revived, if the most vigorous measures had not been resorted to. King James, who was well versed in everything relating to the human frame, was the best surgeon, and the most skilful physician then in the realm, succeeded at last in restoring him to life. But even then, so strongly was his fancy impressed with the reality of his dissolution, that he could not be convinced that he was not in a world of spirits, and that all who surrounded him were ghosts. When he came to understand his real situation, and was informed of the honours and lands conferred on him by the king, he wept out of gratitude, and sagely observed, that, "*after all, the truth told aye best.*"

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM, the shepherd, being now metamorphosed into Sir William Moray, was equipped in proper habiliments, and introduced at court by his new title. He often astonished the courtiers, and put them quite out of countenance, by his blunt and cutting remarks, and of course soon became a great favourite with James, who delighted in that species of entertainment, as all the Stuarts were known to do, but he more than any of them. No sooner had William arisen into favour, than he was on the very point, not only of losing it again, but of incurring the king's serious displeasure.

On the third or fourth evening after their arrival at Nidpath, when the feast and the dance were over, the king reminded William of the song which he had promised to sing to him on their way to Peebles. William hesitated, blushed, and tried to put it off; but, the more averse he seemed to comply, the more clamorous the company grew for his song.

This practice is too frequent even to this day, and it is one which neither betokens generosity nor good sense. It often puts an unoffending youth, or amiable young lady, to the blush, and lays them under the necessity of either making a fool of themselves, or of refusing those whom they wish to oblige, and to appear prudish, when in fact nothing is farther from their hearts. The custom can never be productive of any good; and, in the instance above alluded to, it was the cause of much shame and dissatisfaction; for William,

pressed as he was, and unable to hold longer out, began, and with a face glowing with shame, a palpitating heart, and a faltering tongue, sung the following old ballad.

The writer of this tale is particularly happy at having it in his power to present his readers with a genuine and original copy of this celebrated ancient song, save that he cannot answer precisely for having read, or copied it exactly. He refers them, however, to the original manuscript in the possession of Mr. J. Brown, now living in Richmond Street, the perusal of which they will find no easy matter. It has been quoted by different living authors, or compilers rather, from tradition, and quoted falsely; but the meaning of it, like that of many an ancient allegory, seems never to have been at all understood. It may not be improper here to mention, that the only account that can be obtained of these ancient MSS. is, that they belonged to the house of March, and were found in the castle of Drumlanrig.

THE HERONE.

A VERY ANCIENT SONG.

LEISHE the hunde on the tassilyt moore!
Grein growis the birke in the coome so mello!
Strewe the tyme in the greinwude bouir;
For the dewe fallis sweite in the mune-beim yello!
For owir gude kyngis to the greinwude gene, &c.
And bonie quene Jeanye lyis hirre lene, &c.
Weil mot scho siche, for scho wetis weil,
He sleipis his lane in the foreste sheile!
Aleke! and alu! for ouir gude kynge!
He sleipis on the fogge, and drinkis the sprynge!
Ne lorde, ne erl, to be his gyde,
But ane bonnye pege to lye by his syde:
And, O! that pegis weste is slim;
And his ee wad garre the dey looke dim;
And, O! his breiste is rounde and fayir;
And the dymend lurkis in hys revin hayir
That curlis se sweitlye aboune his brye,
And rounde hys nek of eivorye!
Yet he mene sleipe on a bedde of lynge,
Aleke! and alu! for ouir gude kynge!
Weile mot Quene Jeanye siche and mene,
For scho kennis he sleipis his leiva lane!
The kreukyt kraine cryis owir the flode,
The capperkayle clukkis in the wode;
The swanne youtis lythelye ouir the lowe;
The bleiter harpis abune the flowe;
The cushey flutis amangis the firris;
And aye the murecokke biks and birris;
And aye the ouirwurde of ther sange,
"What ailis ouir kynge, he lyis se lange."
Gae hunte the gouke ane uther myle,
Its no the reid eed capperkayle;
Its ne the murekokke birris at morne,
Nor yitte the deire withe hirre breakine horne;
Its nowthir the hunte, nor the murelan game,
Hes brung ouir kynge se ferre fre heme;
The gloomynge gele, norre the danyng dewe,
He is gene to hunte the *Herone* blue.
Ne burde withe hirre mucht evir compaire,
Hirre nekke se tapper, se tall, and fayir!
Hirre breiste se softe, and hirre ee se greye,

Hes stouin ouir gude kyngis herte awaye,
But in that nekke ther is ane linke,
And in that breiste ther is ane brier,
And in that ee ther is ane blink,
Will penne the deidis of wae and weir,
But the graffe shall gepe, and the korbe flee;
And the bourik ryse quhair ane kynge sulde bee.
The *Herone* flewe eist, the *Herone* flewe weste
The *Herone* flewe to the fayir foryste!
And ther scho sawe ane gudelye bouir,
Was all kledde ouir with the lille flouir:
And in that bouir ther was ane bedde,
With silkine scheitis, and weile dune spredde;
And in thilke bed ther laye ane knichte,
Hos oundis did bleide beth day and nicghte;
And by the bedde-syde ther stude ane stene,
And thereon sate ane leil maydene,
Withe silvere nedil, and silkene threde,
Stemmynge the oundis quhan they did blede.
The *Herone* scho flappyt, the *Herone* scho flewe,
And scho skyrit at bogge quheryn scho grewe.
By leke, or tarne, scho douchtna reste,
Nor bygge on the klofte hirre dowye este;
Scho culdnae see ane fyttyng schedde,
But the lille bouir and the silkene bedde!
And aye scho pifyrit, and aye scho leerit,
And the bonny May scho jaumphit and jeerit,
And aye scho turnit hirre bosim fayir,
And the knichte he luvit to see hirre there;
For, O! hirre quhite and kumlye breiste,
Was soft as the dune of the sulanis neste!
But the maydene that wachit him nichte and daye,
She shu'd and shu'd the *Herone* awaye;
Leil Virtue was that fayir maydis neme,
And sayir scho gratte for the knichtis bleme!
But the *Herone* scho flappyt, and the *Herone* scho flew,
And scho dabbyt the fayir mayde blak and blewe;
And scho pykkit the fleche fre hirre bonny breiste-bene,
And scho pykkit out hirre cleir blewe ene;
Till the knichte he douchtna beire to see
The maydene that wonte his meide to bee!
Swith *Herone!* swith *Herone!* hyde yer heide,
The Herringden haque will be your deide!
The boue is bente withe ane silkene strynge,
And the airrowe fledgit with ane heronis wynge.
O! quhae will werde the wefoue day!
O! quhae will shu the *Herone* awaye!
Now the blak kokke mootis in his fluthir deipe;
The rowntre rokis the reven to sleipe;
The sei-mawe couris on his glittye stene,
For its greine withe the dewe of the jaupyng maine;
The egill maye gaspe in his yermite riven,
Amiddys the mystis and the raynis of hevin;
The swanne maye sleike hirre breist of milke,
But the *Herone* sleipis in hirre bedde of silke.
The gude knichtis wytte is fledde or feye,
By pithe of wyrde and glamurye;
For aye he kissit hirr bille se fayir,
Tho' vennim of eskis and tedis was there.

He skyrit to trowe bethe dule and payne,
That his hertis blude shulde paye the kene;
But the threidis fre ilka ound scho drewe,
And aye the reide blude runne anewe;
The ether hes leyne in the lyonis laire,
And that blude shall flowe for evermaire.
Now, loose the hunde on the tassilit moore,
Grein growis the birke in the coome so mello!
And bedde with rewe the greinwude bouir,
Quhan the dewe fallis softe in the mune-beime yello.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE youth sung this ballad to a wild melody, that was quite ravishing, though it might be said that he chanted rather than sung it; but he had proceeded only a short way with the second sentence, which relates to the page, when Madam Grey began to look this way and that way, and to talk flippantly, first to one person, then to another; but seeing that no one answered, or regarded her, and that all were attentive to the song, she rose hastily and retired. As the song proceeded, the king made sundry signs for William to desist; but he either did not, or would not understand them, and went on. At length his majesty rose, and commanded, with a loud voice, that the song should be stopped, for that it was evidently offensive. "I am astonished at your majesty," said the queen, "it is the sweetest and most inoffensive song I ever listened to. It is doubtless a moral allegory, to which the bard has been led by a reference to some ancient tale. I beseech your majesty, that our young friend may, at my request, be permitted to go on with it." The queen pretended thus not to understand it, that she might have the pleasure of hearing it out, and of witnessing the triumph of truth and virtue, over a heart subject indeed to weaknesses and wanderings, but whose nature was kind, and whose principles leaned to the side of goodness. Indeed, she hoped that the sly allusions of the bard, and his mysterious predictions of some great impending evil, might finally recall her lord from his wanderings, and reunite his heart to her whose right it was. And, moreover, she did not wish that the courtiers should perceive the poet's aim, although that was too apparent to be easily mistaken.

James, who was a notable judge of the perceptions of others, knew, or at least shrewdly suspected, that the queen understood the song, even couched and warped as it was; but he could not, with a good grace, refuse her request, so he consented, and sat in a sullen mood till the song was concluded, when he flung out of the saloon with precipitate steps.

It was several weeks before William was again admitted to the king's presence; but the queen gave him a diamond ring, and many rich presents; and having been informed by him, privately, who was the author of the song, she settled upon the old shepherd 100 merks a year, which she paid out of the rents of her own dowry lands.

The king, who was always prone to justice, upon due consideration, and taking a retrospect of all that had passed, became convinced that William wished him well; and that the obstinacy he manifested with regard to the song, in persisting in it, and refusing to leave any part of it out, originated in his good-will, and the hopes he entertained of reclaiming his sovereign to virtue.

The result of these reflections was, that William was one day sent for to his majesty's closet, and admitted to a private conversation with him. The king, without once hinting at any former displeasure or misunderstanding, addressed him to the following purpose: "My worthy and ingenuous young friend, do not you remember, that on the first day of our acquaintance, while on our way to Peebles, you hinted to me, that great injuries were frequently done to the common people under my government, by some of their chieftains and feudal barons? This information has preyed upon my heart ever since; for there is

nothing that so much concerns me as the happiness of my people, and I am determined to see them righted. In the mean time, it is necessary that I should have some evidences of the truth of your statement, and for that purpose I have formed a resolution of taking a journey in disguise over a part of the realm, that I may be an eye-witness to the existing grievances of which you complain so bitterly. It is not the first time I have made such excursions, unknown to any of my courtiers; and though it appears that they entertained suspicions that I was otherwise, and worse employed, the consciousness of my own good intentions, and the singular adventures I met with, fully compensated me for their mistaken notions. You little know, Sir William, how the actions of sovereigns are wrested by the malicious and discontented; I am fully persuaded, that the wily insinuations thrown out in the old bard's song of *the Herone*, are founded on reports, which were then circulated." William would fain have asked him, if he had not a pretty page who travelled in his company; but he feared it would be presuming too much, and touching the king upon the sore heel; so he said nothing, but only looked him in the face, and the king went on.—"Now, as you seem concerned about the welfare of the commonalty, and are conversant with their manners and habits, I purpose to take you as my only attendant and travelling companion. We will visit the halls of the great and the cottages of the poor, and converse freely with all ranks of men, without being known. I have been puzzled in devising what character to assume; but amongst them all, I am partial to that of a travelling bard or minstrel." William assured his majesty, there was no character so suitable, as it would secure them a welcome reception both with the rich and poor; "and I can touch the harp and sing," said he; "your majesty sings delightfully, and plays the violin; therefore no other disguise, unless we become fortune-tellers, will answer us so well; and the latter we can assume occasionally as we find circumstances to accord." He was delighted with the project; promised all manner of diligence and secrecy, and extolled his sovereign's ingenuity and concern about his people's welfare.

It would be far too tedious to relate circumstantially all the feasts, revels, and tournaments, which prevailed at Peebles and Nidpath, during the stay of the royal party, and likewise at the castle of Polmood, where the festival and the hunt closed for that season; suffice it, that they were numerous and splendid; and while they continued, the vanity of Elizabeth was fully gratified; for she was the admiration of all who beheld her, both high and low.

It may likewise be necessary to mention in this place, that Alexander, duke of Rosay, having joined the party shortly after their arrival at Nidpath, his attentions to Elizabeth were instantly renewed, and were indeed so marked, that they were obvious to the eyes of all the court. Rosay was a gallant and goodly young man, and full brother to the king; and it was too apparent, that Elizabeth was highly pleased with his attentions and unbounded flattery, and that she never seemed so happy as when he was by her side.

In all their walks and revels about the banks of the Tweed, Polmood was rather like an odd person—like something borrowed, on which no account was set, rather than he who gave the entertainment, and on whose account they were all met. When every lady had her lord or lover by her side, Elizabeth, instead of walking arm in arm with Polmood, as was most fitting, was always to be seen dangling and toying with Rosay. Well could Rosay flatter, and trifle, and talk a great deal about nothing—he could speak of jewels, rings, and laces, their colour, polish, and degrees of value. Polmood cared for none of those things, and knew as little about them. He did not know one gem from another, nor could he distinguish a gold chain or ring from one that was only gilt! What company was he for Elizabeth, in a circle where every one was vying with another in jewels? To flattery he was an utter stranger, for never had one sentence savouring of that ingredient passed his lips; nor could he in any way testify his love or respect, save by his attention and good offices. Alas! what company was he for Elizabeth? Rosay was a connoisseur in music—he understood the theory so far, that he was able to converse on

the subject—knew many of the quaint, borrowed phrases, even to *andante, grazioso,* and *affettuosa!* He hung over Elizabeth while she played and sung, expressing his raptures of delight in the most impassioned terms—sighed, shook his head, and laid both his hands upon his breast at each thrilling melody, and dying fall! Polmood loved a song that contained a tale—farther perceptions of music he had none! Alas! what company was he for Elizabeth? Man is always searching for happiness here below; but blindfolded by passion, he runs headlong after the gilded shadow, until he either falls into a pit, or sticks so fast in the mire that he is unable to return. Polmood had got a wife, and with her he thought he had got all the world—all that mortal could wish for, or desire! So lovely! so accomplished! so amiable!—and so young! The first week of wedlock—the next—the honey-moon past over—and Polmood did not remember of once having had his heart cheered by a smile from his beloved Elizabeth. In the hall, in the bower, and in the rural excursion, every knight had his consort, or mistress hanging on his arm, sitting on his knee, or toying with him; but Polmood had nobody! He saw his jewel in the possession of another, and was obliged to take himself up with any solitary gentleman like himself, whom he could find, to talk with him about hunting and archery; but even on these subjects his conversation wanted its usual spirit and fervour, and all the court remarked *that Polmood was become an altered man.*

The season for rural sports drew to a close—the last great hunt was held that year in the forest of Meggatdale—the tinkell was raised at two in the morning, all the way from Blackdody to Glengaber, and the Dollar-law—upwards of 400 men were gathered that day, to "drive the deer with hound and horn." The circle of gatherers still came closer and closer, until at last some hundreds of deers and roes were surrounded on the green hill behind the castle of Crawmelt, which is named the Hunter-hill to this day. Around the skirts of that, the archers were placed at equal distances, with seventy leash of hounds, and one hundred grey-hounds. At one sound of the horn the whole dogs were loosed, and the noise, the hurry, and the bustle, was prodigious. Before mid-day sixty deers were brought in, twenty-four of whom were fine old stags, and the rest yearlings and does.

The royal party then dispersed. The queen retired to Holyrood-house, being constrained to remain in privacy for some time—the courtiers to their respective homes, and King James and William to put their scheme in execution. Elizabeth was left with her husband in his lonely and hereditary castle.

As so many curious traditions relating to the adventures of the king, disguised as a minstrel, are still extant in the several districts through which he travelled, I have been at some pains to collect these, and shall give them in another part of this work.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE manner in which Polmood and Elizabeth spent the winter is not generally known. In the remote and lonely castle of Polmood they lived by themselves, without any of the same degree near them, with whom they could associate. In such a scene, it may well be conceived, that Elizabeth rather dragged on existence than enjoyed it. The times were indeed wofully altered with her. Instead of the constant routine of pleasure and festivity in which she had moved at court, there was she placed, in a wilderness, among rocks and mountains, snows and impetuous torrents; and instead of a crowd of gay flatterers, who were constantly testifying their admiration of her fine form, beautiful features, and elegant accomplishments, there was she left to vegetate beside a man who was three times her age, and to whose person she was perfectly indifferent, if not averse. Their manners and habits of life were totally dissimilar, and even in the structure of their minds no congeniality could be traced. She never behaved towards him in a rude or uncivil manner, though

uniformly in a way that marked the sentiments of her heart, and therefore it was apparent to all the domestics, that their master enjoyed none of the comforts, delights, or privileges of the married state.

On parting with the queen at Nidpath, Elizabeth had promised to visit her at Holyrood-house during the winter; and the hopes of this visit to the court, where she intended to prolong her stay as long as it was possible, kept up her spirits during the first months of her exile; but this journey Polmood had previously resolved not to permit. He had got enough of courtiers for the present; and he well knew, if he could not engage the affections of Elizabeth, when neither rout, revel nor rival was nigh to attract her mind, he would never gain them by hurrying her again into the midst of licentiousness and dissipation. He perceived that, at the long run, he made rather an awkward figure among King James's voluptuous courtiers; nor could he maintain his consequence among them in any other scene save the mountain sports. He was deemed a most gallant knight among the savage inhabitants of the forest; but, in the polished circle of James's court, he was viewed as little better than a savage himself.

Elizabeth had long been making preparations for her intended journey, and about the close of December, she proposed that they should set out; but Polmood put it off from day to day, on one pretence or other, until the Christmas holy-days arrived, when he was urged and entreated by Elizabeth, to accompany her to Edinburgh, or suffer her to go by herself. Though that was the first time Elizabeth had ever deigned to entreat him for any thing, he remained obstinate; and at last gave her a mild but positive refusal. It was a death-blow to the hopes of Elizabeth—her heart sunk under it; and before the evening she retired to her chamber, which she kept for upwards of a fortnight, seldom rising out of her bed. Polmood testified the greatest uneasiness about her health; but sensible that her principal ailment was chagrin and disappointment, he continued firm to his purpose. When he went to see her, she seldom spoke to him; but when she did so, it was with every appearance of equanimity.

During the remainder of the winter she continued in a state of moping melancholy, and this was the season when her heart first became susceptible of tender impressions. When all gaiety, hurry, and bustle, were removed far from her grasp, she began to experience those yearnings of the soul, which mutual endearments only can allay. The source of this feeling Elizabeth had not philosophy sufficient to discover; but it led her insensibly to bestow kindnesses, and to court them in return. She was one week attached to a bird with the most impatient fondness, the next to a tame young doe, and the next to a lamb, or a little spaniel: but from all these her misguided affections again reverted, untenanted and unsatisfied. If there had not been something in her husband's manner repulsive to her very nature, she must at that time have been won; for there is nothing in the world more natural, than two of different sexes, who are for the most part confined together, becoming attached to each other. When this cannot be effected even when desired, it argues a total dissimilarity between the parties in one respect or other. Two or three times did Elizabeth manifest a slight degree of attachment, if not of fondness for her husband; but whenever he began to return these by his homely endearments, her heart shrunk from a closer familiarity, with a feeling of disgust which seems to have been unconquerable. How unfortunate it was, that neither should have reflected on the probability of such a circumstance, until it was too late to retrieve it!

About the turn of the year, there came an idle fellow into that part of the country, who said that his name was Connel, and that he was a native of Galloway. He was constantly lounging about the servants' hall in the castle of Polmood, or in the adjacent cottages. Polmood, having frequently met and conversed with this fellow, found that his answers and observations were always pertinent and sensible, and on that account was induced to take him into the family as his gardener; for Polmood was fond of gardening, and he

had observed that Elizabeth seemed to take delight in the various flowers as they sprang.

The appearance of this fellow was whimsical beyond conception; he wore a coarse russet garb, and his red carroty locks hung over his ears and face in a manner that was rather frightful. His beard had a yellowish tint, corresponding with the colour of his hair, both of which seemed unnatural, for his eye and his features were fine, and his form tall and athletic, but he walked with a loutish stoop, that rendered his deportment altogether ludicrous. Elizabeth had often observed him, but she never took any further notice of him than to turn away with a smile.

One day, while sitting in her apartment alone, pensive and melancholy, she cast her blue eyes around on the dark mountains of Herston. She saw the lambs racing on the gare, and the young deers peeping from the covert of the wood; but this view had no charms for her. The casement was open, and Connel the gardener was busy at work immediately before it. She sat down to her lute, and played one of her favourite and most mournful old airs, accompanying it with her voice. She had begun it merely to amuse herself, and scarcely thought of what she did, till she was surprised at seeing Connel give over working, and lean forward upon his spade, in the attitude of listening attentively. But how much more was she astonished on perceiving, that when she ceased, he wiped a tear from his eye—turned round, and strode with a hurried pace to the angle of the walk, and then turned and fell again to his work; all the while appearing as if he knew not what he was doing. There is no motive works so powerfully upon the female mind, as the desire of giving delight to others, and thereby exciting their admiration. This marked attention of the humble gardener, encouraged Elizabeth to proceed—she sung and played several other airs with an animation of tone, which had never before been exerted within the walls of Polmood, and which raised her own languid spirits to a degree from which they had long been estranged.—Her curiosity was excited—she flung on a dress that was rather elegant, and before the fall of the evening, went out to walk in the garden, resolved to have some conversation with this awkward but interesting gardener.

When she first entered the walk at a distance, Connel stole some earnest looks at her; but when she approached nigher, he never once looked up, and continued to delve and break the clods with great assiduity. She accosted him in that easy familiar way, which those in power use toward their dependants—commended his skill in gardening, and his treatment of such and such plants—Connel delved away, and gathered the white roots, flinging them into a basket that stood beside him for the purpose, but opened not his mouth. At length she asked him a question which he could not avoid answering. He answered it; but without turning his face about, or looking up. When he ceased speaking, Elizabeth found herself in a deep reverie—her mind had wandered, and she felt as if striving to recollect something which her remembrance could not grasp. At considerable intervals she brought him to converse again and again; and as often did she experience the same sensations; these sensations had something painful as well as pleasing in them; but the most curious thing that attended them was, that they were to her altogether unaccountable.

From that time forward the garden seemed to have become Elizabeth's home; and Connel, the clownish but shrewd gardener, her only companion.—She played and sung every day at her window to delight him, and ceased only on purpose that she might descend into the garden to hear him converse, and commend the works of his hands. She was indeed drawn toward him by an irresistible impulse, that sometimes startled her on reflection; but her heart told her that her motives were not questionable.—Love she was sure it could not be; but whatever it was, she began to experience a faint ray of happiness. Polmood perceived it, and was delighted; while Connel the gardener, on account of his inestimable art in administering pleasure to a desponding beauty, shared his master's estéem and bounty.

Things passed on in this manner, or with little variety, until the end of summer. On the 14th of August, a guest arrived at the castle of Polmoood unexpectedly, and not altogether welcome—welcome indeed to Elizabeth, but not so to her husband, who heard him announced with the most galling vexation.—This was no other than Alexander, duke of Rosay, with his suite, who announced the king's intention of being there by the end of the next week. Elizabeth was literally frantic with joy; she scarcely knew either what she was doing or saying, when Rosay alighted in the court, and saluted her with his own and royal brother's kindest respects. Polmood received the duke as became his high dignity, and his own obligations to the royal family; but in his heart he wished him at the distance of a thousand miles. His discernment of human character was not exquisite, but he foresaw a part of what was likely to ensue, and the precognition foreboded nothing good to any one. He felt so much chagrined at the very first rencounter, that he found he could not behave himself with any degree of propriety; and the consequence was, that Rosay and Elizabeth were soon left by themselves. Her complexion had become a little languid, but the sudden flow of spirits which she experienced, lent a flush to her cheek, a fire to her eye, and a rapid ease and grace to her manner, which were altogether bewitching.

Rosay was a professed libertine, and of course one of those who felt little pleasure in aught save self-gratification; but he had never in his life been so transported with delight, as he was at beholding Elizabeth's improved charms, and seeming fondness of him; for so he interpreted the feelings of her heart, which gave birth to this charming vivacity—these, however, had their origin from a source quite different from that which he supposed.

As soon as they were left alone, in the first transports of his passion he caught her in his arms, and kissed her hand again and again. She chided him—she was indeed angry with him—but what could she do? Situated as they were, she could not come to a professed and open rupture, on account of any little imprudences which his passionate admiration had induced him inadvertently to commit; so all was soon forgot and forgiven. But whatever freedoms a man has once taken with one of the other sex, he deems himself at liberty to venture on again whenever occasion serves. A lady ought by all means to be on her guard against a lover's first innovations; the smallest deviation from the path of rectitude is fraught with incalculable danger to her; one imprudence, however slight she may deem it, naturally, and almost invariably, leads to a greater; and when once the tale is begun, there is no mathematical rule by which the final sum may be computed, even though the aggressor should advance in the most imperceptible gradation. The maiden that ventures, in any way, to dally with a known libertine in morals, ventures to play around the hole of the asp, and to lay her hand on the snout of the lion.

The reader must by this time be so well acquainted with the character of Elizabeth, as to perceive, that in this fondness displayed for Rosay, there was no criminality of intention—not a motion of her soul that cherished the idea of guilty love—nor a thought of the heart that such a thing was intended on his part.—A thirst for admiration was what had hitherto chiefly ruled all her actions—that passion was now, for a season, likely to be fully gratified in the court circle, whose hostess she would be; and, considering the wearisome season she had passed, was it any wonder that she felt happy at seeing the polished Rosay again, or that his adulations and amorous enticements should, from their novelty, be grateful to her volatile heart?

Polmood viewed the matter in a very different light, and in the worst light which it was possible for a husband to view it. He had long had some faint unformed apprehensions of Elizabeth having been the duke's mistress previous to his marriage with her, and thought it was owing to that circumstance, that the king had got the marriage put suddenly over in the absence of Rosay, and had given him so large a dowry with her. It is easy to conceive how galling such an idea must have been to his proud but honest heart. Their

behaviour at Nidpath, immediately after the wedding, first engendered these injurious ideas, and this visit of Rosay's went far to confirm them. That the king and his nobles should come into the forest for a few weeks, to enjoy the hunt, without any other sinister motive, was natural enough; but why, or for what purpose, Rosay should have come a fortnight earlier, he could not divine. Perhaps these suspicions were not without foundation, so far as they regarded Rosay; but they were quite groundless with regard to Elizabeth; yet every part of her conduct and behaviour, tended to justify the ungracious surmise. Polmood had felt, with silent regret, her marked coldness and disaffection; but when he saw those smiles and caresses, which he languished for in vain, bestowed so lavishly upon a gay and flippant courtier, his patience was exhausted, and from the hour of Rosay's arrival, the whole frame and disposition of his mind was altered. The seeds of jealousy, which had been early sown in his bosom, had now taken fast root; his vigilance was on the alert to ascertain the dreadful truth, and every pang that shook his frame, whispered to his soul the most deadly revenge on the destroyers of his peace. His conversation and manners were, at best, not very refined; but the mood and temper of mind in which he then was, added to his natural roughness a degree of asperity that was hardly bearable. Polmood's company was of course little courted by Rosay and Elizabeth; he discovered this, and set himself only to keep a strict watch over all their motions, and that with every degree of cunning and diligence that he was master of. They were always together; they toyed, they sung, conversed in the arbour, walked into the wood, and sat by the side of the river. In some of their excursions, Polmood could not follow them with his eyes without being seen by them, and therefore desired Connel the gardener to keep a strict watch over their conduct. He needed not have given him this charge; for Connel was more anxious on the watch than Polmood himself; he perceived the snare into which his young mistress was likely to be led, and trembled to think of the consequences. When they sat in the arbour, he contrived to work at something or other, directly in front of it; when they walked, or sat by the side of the river, he was angling there for fish to the table; and when they retired into the wood, he was there, cutting off twigs to make baskets, or birches wherewith to dress his garden. He resolved to watch them at all events, and haunted them like their evil genius. Rosay often cursed him; but Elizabeth seemed always very glad to see him, and took every occasion of conversing with him, as she and her gallant passed. If Connel ever perceived any improprieties in their conduct, he concealed them; for his report to his master was always highly favourable, as far as they regarded Elizabeth; but he once or twice ventured to remark, that he did not consider Rosay a character eminently calculated to improve the morals of any young lady. Polmood bit his lip and continued silent—he was precisely of the same opinion, but could think of no possible expedient by which they might be separated. His jealousy had increased his ingenuity; for he had devised means by which he could watch all their motions in the hall, the parlour, and the arbour, without being seen. This was rather an undue advantage, for who would wish to have all their motions and actions subjected to such a scrutiny.

The time of the king's arrival approached, and Polmood, with all his vigilance, had not hitherto discovered anything criminal in their intercourse. He had, however, witnessed some familiarities and freedoms, on the part of Rosay in particular, which, if they did not prove, still led him shrewdly to suspect the worst. But now a new and most unexpected discovery was effected, which enkindled the ignitable pile of jealousy into the most furious and fatal flame.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM the time that Rosay arrived, poor Connel the gardener seemed to labour under some grievous malady, and became thoughtful and absent. He took

pleasure in nothing save herding his fair mistress and her spark; and it was evident to all the menials, that some great anxiety preyed upon his mind. Elizabeth, too, had observed this change in her humble but ingenuous dependant, and had several times inquired the cause, without being able to draw from him any definite answer.

One day Elizabeth had left for a while the delightful treat of flippancy, banter, and adulation, for the more sober one of holding a little rational conversation with Connel, and the following dialogue passed between them. "I have long had a desire to hear your history, Connel. You once told me that your parents were in good circumstances; why, then, did you leave them?" "It was love that occasioned it, madam." This answer threw Elizabeth into a fit of laughter; for the ludicrous idea of his having run away from the object of his affection, together with the appearance of the man, combined in presenting to her mind an image altogether irresistible. "So you really have been seriously in love, Connel?" "Yes, madam, and still am so seriously in love, that I am firmly convinced no living man ever loved so well, or with such unalterable devotion, as I do. Pray, were you ever in love, if it please you madam?" "A pretty question that, considering the state in which you find me placed." Connel shook his head. "But if you, who are a lover, will describe to me what it is to be in love, I may then be able to answer your question with certainty." "Between two young people of similar dispositions, it is the most delightful of all sensations; all the other generous feelings of the soul are not once to be compared with it—Please, dear madam, did you never see any man of your own age whom you could have loved?" Elizabeth appeared pensive—her mind naturally turned upon the young Baron Carmichael. In her wearisome days and nights she had often thought of him, and of what she might have enjoyed in his company; for though Elizabeth had little or no foresight, but acted, for the most part, on the impulse of the moment, or as contingent circumstances influenced her, she had nevertheless a clear and distinct memory, and was capable of deep regret. She made no answer to Connel's query, but at length accosted him as follows: "I should like to hear the history of your own love, Connel; that is the chief point at which I aim." "Alas! it is nearly a blank, my dear lady. I love the most sweet, the most lovely creature of her sex; but fate has so ordered it, that she can never be mine." "If you love her so dearly, and she return that love, one would think you might hold fate at defiance." "She did affect me, and, I am convinced, would soon have been won to have loved me with all her heart: but that heart was inexperienced—it was over-ruled by power, and swayed by false argument; and before ever she got leisure to weigh circumstances aright, she was bestowed upon another." "And do you still love her, even when she is the wife of another man?" "Yes, madam, and more dearly than I ever loved her before. I take no delight in anything with which she is not connected. I love to see her—to hear her speak; and, O, could I but contribute to her happiness, there is nothing on earth that I would not submit to." "Now, you tell me what is impossible; such pure disinterested love does not exist between the sexes as that you pretend to." "Indeed, but it does, madam." "I cannot believe it." "Yes, you will soon believe it; and I can easily convince you of that." On saying this, he loosed a small tie that was behind his neck, and pulling his red beard, and wig over his head, there stood Connel, the clownish gardener, transformed into the noble, the accomplished, young Baron Carmichael.

Elizabeth was singular for her cool unmoved temper and presence of mind; but in this instance, she was overcome with astonishment, and for about the space of two minutes, never was statue cast in a mould so striking. Her fine form leaned forward upon the air in a declining posture, like an angel about to take leave of the dwellings of men—her hands upraised, and her eyesfixed upon her lover, who had sunk on his knees at her feet—from him they were raised slowly and gradually up to heaven, while a smile of astonishment played upon her countenance that quite surpassed all description—"Carmichael!"

exclaimed she "Good God of heaven! is it possible!" He attempted to speak and explain his motives, but she interrupted him: "Make haste and resume your impenetrable mask," said she; "for if you are discovered, we are both undone." So saying, she hurried away from him, agitated in such a manner as she had never been before. She posted from one part of the castle to another, tried an hundred different postures and positions, and as often changed them again. She tried to ponder, but she was not used to it—she could reflect on what was past with a hurried restless survey, but no scheme or mode of procedure could she fix on for the future. It was, upon the whole, a sweet morsel; but it was mixed with an intoxicating and pungent ingredient. The adventure had something pleasingly romantic in it; yet she feared—she trembled for some consequence—but did not know what it was that she feared.

In this mood she continued about two hours, shifting from place to place—rising, and as hastily sitting down again, till at last she sunk upon a couch quite exhausted, where she fell into a profound sleep. She had, all this while of restlessness, been endeavouring to form a resolution of banishing Carmichael instantly from her presence, but had not been able to effect it.

There is nothing on which the propriety and justice of any action so much depends, as the temper of mind in which the resolver to do it is framed. And there is, perhaps, no general rule more unexceptionable than this, that when a woman awakens out of a sound and guiltless sleep, her heart is prone to kindness and indulgence. The lover, who had before grieved and wronged her, she will then forgive, and shed a tear at the remembrance of former kindnesses. The child, that had but lately teased and fretted her almost past endurance she will then hug with the fondest endearment; and even if an inferior animal chance to be nigh, it will then share of her kindness and caresses.

In such a soft and tender mood as this was Elizabeth's resolution formed with regard to her behaviour towards Carmichael. She had dreamed of him in her late sleep, and her fancy had painted him all that was noble, kind, and generous in man—every reflection in which she indulged terminated favourably for Carmichael—every query that she put to her own mind was resolved upon the most generous principles, and answered accordingly. The consequence of all this was, that long before evening, she was again in the garden, and spent at least an hour in the company of the enamoured and delighted gardener.

From that hour forth was Elizabeth estranged from Rosay; for the delineation of his character now formed a principal theme of conversation between her and Carmichael. It was on purpose to prevent her, if possible, from falling into Rosay's snares, that Carmichael had at that time discovered himself; for he saw that her condition and state of mind peculiarly subjected her to danger, if not to utter ruin. Rosay being now deprived of his lovely companion all at once, was left by himself to reflect on the cause, and Polmood and he were frequently left together, although they were not the most social companions in the world. Elizabeth had flowers to examine—she had berries to pull—she had arbours to weave—and, in short, she had occasion to be always in the garden. Polmood perceived this change, and was glad, while Rosay was chagrined beyond measure.

What this sudden and complete change in Elizabeth's behaviour proceeded from, Rosay was utterly at a loss to guess—nor knew he on whom to fix the imputation. Her husband it could not be, for she was less in Polmood's company than in his own. He could not be jealous of the comical red-headed gardener; but he shrewdly suspected that it was owing to some insinuation of his that he was thus baulked in his amour, when he conceived the victory as certain as if it had been already won.

Jealousy has many eyes, and is ever on the watch. Rosay learned one day that Elizabeth and her gardener, who were seldom asunder, were to be employed in gathering wood-rasps for a delicate preserve, which she was

busied in preparing; and having observed a brake near the castle, where these berries were peculiarly abundant, he was assured they would seek that spot; so he went previously and hid himself in the heart of a bush, in the middle of the thicket, where he heard, without being observed or suspected, a full half hour's conversation between the lovers. He heard his own character very freely treated, and besides, discovered the whole secret; at least, he discovered that Connel the gardener was no other than Elizabeth's former lover, the banished Baron Carmichael. Chagrined at his utter disappointment, and full of revenge at hearing his character and motives painted in their true colours, he hastened to apprize Polmood of the circumstance.

When he arrived at the castle, Polmood was gone out; but impatient of delay, and eager for sudden vengeance, he followed to seek him, that he might kindle in his breast a resistless flame, disregarding any other consequences than the hurt it was likely to bring upon his rival. It chanced that they took different directions, and did not meet, until they encountered each other on the green before the castle.

Elizabeth was then sitting at her lattice, and perceiving the unusual eagerness with which Rosay came up and accosted Polmood, she dreaded there was something in the wind. She observed them strictly, and all their gestures tended to confirm it. After they had exchanged a few sentences, Rosay, as if for the sake of privacy, took his host by the hand, and led him to an inner-chamber.

The apartments of these old baronial castles were not sealed up so close as chambers are now; and, if one set himself to accomplish it, it was not difficult to overhear anything that passed in them.

Whether it was fears for her adventurous lover, the natural curiosity inherent in the sex, or an over-ruling providence that prompted Elizabeth at that time to go and listen, it is needless here to discuss. Yet certainly she did go, and, with trembling limbs and a palpitating heart, heard the secret fully divulged to her husband, with many aggravations, ere it had been many days revealed to herself. Easily foreseeing what would be the immediate consequence, she hastened back to the garden, warned Carmichael instantly to make his escape, and mentioned a spot where he would find all the necessaries of life by night, provided he thought it safe to hide in the vicinity. Carmichael, expecting from this hint that he might sometimes meet herself at that spot, without waiting to make any reply, took her advice—slipped into the wood, and continued his flight with all expedition, till he was out of danger of being overtaken. The spot which the baron chose for a hiding-place is well known, and is still pointed out by the shepherds and farmers of *the Muir:* for so that district is called. It is a little den near the top of Herston-hill, from which he could see all that passed about the castle of Polmood; where no one could approach him without being seen at the distance of half a mile, and if danger appeared on either side, he could retire into the other side of the hill with all deliberation, and without the smallest risk of being discovered. Here we will leave him to linger out the day, to weary for the night, and, when that arrived, to haunt the lanes and boor-tree-bush above Polmood, in hopes to meet his lovely, misguided Elizabeth, who would just return to the scenes of violence and mystery at the castle of Polmood.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSAY had no sooner informed Polmood of the singular circumstance, that Connel the gardener was young Carmichael of Hyndford in disguise, than he formed resolutions of the most signal vengeance on the impostor, on Elizabeth, and on Rosay also. The truth of Rosay's statement he could not doubt, as a thousand things occurred to his mind in testimony of it; but he viewed this anxious and acrimonious act of divulgement merely as the effect of jealousy and rivalship; for with him no doubt remained but that Elizabeth

was alike criminal with both. He had, both now and on a former occasion witnessed her open dalliances with Rosay; and when he considered how long he had been duped by her and another paramour, by his former inveterate rival in disguise, it must be acknowledged, it was not without some reason that he now viewed his wife in the worst light in which it was possible any man could view a wife.

He pretended to treat Rosay's information with high contempt, but the emotions of his heart could not be concealed.—In a short time thereafter he sallied forth into the garden with a frantic impatient mien, and having his sword drawn in his hand. What might have been the consequences cannot now be positively determined, but it was certainly fortunate for Connel, the gardener, that he was out of the way; as the enraged baron sought every part where he was wont to be employed, and every lane where he used to stray, to no purpose; but having no suspicions of his flight, he hoped to meet with him before the evening, and resolved to restrain his burning rage till then.

On that very evening King James and his nobles arrived at the castle of Polmood, with all their horses, hounds, hawks, and other hunting appurtenances. All was hurry, noise, bustle, and confusion. Polmood received his royal master with all the respect, kindness, and affability which he was master of at the time; but James, whose discernment of character was unequalled in that age, soon perceived the ferment of his mind.

Elizabeth did all that lay in her power to entertain her guests, and to render them comfortable; and she succeeded to a certain degree. Polmood complained of a severe illness—left the banquet again and again—walked about with his sword in his hand, watching for the base, the unprincipled gardener, resolving to wreak the first effects of his fury on him; but he was nowhere to be found, nor could any of the menials give the smallest account of him. Elizabeth's gaiety and cheerfulness he viewed as the ebullitions of a mind callous to every sense of moral obligement and innate propriety; like one who views a scene with a jaundiced eye, everything appears with the same blemished tint; so to his distempered fancy a crime was painted in every action of his unwary and careless spouse, however blameless that action might be.

He returned to the hall, sat down, drank several cups of wine in a kind of desperation, and, like a well-bred courtier, laughed at his majesty's jests as well as he could; but he neither listened to them, nor regarded them for all that, because the fury of his heart grew more and more intolerable, and most of all on learning the arrangements which were made in the castle for the lodging of their guests. These were such, as he deemed the most complete imaginable for preventing him from all command of, or watch over, his faithless spouse while the company remained, and such as appeared the most convenient in the world for an uninterrupted intercourse between her and Rosay. Jealousy reads everything its own way, and so as to bear always upon one point; although, as in the present instance, that way is generally the one farthest from truth.

Elizabeth never acted from any bad motive; her actions might be fraught with imprudence, for she acted always as nature and feeling directed, without considering farther of the matter. Thoughtless she certainly was, but a mind more chaste and unblemished did not exist. Her chamber was situated in the upper storey, and was the best in the castle; but (though with the utmost good humour) she had always declined passing a night in the same chamber with her husband, from the day after their marriage to the present moment; and at the present time she had given up her apartment for the accommodation of two of the royal family. Polmood, who did not know of this circumstance, was appointed to sleep among twelve or fourteen others in temporary beds in the middle flat, and Elizabeth took up her lodging with her waiting-maids, on a flock bed on the ground floor.

Several of the nobles did not undress, of which number Polmood was one, who supposed Elizabeth to be in her own chamber, on the same flat with the

king, Rosay, and others of the royal line. Strong as evidences had hitherto been against her, he had never been able to discover her in any very blameable situation; yet he had not the least doubt, but that she was that night sleeping in the arms of the Duke of Rosay. Everything, he thought, seemed to be so well devised for the accomplishment of this wished-for and wicked purpose—whereas they were only so in the distempered brain of the jealous husband, who was now too visibly in a state of derangement.

Polmood could not sleep, but flounced, groaned, and wandered about like a troubled ghost. The more he pondered on recent discoveries and events, the more he became convinced of his disgrace; and judging that it was highly improper in him to suffer them longer to go on in their wickedness under his own roof, he resolved to be assured of it, and then cut them both off at a blow. He arose from his couch, on which he had lately thrown himself—left the apartment, telling those who were awake that he was extremely ill, and was obliged to walk out—went straight to the chamber of Elizabeth—opened the door, and entered. The nobles, fatigued with their long journey and mellowed with wine, either did not hear the slight noise he made, or did not regard it, being all wrapped in a profound sleep. He soon discovered that there were two in the bed; that the one next him was a man, whom he judged to be Rosay, and he judged aright; and, in the first transport of rage, he would doubtless have run him through the body, if any weapon had been in his hand. He stood some minutes listening to their breathing, and soon began to suspect that the other, who breathed uncommonly strong, was not Elizabeth. Determined, however, to ascertain the truth, he put over his hand and felt his bearded chin. It was the Lord Hamilton, the constant companion of Rosay, and as great a rake as himself. On feeling Polmood's hand, he awoke; and thinking it was Rosay who had thrown his arm over him, he pushed it away, bidding him keep his hands to himself, and at the same time giving him a hearty box or two with his elbow.

It unfortunately happened, that the amorous Rosay had, at that very moment, been dreaming of Elizabeth; for the first word that he pronounced on waking was her name. Some, indeed, allege that Rosay was not asleep, and that he understood all that was going on; but that he was chagrined at the reception he had experienced from Polmood, and much more at being frustrated in all his designs upon Elizabeth; and that he studied revenge upon both. This is perhaps the most natural suggestion, for there is none so apt to brag of favours from the fair sex as those who have been disappointed. Be that as it may, when Lord Hamilton threw back Polmood's hand, and began, in jocular mood, to return the salute upon his companion's ribs, Rosay winced, pretending to awake, and said with a languid voice, "Elizabeth, what do you mean, my jewel? Be quiet, I tell you, Elizabeth." "What the d——l," said Hamilton, "is he thinking of? I suppose he imagines he is sleeping with Polmood's lady." It would be improper to relate all the conversation that passed between them; suffice it to say that the confession which Rosay made was untrue, like that of every libertine. He said to Lord Hamilton that he had but judged too rightly, and lamented he should have unfortunately discovered the amour in his sleep. O! how fain Polmood would have wrested his soul from his body; but he commanded his rage, resolving to give him fair play for his life, and to kill him in open day, with his sword in his hand. "Ah! how happy a man you are," said Hamilton; "but your effrontery outgoes all comment; who else would have attempted the lovely and chaste Elizabeth?" "Not altogether so chaste as you imagine," said Rosay; "besides her husband and myself, she has kept another paramour in disguise ever since her marriage." "The devil she has," returned Hamilton; "then I shall never trust to appearances in woman more."

Polmood groaned in spirit—but unable to contain himself longer, he, hastening down stairs, took a sword from the armoury, and sallied out in hopes of meeting the licentious gardener. The ferment of his mind was such, that he did not know what he was about. However, when he got into the fields

and open air, he grew better ; and roved about at will, uttering his moans and complaints to the trees and the winds, without disturbing any one but himself. But, what he little dreamed of, Carmichael overheard some of his lamentations and threatenings that very night.

The morning came, and the party mounted, and rode forth in high spirits to the hunt. From knowing the miserable night which Polmood had passed, the generality of the company supposed that he would decline being of the party that day, but he made no such proposal ; on the contrary, he was among the first that appeared, dressed in the uniform which all those who joined the royal party in the chase were obliged to wear. He had other schemes in contemplation than that of lingering and pining at home—schemes of vengeance and of blood. The king asked kindly for his health, and how he had passed the night—he thanked his majesty, and said he had been but so so. The king bade him not be cast down, for that the ardour of the chase would soon restore him to his wonted health and cheerfulness. Polmood shook his head, and said he feared it never would.

Early as it was when they departed, Elizabeth was up, and stirring about, seeing that every one had what necessaries he required. Every one seemed more anxious than another to compliment her, and pay her all manner of attention ; while she, on her part, appeared to be exceedingly cheerful and happy. It was not so with Polmood : he was so thoughtful and absent, that when any one spoke to him, he neither heard nor regarded, and his hunting-cap was drawn over his eyes—When his new liberated hounds fawned upon him, he struck them ; and when his hawk perched upon his arm, he flung him again into the air.

The tinckell had been despatched the evening before to the heights around the forest of Frood. The place of rendezvous, to which the deers were to be driven, was a place called the Quarter-hill, somewhere in that neighbourhood, and thither the king and his lords repaired with all expedition. But the tinckell was then but thin, the country not having been sufficiently apprized of the king's arrival ; the ground was unmanageable, and the deers shy, and the men found it impossible to circumscribe them. The consequence was, that when the dogs were let loose, it was found that there were not above a dozen of deers on the Quarter-hill. The king himself shot one fine stag as he was endeavouring to make his escape ; other two were run down by the dogs at a place called Carterhope ; and these were all the deers that were taken that day, at least all that were got. The greater number made their way by a steep rocky hill called the Ericle, where they left both the riders and the dogs far behind. But it being the first day of the chase that year, they were all in high mettle, and the hunt continued with unabated vigour—many new deers were started, which drew off the ardent hounds in every direction, and the chase at last terminated around the heights of a wild uncouth glen, called Gameshope. When the straggling parties came severally to these heights, they found that the deers had taken shelter among rocks and precipices, from which it was not in their power to drive them.

Before they got the hounds called in, it was wearing towards the evening. They were, as I said, greatly scattered—so also were the men, who had followed the sound of the hounds and the echoes, until there scarcely remained above two of them together ; and, to add to their confusion, a mist settled down upon the heights ; and it was so close, that they could not see one another, even at the distance of a few yards. Long did they sound the bugles—long did they shout and whistle, endeavouring to assemble, but the confusion still grew the greater ; and the issue ultimately was, that every one was obliged to find his way back to the castle of Polmood, in the best way he could, where they continued to arrive in twos and threes, until near midnight ; others did not appear that night, and some never arrived again.

It was natural enough to suppose, that some of the knights, being strangers on those mountains, would wander in the fog and lose their way ; but the company were somewhat startled, when it was reported to them a little before

midnight, that Polmood's steed had come home without his master. This had rather a suspicious appearance; for of all men, it was the least likely that Polmood would lose his way, who knew every pass and ford in the forest as well as the walks in his own garden. Elizabeth appearing to be a little alarmed, some of the party went out to the stalls to ascertain the truth. What was their astonishment, when, on a close examination, they found that the steed was wounded with a sword; and, besides, that his bridal, mane, and saddle, were bathed in blood—from the latter, it appeared that a slight effort seemed to have been made to clean it. When they bore this report into the hall, the company were all in the greatest consternation, and Elizabeth grew pale as death. The king trembled; for his suspicions fixed instantly on his brother Rosay; yet, after watching him for some time with the greatest attention, he could discover not even the most distant symptoms of guilt in his looks or behaviour, as far as he could judge. The reports of individuals were greatly at variance with regard to the time and place where Polmood was last seen; so also were their proposals with regard to what was most proper to be done. At last it was agreed to call a muster of all who had left the castle of Polmood in the morning, and who were expected there that night.

On taking the muster it appeared that other four were wanting besides Polmood. These were—the Lord Hamilton, Lord James Douglas of Dalkeith, Sir Patrick Hepburn, and his friend the Laird of Lamington. Some of these, it was conjectured, might have lost their way; but that Polmood should have lost his there was no probability.

All remained in doubt and perplexity until the morning. When the morning came, a great number of people from all quarters arrived at the castle, in order to assist the king and his nobles in driving the deer; but he told them that he meant to give his horses and hounds some rest, until he saw what had occasioned the present unaccountable defection; and in the mean time, ordered that every house in the country adjacent, and every part of the forest, should be searched with all diligence, and every inquiry made concerning the knights who were missing; and, likewise, that the leashmen should exert themselves in recovering their scattered hounds, many of whom were still missing.

All this was promptly obeyed, and parties of men were sent off in every direction. The two lords, Douglas and Hamilton, were soon found. They had completely lost their way in the mist the evening before, and were conducted by a shepherd to the castle of Hackshaw, on the border of the forest, where they had received a curious entertainment from an old churlish and discourteous knight named Hugh Porteous, but the others they had not seen, nor did they know any thing concerning them.

At length, after much searching to no purpose, one of the parties, in returning homeward, at the very narrowest and most impassable ford of Gameshope, found the bodies of two knights lying together; but the heads were severed from them, and carried away, or so disposed of, that they could not be found. Both their swords were drawn, and one was grasped so firm in a cold bloody hand, that it could scarcely be forced from it; and, from the appearance of the blood upon that sword, it was evident almost to a certainty, that some deadly wounds had been given with it.

All this was perfectly unaccountable; and as the uniform which the king's party wore was precisely the same on every one, even to the smallest item, they could not distinguish whose bodies they were which had been found; and after they were borne to Polmood, and subjected to the most minute examination, there were not three present who could agree in opinion concerning them. The one, from the slenderness of the form, was judged to be that of Sir Patrick Hepburn; but whether the other was the remains of Norman of Polmood or Donald of Lamington, no one of the company could possibly determine. At length, when they had almost despaired of determining the matter absolutely, Polmood's page swore to the identity of his

master's sword, and likewise his sandals, or hunting brogues, which ended all debates on the subject. The bodies were buried at Drummelzier, as those of Polmood and Sir Patrick Hepburn, and great mourning and lamentation was made for them by all ranks. The Laird of Lamington was blamed for the murder, and a high reward was offered by the king for his apprehension, but all was in vain; he could never be either seen or heard of.

The more this mysterious business was discussed afterwards, the more unaccountable and incredible it appeared. Hepburn and Lamington were known to be relations, as well as most intimate and loving friends, and no previous contention existed, or was likely to exist between them; and as to Polmood, Lamington had never before seen him, so that no grudge or animosity could, with any degree of consistency, be supposed to have actuated either of them in such a bloody business, as to seek the life of the other.

In Rosay's heart, no doubt remained but that Carmichael was the perpetrator of this horrid deed: and he secretly rejoiced that it had so fallen out; for he had no doubt but that the sense of his guilt would cause him to abandon the country with all possible speed; and, if he dared to remain in it, his crime would eventually bring him to the block. In either of these cases, all obstruction to his own designs upon Elizabeth was removed. The gaining of her love was now an acquisition of some moment, as she was likely to inherit the extensive and valuable estate of Polmood, as well as her own dowrylands.

Now that her husband was out of the way, no one living knew of Carmichael having lurked there so long disguised, save Rosay; therefore, in order that he might not affront Elizabeth, and thereby alienate her affections still the more, and, likewise, that the object of his intended conquest might still retain all her value and respectability in the eyes of the world, he judged it proper to keep that circumstance from being made public. But, that the king's vengeance might be pointed aright, and that Carmichael might not escape justice, if he dared to remain in the country, he disclosed the whole to his majesty in confidence.

James, on hearing the particulars of this singular adventure, likewise conceived Carmichael to be the assassin; yet still there was something remaining which required explanation. If Carmichael was the assassin, what had become of the Laird of Lamington? On what account had he absented himself? or how was it that he could neither be found dead nor alive? There was still something inexplicable in this.

From the very first moment that the rumour of this fatal catastrophe reached the castle of Polmood, the suspicions of Elizabeth pointed to Carmichael, and to him alone. She knew he was still lurking in the neighbourhood, for the provisions and the wine, which she had left in the appointed den, had been regularly taken away; and she had likewise found a note there, written with the juice of berries, begging an interview with her, a request which she had even resolved to comply with; but the thought that he was a murderer now preyed upon her mind. The more the affair was developed, the more firmly was she convinced that he had slain her husband in hopes of enjoying her love; and she was shocked with horror at the idea.

She went to the den, which she knew he would visit if still in the country, and left a note below the stone to the following purport:

"Wretch! thou hast slain my husband, and I know it. Let me never see thy face again—fly this place, and for what thou hast done, may'st thou be pursued by the curses of Heaven, as thou shalt be by those of the wronged——!"

She scarcely expected that he would get this letter; for, like Rosay, she imagined he would instantly flee the land; but on examining the spot next day she found that it was gone.

As soon as the funeral was over, the king withdrew with his suite from the castle, that Elizabeth might be suffered to spend the days appointed for mourning, in quietness and peace. But just as they were about to depart,

Rosay besought of his royal brother to suffer him to stay and keep Elizabeth company for some time, representing to him, that Elizabeth had many important family concerns to look after, for which she was but ill fitted, and would be much the better of one to assist her. The king did not thoroughly comprehend the nature of Rosay's designs upon Elizabeth; but he judged that her beauty, qualifications, and fortune, now entitled her to the best nobleman's hand in the realm. He was likewise himself an amorous and exceedingly gallant knight, and knew well enough, whatever the women might pretend, that their real joy and happiness were so much connected with the other sex, that without them, they need not be said to exist. On the ground of these considerations, he agreed at once to his brother's request, on condition that Elizabeth joined in it; but not otherwise.

Rosay sought out Elizabeth without delay, and represented to her, in as strong terms as he could, how lonely and frightsome it would be for her to be left by herself, in a place where such foul murders had lately been perpetrated, and where, as was reported, the ghost of the deceased had already been seen: That though it was incumbent on her to stay a while at the castle of Polmood, in order that she might put her late husband's affairs in such a posture, as to enable her to leave them, and live with her natural protectress, the queen, still no decorum or etiquette forbade the retaining of a friend and protector, who had experience in those matters: That he begged of her to accept of his services for that purpose, and he would wait upon her with all due respect, during the time she remained at her castle, and afterwards conduct her to court, where she might be introduced, either as dame Elizabeth Hunter, or as Elizabeth duchess of Rosay, whichever she had a mind to. Elizabeth did not at first much relish the proposal, but yet was unwilling to be left alone; and Carmichael having forfeited her esteem for ever, by the foulest of murders, she found that her heart was vacant of attachments, and she gave a ready, but cold consent to Rosay's request, there being no other in the land whom, on consideration, she could choose in preference.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the day that the king and his suite departed, there came an old palmer to the castle of Polmood, a monk of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem, who craved an asylum in the castle for a few days, with much singularity and abruptness of manner. It was well known, that the reign of James the IV. was not more singular for its gaiety than its devotion, and that the court took the lead in the one as well as the other. Pilgrimages to the shrines of different saints were frequent, and all those in holy orders were reverenced and held in high estimation; therefore the request of the old monk was readily complied with, uncouth as his manner seemed; and a little dark chamber, with only one aperture, in the turret of the castle, was assigned to him for a lodging. He was a man of melancholy and gloom, and he shunned, as much as possible, all intercourse with the inhabitants of the castle and places adjacent. He ate little—kept closely shut up in his chamber by day—but in the twilight was often seen walking about the woods; and then, his manner, even at a distance, bespoke a distempered mind. His step was at one time hurried and irregular; at another, slow and feeble; and again all of a sudden he would pause and stand as still as death. He was looked upon as a fanatic in religion; but, as he offered harm to no living, he was pitied and loved, rather than feared. He was often heard conversing with himself, or with some unseen being beside him; but if any one met or approached him, he started like a guilty person, and slunk away into the wood, or among the deep banks of the river.

It is now time to mention, that Carmichael did not fly the country, as Elizabeth expected; but, as no more victuals or wine were deposited in the appointed den, he found that to remain longer there in entire concealment was impracticable, and, therefore, that some new expedient was absolutely necessary. He was by the king's express command, and under the forfeiture

of his life, banished twenty miles from court, wherever the court might be, and so long were the miles in those days, that Carmichael durst not approach his own hereditary domains when the court was at Edinburgh; but as the court was now at Crawmelt, and within five miles of him, the danger of being discovered at that time was redoubled; besides which, the prejudice of the country was likely to run strongly against him, on account of the late murders. But notwithstanding all this, so rooted were his affections upon Elizabeth, that, maugre all danger and opposition, he determined to remain near her.

Some other disguise being now necessary, he threw away his red wig and beard, and, without any farther mask, equipped himself as an humble shepherd, with a gray plaid about his shoulders, and a broad blue bonnet on his head. He went and offered his services to one of his own tenants, who held the farm of Stenhope, in the immediate vicinity of Polmood.

His conditions were so moderate, that his services were accepted of, and he set about his new occupation with avidity, in hopes of meeting with his beloved Elizabeth—of being again reconciled to her, and perhaps of wrapping her in his gray plaid, in the green woods of Polmood—but wo the while! she had again subjected herself to the guidance and the snares of the unprincipled Rosay.

He watched the woods and walks of Polmood with more assiduity than his flock; but so closely was Elizabeth haunted in these walks by Rosay, that he could never once encounter or discover her alone; he nevertheless continued to watch her with increased constancy, for he loved her above every other thing on earth.

Had Rosay been any other person than the king's own brother, he would have challenged him instantly; but, as it was, had he done so, complete ruin to him and his house would have ensued. However, rather than be completely baffled, he seems to have half determined on doing it. It is perhaps unwarrantable to assert, that he really formed such a resolution, but it is certain he kept always his broad sword hid in a hollow tree, at the entrance into the wood of Polmood, and whenever he strayed that way, he took it along with him below his plaid, whatever might happen.

A dreadful sensation was by this time excited about the castle of Polmood. A rumour had circulated, even before the burial of the two murdered chieftains, that the ghost of the late laird had been seen in the environs of the castle; which report was laughed at, and, except by the peasantry, totally disregarded. But, before a week had elapsed, the apparition had been again and again seen, and that by persons whose veracity could not be disputed. The terror became general in the family, particularly over the weaker individuals. It reigned with such despotic sway, that even the stoutest hearts were somewhat appalled. The menials deserted from their service in pairs—horror and sleepless confusion prevailed every night—comments and surmises occupied the day, and to such a height did the perturbation grow, that Elizabeth, and her counsellor Rosay, were obliged to come to the resolution of a sudden departure. An early day was fixed on for the disposing of the costly furniture, or sending it away, and the castle of Polmood was to be locked up, and left desolate and void, for an habitation to the owlets and the spirits of the wilderness.

The report at first originated with the old housekeeper, who averred that she had heard her late master's voice; that he spoke to her distinctly in the dead of the night, and told her of some wonderful circumstance, which she could not remember, from having been so overpowered by fear; but that it was something about her lady. She delivered this relation with apparent seriousness; but there was so much incongruity and contradiction in it, that all who were not notoriously superstitious disbelieved it.

Shortly after this, a young serving man and a maiden, who were lovers, had gone out after the labours of the day into the covert of the wood, to whisper their love-sick tale. They were sitting in a little semicircular den, more than half surrounded by flowery broom, which had an opening in front to an

avenue in the wood; and the maid was leaning upon her lover's bosom, while he was resting against the bank, with his arms around her waist. Often before had they conversed on their little plans of future life, which were unambitious, and circumscribed within a narrow sphere. They were that night recapitulating them; and as much of their dependence had been on the bounty and protection of their late master, they could not dwell long on the subject without mentioning him, which they did with the deepest regret, and with some significant and smothered exclamations. From one thing to another, so serious and regretful was their frame of mind, that it led to the following dialogue, a singular one enough to have taken place between two young lovers, and at that hour of the evening, as the daylight was just hanging with a dying languishment over the verge of the western hill.

"It is a sad thing that I cannot give over dreaming, William," said the fair rustic. "Do you think there is any other person so much troubled with their dreams as I am?"—"Your dreams must be always good and sweet, like yourself, Anna."—"They are always sweet and delightful when I dream about you, William; but I have had some fearsome dreams of late; heavy, heavy dreams! Ah! such dreams as I have had! I fear that they bode no good to us. What is it to dream of the dead, William?"—"It generally betokens good to the dreamer, or to those who are dreamed of, Anna."—"Ah, William, I fear not! I have heard my mother say, that there was one general rule in dreaming, which might always be depended on. It was this, that dreams never bode good which do not leave grateful and pleasing impressions on the mind;—mine *must* be bad, very bad indeed! How comes it, William, that whenever we dream of the dead, they are always living?"—"God knows, Anna! it is a curious reality in the nature of dreaming. We often dream of the living as being dead; but whenever we dream of those that are dead, they are always alive and well."—"Ay, it is indeed so, William; and we never then remember that they are departed this life—never once recollect that the grave separates us and them."—"All these things have a language of their own, Anna, to those who understand them; but they are above our comprehension, and therefore we ought not to think of them, nor talk of them; for thinking of them leads us into error, and talking of them makes us sad; and to obviate both these I will reave a kiss from your sweet lips my Anna, and compel you to change the subject."—"O no, William, do not; I love to talk of these things, for I am much concerned about them; and whatever concerns me I love to talk of to you."—"And, pray, what may those dreams have been which have given my Anna so much concern?"

"I have been dreaming, and dreaming of our late master, William! Ah, such dreams I have had! I fear there has been foul play going on."—"Hush, hush, my Anna! we must not say what we think about that; but, for my part, I know not what to think."—"Listen to me, William, but don't be angry, or laugh at me; I believe, that Alice the housekeeper's tale about the ghost that spoke to her, is every word of it true."—"Do not believe any such thing, my dear Anna; believe me, it is nothing more than the workings of a distempered imagination. Because the late events are wrapt in mystery, the minds of individuals are oppressed by vague conjectures, and surmises of dark infamous deeds, and in sleep the fancy turns to these images, and is frightened by fantasies of its own creation. I would not have you, nor any woman, to believe in the existence of ghosts."—"Ah, William, I could reason with you on that point for ever, for I must, and will always believe in it. That belief gives one a pleasing idea of an over-ruling Providence, of a just God, who will not suffer the guilty and the murderer to escape; nor those of his creatures, who are innocent, to be destroyed. But I know, William, that you will not disbelieve my word, therefore I will tell it to you, though I would not to any other. I said I dreamed of our late master—but, William, I believe as truly as I believe that I am lying in your arms, that I heard him speaking and lamenting last night."—"But that was only in your sleep—it was only through your sleep, my dear Anna, that you heard him."—"No, William; as far as I can judge,

I was as fully awake as I am at this moment."—"My dear Anna, you must think no more of dreams and apparitions, there are really no such things in nature as apparitions. I could tell you a tale, that would——"

Here Anna laid her hand upon her lover's mouth to stop him, for she heard something that alarmed her. "Hush!" said she, in a low whisper; "what is that? I hear something coming. Great God! what can it possibly be that is here at this time of night?" They held in their breath and listened, and distinctly heard a slight rustling among the branches, which they at length distinguished to be the sound of something approaching them with soft and gentle steps. It came close to the side of the bush where they lay, and then stood still. They were lying as still as death; but they could see nothing for the broom, while their hearts were beating so, that their repressed breathing was almost cut short. After a considerable pause, it uttered a long deep groan; —terror thrilled their whole frames;—every hair on their heads crept as with life, and their spirits melted within them. Another pause ensued,—after which they heard it utter these words, in a tone of agony, and just loud enough to be distinctly heard:—"Yes, yes! it was she—it was she!—O wicked, wicked Elizabeth!" So saying, it came forward to the opening in the broom, where it stood before their sight. It had one hand upon its breast, and its eyes were fixed on the ground. In that position it remained for about half a minute, and then, in the same voice as before, said, "The torments of hell are slight to this!" On uttering these words, it shook its head with a slow swimming motion and vanished from their sight. It might have passed into the air—it might have sunk into the earth—it might have stood still where it was, for any thing they knew, as their senses were benumbed, and a darkness deeper than that of the midnight dungeon, seemed to have fallen upon them.

For a considerable time did they lie panting in each other's arms, without daring to utter a word. William first broke silence: "Great God of heaven!" said he; "what is the meaning of this?"—"Did you see the figure that passed, William?"—"Yes, Anna."—"And did you not know the voice and the stride?" said she.—"Yes, yes! it is needless, it is sinful to deny it! I knew them too well—my mind is mazed and confounded! Eternal God! this is wonderful!"—"Is it not, William? I'm sure we saw him nailed in the coffin and laid in his grave."—"We did, Anna! we did!"—"And we saw him lying a lifeless, headless trunk; and the streams of blood were crusted black upon his arms and upon his breast! did we not, William?" —"It is true, Anna! it is all true!"—"Yet here he is again, walking in his own real form and manner, and speaking in his own voice." The horror which these reflections occasioned, together with what she had just seen, were too much for the mind of the poor girl to brook: she crept closer and closer to her lover's bosom with a kind of frantic grasp, uttered one or two convulsive moans, and fainted away in his arms.

Agitated as the young man was, his fears for her got the better of his trepidation, or at least gave it a different bias; he sprang up and ran towards the river, which was nigh, to bring her some water. When he came near it, he found he had nothing to carry water in; but, as the only substitute within his reach for such a purpose, by an involuntary impulse, he pulled off his bonnet, and rushed to the side of a pool in order to fill it. But, when he stooped for that purpose, his hurry and agitation was such, that he slipped his foot and fell headlong into the pool. This accident was not unfortunate, for the sudden immersion brought him better to his senses than any thing else could at that time have done. He soon regained his feet, filled his bonnet with water, and ran towards his beloved Anna. The bonnet would hold no water—so it was all gone in two seconds—however, he ran on, carrying it as if still full to the brim. When he came to her, and found that he could not give her a drink, as the next best resource, he clapped the wet bonnet upon her face, and pressed it with both his hands. If she had been capable of breathing, he would certainly have suffocated her in a short time; but the

streams of water, that ran down her neck and bosom from the saturated bonnet, soon proved effective in restoring animation.

As soon as she was again able to speak distinctly, they fell both upon their knees, committed themselves to the care and protection of Heaven, and then walked home together, the maiden supported by her affectionate lover.

That very night was the dreadful intelligence circulated among the vassals and menials about the castle, and before noon, next day, it had gained ground exceedingly, and was indeed become a terrible story. It was in every one's mouth, that the ghost of the late laird had appeared to the two lovers in his own natural form and habit; that he had conversed familiarly with them, and told them that he was condemned to hell, and suffering the most dreadful torments; and that Elizabeth, his own lady, had murdered him.

That their laird should have been condemned to hell astonished the natives very much indeed; for they had always looked upon him as a very good man, and true to his king and country. However, some acknowledged that the spirit had better means of information than they had, and could not possibly be wrong; while others began to make the sage remark, that "people were ill to know."

But that Elizabeth should have been the murderer of her lord appeared far more unaccountable, as it was well known that she was at home during the whole of that day on which he was slain, and had spent it in the utmost gaiety and bustle, making preparations for the accommodation of her guests in the evening. That she could have suborned the Laird of Lamington to murder him was as improbable; for, saving a slight salute, she had never once exchanged words with him; and it was utterly impossible that she could have held any converse with him, without the rest of the company having known it.

It would have been blasphemy to have said the ghost was lying; yet, though none durst openly avow it, some went the unwarrantable length of thinking, in their own hearts, that it was misinformed, or had some way taken up the story wrong.

The story reached the ears of Elizabeth. She was far from being naturally superstitious, and had, moreover, associated but little with the country people of Scotland, consequently, was not sufficiently initiated into the truth and mystery of apparitions, nay, she was not even a proselyte to the doctrine, which was a shameful error in her. But, instead of being displeased, as some would have been, at being blamed for the murder of her husband, she only laughed at it, and stated that she wished the ghost would appear to her, and tell her such a story; that she would walk in the wood every night, in hopes of meeting it, that she might confront, and give it the lie in its teeth.

In this manner did the graceless Elizabeth sport and jeer about the well-attested and sublime truths, so long and so fondly cherished by our forefathers, even after she had heard the two young lovers relate their tale of wonder with the greatest simplicity, and after she had seen the young woman lying ill of a fever, into which her agitation had thrown her.—But mark the consequence:—

On that very night, or the one following, as Elizabeth was lying awake in her chamber, between twelve and one o'clock of the morning, she heard the sound of footsteps coming hastily up the stair. Her heart beat with a strange sensation; but the door of her apartment being locked in the inside, and the key taken out, she knew that it was impossible for any thing to enter there.

However, it came close to her door, where it stopped, and she saw some glimmerings of light, which entered by the key-hole and frame of the door. The door was strong, and the bolt was fast; but, at the very first touch of that mysterious and untimely visitant, the massy lock opened with a loud jerk, and the door flew back to the wall with such violence, that the clash made all the vaults of the castle to resound again;—when, horrid to relate! who should enter but the identical form and figure of her late husband! and in such a guise!—Merciful Heaven! was there ever a female heart, but that of Elizabeth, which could have stood the shock! He was half-naked, with his head

and legs quite bare—his colour was pale as death—his hair bristled upon his crown—and his unearthly eyes rolled like those of one in a frenzy, or fit of madness; he had a lighted torch in the one hand and a naked sword in the other, and in this guise he approached the bed where lay, all alone, the beauteous and helpless Elizabeth.

I have often had occasion to mention the cool unmoved temper of Elizabeth's mind; still it was the mind of a woman, and any one will readily suppose that this was too much for the heart of any woman to bear. It was not. Some may term it insensibility, and certainly it bore a resemblance to it occasionally; but it is an old established maxim among the inhabitants of the mountains, that "he who is unconscious of any crime, is incapable of terror;" and such maxims must always be held sacred by the collector of legends. May we not then, in charity, suppose that it was this which steeled the heart of Elizabeth against all sudden surprises and qualms of terror. Some readers may think that Elizabeth's conduct was not quite blameless—grant that it was not, still her heart was so—her errors were errors of nature, not of principle; and on the great basis of self-approval must all actions be weighed; for how can criminality be attached to an action, when by that action no evil whatever was intended? Certainly by no rule in which justice is predominant. Elizabeth was conscious of no guilt, and feared no evil.

When the dreadful spectre approached her bed, she was lying in such an attitude (when her extraordinary personal beauty is considered) as might have made the heart of the most savage fiend relent. Her face was turned towards the door, the bedclothes were flung a little back, so that her fair neck and bosom, like the most beautiful polished ivory, were partly seen, while one of her arms was lying carelessly outstretched above the coverlet, and the other turned back below her cheek.

Almost any other woman, placed in the same circumstances, would have swooned away, or raised such an hideous outcry and disturbance, as would have alarmed all within the castle. Elizabeth did neither—she kept her eyes steadily fixed on the horrid figure, and did not so much as move, or alter her position, one inch. The apparition likewise kept its looks bent upon her, came onward, and stared over her in the bed; but in those looks there was no softness, no love, nor the slightest shade of pity, but a hellish gleam of disappointment, or something resembling it. He approached, turned round, strode to the other corner of the room, and she heard it pronounce, with great emphasis, the word "Again!" After which it walked hastily out at the door, which it closed, and left locked as before.

Elizabeth neither arose herself, nor did she call up any of her household, until it was day, though she lay in a state of the greatest uneasiness. She was neither terrified nor chilled with dread, but she was utterly astonished, and what she had seen was to her quite unaccountable.

Next day she told it to her waiting-maid, who was a great favourite with her, and who implicitly believed it; and she afterwards related the whole to Rosay, who used all his rhetoric in order to persuade her that it was a dream; but she assured him, with the greatest calmness, that it was not, and requested that both he and the maid would watch with her in the same chamber the night following. Rosay consented, but pleaded hard that the company of the maid-servant might be dispensed with; and though his suit was listened to with the utmost complacency, it was not granted.

It is necessary, before proceeding farther, to state some particulars of Rosay's behaviour to Elizabeth during the time that had elapsed of her widowhood; for the motives which led to such behaviour cannot now be ascertained. He talked now often to her of marriage, as soon as *decency would permit*, and had even gone so far as to press her to consent, but this was only when she appeared to take offence at his liberties, and when he could not find aught else to say. He was nevertheless all the while using his most strenuous endeavours to seduce her morals and gain possession of her person; and, as the time of their retirement at Polmood was now speedily

drawing to a conclusion, he determined to avail himself of every opportunity which his situation afforded, in order to accomplish his selfish purpose. He well knew, that if he could not prevail upon her to yield to his wishes while they remained in that solitude, and while Elizabeth had no other person to amuse or attend to her save himself, he could never be able to accomplish it at court, where she would be surrounded by such a number of admirers. These considerations brought him to the resolution of leaving no art or stratagem unattempted.

The truth is, that Elizabeth seems to have admitted of freedoms and familiarities from Rosay, which she ought not to have admitted; but such being the court fashions in those days, she attributed these freedoms to the great admiration in which he held her person and accomplishments, and not only forgave, but seemed pleased with them. He was accustomed to toy with her, and kiss her hand right frequently; and, indeed, she may be said to have granted him every freedom and indulgence that he could with propriety ask. But either from exalted notions of the dignity of the sex, or out of regard for her exquisite beauty and form, she seems to have hitherto maintained the singular resolution of never subjecting her person to the will of any man living;—if she did so to her late husband, it was more than those who were acquainted with them had reason to suppose. She had always repulsed Rosay sharply when he presumed to use any undue freedoms with her, but with so much apparent gaiety and good humour, that the amorous duke knew not what to make of her sentiments. His frequent proposals of marriage she did not much regard or encourage; for perhaps she was aware, that it was only a specious pretence, a piece of courtly gallantry, when he could not find aught better to say. He haunted her evening and morning—led her into the thickest parts of the wood, by day, and harassed her every night at parting, so that she was always obliged to lock her chamber door, and refuse every kind of converse after a certain hour. And one evening, having gained admission before it was late, he absolutely refused to go away; on which she arose with much archness as if to seek something—walked off and left him, locking him up fast until the morning. Such was their behaviour to one another, and such their pursuits, when they began to be alarmed with the appearance of the ghost.

It having been agreed, as formerly stated, that Rosay, Elizabeth, and the waiting maid, should all three watch together in Elizabeth's apartment, on the night following that on which the mysterious guest had first visited her; the scheme was accordingly put in execution. Elizabeth said she believed it would appear again; but Rosay mocked at the idea, and assured her that it would not; for he was convinced Elizabeth had only had a frightful dream. He said, if it had the effrontery to come and face them all three, that, in the first place, he would endeavour to deter it from entering, until it had first declared its errand and business there; and if it did enter without being announced, he should soon make it glad to withdraw. With such a redoubted champion at their head, the women began to muster not a little courage.

Accordingly, they went up all three to the apartment between the hours of ten and eleven at night, and placed themselves in a row at the farthest corner of it, with their faces turned toward the door. Elizabeth was employed in sewing a piece of rich tapestry, which had for a long time engaged her at leisure hours.—She was dressed in her mourning apparel, and the duke sat on the one side of her, and her woman on the other.

Some time passed away in unmeaning and inanimate chat, which still grew more and more dull as midnight approached. Clocks were then very rare in Scotland, but the hours by night were rung upon the great bell in the porch; at least this was the custom at the castle of Polmood. The warder had an hour-glass, which he was bound to watch with great punctuality and tell each hour upon the bell.

The twefth hour was rung, and still nothing appeared; nor was anything

unusual heard. About half an hour afterwards, they thought they heard a door open at some distance, and with great caution—it was somewhere within the castle, but in what part they could not certainly distinguish—the noise soon ceased, and they heard no more of it. The fire had fallen away, and the embers and pale ashes fairly presided over the few live coals that remained, while the cricket was harping behind them without intermission—the lamps burnt dim, for no one remembered to trim them—all was become sullen and eerie, and the conversation was confined to the eyes alone. The bell rung one! There is something particularly solemn in the tone of that little hour at any time—it is no sooner heard than it is gone—the ear listens to hear further, but the dying sounds alone reach it. That night it was peculiarly solemn, if not awful; for the bell was deep toned, and the night dark and still. As the last vibrations of the tone were dying away, Elizabeth happened to cast her eyes upon Rosay, and she thought there was something so ghastly in his looks, that she could not forbear smiling. She was proceeding to accost him, when, just as the first sounds passed her lips, she stopped short, and raised herself up on the seat, as in the act of listening; for, at that moment, she heard the footsteps of one who seemed approaching the back of the door with great softness and caution. "There it is now," said she to Rosay, in a low whisper. Rosay's heart seemed to have started into his throat—he was literally choked with terror—he had, however, so much mind remaining, as to recollect something of his proposed plan of operations, and rising, he stammered towards the door, in order to prevent it from entering; but ere he reached the middle of the floor, the door flew open, and the same dreadful being entered, in the very guise in which it had come the preceding night.

It was enough for Rosay—much more than he could bear. He uttered a stifled cry, like that of a person drowning, and fell lifeless at full length upon the floor. The waiting-maid took refuge behind her lady, and howled so incessantly, that she never suffered one shriek to lose hold of another. Elizabeth sat motionless, like a statue, with her eyes fixed upon the apparition. It paused, and gazed at them all with an unsteady and misbelieving look—then advanced forward—stepped over the forlorn duke, and looked at the bed. The bed was neatly spread down, without a fold or wrinkle. It took another look of Elizabeth, but that was a look of rage and despair—and turning to Rosay, it put itself in the attitude of striking—laid the edge of its sword upon his neck, in order to take a surer aim—then rearing the weapon on high, it raised itself to the stroke, as if intent on severing his head from his body at a blow; but just when the stroke was quivering to its descent, the vengeful sprite seemed to relent—its arm relaxed, and it turned the sword to the left shoulder—mused for a few seconds, and gave the prostrate duke such a toss with its foot, as heaved him almost to the other side of the room, and, without uttering a word, hastily retired, locking the door behind it.

The loud and reiterated cries of the waiting-woman at length brought all within the castle to the door of the haunted chamber. Elizabeth took down the key, and admitted them with the greatest deliberation; but so wrapt was she in astonishment, and so bewildered in thought, that she did not once open her lips to any of them. She retired again to her seat, where she sat down and leaned her cheek upon her hand, paying no regard to the horror of the group, nor to the bustle they made.

The first thing they did was to lift the forlorn duke, who had already begun to manifest signs of returning animation. When they raised him up, they found that his face and breast were all bathed in blood, and conjectured, with great reason, that some foul and murderous work had been going on. They were for some time confirmed in this suggestion, by the asseverations of the duke, who assured them that he was a dead man, and run through the body in a great number of places. On examining his body all over, however, they could discover no mark or wound whatever; and they all agreed in the conclusion, that he had only been bleeding plentifully at the nose. He

complained of grievous hurts and pains about his loins; but as Elizabeth never thought proper to inform him how he came by these hurts when in a state of insensibility, he was almost persuaded of what the vassals were endeavouring to impress upon him, namely, that it was all owing to the effects of fear. Rosay had, however, got enough of watching for ghosts—more than he approved of, and frankly declared off; taking at the same time a solemn oath that he would never lodge another night within the castle of Polmood. Elizabeth rallied him, and said, that he would surely never abandon her in such an unheard-of dilemma, but continue to sleep in the castle as heretofore—that she was perfectly willing to sleep in her own chamber still, for all that was come and gone, and why might not he as well keep to his, in which he had never been disturbed. But he said, that the spirit seemed to have a particular malevolence against him, and he would on no consideration risk another encounter with it. Alas! the next encounter that he had with it was not far distant, and terminated in a more fatal manner, as will be seen in the sequel.

From that time forth, Rosay mounted his horse every night, and rode to the castle of John Tweedie of Drummelzier, returning always to Polmood in the morning; but he never told that chief the real cause why he changed his lodgings. On the contrary, he said, that he did not judge it altogether consistent with decency and decorum, for him to stay in the castle with the young and beautiful Elizabeth every night, now that she had no husband to protect her—that the tongue of scandal might blast her beauty and future fortunes, and therefore he was resolved that no infamy should attach to her on his account. Drummelzier was much astonished at this instance of self-denial; but, as Rosay continued to persist in the plan, he took no notice of it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELIZABETH remained in the same state as before, without any seeming alarm. During the time of the spectre's late appearance, she had carefully observed and noted everything that passed, which no one else had done; and the more she considered of it, the more fully was she convinced, that the apparition was a mortal man, made up of flesh, blood, and bones, like other people. Certain that this disguise was assumed to answer some purpose, her suspicion fell on Carmichael as the author of the whole plot, from knowing how expertly he could assume characters, and how he had lately duped herself, the laird, and all the country, as Connel the gardener, even when they were conversing with him daily face to face. Her husband it could not be! then who could it be else, if it was not Carmichael?—Polmood and he were nearly of the same form and stature—but how he was enabled to counterfeit Polmood's looks so well, she could not comprehend;—still, she thought it was some artifice, and that Carmichael must be at the bottom of it.

She had likewise noticed, that the spectre opened the door with a key, which it left in the lock during the time it remained in the room, and then, on retiring, locked the door and took the key with it. She had thought much of that circumstance since it first appeared, and determined to pay particular attention to it; but, as usual, she kept her thoughts to herself. She knew that, when the laird lived, they had each a key to that chamber, and some other places of importance in the castle; and what was become of these keys now she could not discover. However, she resolved to make trial of the spirit's ingenuity by a simple expedient, with which she had often balked the laird's designs of entering when alive, and she weened that he could not have gained much additional skill in mechanics, nor muscular strength, since he was consigned to the grave. This expedient was no other than suffering her own key to remain in the lock, and turning it half round, so that no key could possibly enter from without; which she put in practice, and waited the issue without the least emotion; but, from the time that Rosay left the castle by night, the apparition never troubled her more.

Some one or other of the vassals, indeed, was always seeing or hearing it every night; and well did the lower orders thereabout encourage the belief: it was the pleasantest thing that had ever happened in the country; for the young women were all so dreadfully alarmed, that not one of them durst sleep a night by themselves for twenty miles around; and they soon very sagaciously discovered, that one of their own sex was no safeguard at all in such perilous circumstances.

In this manner did the time pass away for several days. Rosay and Elizabeth met every morning—spent the day together, and separated again at night. The shepherd continued to range the woods of Polmood, asking at every one whom he by accident met, for a strayed sheep that he had lost; but, alas! that fair, that beauteous lamb, could he never see, unless under the care of another shepherd: the old crazy palmer persevered in the same course as before; and the unprofitable menials spent the day in sleep and idleness, and the night in fear and trembling; sometimes half a dozen of them in one bed, and sometimes only two, according as the mode of transposition suited—but all of them in a state of sufferance and bondage. The time was at hand when that family was likely to be broken up for ever.

It happened one day that Rosay had led Elizabeth into the thickest part of the wood, where there was a natural bower in the midst of a thicket of copsewood; in that bower they were always wont to rest themselves, and had one day lately been somewhat surprised by a noise, like that of a stifled cough; but they could not discover from whom or whence it proceeded—yet they did not suppose any to be in the wood but themselves, although it seemed to be somewhere near by them.

Into this bower Rosay wanted to lead Elizabeth as usual, but she objected to it, and said, he never behaved to her in that bower as became him, and she was determined never more to go into that bower in his company. Rosay said, that since she had given him the hint, he would not presume upon her good nature any more by amorous freedoms; but added, that he would not be denied that piece of confidence in his honour, especially as she knew that her commands were always sufficient to guide his conduct; a mandate he never dared to disobey, though his passion for her were even more violent than it had hitherto been, which was impossible. She said, that might be all true, yet it was as good to give no occasion of putting that power to the test. However, by dint of raillery, and promises of the most sacred regard to her *increasing delicacy*, he prevailed upon her to accompany him into the bower, where they leaned them down upon the sward.

Rosay began as usual to toy and trifle with her, while she, in return, rallied him in a witty and lightsome manner—but his amorous trifling soon wore to rudeness, and that rudeness began by degrees to manifest itself in a very unqualified manner. She bore with him, and kept her temper as long as she could, making several efforts to rise and leave him, which he always overcame. She uttered no complaint nor reproach, but, on seeing his brutal purpose too fairly avouched, by a sudden and strenuous exertion, she disengaged herself from his embraces at once—flew away lightly into the wood, and left him lying in vexation and despair.

They had been watched all the time of this encounter by one who ought not to have seen them; and what was worse, who saw indistinctly through the brushwood, and judged of the matter quite otherwise than as it fell out, drawing conclusions the most abstract from propriety of conduct, and the true character of the fair but thoughtless Elizabeth.

She was not gone above the space of one minute, when Rosay heard the noise of one rushing into the bower, and, lifting up his eyes, he beheld the old maniac, or palmer of the order of St. John, approaching him with rapid strides. "Get thee gone, thou old fanatic," said Rosay; "what seekest *thou* here?" The words were scarcely all pronounced, ere Rosay felt himself seized by a grasp which seemed to have the force of ten men united in it. It was the old palmer alone, who appeared to Rosay at that time to be some

infernal giant, or devil incarnate, so far beyond all human comparison was the might of his arm. He dragged from his den the weak effeminate duke, who at first attempted to struggle with him; but his struggles were those of the kid in the paws of the lion. He next essayed to expostulate, and afterwards to cry out; but the superlative monster prevented both, by placing his foot upon the duke's neck, and crushing his face so close to the earth, that he was unable to utter a sound. He then, in the course of a few seconds, bound his hands behind his back, run a cord about his neck, and tucked him up on a bough that bent above them. The maniac never all the while spoke a word, but sometimes gnashed his teeth over his victim, in token of the most savage satisfaction.

As soon as he had fastened up the unfortunate duke, he ran into the wood to seek Elizabeth, who had gone to the eastward. He soon found her returning by another path to the castle; and laying hold of her in the same savage manner, he dragged her to the fatal spot. She had taken great offence at the late conduct of the duke, and had determined to suffer him no more to come into her presence; but when she saw him hanging in that degraded state, pale and lifeless, she was benumbed with horror. "Thou monster!" said she, "who art thou who hast dared to perpetrate such an act as this?" "I will soon show thee who I am, poor, abandoned, unhappy wretch," said he; on which he threw off his cowl, beard, and gown, and her own husband stood before her. It was no spirit—no phantom of air—no old fanatic palmer—it was the real identical Norman Hunter of Polmood—but in such a guise!—Good God! such features! such looks, it is impossible for man to describe them. "Now, what hast thou to say for thyself?" said he.—"That I never yet in my life wronged thee," returned she, firmly.—"Never wronged me! worthless unconscionable minion! were not these charms, which were my right, denied to me, and prostituted to others? For thee have I suffered the torments of the damned, and have delighted in their deeds. Thy scorn and perfidy has driven me to distraction, and now shalt thou reap the fruits of it. Long and patiently have I watched to discover thee prostituting thyself to one or other of thy paramours, that I might glut myself with vengeance; and now I have effected it, you shall hang together till the crows and the eagles devour you piecemeal."

Elizabeth held her peace; for she saw that speech was unavailable, and that his frantic rage was not to be stayed—it seemed to redouble every moment, for, without the smallest compunction, he threw her down, bound her hands and feet, and, with paralyzed and shaking hands, knitted the cord about her beauteous neck, and proceeded to hang her up beside her lifeless paramour.

It is impossible for the heart of man to conceive any scene more truly horrible than this was. Polmood seems to have been completely raving mad; for he was all the while crying over her in the most piteous rending agony—he was literally trembling and howling with despair, bellowing like a lion or a bull, yet did he not for a moment stay his fatal purpose.

Elizabeth, when she made her escape from the violence of Rosay in the bower, did not turn homeward, but held her course away to the east, until she came to a small mountain stream that bounded the wood. Carmichael was not at that time in the wood, but on the hill above it, when, to his joy and astonishment, he perceived her alone, washing her face in the brook, and adjusting some part of her dress. There were but two paths in the wood, by which it was possible to pass through it from east to west, and one of these paths Carmichael knew she behooved to take in her way homeward.

Now, it happened that the fatal bower was situated exactly at the point where these two paths approached nearest to each other. Toward this point did Carmichael haste with all the speed he could make, in order that he might intercept Elizabeth, whatever path she took, and bring her to an explanation. Judge what his sensations were! when, bolting from a thicket, the unparalleled scene of horror, death, and madness, was disclosed to his view at once.

Rosay was hanging quite dead, and already was the cord flung over the bough by which the beauteous Elizabeth was to be drawn up beside him. The inexorable ruffian had even laid hold of it, and begun to apply his sinewy strength, when Carmichael rushed forward with a loud cry of despair, and cut both the ropes by which they were suspended. Ere he had got this effected, Polmood grappled with him—cursed him in wrath, and gave him a tremendous blow with his fist. Carmichael returned the salute so lustily, that his antagonist's mouth and nose gushed blood. Carmichael knew Polmood at first sight, for he was then unmasked; but Polmood did not recognise him through his disguise of a shepherd. He, however, grasped him closer, intent on revenge for his bold interference and emphatic retort. Carmichael well knew with whom he had to do, and how unable any man was to resist the arm of Polmood in a close struggle; therefore, by a sudden and violent exertion, he wrenched himself from his hold—sprung a few paces backward, and drew out his sword from beneath his gray plaid. During this last struggle, Carmichael's bonnet had been knocked off, and, at the next glance, Polmood knew him. All his supposed injuries burst upon his remembrance at once, and this second discovery confirmed the whole of his former suspicions. When he saw it was Carmichael, he uttered a loud howl for joy. "Ah! is it then so!" said he, "the man of all the world whom I wished most to meet! Now shall all my wrongs be revenged at once! Heaven and hell, I thank you both for this!" and with that he gnashed his teeth, and uttered another maniac howl.

He drew his sword, or lifted that which had belonged to Rosay, I am not certain which, and flew to the combat. He was deemed the best archer, the strongest man, and the best swordsman of his day. Carmichael was younger and more agile, but he wanted experience, consequently the chances were against him.

The onset was inconceivably fierce—the opposition most desperate—and never perhaps was victory better contested—each depended on his own single arm for conquest, and on that alone. Carmichael lost ground, and by degrees gave way faster and faster, while his antagonist pressed him to the last: yet this seemed to have been done intentionally; for when they reached a little lawn where they had fair scope for sword play, the former remained firm as a rock, and they fought for some minutes, almost foot to foot, with the most determined bravery. Carmichael won the first hit of any consequence. Polmood's fury, and the distracted state of his mind, seemed to have given his opponent the advantage over him, for he first wounded him in the shoulder of the sword arm, and in the very first or second turn thereafter ran him through the body.

Polmood fell, cursing Carmichael, Elizabeth, his wayward fortune, and all mankind; but, when he found his last moments approaching, he grew calm, sighed, and asked if Elizabeth were still alive. Carmichael did not know—"Haste," said he; "go and see; and if she is, I would speak with her—if she is not, I suppose we shall soon meet in circumstances miserable enough." Carmichael hastened to the spot where he had cut the two bodies from the tree; there he found the beauteous Elizabeth, living indeed, but in the most woeful and lamentable plight that ever lady was in. She was nothing hurt, for she had never been pulled from the ground. But there was she, lying stretched beside a strangled corpse, with her hands and her feet bound, and a rope tied about her neck.

Carmichael wrapped her in his shepherd's plaid, for her own clothes were torn, and then loosed her in the gentlest manner he could, making use of the most soothing terms all the while. But when he raised her, wrapped her in his plaid and desired her to go and speak to her dying husband, he found that her senses were wandering, and that she was incapable of talking coherently to any one. He led her to the place where Polmood lay bleeding to death; but this new scene of calamity affected her not, nor did it even appear to draw her attention: her looks were fixed on vacancy, and she spoke neither good

nor bad. Carmichael strove all that he could to convince the dying man of the injustice and ungenerosity of his suspicions with regard to Elizabeth, whose virtue he assured him was unspotted, if any woman's on earth was so; and further said that it was the consciousness of that alone which had led her to indulge in youthful levities, which both her own heart, and the example of the court, had taught her to view as perfectly innocent.

Polmood seemed to admit of this, but not to believe it; he however grasped her hand—bade her farewell, and said that he forgave her.—"If you are innocent," said he, "what a wretch am I!—but there is one who knows the secrets of all hearts, and to his mercy and justice I leave you. For my own part, I leave this world without any hope; but things must be as they will—I have now no time for reparation.—If you are innocent, Elizabeth, may you be happier that I could ever make you—happier than I wished to make you, you never can be.—But if you are not innocent, may all the curses of guilt fall on you—may you be miserable in this life, as you have made me; and miserable in the next, as I shall be." She was still incapable of making any consistent reply—she sometimes appeared as forcing herself to listen, but her ideas would not be collected—she uttered some broken sentences, but they were totally unintelligible.

Carmichael then, with some difficulty, gained possession of a few leading circumstances, relating to the two bodies that were found at the straits of Gameshope, one of which was taken for that of Polmood himself. The thread of the tale was not very palpable, for the dying chief could only then express himself in short unfinished sentences; but, as far as could be gathered, the circumstances seemed to have been as follows.

Polmood had heard on the night before the hunt, as has been related, a confession of Rosay's guilt from his own mouth. Nay, he had even heard him exult in his conquest, and speak of his host in the most contemptuous terms. This excited his rage and indignation to such a degree, that he resolved to be revenged on the aggressor that day—he had vowed revenge, and imprecated the most potent curses on himself, if Rosay was ever suffered again to return under his roof.—He watched him all the day of the hunt, but could never find an opportunity to challenge him, except in the midst of a crowd, where his revenge would have been frustrated. As it drew towards the evening, he came to the ford of Gameshope, where he halted, judging that Rosay and Hamilton must necessarily return by that pass, from the course he saw them take. He had waited but a short time when he saw two riders approach, whom he conceived for certain to be Rosay and Hamilton, whereas they were in truth, Sir Patrick Hepburn and Donald of Lamington. Sir Patrick not only resembled Rosay much in his personal appearance, but his horse was of the same colour; which Polmood did not know, or did not avert to.—It was wearing late—the mist was dark and thick—the habiliments were in every respect similar. All these combined, misled the blindly passionate and distracted Polmood so completely, that he had actually cleft the skull of the one, and given the other his death wounds in self-defence, ere ever he was aware of his error.

Desperate cases suggest desperate remedies.—As the only means of averting instant punishment, and accomplishing dire revenge on the real incendiaries, which swayed him much more than the love of life, he put his own sword in Lamington's hand, which he closed firm upon it, and his own sandals upon his feet: he then cut off the heads from the bodies, and hid them, being certain that no one could distinguish the trunks; and as he deemed, so it fell out. The place where that fatal afray happened, is called Donald's Cleuch to this day.

Polmood had now no way left of approaching his own castle but in disguise. Intent on executing his great purpose of revenge, with every circumstance of conviction to his own heart of the guilt of the parties, he so effectually concealed himself under the cowl, beard, and weeds of a pilgrim monk, that he was enabled to stay in his own castle, get possession of his own keys, and watch all their motions without being suspected.

The inexplicable mysteries of the ghost and the murder of the two knights, being thus satisfactorily explained to the world, the soul of the great, the brave, the misguided Norman Hunter of Polmood, forsook its earthly tenement, and left his giant mould a pale disfigured corse in the wood that had so lately been his own.

Carmichael conducted Elizabeth home in the most delicate manner possible —committed her to the care of her women—and caused the two bodies to be brought home and locked up in a chamber of the castle. He then went straight and threw himself at the king's feet, declaring the whole matter, and all the woful devastation Polmood's jealousy had occasioned among his friends and followers. The king was exceedingly grieved for the loss of his brother, and more especially at the disgraceful manner in which he had been cut off; but as none knew the circumstances save Carmichael and Elizabeth, they schemed to keep it secret, and they effected this in a great measure, by spreading a report that his death had happened in another quarter, to which he had been despatched in haste.

The king was soon convinced that no blame whatever could be attached to Carmichael, as he had slain his antagonist in his own defence, and in defence of a lady's life; and, after questioning him strictly, with respect to the disguises which he had assumed, he was convinced that his motives throughout had been disinterested, generous, and honourable. In matters that related to gallantry and love, James was an easy and lenient judge, and was graciously pleased to take Sir John Carmichael again into his royal favour and protection.

Elizabeth continued many days in a state of mind in which there seemed a considerable degree of derangement. She sometimes maintained, for whole days together, a dumb callous insensibility; at other times she spoke a good deal, but her speech was inconsistent. From that state, she sunk into a settled melancholy, and often wept bitterly when left alone. It appears that she then began to think much by herself—to reflect on her bypast life; and the more she pondered on it, the more fully was she convinced that she had acted wrong. There was no particular action of her life, with which she could charge herself, that was heinous; but, when these actions had occasioned so much bloodshed and woe, it was evident they had been far amiss. Her conclusion finally was, that the general tenor of her life had been manifestly wrong, and that though the line did not appear crooked or deformed, it had been stretched in a wrong direction.

These workings of the mind were sure preludes to feelings and sensations more tender and delicate than any she had hitherto experienced—more congenial to her nature, and more soothing to the female heart. The heart that reflects seriously will soon learn to estimate the joys of society aright—will feel that it must depend upon others for its felicity; and that the commixture of mutual joys and sorrows is greatly preferable to the dull monotony of selfish gratification.

Carmichael visited her every day for a whole year, without ever once mentioning love. Before this period had expired, it was needless to mention it; gratitude, the root from which female love springs, if that love is directed as it ought to be, so softened the heart of Elizabeth, and by degrees became so firmly knit to him, that she could not be happy when out of his company. They were at last married, and enjoyed, amid a blooming offspring, as much of happiness and peace as this fleeting and imperfect scene of existence can well be expected to confer.

Some may perhaps say, that this tale is ill-conceived, unnatural, and that the moral of it is not palpable; but let it be duly considered, that he who sits down to write a novel or romance—to produce something that is merely the creation of his own fancy, may be obliged to conform to certain rules and regulations; while he who transmits the traditions of his country to others, does wrong, if he do not transmit them as they are. He may be at liberty to tell them in his own way, but he ought by all means to conform to the incidents as handed down to him; because the greater part of these stories have their

foundation in truth. That which is true cannot be unnatural, as the incidents may always be traced from their first principles—the passions and various prejudices of men; and from every important occurrence in human life a moral may with certainty be drawn. And I would ask, if there is any moral with which it is of more importance to impress mankind than this?—That he who ventures upon the married state without due regard to congeniality of disposition, feelings, and pursuits, ventures upon a shoreless sea, with neither star nor rudder to direct his course, save unruly and misguided passions, which soon must overwhelm him, or bear him farther and farther from the haven of peace for ever.—Never then was precept more strikingly illustrated by example than in the incidents recorded in the foregoing tale.

STORMS.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH REMARKABLE SNOW-FALLS IN SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

STORMS constitute the various eras of the pastoral life. They are the red lines in the shepherd's manual—the remembrancers of years and ages that are past—the tablets of memory by which the ages of his children, the times of his ancestors, and the rise and downfall of families, are invariably ascertained. Even the progress of improvement in Scottish farming can be traced traditionally from these, and the rent of a farm or estate given with precision, before and after such and such a storm, though the narrator be uncertain in what century the said notable storm happened. "Mar's year," and "that year the hielanders raide," are but secondary mementos to *the year nine*, and *the year forty*—these stand in bloody capitals in the annals of the pastoral life, as well as many more that shall hereafter be mentioned.

The most dismal of all those on record is *the thirteen drifty days*. This extraordinary storm, as near as I have been able to trace, must have occurred in the year 1620. The traditionary stories and pictures of desolation that remain of it, are the most dire imaginable; and the mentioning of the thirteen drifty days to an old shepherd, in a stormy night, never fails to impress his mind with a sort of religious awe, and often sets him on his knees before that Being who alone can avert such another calamity.

It is said, that for thirteen days and nights the snow-drift never once abated. The ground was covered with frozen snow, when it commenced, and during all that time the sheep never broke their fast. The cold was intense to a degree never before remembered; and about the fifth and sixth days of the storm, the young sheep began to fall into a sleepy and torpid state, and all that were so affected in the evening died over night. The intensity of the frost wind often cut them off when in that state quite instantaneously. About the ninth and tenth days, the shepherds began to build up huge semicircular walls of their dead, in order to afford some shelter for the remainder of the living; but they availed but little, for about the same time they were frequently seen tearing at one another's wool with their teeth.

When the storm abated, on the fourteenth day from its commencement, there was on many a high-lying farm not a living sheep to be seen. Large mishapen walls of dead, surrounded a small prostrate flock likewise all dead, and frozen stiff in their lairs, were all that remained to cheer the forlorn shepherd and his master; and though on low-lying farms, where the snow was not so hard before, numbers of sheep weathered the storm, yet their constitutions received such a shock, that the greater part of them perished afterwards; and

the final consequence was, tnat about nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland were destroyed.

In the extensive pastoral district of Eskdale-moor, which maintains upwards of 20,000 sheep, it is said none were left alive, but forty young wedders on one farm, and five old ewes on another. The farm of Phaup remained without a stock and without a tenant for twenty years subsequent to the storm; at length, one very honest and liberal-minded man ventured to take a lease of it, at the annual rent of *a grey coat and a pair of hose.* It is now rented at £500. An extensive glen in Tweedsmuir, belonging to Sir James Montgomery, became a common at that time, to which any man drove his flocks that pleased, and it continued so for nearly a century. On one of Sir Patrick Scott of Thirlestane's farms, that keeps upwards of 900 sheep, they all died save one black ewe, from which the farmer had high hopes of preserving a breed; but some unlucky dogs, that were all laid idle for want of sheep to run at, fell upon this poor solitary remnant of a good stock, and chased her into the lake, where she was drowned, When word of this was brought to John Scott, the farmer, commonly called gouffin' Jock, he is reported to have expressed himself as follows: "Ochon, ochon! an' is that the gate o't?—a black beginning maks aye a black end." Then taking down an old rusty sword, he added, "Come thou away, my auld frien', thou an' I maun e'en stock Bourhope-law ance mair. Bossy, my dow, how gaes the auld sang?

There's walth o' kye i' bonny Braidlees;
There's walth o' yowes i' Tine;
There's walth o' gear i' Gowanburn—
An' they shall a' be thine."

It is a pity that tradition has not preserved any thing farther of the history of gouffin' Jock than this one saying.

The next memorable event of this nature is *the blast o' March,* which happened on the 24th day of that month, in the year 16—, on a Monday morning; and though it lasted only for one forenoon, it was calculated to have destroyed upwards of a thousand scores of sheep, as well as a number of shepherds. There is one anecdote of this storm that is worthy of being preserved, as it shows with how much attention shepherds, as well as sailors, should observe the appearances of the sky. The Sunday evening before was so warm, that the lasses went home from church barefoot, and the young men threw off their plaids and coats, and carried them over their shoulders. A large group of these younkers, going home from the church of Yarrow, equipped in this manner, chanced to pass by an old shepherd on the farm of Newhouse, named Walter Blake, who had all his sheep gathered into the side of a wood. They asked Wattie, who was a very religious man, what could have induced him to gather his sheep on the Sabbath-day? He answered that he had seen an ill-hued weather-gaw that morning, and was afraid it was going to be a drift. They were so much amused at Wattie's apprehensions, that they clapped their hands, and laughed at him, and one pert girl cried, "Ay, fie tak' care, Wattie; I widna say but it may be thrapple deep or the morn." Another asked, "If he wasna rather feared for the sun burning the een out o' their heads?" and a third, "if he didna keep a correspondence wi' the thieves, an' kend they were to ride that night?" Wattie was obliged to bear all this, for the evening was fine beyond anything generally seen at that season, and only said to them at parting, "Weel, weel, callans, time will try a'; let them laugh that wins; but slacks will be sleek, a hogg for the howking; we'll a' get horns to tout on the morn." The saying grew proverbial; but Wattie was the only man who saved the whole of his flock in that country.

The years 1709, 40, and 72, were all likewise notable years for severity, and for the losses sustained among the flocks of sheep. In the latter, the snow lay from the middle of December until the middle of April, and all the time hard frozen. Partial thaws always kept the farmer's hopes of relief alive, and thus prevented him from removing his sheep to a lower situation, till at length

they grew so weak that they could not be removed. There has not been such a general loss in the days of any man living as in that year. It is by these years that all subsequent hard winters have been measured, and, of late by that of 1795; and when the balance turns out in favour of the calculator, there is always a degree of thankfulness expressed, as well as a composed submission to the awards of Divine Providence. The daily feeling naturally impressed on the shepherd's mind, that all his comforts are so entirely in the hand of Him that rules the elements, contributes not a little to that firm spirit of devotion for which the Scottish shepherd is so distinguished. I know of no scene so impressive, as that of a family sequestered in a lone glen during the time of a winter storm; and where is the glen in the kingdom that wants such a habitation? There they are left to the protection of Heaven, and they know and feel it. Throughout all the wild vicissitudes of nature they have no hope of assistance from man, but are conversant with the Almighty alone. Before retiring to rest, the shepherd uniformly goes out to examine the state of the weather, and makes his report to the little dependant group within; nothing is to be seen but the conflict of the elements, nor heard but the raving of the storm; then they all kneel around him, while he recommends them to the protection of Heaven; and though their little hymn of praise can scarcely be heard even by themselves, as it mixes with the roar of the tempest, they never fail to rise from their devotions with their spirits cheered and their confidence renewed, and go to sleep with an exaltation of mind of which kings and conquerors have no share. Often have I been a sharer in such scenes; and never, even in my youngest years, without having my heart deeply impressed by the circumstances. There is a sublimity in the very idea. There we lived, as it were, inmates of the cloud and the storm; but we stood in a relationship to the Ruler of these, that neither time nor eternity could ever cancel. Woe to him that would weaken the bonds with which true Christianity connects us with Heaven and with each other.

But of all the storms that ever Scotland witnessed, or I hope ever will again behold, there is none of them that can once be compared with the memorable 24th of January, 1794, which fell with such peculiar violence on that division of the south of Scotland that lies between Crawford-muir and the border. In these bounds there were seventeen shepherds perished, and upwards of thirty carried home insensible, who afterwards recovered; but the number of sheep that were lost far outwent any possibility of calculation. One farmer alone, Mr. Thomas Beattie, lost seventy-two scores for his own share; and many others, in the same quarter, from thirty to forty scores each. Whole flocks were overwhelmed with snow, and no one ever knew where they were till the snow was dissolved, when they were all found dead. I myself witnessed one particular instance of this on the farm of Thickside; there were twelve scores of excellent ewes, all one age, that were missing there all the time that the snow lay, which was only a week, and no traces of them could be found; when the snow went away, they were discovered all lying dead, with their heads one way, as if a flock of sheep had dropped dead going from the washing. Many hundreds were driven into waters, burns, and lakes, by the violence of the storm, where they were buried or frozen up, and these the flood carried away, so that they were never seen or found by the owners at all. The following anecdote somewhat illustrates the confusion and devastation that it bred in the country.—The greater part of the rivers on which the storm was most deadly, run into the Solway Frith, on which there is a place called *the Beds of Esk*, where the tide throws out, and leaves whatsoever is carried into it by the rivers. When the flood after the storm subsided, there were found on that place, and the shores adjacent, 1840 sheep, nine black cattle, three horses, two men, one woman, forty-five dogs, and one hundred and eighty hares, besides a number of meaner animals.

To relate all the particular scenes of distress that occurred during this tremendous hurricane is impossible—a volume would not contain them. I shall, therefore, in order to give a true picture of the storm, merely relate

what I saw, and shall in nothing exaggerate. But before doing this, I must mention a circumstance, curious in its nature, and connected with others that afterwards occurred.

Sometime previous to that, a few young shepherds (of whom I was one, and the youngest, though not the least ambitious of the number), had formed themselves into a sort of literary society, that met periodically, at one or other of the houses of its members, where each read an essay on a subject previously given out; and after that, every essay was minutely investigated and criticised. We met in the evening, and continued our important discussions all night. Friday, the 23rd of January, was the day appointed for one of these meetings, and it was to be held at Entertrony, a wild and remote shieling, at the very source of the Ettrick, and afterwards occupied by my own brother. I had the honour of having been named as preses—so, leaving the charge of my flock with my master, off I set from Blackhouse, on Thursday, a very ill day, with a flaming bombastical essay in my pocket, and my tongue trained to many wise and profound remarks, to attend this extraordinary meeting, though the place lay at the distance of twenty miles, over the wildest hills in the kingdom, and the time the depth of winter. I remained that night with my parents at Ettrick-house, and next day again set out on my journey. I had not, however, proceeded far, before I perceived, or thought I perceived, symptoms of an approaching storm, and that of no ordinary nature. I remember the day well: the wind, which was rough on the preceding day, had subsided into a dead calm; there was a slight fall of snow, which descended in small thin flakes, that seemed to hover and reel in the air, as if uncertain whether to go upward or downward; the hills were covered down to the middle in deep folds of rime, or frost-fog; in the cloughs the fog was dark, dense, and seemed as if it were heaped and crushed together, but on the brows of the hills it had a pale and fleecy appearance, and, altogether, I never beheld a day of such gloomy aspect. A thought now began to intrude itself on me, though I strove all that I could to get quit of it, that it would be a wise course in me to return home to my sheep. Inclination urged me on, and I tried to bring reason to her aid, by saying to myself, "I have no reason in the world to be afraid of my sheep; my master took the charge of them cheerfully; there is not a better shepherd in the kingdom, and I cannot doubt his concern in having them right." All would not do: I stood still and contemplated the day, and the more closely I examined it, the more was I impressed that some mischief was a-brewing; so, with a heavy heart, I turned on my heel, and made the best of my way back the road I came; my elaborate essay, and all my wise observations, had come to nothing.

On my way home I called at a place named the Hope-house, to see a maternal uncle whom I loved; he was angry when he saw me, and said it was not like a prudent lad to be running up and down the country in such weather, and at such a season; and urged me to make haste home, for it would be a drift before the morn. He accompanied me to the top of the height called the Black Gatehead, and on parting, he shook his head, and said, "Ah! it is a dangerous looking day! In troth I'm amaist fear'd to look at it." I said I would not mind it, if any one knew from what quarter the storm would arise; but we might, in all likelihood, gather our sheep to the place where they would be most exposed to danger. He bade me keep a good look out all the way home, and wherever I observed the first opening through the rime, to be assured the wind would rise directly from that point. I did as he desired me, but the clouds continued close set all around, till the fall of evening; and as the snow had been accumulating all day, so as to render walking very unfurthersome, it was that time before I reached home. The first thing I did was to go to my master and inquire where he had left my sheep—he told me—but though I had always the most perfect confidence in his experience, I was not pleased with what he had done. He had left a part of them far too high out on the hills, and the rest were not where I wanted them, and I told him so: he said he had done all for the best, but if

there appeared to be any danger, if I would call him up in the morning, he would assist me. We had two beautiful servant girls, and with them I sat chattering till past eleven o'clock, and then I went down to the old tower. What could have taken me to that ruinous habitation of the Black Douglasses at that untimeous hour, I cannot recollect, but it certainly must have been from a supposition that one of the girls would follow me, or else that I would see a hare—both very unlikely events to have taken place on such a night. However, certain it is, that there I was at midnight, and it was while standing on the top of the staircase turret, that I first beheld a bright bore through the clouds, towards the north, which reminded me of my uncle's apophthegm. But at the same time a smart thaw had commenced, and the breeze seemed to be rising from the south, so that I laughed in my heart at his sage rule, and accounted it quite absurd. Short was the time till awful experience told me how true it was.

I then went to my bed in the byre loft, where I slept with a neighbour shepherd, named Borthwick; but though fatigued with walking through the snow, I could not close an eye, so that I heard the first burst of the storm, which commenced between one and two, with a fury that no one can conceive who does not remember of it. Besides the place where I lived being exposed to two or three gathered winds, as they are called by shepherds, the storm raged there with redoubled ferocity. It began all at once, with such a tremendous roar, that I imagined it was a peal of thunder, until I felt the house trembling to its foundation. In a few minutes I went and thrust my naked arm through a hole in the roof, in order, if possible, to ascertain what was going on without, for not a ray of light could I see. I could not then, nor can I yet, express my astonishment. So completely was the air overloaded with falling and driving snow, that but for the force of the wind, I felt as if I had thrust my arm into a wreath of snow. I deemed it a judgment sent from Heaven upon us, and lay down again in my bed, trembling with agitation. I lay still for about an hour, in hopes that it might prove only a temporary hurricane; but, hearing no abatement of its fury, I awakened Borthwick, and bade him get up, for it was come on such a night or morning, as never blew from the heavens. He was not long in obeying, for as soon as he heard the turmoil, he started from his bed, aud in one minute, throwing on his clothes, he hasted down the ladder, and opened the door, where he stood for a good while, uttering exclamations of astonishment. The door where he stood was not above fourteen yards from the door of the dwelling-house, but a wreath was already amassed between them, as high as the walls of the house—and in trying to get round or through this, Borthwick lost himself, and could neither find the house nor his way back to the byre, and about six minutes after, I heard him calling my name, in a shrill desperate tone of voice, at which I could not refrain from laughing immoderately, notwithstanding the dismal prospect that lay before us; for I heard, from his cries, where he was. He had tried to make his way over the top of a large dunghill, but going to the wrong side, had fallen over, and wrestled long among snow, quite over the head. I did not think proper to move to his assistance, but lay still, and shortly after heard him shouting at the kitchen door for instant admittance; still I kept my bed for about three quarters of an hour longer; and then, on reaching the house with much difficulty, found our master, the ploughman, Borthwick, and the two servant maids, sitting round the kitchen fire, with looks of dismay, I may almost say despair. We all agreed at once, that the sooner we were able to reach the sheep, the better chance we had to save a remnant; and as there were eight hundred excellent ewes, all in one lot, but a long way distant, and the most valuable lot of any on the farm, we resolved to make a bold effort to reach them. Our master made family worship, a duty he never neglected; but that morning, the manner in which we manifested our trust and confidence in Heaven, was particularly affecting. We took our breakfast—stuffed our pockets with bread and cheese—sewed our plaids around us—tied down our hats with napkins

coming below our chins—and each taking a strong staff in his hand, we set out on the attempt.

No sooner was the door closed behind us than we lost sight of each other—seeing there was none—it was impossible for a man to see his hand held up before him, and it was still two hours till day. We had no means of keeping together but by following to one another's voices, nor of working our way save by groping with our staves before us. It soon appeared to me a hopeless concern, for, ere ever we got clear of the houses and haystacks, we had to roll ourselves over two or three wreaths which it was impossible to wade through; and all the while the wind and drift were so violent, that every three or four minutes we were obliged to hold our faces down between our knees to recover our breath.

We soon got into an eddying wind that was altogether insufferable, and, at the same time we were struggling among snow so deep, that our progress in the way we purposed going was indeed very equivocal, for we had, by this time, lost all idea of east, west, north, or south. Still we were as busy as men determined on a business could be, and persevered on we knew not whither, sometimes rolling over the snow, and sometimes weltering in it to the chin. The following instance of our successful exertions marks our progress to a tittle. There was an inclosure around the house to the westward, which we denominated *the park*, as is customary in Scotland. When we went away, we calculated that it was two hours until day—the park did not extend above three hundred yards—and we were still engaged in that *park* when daylight appeared.

When we got free of the park, we also got free of the eddy of the wind—it was now straight in our faces. We went in a line before each other, and changed places every three or four minutes, and at length, after great fatigue, we reached a long ridge of a hill, where the snow was thinner, having been blown off it by the force of the wind, and by this time we had hopes of reaching within a short space of the ewes, which were still a mile and a half distant. Our master had taken the lead; I was next him, and soon began to suspect, from the depth of the snow, that he was leading us quite wrong, but as we always trusted implicitly to him that was foremost for the time, I said nothing for a good while, until satisfied that we were going in a direction very nearly right opposite to that we intended. I then tried to expostulate with him, but he did not seem to understand what I said, and, on getting a glimpse of his countenance, I perceived that it was quite altered. Not to alarm the others, nor even himself, I said I was becoming terribly fatigued, and proposed that we should lean on the snow and take each a mouthful of whisky (for I had brought a small bottle in my pocket for fear of the worst), and a bite of bread and cheese. This was unanimously agreed to, and I noted that he drank the spirits rather eagerly, a thing not usual with him, and when he tried to eat, it was long before he could swallow anything. I was convinced that he would fail altogether; but, as it would have been easier to have got him to the shepherd's house before than home again, I made no proposal for him to return. On the contrary, I said if they would trust themselves entirely to me, I would engage to lead them to the ewes without going a foot out of the way—the other two agreed to it, and acknowledged that they knew not where they were, but he never opened his mouth, nor did he speak a word for two hours thereafter. It had only been a temporary exhaustion, however; for after that he recovered, and wrought till night as well as any of us, though he never could recollect a single circumstance that occurred during that part of our way, nor a word that was said, nor of having got any refreshment whatever.

At half an hour after ten we reached the flock, and just in time to save them; but before that, both Borthwick and the ploughman had lost their hats, notwithstanding all their precautions; and to impede us still farther, I went inadvertently over a precipice, and going down head foremost, between the scaur and the snow, found it impossible to extricate myself; for the more

I struggled, I went the deeper. For all our troubles, I heard Borthwick above convulsed with laughter; he thought he had got the affair of the dunghill paid back. By holding by one another, and letting down a plaid to me, they hauled me up, but I was terribly incommoded by snow that had got inside my clothes.

The ewes were standing in a close body; one half of them were covered over with snow to the depth of ten feet, the rest were jammed against a brae. We knew not what to do for spades to dig them out; but, to our agreeable astonishment, when those before were removed, they had been so close pent together as to be all touching one another, and they walked out from below the snow after their neighbours in a body. If the snow-wreath had not broke, and crumbled down upon a few that were hindmost, we should have got them all out without putting a hand to them. This was effecting a good deal more than I or any of the party expected a few hours before; there were one hundred ewes in another place near by, but of these we could only get out a very few, and lost all hopes of saving the rest.

It was now wearing towards mid-day, and there were occasionally short intervals in which we could see about us for perhaps a score of yards; but we got only one momentary glance of the hills around us all that day. I grew quite impatient to be at my own charge; and leaving the rest, I went away to them by myself, that is, I went to the division that was left far out on the hills, while our master and the ploughman volunteered to rescue those that were down on the lower ground. I found mine in miserable circumstances; but making all possible exertion, I got out about one half of them, which I left in a place of safety, and made towards home, for it was beginning to grow dark, and the storm was again raging, without any mitigation, in all its darkness and deformity. I was not the least afraid of losing my way, for I knew all the declivities of the hills so well, that I could have come home with my eyes bound up, and, indeed, long ere I got home, they were of no use to me. I was terrified for the water (Douglas Burn), for in the morning it was flooded and gorged up with snow in a dreadful manner, and I judged that it would be quite impassable. At length I came to a place where I thought the water should be, and fell a boring and groping for it with my long staff. No, I could find no water, and began to dread, that for all my accuracy I had gone wrong. I was greatly astonished, and, standing still to consider, I looked up towards heaven, I shall not say for what cause, and to my utter amazement thought I beheld trees over my head flourishing abroad over the whole sky. I never had seen such an optical delusion before; it was so like enchantment, that I knew not what to think, but dreaded that some extraordinary thing was coming over me, and that I was deprived of my right senses. I remember I thought the storm was a great judgment sent on us for our sins, and that this strange phantasy was connected with it, an illusion effected by evil spirits. I stood a good while in this painful trance; at length, on making a bold exertion to escape from the fairy vision, I came all at once in contact with the old tower. Never in my life did I experience such a relief; I was not only all at once freed from the fairies, but from the dangers of the gorged river. I had come over it on some mountain of snow, I knew not how nor where, nor do I know till this day. So that, after all, they were trees that I saw, and trees of no great magnitude neither; but their appearance to my eyes it is impossible to describe. I thought they flourished abroad, not for miles, but for hundreds of miles, to the utmost verges of the visible heavens. Such a day and such a night may the eye of a shepherd never again behold.

CHAPTER II.

"That night a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand."

ON reaching home, I found our women folk sitting in woful plight. It is well known how wonderfully acute they generally are, either at raising up imagin-

ary evils, or magnifying those that exist; and ours had made out a theory so fraught with misery and distress, that the poor things were quite overwhelmed with grief. "There were none of us ever to see the house again *in life*. There was no possibility of the thing happening, all circumstances considered. There was not a sheep in the country to be saved, nor a single shepherd left alive—nothing but *women!* and there they were left, three poor helpless creatures, and the men lying dead out among the snow, and none to bring them home. Lord help them, what was to become of them!" They perfectly agreed in all this; there was no dissenting voice; and their prospects still continuing to darken with the fall of night, they had no other resource left them, long before my arrival, but to lift up their voices and weep. The group consisted of a young lady, our master's niece, and two servant girls, all of the same age, and beautiful as three spring days, every one of which are mild and sweet, but differ only a little in brightness. No sooner had I entered, than every tongue and every hand was put in motion, the former to pour forth queries faster than six tongues of men could answer them with any degree of precision, and the latter to rid me of the incumbrances of snow and ice with which I was loaded. One slit up the sewing of my frozen plaid, another brushed the icicles from my locks, and a third unloosed my clotted snow boots. We all arrived within a few minutes of each other, and all shared the same kind offices, and heard the same kind inquiries, and long string of perplexities narrated; even our dogs shared of their caresses and ready assistance in ridding them of the frozen snow, and the dear consistent creatures were six times happier than if no storm or danger had existed. Let no one suppose that, even amid toils and perils, the shepherd's life is destitute of enjoyment.

Borthwick had found his way home without losing his aim in the least. I had deviated but little, save that I lost the river, and remained a short time in the country of the fairies; but the other two had a hard struggle for life. They went off, as I said formerly, in search of seventeen scores of my flock that had been left in a place not far from the house, but being unable to find one of them, in searching for these, they lost themselves, while it was yet early in the afternoon. They supposed that they had gone by the house very near to it, for they had toiled till dark among deep snow in the burn below; and if John Burnet, a neighbouring shepherd, had not heard them calling, and found and conducted them home, it would have stood hard with them indeed, for none of us would have looked for them in that direction. They were both very much exhausted, and the goodman could not speak above his breath that night.

Next morning the sky was clear, but a cold intemperate wind still blew from the north. The face of the country was entirely altered. The form of every hill was changed, and new mountains leaned over every valley. All traces of burns, rivers, and lakes, were obliterated, for the frost had been commensurate with the storm, and such as had never been witnessed in Scotland. Some registers that I have seen, place this storm on the 24th of December, a month too early, but that day was one of the finest winter days I ever saw.

There having been 340 of my flock that had never been found at all during the preceding day, as soon as the morning dawned we set all out to look after them. It was a hideous looking scene—no one could cast his eyes around him and entertain any conception of sheep being saved. It was one picture of desolation. There is a deep glen lies between Blackhouse and Dryhope, called the Hawkshaw Cleuch, which is full of trees. There was not the top of one of them to be seen. This may convey some idea how the country looked: and no one can suspect that I would state circumstances otherwise than they were when there are so many living that could confute me.

When we came to the ground where these sheep should have been, there was not one of them above the snow. Here and there, at a great distance from each other, we could perceive the heads or horns of stragglers appearing, and

these were easily got out; but when we had collected these few, we could find no more. They had been all lying abroad in a scattered state when the storm came on, and were covered over just as they had been lying. It was on a kind of slanting ground that lay half beneath the wind, and the snow was uniformly from six to eight feet deep. Under this the hogs were lying scattered over at least 100 acres of heathery ground. It was a very ill looking concern. We went about boring with our long poles, and often did not find one hog in a quarter of an hour. But at length a white shaggy colley, named Sparkie, that belonged to the cow-herd boy, seemed to have comprehended something of our perplexity, for we observed him plying and scraping in the snow with great violence, and always looking over his shoulder to us. On going to the spot, we found that he had marked straight above a sheep. From that he flew to another, and so on to another, as fast as we could dig them out, and ten times faster, for he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked beforehand.

We got out three hundred of that division before night, and about half as many on the other parts of the farm, in addition to those we had rescued the day before; and the greater part of these would have been lost had it not been for the voluntary exertions of Sparkie. Before the snow went away (which lay only eight days) we had got every sheep on the farm out, either dead or alive, except four; and that these were not found was not Sparkie's blame, for though they were buried below a mountain of snow at least fifty feet deep, he had again and again marked on the top of it above them. The sheep were all living when we found them, but those that were buried in the snow to a certain depth, being, I suppose, in a warm, half suffocated state, though on being taken out they bounded away like roes, yet the sudden change of atmosphere instantly paralyzed them, and they fell down deprived of all power in their limbs. We had great numbers of these to carry home and feed with the hand, but others that were very deep buried, died outright in a few minutes. We did not however lose above sixty in all, but I am certain Sparkie saved us at least two hundred.

We were for several days utterly ignorant how affairs stood with the country around us, all communication between farms being cut off, at least all communication with such a wild place as that in which I lived; but John Burnet, a neighbouring shepherd on another farm, was remarkably good at picking up the rumours that were afloat in the country, which he delighted to circulate without abatement. Many people tell their stories by halves, and in a manner so cold and indifferent, that the purport can scarcely be discerned, and if it is, cannot be believed; but that was not the case with John; he gave them with *interest*, and we were very much indebted to him for the intelligence that we daily received that week; for no sooner was the first brunt of the tempest got over, than John made a point of going off at a tangent every day, to learn and bring us word what was going on. The accounts were most dismal; the country was a charnel-house. The first day he brought us tidings of the loss of thousands of sheep, and likewise of the death of Robert Armstrong, a neighbour shepherd, one whom we all well knew, he having but lately left the Blackhouse to herd on another farm. He died not above three hundred paces from a farm-house, while at the same time it was known to them all that he was there. His companion left him at a dike-side, and went in to procure assistance; yet, nigh as it was, they could not reach him, though they attempted it again and again; and at length they were obliged to return, and suffer him to perish at the side of the dike. There were three of my own intimate acquaintances perished that night. There was another shepherd named Watt, the circumstances of whose death were peculiarly affecting. He had been to see his sweetheart on the night before, with whom he had finally agreed and settled every thing about their marriage; but it so happened, in the inscrutable awards of Providence, that at the very time when the banns of his marriage were proclaimed in the church of Moffat, his companions were carrying him home a corpse from the hill.

It may not be amiss here to remark, that it was a received opinion all over the country, that sundry lives were lost, and a great many more endangered, by the administering of ardent spirits to the sufferers while in a state of exhaustion. It was a practice against which I entered my vehement protest, nevertheless the voice of the multitude should never be disregarded. A little bread and sweet milk, or even a little bread and cold water, it was said, proved a much safer restorative in the fields. There is no denying, that there were some who took a glass of spirits that night that never spoke another word, even though they were continuing to walk and converse when their friends found them.

On the other hand, there was one woman who left her children, and followed her husband's dog, who brought her to his master lying in a state of insensibility. He had fallen down bareheaded among the snow, and was all covered over, save one corner of his plaid. She had nothing better to take with her, when she set out, than a bottle of sweet milk and a little oatmeal cake, and yet, with the help of these she so far recruited his spirits as to get him safe home, though not without long and active perseverance. She took two little vials with her, and in these she heated the milk in her bosom. That man would not be disposed to laugh at the silliness of the fair sex for some time.

It is perfectly unaccountable how easily people died that night. The frost must certainly have been prodigious ; so intense as to have seized momentarily on the vitals of those that overheated themselves by wading and toiling too impatiently among the snow, a thing that is very aptly done. I have conversed with five or six that were carried home in a state of insensibility that night, who never would again have moved from the spot where they lay, and were only brought to life by rubbing and warm applications ; and they uniformly declared that they felt no kind of pain or debility, farther than an irresistible desire to sleep. Many fell down while walking and speaking, in a sleep so sound as to resemble torpidity ; and there is little doubt that those who perished slept away in the same manner. I knew a man well, whose name was Andrew Murray, that perished in the snow on Minchmoor ; and he had taken it so deliberately, that he had buttoned his coat and folded his plaid, which he had laid beneath his head for a bolster.

But it is now time to return to my notable literary society. In spite of the hideous appearances that presented themselves, the fellows actually met, all save myself, in that solitary shieling before mentioned. It is easy to conceive how they were confounded and taken by surprise, when the storm burst forth on them in the middle of the night, while they were in the heat of sublime disputation. There can be little doubt that there was part of loss sustained in their respective flocks, by reason of that meeting ; but this was nothing, compared with the obloquy to which they were subjected on another account, and one which will scarcely be believed, even though the most part of the members be yet alive to bear testimony to it.

The storm was altogether an unusual convulsion of nature. Nothing like it had ever been seen or heard of among us before ; and it was enough of itself to arouse every spark of superstition that lingered among these mountains. It did so. It was universally viewed as a judgment sent by God for the punishment of some heinous offence, but what that offence was could not for a while be ascertained ; but when it came out, that so many men had been assembled in a lone, unfrequented place, and busily engaged in some mysterious work at the very instant that the blast came on, no doubts were entertained that all had not been right there, and that some horrible rite, or correspondence with the powers of darkness, had been going on. It so happened, too, that this shieling of Entertrony was situated in the very vortex of the storm ; the devastations made by it extended all around that to a certain extent, and no further on any one quarter than another. This was easily and soon remarked ; and, upon the whole, the first view of the matter had rather an equivocal appearance to those around who had suffered so severely by it.

But still, as the rumour grew, the certainty of the event gained ground—new corroborative circumstances were every day divulged, till the whole district was in an uproar, and several of the members began to meditate a speedy retreat from the country; some of them, I know, would have fled, if it had not been for the advice of the late worthy and judicious Mr. Bryden of Crosslee. The first intimation that I had of it was from my friend John Burnet, who gave it me with his accustomed energy and full assurance. He came over one evening, and I saw by his face he had some great news. I think I remember, as I well may, every word that passed between us on the subject.

"Weel chap," said he to me, "we hae fund out what has been the cause of a' this mischief now."

"What do you mean, John?"

"What do I mean?—It seems that a great squad o' birkies that ye are conneckit wi' had met that night at the herd's house o' Everhaup, an' had raised the deil amang them."

Every countenance in the kitchen changed; the women gazed at John, and then at me, and their lips grew white. These kind of feelings are infectious, people may say what they will; fear begets fear as naturally as light springs from reflexion. I reasoned stoutly at first against the veracity of the report, observing that it was utter absurdity, and a shame and disgrace for the country to cherish such a ridiculous lie.

"Lie!" said John, "it's nae lie; they had him up amang them like a great rough dog at the very time that the tempest began, and were glad to draw cuts, and gie him ane o' their number to get quit o' him again." Lord, how every hair of my head, and inch of my frame crept at hearing this sentence; for I had a dearly beloved brother who was of the number, several full cousins and intimate acquaintances; indeed, I looked upon the whole fraternity as my brethren, and considered myself involved in all their transactions. I could say no more in defence of the society's proceedings; for, to tell the truth, though I am ashamed to acknowledge it, I suspected that the allegation might be too true.

"Has the deil actually ta'en awa ane o' them bodily?" said Jean. "He has that," returned John, "an' it's thought the skaith wadna hae been grit, had he ta'en twa or three mae o' them. Base villains! that the hale country should hae to suffer for their pranks! But, however, the law's to tak its course on them, an' they'll find, ere a' the play be played, that he has need of a lang spoon that sups wi' the deil."

The next day John brought us word, that it was *only* the servant maid that the *ill thief* had ta'en away; and the next again, that it was actually Bryden of Glenkerry; but, finally, he was obliged to inform us, "That a' was exactly true, as it was first tauld, but only that Jamie Bryden, after being awanting for some days had casten up again."

There has been nothing since that time that has caused such a ferment in the country—nought else could be talked of; and grievous was the blame attached to those who had the temerity to raise up the devil to waste the land. Legal proceedings, it is said, were meditated, and attempted; but lucky it was for the shepherds that they agreed to no reference, for such were the feelings of the country, and the opprobrium in which the act was held, that it is likely it would have fared very ill with them;—at all events, it would have required an arbiter of some decision and uprightness to have dared to oppose them. Two men were sent to come to the house as by chance, and endeavour to learn from the shepherd, and particularly from the servant-maid, what grounds there were for inflicting legal punishments; but before that happened I had the good luck to hear her examined myself, and that in a way by which all suspicions were put to rest, and simplicity and truth left to war with superstition alone. I deemed it very curious at the time, and shall give it verbatim as nearly as I can recollect.

Being all impatience to learn particulars, as soon as the waters abated, so

as to become fordable, I hasted over to Ettrick, and the day being fine, I found numbers of people astir on the same errand with myself,—the valley was moving with people, gathered in from the glens around, to hear and relate the dangers and difficulties that were just overpassed. Among others, the identical girl who served with the shepherd in whose house the scene of the meeting took place, had come down to Ettrick school-house to see her parents. Her name was Mary Beattie, a beautiful sprightly lass about twenty years of age ; and if the devil had taken her in preference to any one of the shepherds, his good taste could scarcely have been disputed. The first person I met was, my friend, the late Mr. James Anderson, who was as anxious to hear what had passed at the meeting as I was, so we two contrived a scheme whereby we thought we would hear every thing from the girl's own mouth.

We sent word to the school-house for Mary, to call at my father's house on her return up the water, as there was a parcel to go to Phawhope. She came accordingly, and when we saw her approaching, we went into a little sleeping apartment, where we could hear every thing that passed, leaving directions with my mother how to manage the affair. My mother herself was in perfect horrors about the business, and believed it all ; as for my father, he did not say much either the one way or the other, but bit his lip, and remarked, that "fo'k would find it was an ill thing to hae to do wi' *the enemy*."

My mother would have managed extremely well, had her own early prejudices in favour of the doctrine of all kinds of apparitions not got the better of her. She was very kind to the girl, and talked with her about the storm, and the events that had occurred, till she brought the subject of the meeting forward herself, on which the following dialogue commenced ;—

"But dear Mary, my woman, what were the chiels a' met about that night?"

"O, they were just gaun through their papers an' arguing."

"Arguing ! what were they arguing about?"

"I have often thought about it sin' syne, but really I canna tell precisely what they were arguing about."

"Were you wi' them a' the time?"

"Yes, a' the time, but the wee while I was milkin' the cow."

"An' did they never bid you gang out?"

"O no ; they never heedit whether I gaed out or in."

"It's queer that ye canna mind ought ava ;—can ye no tell me ae word that ye heard them say?"

"I heard them sayin' something about the fitness o' things."

"Ay, that was a braw subject for them ! But, Mary, did you no hear them sayin' nae ill words?"

"No."

"Did you no hear them speaking naething about the deil?"

"Very little."

"What were they saying about *him?*"

"I thought I aince heard Jamie Fletcher saying there was nae deil ava."

"Ah ! the unwordy rascal ! How durst he for the life o' him ! I wonder he didna think shame."

"I fear aye he's something regardless Jamie."

"I hope nane that belongs to me will ever join him in his wickedness ! But tell me Mary, my woman, did ye no see nor hear naething uncanny about the house yoursel, that night."

"There was something like a plover cried twice i' the peat-neuk, in at the side o' Will's bed."

"A plover ! His presence be about us ! There was never a plover at this time o' the year. And in the house too ! Ah, Mary, I'm feared and concerned about that night's wark ! What thought ye it was that cried?"

"I didna ken what it was, it cried just like a plover."

"Did the callans look as they were fear'd when they heard it?"

"They lookit gayan' queer."

"What did they say?"

"Ane cried, 'What is that?' an' another said, 'What can it mean?' 'Hout,' quo' Jamie Fletcher, 'it's just some bit stray bird that has lost itsel.' 'I dinna ken', quo' your Will, 'I dinna like it unco weel.'"

"Think ye, did nane o' the rest see any thing?"

"I believe there was something seen."

"What was't?" (in a half whisper with manifest alarm.)

"When Will gaed out to try if he could gang to the sheep, he met wi' a great big rough dog, that had very near worn him into a lin in the water."

My mother was now deeply affected, and after two or three smothered exclamations, she fell a whispering; the other followed her example, and shortly after they rose and went out, leaving my friend and me very little wiser than we were, for we had heard both these incidents before with little variation. I accompanied Mary to Phawhope, and met with my brother, who soon convinced me of the falsehood and absurdity of the whole report; but I was grieved to find him so much cast down and distressed about it. None of them durst well show their faces at either kirk or market for a whole year, and more. The weather continuing fine, we two went together and perambulated Eskdale moor, visiting the principal scenes of carnage among the flocks, where we saw multitudes of men skinning and burying whole droves of sheep, taking with them only the skins and tallow.

I shall now conclude this long account of the storm, and its consequences, by an extract from a poet for whose works I always feel disposed to have a great partiality; and whoever reads the above will not doubt on what incident the description is founded, nor yet deem it greatly overcharged.

* * * * * *

"Who was it reared these whelming waves?
Who scalp'd the brows of old Cairn Gorm,
And scoop'd these ever-yawning caves?
'Twas I, the Spirit of the Storm!

He waved his sceptre north away,
The arctic ring was rift asunder;
And through the heaven the startling bray
Burst louder than the loudest thunder.

The feathery clouds, condensed and furled,
In columns swept the quaking glen;
Destruction down the dale was hurled,
O'er bleating flocks and wondering men.

The Grampians groan'd beneath the storm;
New mountains o'er the Correi lean'd;
Ben Nevis shook his shaggy form,
And wonder'd what his Sovereign mean'd.

Even far on Yarrow's fairy dale,
The shepherd paused in dumb dismay;
And cries of spirits in the gale
Lured many a pitying hind away.

The Lowthers felt the tyrant's wrath;
Proud Hartfell quaked beneath his brand;
And Cheviot heard the cries of death,
Guarding his loved Northumberland.

But O, as fell that fateful night,
What horrors Avin wilds deform.
And choke the ghastly lingering light!
There whirled the vortex of the storm.

Ere morn the wind grew deadly still,
And dawning in the air updrew

From many a shelve and shining hill,
Her folding robe of fairy blue.

Then what a smooth and wondrous scene
Hung o'er Loch Avin's lovely breast!
Not top of tallest pine was seen,
On which the dazzled eye could rest;

But mitred cliff, and crested fell,
In lucid curls her brows adorn;
Aloft the radiant crescents swell,
All pure as robes by angels worn.

Sound sleeps our seer, far from the day,
Beneath yon sleek and writhed cone;
His spirit steals, unmiss'd, away,
And dreams across the desert lone.

Sound sleeps our seer!—the tempests rave,
And cold sheets o'er his bosom fling;
The moldwarp digs his mossy grave;
His requiem Avin eagles sing."

* * * * *

A SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

CHAPTER I.

LAST autumn, while I was staying a few weeks with my friend Mr. Grumple, minister of the extensive and celebrated parish of *Woolenhorn*, an incident occurred which hath afforded me a great deal of amusement; and, as I think it may divert some readers, I shall, without further preface, begin the relation.

We had just finished a wearisome debate on the rights of teind, and the claims which every clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland has for a grass glebe; the china cups were already arranged, and the savoury tea-pot stood basking on the ledge of the grate, when the servant maid entered, and told Mr. Grumple that there was one at the door who wanted him.

We immediately heard a debate in the passage—the parson pressing his guest to *come ben*, which the other stoutly resisted, declaring aloud, that "it was a' nonsense thegither, for he was eneuch to fley a' the grand folk out o' the room, an' set the kivering o' the floor a-swoomin." The parlour door was however thrown open, and, to my astonishment, the first guests who presented themselves were two strong honest-looking colleys, or shepherd's dogs, that came bouncing and capering into the room, with a great deal of seeming satisfaction. Their master was shortly after ushered in. He was a tall athletic figure, with a black beard, and dark raven hair hanging over his brow; wore clouted shoes, shod with iron, and faced up with copper; and there was altogether something in his appearance the most homely and uncouth of any exterior I had ever seen.

"This," said the minister, "is Peter Plash, a parishioner of mine, who has brought me in an excellent salmon, and wants a good office at my hand, he says, in return."—"The bit fish is naething, man," said Peter, sleeking down the hair on his brow; "I wish he had been better for your sake—but gin ye had seen the sport that we had wi' him at Pool-Midnight, ye wad hae leughen till ye had burstit." Here the shepherd observing his two dogs seated comfortably

on the hearth-rug, and deeming it an instance of high presumption and very bad manners, broke out with—"Ay, Whitefoot, lad! an' ye're for being a gentleman too! My certy, man, but ye're no blate!—I'm ill eneugh, to be sure, to come into a grand room this way, but yet I wadna set up my impudent nose an' my muckle rough brisket afore the lowe, an' tak a' the fire to mysel—Get aff wi' ye, sir! An you too, Trimmy, ye limmer! what's your business here?"—So saying, he attempted with the fringe of his plaid to drive them out; but they only ran about the room, eyeing their master with astonishment and concern. They had never, it seemed, been wont to be separated from him either by night or by day, and they could not understand why they should be driven from the parlour, or how they had not as good a right to be there as he. Of course, neither threats nor blows could make them leave him; and it being a scene of life quite new to me, and of which I was resolved to profit as much as possible, at my intercession matters were made up, and the two canine associates were suffered to remain where they were. They were soon seated, one on each side of their master, clinging fondly to his feet, and licking the wet from his dripping trowsers.

Having observed, that when the shepherd entered he had begun to speak with great zest about the sport they had in killing the salmon, I again brought on the subject, and made him describe the diversion to me.—"O man," said he, and then indulged in a hearty laugh—(*man* was always the term he used in addressing either of us—*sir* seemed to be no word in his vocabulary)—"O man, I wish ye had been there! I'll lay a plack ye wad hae said ye never saw sic sport sin' ever ye war born. We gat twal fish a' thegither the-day, an' sair broostles we had wi' some o' them; but a' was naething to the killin' o' that ane at Pool-Midnight. Geordie Otterson, Matthew Ford, an' me, war a' owr the lugs after him. But ye's hear:—When I cam on to the craigs at the weil o' Pool-Midnight, the sun was shinin' bright, the wind was lowne, an' wi' the pirl* being awa, the pool was as clear as crystal. I soon saw by the bells coming up, that there was a fish in the auld hauld; an' I keeks an' I glimes about till, faith! I sees his blue murt fin. My teeth war a' waterin to be in him, but I kend the shank o' my waster† wasna half length. Sae I cries to Geordie, 'Geordie,' says I, 'aigh man! here's a great chap just lying steeping like an aik clog.' Off comes Geordie, shaughle shaughlin wi' a' his pith; for the creature's that greedy o' fish, he would venture his very saul for them. I kend brawly what would be the upshot. 'Now,' says I, 'Geordie, man yoursel for this ae time. Aigh, man! he is a terrible ane for size—See yonder he's lying.' The sun was shining sae clear that the deepness o' the pool was a great cheat. Geordie bait his lip for perfect eagerness, an' his een war stelled in his head—he thought he had him safe i' the pat; but whenever he put the grains o' the leister into the water, I could speak nae mair, I kend sae weel what was comin, for I kend the depth to an inch.—Weel, he airches an' he vizies for a good while, an' at length made a push down at him wi' his whole might. Tut!—the leister didna gang to the grund by an ell—an' Geordie gaed into the deepest part o' Pool-Midnight wi' his head foremost! My sennins turned as supple as a dockan, an' I fell just down i' the bit wi' lauchin—ye might hae bund me wi' a strae. He would hae drowned for aught that I could do; for when I saw his heels flinging up aboon the water as he had been dancin a hornpipe, I lost a' power thegither; but Matthew Ford harled him into the shallow wi' his leister.

"Weel, after that we cloddit the pool wi' great stanes, an' aff went the fish down the gullots, shinin' like a rainbow. Then he ran, an' he ran! an' it was wha to be first in him. Geordie gat the first chance, an' I thought it was a' owr; but just when he thought he was sure o' him, down cam Matthew full drive, smashed his grains out through Geordie's, and gart him miss. It was my chance next; an' I took him neatly through the gills, though he gaed as fast as a skell-drake.

"But the sport grew aye better.—Geordie was sae mad at Matthew for

*Ripple. †Fish-spear.

taigling him, an' garring him tine the fish (for he's a greedy dirt), that they had gane to grips in a moment; an' when I lookit back, they war just fightin' like twa terriers in the mids o' the water. The witters o' the twa leisters were frankit in ane anither, an' they couldna get them sindry, else there had been a vast o' bludeshed; but they were knevillin, an' trying to drown ane anither a' that they could; an' if they hadna been clean forefoughen they wad hae done't; for they were aye gaun out o' sight an' comin' howdin up again. Yet after a', when I gaed back to redd them, they were sae inveterate that they wadna part till I was forced to haud them down through the water an' drown them baith."

"But I hope you have not indeed drowned the men," said I. "Ou na, only keepit them down till I took the power fairly frae them—till the bullers gaed owr coming up; then I carried them to different sides o' the water, an' laid them down agroof wi' their heads at the inwith; and after gluthering and spurring a wee while, they cam to again. We dinna count muckle of a bit drowning match, us fishers. I wish I could get Geordie as weel doukit ilka day; it would tak' the smeddum frae him—for O! he is a greedy thing! But I fear it will be a while or I see sic glorious sport again."

Mr. Grumple remarked, that he thought, by his account, it could not be very good sport to all parties; and, that, though he always encouraged these vigorous and healthful exercises among his parishioners, yet he regretted that they could so seldom be concluded in perfect good humour.

"They're nae the waur o' a wee bit splore," said Peter; "they wad turn unco milk-an-water things, an' dee awa a' thegither wantin a broolzie. Ye might as weel think to keep an ale-vat workin wantin' barm."

"But, Peter, I hope you have not been breaking the laws of the country by your sport to-day?"

"Na, troth hae we no, man—close-time disna come in till the day after the morn; but atween you an' me, close-time's nae ill time for us. It merely ties up the grit folk's hands, an' thraws a' the sport into ours thegither. Na, na, we's never complain o' close-time; if it warna for it there wad few fish fa' to poor folk's share."

This was a light in which I had never viewed the laws of the fishing association before; but as this honest hind spoke from experience, I have no doubt that the statement is founded in truth, and that the sole effect of close-time in all the branches of the principal river, is merely to tie up the hands of every respectable man, and throw the fishing into the hands of poachers. He told me, that in all the rivers of the extensive parish of *Woolenhorn*, the fish generally run up during one flood and went away the next; and as the gentlemen and farmers of those parts had no interest in the preservation of the breeding salmon themselves, nor cared a farthing about the fishing associations in the great river, whom they viewed as monopolizers of that to which they had no right, the fish were wholly abandoned to the poachers, who generally contrived, by burning lights at the shallows, and spearing the fish by night, and netting the pools, to annihilate every shoal that came up. This is, however, a subject that would require an essay by itself.

Our conversation turned on various matters connected with the country; and I soon found, that though this hind had something in his manner and address the most uncultivated I had ever seen, yet his conceptions of such matters as came within the sphere of his knowledge were pertinent and just. He sung old songs, told us strange stories of witches and apparitions, and related many anecdotes of the pastoral life, which I think extremely curious, and wholly unknown to the literary part of the community. But at every observation that he made, he took care to sleek down his black hair over his brow, as if it were of the utmost consequence to his making a respectable appearance, that it should be equally spread, and as close pressed down as possible. When desired to join us in drinking tea, he said "it was a' nonsense thegither, for he hadna the least occasion;" and when pressed to take bread, he persisted in the declaration that "it was a' great

nonsense." He loved to talk of sheep, of dogs, and of *the lasses*, as he called them; and conversed with his dogs in the same manner as he did with any of the other guests; nor did the former ever seem to misunderstand him, unless in his unprecedented and illiberal attempt to expel them from the company. —"Whitefoot! haud aff the woman's coat-tails, ye blockhead! Deil hae me gin ye hae the mense of a miller's horse, man." Whitefoot instantly obeyed. —"Trimmy! come back aff the fire, dame! Ye're sae wat, ye raise a reek like a cottar wife's lum—come back, ye limmer!" Trimmy went behind his chair.

It came out at last that his business with Mr. Grumple that day was to request of him to go over to *Stridekirton* on the Friday following, and unite him, Peter Plash, in holy wedlock with his sweatheart and only joe, Jean Windlestrae; and he said, if I "would accompany the minister, and take share of a haggis wi' them, I wad see some good lasses, and some good sport too, which was far better." You may be sure I accepted of the invitation with great cordiality, nor had I any cause to repent it.

CHAPTER II.

THE wedding-day at length arrived; and as the bridegroom had charged us to be there at an early hour, we set out on horseback, immediately after breakfast, for the remote hamlet of Stridekirton. We found no regular path, but our way lay through a country which it is impossible to view without soothing emotions. The streams are numerous, clear as crystal, and wind along the glens in many fantastic and irregular curves. The mountains are green to the tops, very high, and form many beautiful soft and shaded outlines. They are, besides, literally speckled with snowy flocks, which, as we passed, were feeding or resting with such appearance of undisturbed repose, that the heart naturally found itself an involuntary sharer in the pastoral tranquillity that pervaded all around.

My good friend, Mr. Grumple, could give me no information regarding the names of the romantic glens and mountains that came within our view; he, however, knew who were the proprietors of the land, who the tenants, what rent and stipend each of them paid, and whose teinds were unexhausted; this seemed to be the sum and substance of his knowledge concerning the life, character, and manners, of his rural parishioners, save that he could sometimes adduce circumstantial evidence that such and such farmers had made money of their land, and that others had made very little or none.

This district, over which he presides in an ecclesiastical capacity, forms an extensive portion of the Arcadia of Britain. It was likewise, in some late ages, noted for its zeal in the duties of religion, as well as for a thirst after the acquirement of knowledge concerning its doctrines; but under the tuition of such a pastor as my relative appears to be, it is no wonder that practical religion should be losing ground from year to year, and scepticism, the natural consequence of laxity in religious duties, gaining ground in proportion.

It may be deemed, perhaps, rather indecorous to indulge in such reflections respecting any individual who has the honour to be ranked as a member of a body so generally respected as our Scottish Clergy, and who, at the same time, maintains a fair *worldly* character; but in a general discussion—in any thing that relates to the common weal of mankind, all such inferior considerations must be laid aside. And the more I consider the simplicity of the people of whom I am now writing—the scenes among which they have been bred—and their lonely and sequestered habits of life, where the workings and phenomena of nature alone appear to attract the eye or engage the attention—the more I am convinced that the temperament of their minds would naturally dispose them to devotional feelings. If they were but taught to read their Bibles, and only saw uniformly in the ministers of religion that sanctity of character by which the profession ought ever to be distinguished, these people would naturally be such as every well-wisher to the human race would desire a scattered peasantry to be. But when the most decided variance between

example and precept is forced on their observation, what should we, or what can we, expect? Men must see, hear, feel, and judge accordingly. And certainly in no other instance is a patron so responsible to his sovereign, his country, and his God, as in the choice he makes of spiritual pastors.

These were some of the reflections that occupied my mind as I traversed this beautiful pastoral country with its morose teacher, and from these I was at length happily aroused by the appearance of the cottage, or shepherd's steading, to which we were bound. It was situated in a little valley in the bottom of a wild glen, or *hope*, as it is there called. It stood all alone; but besides the dwelling-house, there was a little byre that held the two cows and their young,—a good stack of hay, another of peats,—a sheep-house, and two homely gardens; and the place had altogether something of a snug, comfortable appearance. Though this is only an individual picture, I am told it may be viewed as a general one of almost every shepherd's dwelling in the south of Scotland; and it is only such pictures that, in the course of these tales, I mean to present to the public.

A number of the young shepherds and country lasses had already arrived, impatient for the approaching wedding; others were coming down the green hills in mixed parties all around, leading one another, and skipping with the agility of lambs. They were all walking barefooted and barelegged, male and female; the men were dressed much in the ordinary way, only that the texture of their clothes was somewhat coarse, and the women had black beavers, white gowns, and "green coats kilted to the knee." When they came near the house they went into little sequestered hollows, the men and women apart, "pat on their hose an' shoon, and made themsels a' trig an' witching," and then came and joined the group with a joy that could not be restrained by walking,—they ran to mix with their youthful associates.

Still as they arrived, we saw on our approach, that they drew up in two rows on the green, and soon found that it was a contest at leaping. The shepherds were stripped to the shirt and drawers, and exerting themselves in turn with all their might, while their sweethearts and sisters were looking on with no small share of interest.

We received a kind and hospitable welcome from honest Peter and his father, who was a sagacious-looking old carle, with a broad bonnet and grey locks; but the contest on the green still continuing, I went and joined the circle, delighted to see a pastime so appropriate to the shepherd's life. I was utterly astonished at the agility which the fellows displayed.

They took a short race of about twelve or fourteen paces, which they denominated the *ramrace*, and then rose from the footing-place with such a bound as if they had been going to mount and fly into the air. The crooked guise in which they flew showed great art—the knees were doubled upward—the body bent forward—and the head thrown somewhat back; so that they alighted on their heels with the greatest ease and safety, their joints being loosened in such a manner that not one of them was straight. If they fell backward on the ground, the leap was not accounted fair. Several of the antagonists took the ramrace with a staff in their hands which they left at the footing-place as they rose. This I thought unfair, but none of their opponents objected to the custom. I measured the distance, and found that two of them had actually leapt twenty-two feet, on a level plain, at one bound. This may appear extraordinary to those who never witnessed such an exercise, but it is a fact of which I can adduce sufficient proof.

Being delighted as well as astonished at seeing these feats of agility, I took Peter aside, and asked him if I might offer prizes for some other exercises. "Hout na," said Peter; "ye'll affront them; let them just alane; they hae eneuch o' incitement e'now, an' rather owre muckle atween you an' me; forbye the brag o' the thing—as lang as the lasses stand and look at them, they'll ply atween death and life." What Peter said was true,—instead of getting weary of their sports, their ardour seemed to increase; and always as soon as the superiority of any individual in one particular exercise was manifest, an-

other was instantly resorted to; so that ere long there was one party engaged in wrestling, one in throwing the stone, and another at hop-step-and-leap, all at one and the same time.

This last seems to be rather the favourite amusement. It consists of three succeeding bounds, all with the same race; and as the exertion is greater, and of longer continuance, they can judge with more precision the exact capability of the several competitors. I measured the ground, and found the greatest distance effected in this way to be forty-six feet. I am informed, that whenever two or three young shepherds are gathered together, at fold or bucht, moor or market, at all times and seasons, Sundays excepted, one or more of these athletic exercises is uniformly resorted to; and certainly, in a class where hardiness and agility are so requisite, they can never be too much encouraged.

But now all these favourite sports were terminated at once by a loud cry of "Hurrah! the broose! the broose!" Not knowing what *the broose* meant, I looked all around with great precipitation, but for some time I could see nothing but hills. At length, however, by marking the direction in which the rest looked, I perceived, at a considerable distance down the glen, five horsemen coming at full speed on a determined race, although on such a road, as I believe, a race was never before contested. It was that by which we had lately come, and the only one that led to the house from all the four quarters of the world. For some time it crossed "the crooks of the burn," as they called them; that is, it kept straight up the bottom of the glen, and crossed the burn at every turning. Of course every time that the group crossed this stream, they were for a moment involved in a cloud of spray that almost hid them from view, and the frequent recurrence of this rendered the effect highly comic.

Still, however, they kept apparently close together, till at length the path left the bottom of the narrow valley, and came round the sloping base of a hill that was all interspersed with drains and small irregularities of surface; this producing no abatement of exertion or speed, horses and men were soon floundering, plunging, and tumbling about in all directions. If this was amusing to view, it was still more so to hear the observations of the delighted group that stood round me and beheld it. "Ha, ha, ha! yonder's ane aff! Gude faith! yon's Jock o' the Meer-Cleuch; he has gotten an ill-faur'd flaip. —Holloa! yonder gaes anither, down through a lair to the een-holes! Weel done, Aedie o' Aberlosk! Hie till him, Tousy, outher now or never! Lay on, ye deevil, an' hing by the mane! Hurrah!"

The women were by this time screaming, and the men literally jumping and clapping their hands for joy at the deray that was going on; and there was one little elderly-looking man whom I could not help noting; he had fallen down on the ground in a convulsion of laughter, and was spurring and laying on with both hands and feet. One, whom they denominated Davie Scott o' the Ramsey-cleuch burn, amid the bay of dogs, and the shouts of men and women, got first to the bridegroom's door, and of course was acknowledged to have won the *broose;* but the attention was soon wholly turned from him to those behind. The man whose horse had sunk in the bog, perceiving that all chance of extricating it again on the instant was out of the question, lost not a moment, but sprung to his feet—threw off his coat, hat, and shoes, all at one brush—and ran towards the goal with all his might. Jock o' the Meer-Cleuch, who was still a good way farther back, and crippled besides with his fall, perceiving this, mounted again—whipped on furiously, and would soon have overhied his pedestrian adversary; but the shepherds are bad horsemen, and, moreover, Jock's horse, which belonged to Gideon of Kirkhope, was unacquainted with the sheep-drains, and terrified at them: consequently, by making a sudden jerk backwards when he should have leapt across one of them, and when Jock supposed that he was just going to do so, he threw his rider a second time. The shouts of laughter were again renewed, and every one was calling out, "Now for the mell! Now for the mell! Deil

tak the hindmost now!" These sounds reached Jock's ears; he lost no time in making a last effort, but flew at his horse again—remounted him—and, by urging him to a desperate effort, actually got ahead of his adversary just when within ten yards of the door, and thus escaped the disgrace of *winning the mell.*

I was afterwards told, that in former ages it was the custom on the border, when the victor in the race was presented with the prize of honour, the one who came in last was, at the same time, presented with a mallet or large wooden hammer, called a *mell* in the dialect of the country, and that then the rest of the competitors stood in need to be near at hand, and instantly to force the *mell* from him, else he was at liberty to knock as many of them down with it as he could. The mell has now, for many years, been only a nominal prize; but there is often more sport about the gaining of it than the principal one. There was another occurrence which added greatly to the animation of this, which I had not time before fully to relate. About the time when the two unfortunate wights were unhorsed in the bog, those who still kept on were met and attacked, open mouth, by at least twenty frolicsome collies, that seemed fully as intent on sport as their masters. These bit the hind-legs of the horses, snapped at their noses, and raised such an outrage of barking, that the poor animals, forespent as they were, were constrained to lay themselves out almost beyond power. Nor did the fray cease when the race was won. Encouraged by the noise and clamour which then arose about the gaining of the mell, the staunch collies continued the attack, and hunted the racers round and round the houses with great speed, while the horses were all the time wheeling and flinging most furiously, and their riders, in desperation, vociferating and cursing their assailants.

All the guests now crowded together, and much humour and blunt wit passed about the gaining of the broose. Each of the competitors had his difficulties and cross accidents to relate; and each affirmed, that if it had not been such and such hindrances, he would have gained the broose to a certainty. Davie Scott o' the Ramsey-cleuch-burn, however, assured them, that "he was aye hauding in his yaud wi' the left hand, and gin he had liket to gie her out her head, she wad hae gallopit amaist a third faster." "That may be," said Aedie o' Aberlosk, "but I hae come better on than I expectit wi' my Cameronian naig. I never saw him streek himsel sae afore—I dare say he thought that Davie was auld Clavers mountit on Hornie. Poor fallow!" continued he, patting him, "he has a good deal o' anti-prelatic dourness in him; but I see he has some spirit, for a' that. I bought him for a powney, but he's turned out a beast."

I next overheard one proposing to the man who left his horse, and exerted himself so manfully on foot, to go and pull his horse out of the quagmire. "Na, na," said he, "let him stick yonder a while, to learn him mair sense than to gang intill an open well-ee and gar ane get a mell. I saw the gate as I was gawn, but I couldna swee him aff; sae I just thought o' Jenny Blythe, and plunged in. I kend weel something was to happen, for I met her first this morning, the ill-hued carlin: but I had need to haud my tongue!—Gudeman, let us see a drap whisky." He was presented with a glass. "Come, here's Jenny Blythe," said Andrew, and drank it off.—"I wad be nae the waur o' a wee drap too," said Aberlosk, taking a glass of whisky in his hand, and looking steadfastly through it. "I think I see Jock the elder here," said he; "ay, it's just him—come, here's *the five kirks o' Eskdale.*" He drank it off. "Gudeman, that's naething but a *Tam-Park* of a glass; if ye'll fill it again, I'll gie a toast ye never heard afore. This is *Bailey's Dictionary*," said Aedie, and drank it off again.—"But when a' your daffin's owre, Aedie," said John, "what hae ye made o' your young friend?"—"Ou! she's safe eneuch," returned he; "the best-man and John the elder are wi' her."

On looking round the corner of the house, we now perceived that the bride and her two attendants were close at hand. They came at a *quick canter.*

She managed her horse well, kept her saddle with great ease, and seemed an elegant sprightly girl, of twenty-four or thereabouts. Every cap was instantly waved in the air, and the bride was saluted with three hearty cheers. Old John, well aware of what it behoved him to do, threw off his broad bonnet, and took the bride respectfully from her horse—kissed and welcomed her home. "Ye're welcome hame till us, Jeany, my bonny woman," said he; "may God bless ye, an' mak ye just as good an' as happy as I wish ye." It was a beautiful and affecting sight to see him leading her toward the home that was now to be her own. He held her hand in both his—the wind waved his long gray locks—his features were lengthened considerably the wrong way, and I could perceive a tear glistening on his furrowed cheek.

All seemed to know exactly the parts they had to act; but everything came on me like magic, and quite by surprise. The bride now stopped short on the threshold, while the old man broke a triangular cake of short-bread over her head, the pieces of which he threw about among the young people. These scrambled for them with great violence and eagerness; and indeed they seemed always to be most in their element when anything that required strength or activity was presented. For my part, I could not comprehend what the sudden convulsion meant (for in a moment the crowd was moving like a whirlpool, and tumbling over one another in half dozens), till a little girl, escaping from the vortex, informed me that "they war battling wha first to get a haud o' the bride's bunn." I was still in the dark, till at length I saw the successful candidates presenting their favourites with small pieces of this mystical cake. One beautiful maid, with light locks, blue eyes, and cheeks like the vernal rose, came nimbly up to me, called me familiarly by my name, looked at me with perfect seriousness, and without even a smile on her innocent face, asked me *if I was married.* I could scarcely contain my gravity, while I took her by the hand, and answered in the negative.—"An' hae ye no gotten a piece o' the bride's cake?"—"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry I have not."—"O, that's a great shame, that ye hae no gotten a wee bit! I canna bide to see a stranger guided that gate. Here, sir, I'll gie ye the tae half o' mine, it will ser' us baith; and I wad rather want mysel than sae civil a gentleman that's a stranger should want."

So saying, she took a small piece of cake from her lap, and parted it with me, at the same time rolling each of the pieces carefully up in a leaf of an old halfpenny ballad; but the whole of her demeanour showed the utmost seriousness, and of how much import she judged this trivial crumb to be. "Now," continued she, "ye maun lay this aneath your head, sir, when ye gang to your bed, and ye'll dream about the woman you are to get for your wife. Ye'll just think ye see her plainly an' bodily afore your een; an' ye'll be sae weel acquainted wi' her, that ye'll ken her again when ye see her, if it war among a thousand. It's a queer thing, but it's perfectly true; sae ye maun *mind no to forget.*"

I promised the most punctual observance of all that she enjoined, and added, that I was sure I would dream of the lovely giver; that indeed I would be sorry were I to dream of any other, as I deemed it impossible to dream of so much innocence and beauty. "*Now mind no to forget,*" rejoined she, and skipped lightly away to join her youthful associates.

As soon as the bride was led into the house, Old Nelly, the bridegroom's mother, went aside to see the beast on which her daughter-in-law had been brought home; and perceiving that it was a mare, she fell a-crying and wringing her hands.—I inquired, with some alarm, what was the matter, "O dear sir," returned she, "it's for the poor bairnies that'll yet hae to dree this unlucky mischance—Laike-a-day, poor waefu' brats! they'll no lie in a dry bed for a dozen o' years to come!"

"Hout! haud your tongue, Nelly," said the best man, "the thing's but a freak a' thegither. But really we couldna help it; the factor's naig wantit a fore-fit shoe, an' was beckin like a water-craw. If I had ridden five miles to the smiddy wi' him, it is ten to ane but Jock Anderson wad hae been drunk,

an' then we wadna hae gotten the bride hame afore twall o'clock at night; sae I thought it was better to let them tak their chance than spoil sae muckle good sport, an' I e'en set her on Wattie Bryden's pownie. The factor has behaved very ill about it, the muckle stoottin gowk! If I had durst, I wad hae gien him a deevil of a thrashin; but he says, 'Faith its—that—yes, indeed—that—he will send them—yes, faith—it's even a—*a new tikabed* ever year.'"

CHAPTER III.

As soon as the marriage ceremony was over, all the company shook hands with the young couple, and wished them every kind of joy and felicity. The rusticity of their benisons amused me, and there were several of them that I have never, to this day, been able to comprehend. As, for instance—one wished them "thumpin luck and fat weans;" another, "a bien rannlebauks, and tight thack and rape o'er their heads;" a third gave them "a routh aumrie and a close neive;" and the lasses wished them "as mony hiney moons as the family had fingers an' taes." I took notes of these at the time, and many more, and set them down precisely as they were spoken; all of them have doubtless meanings attached to them, but these are perhaps the least mystical.

"I expected, now, that we should go quietly to our dinner; but instead of that, they again rushed rapidly away towards the green, crying out, "Now for the broose! now for the broose!"—"The people are unquestionably mad," said I to one that stood beside me; "are they really going to run their horses again among such ravines and bogs as these? they must be dissuaded from it." The man informed me that the race was now to be on foot; that there were always two races—the first on horseback for the bride's napkin, and the second on foot for the bridegroom's spurs. I asked him how it came that they had thus altered the order of things in the appropriation of the prizes, for that the spurs would be the fittest for the riders, as the napkin would for the runners. He admitted this, but could adduce no reason why it was otherwise, save that "it was the gude auld gate, and it would be a pity to alter it." He likewise informed me, that it was customary for some to run on the bride's part, and some on the bridegroom's; and that it was looked on as a great honour to the country or connexions of either party, to bear the broose away from the other. Accordingly, on our way to the race-ground, the bridegroom was recruiting hard for runners on his part, and, by the time we reached the starting-place, had gained the consent of five. One now asked the *best-man* why he was not recruiting in behalf of the bride. "Never mind," said he; "do ye strip an mak ready—I'll find them on the bride's part that will do a' the turn." It was instantly rumoured around, that he had brought one all the way from Liddesdale to carry the prize away on the bride's part, and that he was the best runner on all the Border side. The runners, that were all so brisk of late, were now struck dumb; and I marked them going one by one, eyeing the stranger with a jealous curiosity, and measuring him with their eyes from head to foot.—No, not one of them would venture to take the field against him!—they war only jokin'—they never intendit to rin—they war just jaunderin wi' the bridegroom for fun."—"Come, fling aff your claes, Hobby, an' let them see that ye're ready for them," said the best-man. The stranger obeyed—he was a tall, slender, and handsome youth, with brown hair, prominent features and a ruddy complexion.—"Come lads," said the best-man, "Hobby canna stand wanting his claes; if nane of ye are ready to start with him in twa minutes, he shall rin the course himsel, and then I think the folk o' this country are shamed for ever."—"No sae fast," said a little funny-looking fellow, who instantly began to strip off his stockings and shoes; "no sae fast, lad; he may won, but he sanna won untried." A committee was instantly formed apart, where it was soon agreed that all the good runners there should, with one accord, start against this stranger; for that, "if naebody ran but Tam the tailor, they wad be a' shamed thegither, for Tam would never come within a stane-clod o' him."—"Hout, ay—that's something like yoursels, callants," said

old John; "try him—he's but a saft feckless-like chiel; I think ye needna be sae feared for him."—"It's a' ye ken," said another; "do nae ye see that he's lingit like a grew—and he'll rin like ane;—they say he rins faster than a horse can gallop."—"I'll try him on my Cameronian whenever he likes," said Aberlosk; "him that beats a Cameronian has but another to beat."

In half a minute after this, seven athletic youths were standing in a row stripped, and panting for the race; and I could note, by the paleness of their faces, how anxious they were about the result—all save Aedie o' Aberlosk, on whom the whisky had made some impression, and who seemed only intent on making fun. At the distance of 500 yards there was a man placed, whom they denominated *the stoop*, and who had his hat raised on the end of his staff, lest another might be mistaken for him. Around this *stoop* they were to run, and return to the starting-place, making in all a heat of only 1000 yards, which I was told is the customary length of a race all over that country. They took all hold of one another's hands—the best-man adjusted the line in which they stood, and then gave the words as follows, with considerable pauses between: *Once—Twice—Thrice*,—and off they flew like lightning, in the most beautiful style I ever beheld. The ground was rough and unequal, but there was no restraint or management practised; every one set out on full speed from the very first. The Borderer took the lead, and had soon distanced them a considerable space—all save Aberlosk, who kept close at his side, straining and twisting his face in a most tremendous manner: at length he got rather before him, but it was an overstretch—Aedie fell flat on his face, nor did he offer to rise, but lay still on the spot, puffing and swearing against the champion of Liddesdale.

Hobby cleared the *stoop* first by about twenty yards;—the rest turned in such a group that I could not discern in what order, but they were all obliged to turn it to the right, or what they called "sun-ways-about," on pain of losing the race. The generality of the "weddingers" were now quite silent, and looked very blank when they saw the stranger still keeping so far ahead. Aberlosk tried to make them all fall one by one, by creeping in before them as they passed; and at length laid hold of the hindmost by the foot, and brought him down.

By this time two of the Borderer's acquaintances had run down the green to meet him, and encourage him on. "Weel done, Hobby!" they were shouting: "Weel done, Hobby!—Liddesdale for ever!—Let them lick at that!—Let the benty-necks crack now!—Weel done! Hobby!"—I really felt as much interested about the issue, at this time, as it was possible for any of the adverse parties to be. The enthusiasm seemed contagious; for though I knew not one side from the other, yet was I running amang the rest, and shouting as they did. A sort of half-animated murmur now began to spread, and gained ground every moment. A little gruff Cossack-looking peasant came running near with a peculiar wildness in his looks, and accosted one of the men that were cheering Hobby. "Dinna be just sae loud an' ye like, Willie Beattie; dinna mak nae mair din than just what's needfu'. Will o' Bellendine! haud till him, sir, or it's day wi' us! Hie, Will, if ever ye ran i' your life!—By Jehu, sir, ye're winning every third step!—He has him *dead!* he has him *dead!*" The murmur which had increased like the rushing of many waters, now terminated in a frantic shout. Hobby had strained too hard at first, in order to turn the stoop before Aberlosk, who never intended turning it at all—the other youth was indeed fast gaining on him, and I saw his lips growing pale, and his knees plaiting as if unable to bear his weight—his breath was quite exhausted, and though within twenty yards of the stoop, Will began to shoulder bye him. So anxious was Hobby now to keep his ground, that his body pressed onward faster than his feet could keep up with it, and his face, in consequence, came deliberately against the earth,—he could not be said to fall, for he just ran on till he could get no farther for something that stopped him. "Will o' Bellendine won the broose amid clamours of applause, which he seemed fully to appreciate—the rest were over

Hobby in a moment; and if it had not been for the wayward freaks of Aberlosk, this redoubted champion would fairly have won the mell.

The lad that Aedie overthrew, in the midst of his career, was very angry with him on account of the outrage—but Aedie cared for no man's anger. "The man's mad," said he; "wad ye attempt to strive wi' the champion of Liddesdale?—Hout, tout! haud your tongue; ye're muckle better as ye are. I sall take the half o' the mell wi' ye."

On our return to the house, I was anxious to learn something of Aedie, who seemed to be a very singular character. Upon applying to a farmer of his acquaintance, I was told a number of curious and extravagant stories of him, one or two of which I shall insert here, as I profess to be giving anecdotes of the country life.

He once quarrelled with another farmer on the highway, who, getting into a furious rage, rode at Aedie to knock him down. Aedie, who was on foot, fled with all his might to the top of a large dunghill for shelter, where, getting hold of a graip (a three-pronged fork used in agriculture), he attacked his adversary with such an overflow of dung, that his horse took fright, and in spite of all he could do, ran clear off with him, and left Aedie master of the field. The farmer, in high wrath, sent him a challenge to fight with pistols, in a place called Selkith Hope, early in the morning. This is an extremely wild, steep, and narrow glen. Aedie attended, but kept high up on the hill; and when his enemy reached the narrowest part of the Hope, began the attack by rolling great stones at him down from the mountain. Nothing could be more appalling than this—the farmer and his horse were both alike terrified, and, as Aedie expressed it, "he set them baith back the gait they cam, as their heads had been a-lowe."

Another time, in that same Hope of Selkith, he met a stranger, whom he mistook for another man called Jamie Sword; and because the man denied that he was Jamie Sword, Aedie fastened a quarrel on him, insisted on him either being Jamie Sword, or giving some proofs to the contrary. It was very impudent in him, he said, to give any man the lie, when he could produce no evidence of his being wrong. The man gave him his word that he was not Jamie Sword. "O, but that's naething," said Aedie, "I give you my word that you are, and I think my word's as good as yours ony day." Finally, he told the man that if he would not acknowledge that he was wrong, and confessed that he was Jamie Sword, he would fight him.—He did so, and got himself severely thrashed.

The following is a copy of a letter, written by Aedie to a great personage, dated Aberlosk, May 27th, 1806.*

"*To George the Third, London.*

"DEAR SIR,—I went thirty miles on foot yesterday to pay your taxes, and after all, the bodies would not take them, saying that I was too late, and that they must now be recovered, with expenses, by regular course of law. I thought if your Majesty was like me, money would never come wrong to you, although it were a few days too late; so I enclose you £27 in notes, and half-a-guinea, which is the amount of what they charge me for last year, and fourpence half-penny over. You must send me a receipt when the coach comes back, else they will not believe that I have paid you.

"Direct to the care of Andrew Wilson, butcher in Hawick.

"I am, dear Sir, your most humble servant, A*** B***. To the King.

"P.S.—This way of taxing the farmers will never do; you will see the upshot."

It has been reported over all that country, that this letter reached its destination, and that a receipt was returned in due course of post; but the

* Should the reader imagine that this curious epistle is a mere coinage of my own, I can assure him, from undoubted authority, that both Aedie and his letter are faithful transcripts from real and *existing originals*.

truth is (and, for the joke's sake, it is a great pity it should have been so), that the singularity of the address caused some friends to open the letter, and return it, with the money, to the owner; but not before they had taken a copy of it, from which the above is exactly transcribed.

COUNTRY DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.

No. I.—THE WIFE OF LOCHMABEN.

NOT many years ago there lived in the ancient royal borough of Lochmaben, an amiable and good Christian woman, the wife of a blacksmith, named James Neil, whose death gave rise to a singularly romantic story, and finally to a criminal trial at the Circuit Court of Dumfries. The story was related to me by a strolling gipsy of the town of Lochmaben, pretty nearly as follows:—

The smith's wife had been for several years in a state of great bodily suffering and debility, which she bore with all resignation, and even cheerfulness, although during the period of her illness she had been utterly neglected by her husband, who was of a loose, profligate character, and in everything the reverse of his wife. Her hours were, however, greatly cheered by the company of a neighbouring widow, of the same devout and religious cast of mind with herself. These two spent most of their time together, taking great delight in each other's society. The widow attended to all her friend's little wants, and often watched by her bed a good part of the night, reading to her out of the Bible and other religious books, and giving every instance of disinterested kindness and attention.

The gallant blacksmith was all this while consoling himself in the company of another jolly buxom quean, of the tinker breed, who lived in an apartment under the same roof with him and his spouse. He seldom visited the latter; but on pretence of not disturbing her, both boarded and lodged with his swarthy Egyptian. Nevertheless, whenever the two devout friends said their evening prayers, the blacksmith was not forgotten, but every blessing besought to rest on his head.

One morning, when the widow came in about the usual hour, to visit her friend, she found to her utter astonishment, that she was gone, though she had been very ill the preceding night. The bed-clothes were cold, the fire on the hearth was gone, and a part of her daily wearing apparel was lying at the bed side as usual.

She instantly ran and informed the smith. But he hated this widow and answered her churlishly, without deigning to look up to her, or so much as delaying his work for a moment to listen to her narrative. There he stood, with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, pelting away at his hot iron, and bidding his informant "gang to the devil, for an auld frazing hypocritical jade; an' if she didna find her praying snivelling crony there, to seek her where she saw her last—If she didna ken where she was, how was he to ken?"

The widow alarmed the neighbours, and a general search was instantly set on foot; but before that time, the body of the lost woman had been discovered floating in the middle of the Loch adjoining the town. Few people paid any attention to the unfortunate circumstance. They knew or believed, that the woman lived unhappily and in bad terms with her husband, and had no doubt

that she had drowned herself in a fit of despair; and impressed with all the horror that country people naturally have of suicide, they refused her the rights of Christian burial. The body was, in consequence, early next morning tied between two deals, and carried out to the height, several miles to the westward of the town, where it was consigned to a dishonourable grave; being deep buried precisely in the march, or boundary, between the lands of two different proprietors.

Time passed away, and the gossips of Lochmaben were very free both with the character of the deceased and her surviving husband, not forgetting his jolly Egyptian. The more profligate part of the inhabitants said, "they never saw ony good come o' sae muckle canting an' praying, an' singing o' psalms; an' that for a' the wife's high pretensions to religious zeal, an' faith, an' hope, an' a' the lave o't, she had gien hersel up to the deil at ae smack." But the more serious part of the community only shook their heads, and said, "alas, it was hard kenning fouk frae outward appearances; for nane wha kend that wife wad hae expectit sic an end as this!"

But the state of the widow's mind after this horrible catastrophe is not to be described. Her confidence in the mercy of Heaven was shaken; and she began to doubt of its justice. Her faith was stunned, and she felt her heart bewildered in its researches after truth. For several days she was so hardened, that she durst not fall on her knees before the footstool of divine grace. But after casting all about, and finding no other hold or anchor, she again one evening, in full bitterness of heart, kneeled before her Maker, and poured out her spirit in prayer; begging, that if the tenets she held, were tenets of error, and disapproved of by the Fountain of life, she might be forgiven, and directed in the true path to Heaven.

When she had finished, she sat down on her lowly form, leaned her face upon both her hands, and wept bitterly as she thought on the dismal exit of her beloved friend, with whom she had last prayed. As she sat thus, she heard the footsteps of one approaching her, and looking up, she beheld her friend whom she supposed to have been dead and buried, standing on the floor, and looking to her with a face of so much mildness and benignity, that the widow, instead of being terrified, was rejoiced to see her. The following dialogue then passed between them, as nearly as I could gather it from the confused narrative of a strolling gipsy, who however knew all the parties.

"God of mercy preserve us, Mary, is that you? Where have you been? We thought it had been you that was found drowned in the Loch."

"And who did you think drowned me?"

"We thought you had drowned yourself."

"Oh, fie! how could *you* do me so much injustice? Would that have been aught in conformity to the life we two have led together, and the sweet heavenly conversation we maintained?"

"What could we say? Or what could we think? The best are sometimes left to themselves. But where have you been, Mary?"

"I have been on a journey at a strange place. But you do not know it, my dear friend. You know only the first stage at which I rested in my way, and a cold damp lodging it is. It was at a place called the Crane Moor."

"Heaven defend us! That was the name of the place where they buried the body that was found in the Loch. Tell me implicitly, Mary, were you not dead?"

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not see me alive, and well, and cheerful, and happy?"

"I know and believe that the soul can never die; but strange realities come over my mind. Tell me, was it not your body that was found floating in the Loch, and buried in shame and disgrace on the top of the Crane Moor."

"You have so far judged right; but I am raised from the dead, as you see, and restored to life, and it is all for your sake; for the faith of the just must not perish. How could *you* believe that I would throw away my precious soul, by taking away my own life? My husband felled me with a bottle on

the back part of the head, breaking my skull. He then put my body into a sack, carried it out in the dark, and threw it into the Loch. It was a deed of atrocity and guilt, but he will live to repent it, and it has proved a deed of mercy to me. I am well, and happy; and all that we believed of a Saviour and a future state of existence is true."

On receiving this extraordinary information, and precisely at this part of the dialogue, the widow fainted; and, on recovering from her swoon, she found that her friend was gone; but, conscious of having been in her perfect senses, and remembering everything that had passed between them, she was convinced that she had seen and conversed with her deceased friend's ghost, or some good benevolent spirit in her likeness.

Accordingly, the next morning, she went to a magistrate, and informed him of the circumstances; but he only laughed her to scorn, and entreated her, for her own sake, never again to mention the matter, else people would account her mad. She offered to make oath before witnesses, to the truth of every particular; but this only increased the chagrin of the man in office, and the worthy widow was dismissed with many bitter reproaches. She next went to the minister, and informed him of what she had seen and heard. He answered her kindly, and with caution; but ultimately strove only to reason her from her belief; assuring her, that it was the effect of a distempered imagination, and occasioned by reflecting too deeply on the unfortunate end of her beloved friend; and his reasoning being too powerful for her to answer, she was obliged to give up the point.

She failed not, however, to publish the matter among her neighbours, relating the circumstances in that firm serious manner in which a person always stands to the truth, thereby making an impression on the minds of every one who heard her. The story was of a nature to take, among such a society as that of which the main bulk of the population of Lochmaben and its vicinity consists. It flew like wild-fire. The people blamed their magistrates and ministers; and on the third day after the appearance of the deceased, they rose in a body, and with two ministers, two magistrates, and two surgeons at their head, they marched away to the Crane-moor, and lifted the corpse for inspection.

To the astonishment of all present, it appeared on the very first examination, that the deceased had been felled by a stroke on the back part of the head, which had broken her skull, and occasioned instant death. Little cognizance had been taken of the affair at her death; but, at any rate, her long hair was folded so carefully over the wound, and bound with a snood so close to her head, that without a minute investigation, the fracture could not have been discovered. Farther still, in confirmation of the words of the apparition, on the surgeons' opening the head, it appeared plainly from the semi-circular form of the fracture, that it had actually been inflicted by one side of the bottom of a bottle; and there being hundreds of respectable witnesses to all these things, the body was forthwith carried to the churchyard, and interred there; the smith was seized, and conveyed to jail; and the inhabitants of Annandale were left to wonder in the utmost astonishment.

The smith was tried at the ensuing Circuit-court of Dumfries, where the widow was examined as a principal witness. She told her story before the judges with firmness, and swore to every circumstance communicated to her by the ghost; and even when cross-examined by the prisoner's counsel, she was not found to prevaricate in the least. The jury appeared to be staggered, and could not refuse their assent to the truth of this relation. The prisoner's counsel, however, obviated this proof, on account of its being related at second hand, and not by an eye-witness of the transaction. He therefore refused to admit it against his client, unless the ghost appeared personally, and made a verbal accusation; and, being a gentleman of a sarcastic turn, he was but too successful in turning this part of the evidence into ridicule, thereby quite, or in a great measure, undoing the effect that it had made on the minds of the jury.

A material witness being still wanting, the smith was remanded back to prison until the Autumn circuit, at which time his trial was concluded. The witness above mentioned having then been found, he stated to the court, That as he chanced to pass the prisoner's door, between one and two in the morning of that day on which the deceased was found in the loch, he heard a noise as of one forcing his way out; and, wondering who it could be that was in the house at that hour, he had the curiosity to conceal himself in an adjoining door, until he saw who came out: That the night being very dark, he was obliged to cower down almost close to the earth, in order that he might have the object between him and the sky; and, while sitting in that posture, he saw a man come out of the smith's house, with something in a sack upon his back: That he followed the figure for some time, and intended to have followed farther; but he was seized with an indescribable terror, and went away home; and that, on the morning, when he heard of the dead body being found in the loch, he entertained not a doubt of the smith having murdered his wife, and then conveyed her in a sack to the loch. On being asked, If he could aver upon oath, that it was the prisoner whom he saw coming out of the house bearing the burden—He said he could not, because the burden which he carried, caused the person to stoop, and prevented him from seeing his figure distinctly; but, that it was him, he had no doubt remaining on his mind. On being asked why he had not divulged this sooner and more publicly; he said, that he was afraid the business in which he was engaged that night might have been inquired into, which it was of great consequence to him at that time to keep secret; and, therefore, he was not only obliged to conceal what he had seen, but to escape for a season out of the way, for fear of being examined.

The crime of the prisoner appeared now to be obvious; at least the presumption was strong against him. Nevertheless the judge, in summing up the evidence, considered the proof as defective; expatiated at considerable length on the extraordinary story related by the widow, which it could not be denied had been the occasion of bringing the whole to light, and had been most wonderfully exemplified by corresponding facts; and said he considered himself bound to account for it in a natural way, for the satisfaction of his own mind and the minds of the jury, and could account for it in no other, than by supposing that the witness had discovered the fracture before the body of her friend had been consigned to the grave; and that on considering leisurely and seriously the various circumstances connected with the fatal catastrophe, she had become convinced of the prisoner's guilt, and had either fancied, or, more probably, dreamed the story, on which she had dwelt so long, that she believed it as a fact.

After all, the jury, by a small majority, returned a verdict of *not proven;* and, after a severe reprehension and suitable exhortations, the smith was dismissed from the bar. I forgot to mention in its proper place, that one of the principal things in his favour, was, that of his abandoned inamorata having made oath that he was in her apartment all that night, and never left it.

He was now acquitted in the eye of the law, but not in the eyes of his countrymen; for all those who knew the circumstances, believed him guilty of the murder of his wife. On the very night of his acquittal, he repaired at a late hour to the abode of his beloved Egyptian; but he was suspected, and his motions watched with all due care. Accordingly, next morning, at break of day, a large mob, who had assembled with all quietness, broke into the house, and dragged both the parties from the same den; and, after making them ride the stang through all the principal streets of the town, threw them into the loch, and gave them a complete ducking, suffering them barely to escape with life. At the same time, on their dismissal, they were informed, that if they continued in the same course of life, the experiment would be very frequently repeated. Shortly after that, the two offending delinquents made a moonlight flitting, and escaped into Cumberland. My informant had not heard more of them, but she assured me they would make a bad end.

No. II.—WELLDEAN HALL.

"Do you believe this story of the Ghost, Gilbert?" "Do I believe this story of the ghost? such a question as that is now! How many will you answer me in exchange for my ingenious answer to that most exquisite question? You see that tree there. Do you believe that it grew out of the earth? Or do you believe that it is there at all? Secondly, and more particularly. You see me? Good. You see my son at the plow yonder. What do you believe yon boy to be? Do you believe he is a twig of hazel?"

"How can I believe that, old shatterbrains?"

"I'll prove it. What does a hazel twig spring from at first?"

"A nut, or filbert, you may choose to call it."

"Good. Now, which letter of the alphabet begins my name?"

"The seventh."

"Good. Your own sentence. Look at the hornbook. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. You have it at home. My son sprung from a filbert. Satisfied? Ha, ha, ha! Another. Do you believe old Nick to be a simpleton? A ninny? A higgler for nits and nest-eggs? An even down nose-o'-wax, not possessed of half the sense, foresight, and calculation that's in my one eye? In short, do you believe that both the devil and you are fools, and that Gilbert Falconer is a wise man?"

"There's no speaking seriously to you about any thing, with your low miserable attempts at wit."

"I'll prove it."

"No more of your proofs, else I am off."

"I was coming to the very point which you set out at, if you would have suffered me. I would have come to a direct answer to your question in less than forty minutes. But it is all one. Odds or evens, who of us two shall conform to Solomon's maxim."

"What maxim of Solomon's?"

"*Answer a fool according to his folly.* What say you?"

"Odds."

"I have lost. The wit, the humour, the fire, the spirit, of our afternoon's conversation is at an end. Wit! Wit! Thou art a wreck—a lumber—a spavined jade! Now for a rhyme, and I'm done.

"O Gilbert Falconer!
Thou hast made a hack on her!
For Nick is on the back on her!
Who was't spurr'd her last away?
Bear him, bear him fast away;
Or Nick will be a cast-away!"

"Is the fit done yet? In the name of all that is rational let us have some respite from that torrent of words, that resemble nothing so much as a waterspout, that makes a constant rumbling noise, without any variation or meaning. I wanted to have some serious talk with you about this. The family are getting into the utmost consternation. What can be the meaning of it? Do you believe that such a thing as the apparition of our late master has been seen?"

"Indeed, old Nicholas, seriously, I do believe it. How can I believe otherwise?"

"Don't you rather think it is some illusion of the fancy—that the people are deceived, and their senses have imposed on them?"

"A man has nothing but his external senses to depend on in this world. If these may be supposed fallacious, what is to be considered as real that we either hear or see? I conceive, that if a man *believes* that he *does* see an object standing before his eyes, and knows all its features and lineaments, why, he *does* see it, let casuists say what they will. If he hear it pronounce

words audibly, who dare challenge the senses that God has given him, and maintain that he heard no such words pronounced? I would account the man a presumptuous fool who would say so, or who would set any limits to the phenomena of nature, knowing in whose hand the universe is balanced, and how little of it he thoroughly understands."

"Why, now, Gilbert, to have heard you speaking the last minute, would any man have believed that such a sentence could have come out of your mouth? That which you have said was certainly very well said; and more to the point than any thing I could have *thought* on the subject for I know not how long. So I find you think a ghost may sometimes be commissioned, or permitted to appear?"

"I have never once doubted it. Superstition has indeed peopled every dell with ideal spectres; but to these I attach no credit. If the senses of men, however, are in ought to be trusted, I cannot doubt that spirits have sometimes walked the earth in the likenesses of men and women that once lived. It is certainly not on any slight or trivial occasion, that such messengers from the dead appear; and, were it not for some great end, I would not believe in it. I conceive it to be only when all natural means are cut off, either of discovering guilt and blood, or of saving life. The idea of this is so pleasant, that I would not for the world misbelieve it. How grand is the conviction, that there is a being on your right hand and your left, that sees the actions of all his creatures, and will not let the innocent suffer, nor the guilty go unpunished!"

"I am so glad to hear you say so, Gilbert: for I had begun to dispute my own senses, and durst not tell what I had seen. I myself saw our late master, face to face, as plainly as I see you at this moment. And that no longer ago than the night before last."

"God have a care of us! Is it even so? Then I fear, Old Nicholas, there has been some foul play going on. Where did you see him?"

"In the garden. He went into the house, and beckoned me to follow him. I was on the point of complying; for, though I have been deeply troubled at thinking of it, I was not afraid at the time. The deceased had nothing ghostly about him; and I was so used to do all his commands, that I felt very awkward in declining this last one. How I have trembled to think about it! Is it not said and believed, Gilbert, that one who sees the spirit always dies in a very short time after?"

"I believe it is held as an adage."

"Oh dreadful! Then I shall soon meet him again. How awful a thing it is to go into the world of spirits altogether! And that so soon! Is there no instance of one who has seen a ghost living for any length of time afterwards?"

"No. I believe not."

"I wonder what he had ado in appearing to me? But he never liked me, and had always plenty of malice about him. I am very ill, Gilbert. Oh! oh! Lack-a-day!"

"O fie! Never think about that. You are as well dead as living, if it should be so. Much better."

"And is that all the lamentation you make for your old friend? Ah, Gilbert, life is sweet even to an old man! And though I wish all my friends happy that are gone, yet such happiness is always the last that I wish them. Oh! oh! Good bye, Gilbert. Farewell! It is hard to say when you and I may meet again."

"You are not going to leave me that way? Come, sit down, and let us lean our two old backs to this tree, and have some farther conversation about this wonderful occurrence. Tell me seriously, old Nick, or Father Adam, I should rather call you; for you delve a garden like him, and like him have been bilked by a lusty young quean. Tell me, I say, seriously, what you thought of the character of our late master, and what is your opinion of this our present one?"

"I do not think of either of them. Ah! there are many doors to the valley of death, and they stand open day and night! but there are few out of it!"

"A plague on this old fellow, with his valley of death! He thinks of nothing but his worthless carcass. I shall get no more sense out of him. I think, Father Adam, our young master is a wretch; and I now dread our late one has not been much better. Think you the dog can have killed his uncle? I fear he has. And I fear you have been privy to it, since you confess his ghost has appeared to you. Confess that you administered some of your herbs, some simples to him; and that it was not an apoplexy of which he dropt down dead. Eh! I do not wonder that you are afraid of the valley of death, if it is by a noose that you are to enter it."

"Poor fool! poor fool!"

"After all, is it not wonderful, Nicholas? What can have brought our master back from the unseen world? Do you think this nephew of his has had any hand in his death? He has now got possession of all his lands, houses, and wealth, which I well believe never were intended for him; while his younger brother Allan, and his lovely cousin, Susan Somerville, our late master's chief favourite, are left without a farthing."

"The cause of our master's death was perfectly ascertained by the surgeons. Though the present laird be a man without principle, I do not believe ever he harboured a thought of making away with his uncle."

"How comes it then that his spirit walks even while it is yet twilight, and the sun but shortly gone over the hill? How comes it that his will has not been found? And if our young laird and his accomplices represent things aright, not one tenth of his great wealth?"

"Heaven knows! It is a grievous and a mysterious matter."

"I suppose this mansion will soon be locked up. We must all flit, Nicholson. Is it not conjectured that the laird has himself seen the apparition?"

"It is believed that he encountered it in the library that night on which he grew so ill. He has never slept by himself since that night, and never again re-entered the library. All is to be sold; for the two young people claim their thirds of the moveables; and, as you say, we must all flit. But I need not care! Oh! Oh! Goodbye, Gilbert! Oh! Oh! I wonder what the ghost of the old miser—the old world's-worm, had ado to appear to me! To cut me off from the land of the living and the place where repentance may be hoped for! Oh! Oh! Farewell, Gilbert."

Gilbert kept his eye on the bent frame of the old gardener, till a bend in the wood walk hid him from his view, and then he mimicked him for his own amusement, and indulged in a long fit of laughter. Gilbert had been bred to the church, but his follies and irregularities drove him from the university. He attempted many things, and at last was engaged as butler and house-steward to the late laird of Welldean; but even there he was disgraced, and became a kind of hanger-on about the mansion, acting occasionally as wood-forester, or rather wood-cleaver; drank as much of the laird's strong beer as he could conveniently get; cracked profane jests with the servants and cottage-dames; talked of agriculture with the farmers; of Homer and Virgil with the schoolmaster; and of ethics with Dr. Leadbeater, the parish minister. Gilbert was every body's body; but cared little for any one, knowing that few cared aught for him. He had nevertheless a good heart, and a mortal abhorrence of every thing tyrannical or unjust, as well as mean and sordid.

Old Welldean had lived a sober retired life, and was exceedingly rich; but was one of those men *who could in no wise part with money*. He had two nephews by a brother, and one niece by a sister. It was known that he had once made a will, which both the writer and one of the witnesses attested; but he had been cut off suddenly, and neither the will nor his accumulated treasures could be found, though many suspected, that the elder nephew, Randal, had concealed the one, and destroyed the other. As heir-at-law, he had seized on the whole property, and his brother Allan, and lovely cousin,

Miss Somerville, two young and amiable lovers, found themselves deprived of that which they had been bred up to regard as their own. They claimed, of course, their share of the moveables, which the heir haughtily proposed to bring to the hammer. These were of considerable value. The library alone was judged to be worth a great sum, as it had descended from father to son, and had still been increasing in value for several generations. But from the moment that an inventory began to be taken of the things of the house, which was nearly a year after the old laird's death, the family were driven into the utmost consternation by a visit of an apparition, exactly resembling their late master. It walked not only every night, but was sometimes seen in open day, encountering some with threatening gestures and beckoning others to follow him.

These circumstances confirmed Randal in his resolution, not only to sell the furniture, but even to dispose of the house and policies, and purchase another place in lieu of it. It was supposed he had got a dreadful fright himself, but this circumstance he judged it proper to conceal, lest advantages might be taken of it by intending purchasers; and he now manifested the utmost impatience to bring the sales about.

Among other interested agents, two wealthy booksellers, Pinchport and Titlepage, were applied to as the best and most conscientious men in the world to give a fair price for the valuable library. These sent an old book-monger to look over the library, and put down a certain value for every work. The man proceeded with great activity and no less importance. But one evening, as he approached an oaken book-case in the middle of a large division, he perceived an old man standing before it, of a most forbidding and threatening aspect. The honest bibliopole bowed low to this mysterious intruder, who regarded him only with a frown, kept his position, and, holding up his right hand, shook it at him, as if daring him to approach nearer to that place.

The man of conscience began to look around him, for he had heard of the ghost, though he disregarded the story. The door was close shut! It was impossible a mouse could have entered without him having perceived it. He looked at the old man again, and thought he discerned the spokes of the book-case through his body; and, at the same time, there appeared like a lambent flame burning within him.

The valuator of books made toward the door as fast as his loosened and yielding joints could carry him; he even succeeded in opening it; but, in his unparalleled haste to escape, he lost all manner of caution, and fell headlong over the oaken stair. In his fall he uttered a horrible shriek, which soon brought the servants from the hall to his assistance. When they arrived, he had tumbled all the way to the bottom of the stair; and, though all mangled and bleeding, he was still rolling and floundering onward, in order somewhat to facilitate his escape. They asked him what was the matter? His answer to them was—"The ghost, the ghost;" and the honest bibliopole spoke not another word that anybody could make sense of, for at least two months. One of his jaws was broke, which, instantaneously swelling, deprived him of the power of utterance. He was besides much lacerated, and bruised, and fell into a dangerous fever. No explanation having thus been given of the circumstances of the adventure, the story soon spread, and assumed a character highly romantic, and no less uncommon. It was asserted, on the strongest evidence, that the ghost of the late laird had attacked an honest valuator of books in the library, and tossed him down stairs, breaking every bone of his body. The matter began to wear a serious aspect, and the stoutest hearts about the mansion were chilled. A sort of trepidation and uncertainty was apparent in the look, gait, and whole demeanour of every one of the inhabitants. All of them were continually looking around, in the same manner that a man does who is afraid of being taken up for debt. The old housekeeper prayed without ceasing. Nicholas, the gardener, wept night and day, that he had so soon to go to heaven. Dr. Leadbeater, the parish minister, reasoned without end, how, "immaterial substances might be imaged forth by the workings of a fancy over-

heated and bedimmed in its mental vision, until its optics were overrun with opacity; and, that visions thus arose from the discord of colours, springing from the proportions of the vibrations propagated through the fibres of the optic nerves into the brain;" and a thousand other arguments, replete no doubt with deep philosophy, but of which no one knew the bearing of a single point. As for Gibby, the wood-forester, he drank ale and laughed at the whole business, sometimes reasoning on the one side, sometimes on the other, precisely as the whim caught him.

Randal spent little of his time in the mansion. He was engaged running the career of dissipation, to which heirs are generally addicted, and grew every day more impatient to accomplish the sale of his uncle's effects at Welldean. Matters were at a stand. Ever since the misfortune of the bookman, farther proceeding there was none. Most people suspected a trick; but a trick having such serious consequences, was not a safe toy wherewith to dally. Randal lost all temper, and at last yielded to the solicitations of his domestics, to suffer the ghost to be spoken to, that the dead might have rest, as the housekeeper termed it.

Accordingly he sent for Dr. Leadbeater, the great metaphysical minister of the parish, and requested him to watch a night in the library; merely, as he said, to quiet the fears of the domestics, who had taken it into their heads that the house was haunted, and accordingly all order and regularity were at an end among them.

"Why, sir," said Dr. Leadbeater, "as to my watching a night, that's nothing. It is not that I would not watch ten nights to benefit your honour, either mainpernorly, laterally, or ultimately; but the sequel of such a vigilancy would be a thoroughfaring error, that by insidious vermiculation would work itself into the moral, physical, and mental intestines of those under my charge, in abundant multiformity; so that amaritude or acrimony might be deprehended in choler. But as to the appearance of anything superhuman, I can assure you, sir, it is nothing more than a penumbra, and proceeds from some obtuse reflexion, from a body superficially lustrous; which body must be spherical, or polyedrical, and the protuberant particles cylindrical, elliptical, and irregular; and according to the nature of these, and the situation of the lucid body, the sight of the beholder or beholders, from an angular point, will be affected figuratively and diametrically."

"Why, d——n it doctor," said Randal, "that, I think, is all excellent philosophical reasoning. But in one word; you pretend to hold your commission from Heaven, and to be set there to watch over the consciences, and all the moral and religious concerns of your parishioners. Now, here is a family consisting of nearly forty individuals, all thrown into the utmost consternation by what, it seems, according to your theory, is nothing more than *an obtuse reflexion*. The people are absolutely in great distress, and on the point of losing their reason. I conceive it therefore your duty, as their spiritual pastor, either to remove this obtuse reflexion out of the house, or quiet their apprehensions regarding it. One poor fellow has, I fear, got his death's wounds from this same peculiar reflexion. Certainly the *polyedrical body* might be found out and removed. In one word, doctor, will you be so good as attempt it, or will you not?"

"I have attempted it already, worthy sir," said the doctor; "I have explained the whole nature of the deceptive refraction to you, which you may explain to them, you know."

"Thank you, doctor; I shall. 'It is an obtuse reflection,' you say, 'from a body spiritual, polyedrical, protuberant, cylindrical, elliptical, and irregular.' D——n them, if they don't understand that, they deserve to be frightened out of their senses."

"Oh, you're a wag. You are witty. It may be very good, but I like not your wit."

"Like my uncle's ghost, doctor, rather *obtuse*. But faith, doctor, between you and me, I'll give you fifty guineas in a present, and as much good

claret as you and an associate can drink, if you will watch a night in the library, and endeavour to find out what this is that disturbs the people of my establishment. But, doctor, it is only on this condition, that whatever you may discover in that library, you are to make it known only to me. My late uncle's hoards of wealth and legal bonds have not been discovered, neither has his will. I have a thought that both may be concealed in that apartment; and that the old miser has had some machinery contrived in his lifetime to guard his treasure. You understand me, doctor? It imports me much; whatever you discover, *I only* must be made privy to it. It is as well that my brother, and his conceited inamorata Susan, should be under my tutelage and direction, as rendered independent of me, and haply raised above me. Doctor, what would you think of a thousand pounds in your hand as the fruits of one night's watching in that library? You are superior I know to any dread of danger from the appearance of a spirit."

"Why, to tell you the truth, squire Randal, as to the amatorculist, and his vertiginous gilt picce of mutability, to such I have nothing to say, and with such I have nothing to do. But to better the fortune of my alderleivest friend, in reciprocation and alternateness with my own, squares as exactly with my views as the contents of an angle; which, in all rectangle triangles is made of the side that subtendeth the right angle, and is equal to the squares which are made of the sides containing the right angle; and this is a perfect definition of my predominant inclination. The discerptibility of fortune is not only admissible, but demonstratively certain, and whatever proves adminicular to its concentration is meritorious."

"I am rather at a loss, Dr. Leadbeater."

"Your proposition, squire, as it deserveth, hath met with perfect acceptability on my part. Only, instead of claret, let the beverage for my friend and me be hock."

"With all my heart, doctor."

"Fifty, at all events, for one night's watching; perhaps a thousand?"

"The precise terms, doctor."

Everything being thus settled, the doctor sought out an associate, and fixed on Mr. Jinglekirk, an old man who, for want of a patron, had never been able to get a living in the church, though he had been for twenty years what is called a journeyman minister. He had a weak mind, and was addicted to tippling; but had nevertheless an honest and upright heart. The doctor, however, made choice of him, on account of his poverty and simplicity, thinking he could mould him to his will with ease, should any great discovery be made.

The next week, the reverend doctor sent word to Welldean, that he and a friend meant to visit there, to pray with the family, and watch over night, to peruse some books in the library, or rather to make choice of some, previous to the approaching sale. The two divines came; the laird kept purposely out of the way, but left directions with his brother Allan, to receive and attend on them until after supper, and then leave them to themselves.

All the people assembled in the library, and Mr. Jinglekirk performed family worship at the request of the doctor. Afterwards a plentiful supper, and various rich wines, were set, of which both the divines partook rather liberally. Allan remained with them during supper, but not perfectly at his ease, for he was at least next to convinced that there was something preternatural about the house;—something unaccountable he was sure there was.

After supper, chancing to lift his eyes to the old book-case of black oak and glass, that stood exactly opposite to the fire place, he perceived, or thought he perceived, the form of a hand pointing to a certain pane of glass in the book-case. He grew instantly as pale as ashes; on which both the divines turned their eyes in the same direction, but there was nothing. Even to Allan's eyes there was nothing. The appearance of the hand was quite gone, and he was convinced it had been an illusion. They asked him, with some symptoms of

perturbation, what he saw? But he assured them he saw nothing; only he said, he had not been very well of late, and was subjected to sudden qualms —that one of these had seized him, and he would be obliged to wish them a good night. They entreated him to remain until they finished the bottle, but he begged to be excused, and left them.

As soon as they were alone, the doctor began to sound Jinglekirk with regard to his principles of honesty, and mentioned to him the suspicion and the strong probability that the late old miser's treasures were all concealed in that library; and moreover, that even their host suspected that he had contrived some mechanical trick during his lifetime to guard that treasure, and it was thus that the servants, and even strangers, were frighted out of the apartment.

The reverend John Jinglekirk listened to all this with tacit indifference, filled another glass of old hock, and acquiesced with his learned friend in the strong probability of all that he had advanced. But notwithstanding every hint that the doctor could give, John (as the other familiarly styled him,) would never utter a syllable indicative of a disposition to share the treasure with his liberal friend, or even to understand that such a thing was meant.

The doctor had therefore recourse to another plan, in which he was too sure of success. He toasted one bumper of wine after another, giving first, "the Church of Scotland," and then, some nobleman and gentlemen, particular friends of his, who had plenty of livings in their gift. Then such young ladies as were particularly beautiful, accomplished, and had *the clink*; in short, the very women for clergymen's. Jinglekirk delighted in these toasts, and was as liberal of them as his friend could wish, drinking deep bumpers to every one of them,

> 'Till his een they closed an' his voice grew low,
> An' his tongue wad hardly gang.'

At length he gave one whom he pronounced to be a *divine creature*, drank a huge bumper to her health, and then, leaning forward on the table, his head sank gradually down till it came in contact with his two arms, his tongue now and then pronouncing in a voice scarcely audible, "O, a divine creature! sweet! sweet! sweet! Ha-ha-ha! he-he-he!—Divine creature! Doctor—I shay—Is not she? Eh? O she's lovely and amiable! doctor—I shay—she's the sheaf among ten thousand!" and with that honest Jinglekirk composed himself to a quiet slumber.

The doctor now rose up to reconnoitre; and, walking round and round the library, began to calculate with himself where it was most likely old Welldean would conceal his treasure. His eyes and his contemplations very naturally fixed on the old book-case of black oak. He had previously formed a firm resolution not to be surprised by any sudden appearance; which, he conjectured, might be made by springs to start up on setting his foot on a certain part of the floor, or on opening a folding door. On the contrary, he conceived that any such appearance would be a certain evidence that the treasure was behind that, and in that place his research ought to be doubled.

Accordingly, without more ado, he went up to the old book-case. The upper two leaves were unlocked, as the man of books had left them. There were a few panes of thick, blue, navelled glass in each of them, while the transverse bars were curiously carved, and as black as ebony. "It is an antique and curious cabinet this, and must have many small concealments in it," said the doctor to himself, as he opened the door. He began to remove the books, one by one, from the left hand to the right, not to look at their contents, but to observe if there were any keyholes or concealed drawers behind them. He had only got half way along one shelf. The next three volumes were Latin classics, royal octavo size; in boards, and unproportionally thick. He had just stretched out his hand to remove one of them, when he received from some unseen hand such a blow on some part of his body, he knew not where, but it was as if he had been struck by a thunder-

bolt, that made him stagger some paces backward, and fall at full length on the floor. When he received the blow, he uttered the interrogative "What?" as loud as he could bawl; and, as he fell to the floor, he uttered it again; not louder; for that was impossible; but with more emphasis, and an inverted cadence, quite peculiar to a state of inordinate surprise.

These two startling cries, and the rumble that he made when falling, aroused the drowsy John Jinglekirk, not only into a state of sensibility, but perfect accuracy of intellect. The first thing that he saw was his reverend friend raising up his head from the foot of the table, staring wildly about him.

"John—What was that?" said he.

"I had some thought it was your reverence," said Jinglekirk.

"But who was it that knocked me down? John, was it you who had the presumption to strike me down by such a blow as that?"

"Me, doctor? I offer to knock you down? I think you might know I would be the last man in the world who would presume to do such a thing. But simply and honestly, was it not this fellow who did it?" And with that Jinglekirk pointed to the wine bottle; for he believed the doctor had only fallen asleep, and dropped from his chair. "For me, doctor, I was sitting contemplating the beauty and perfections of the divine and delicious Miss Cherrylip! And when I presume to lift a finger against you, doctor, may my right hand forget its cunning! But my Lord, and my God!" exclaimed he, lifting his eyes beyond the doctor, "who is this we have got here?"

The doctor, who had now got upon his knees, hearing this exclamation and question, so fraught with surprise, looked around, and beheld in front of the book-case, the exact figure and form of his old intimate friend, the late laird of Welldean. He was clad in his old spotted flannel dressing gown, and a large towel tied round his head like a turban, which he always wore in the house when living. His face was a face of defiance, rage, and torment; and as the doctor looked about he lifted up his right hand in a threatening manner. As he lifted his hand, his nightgown waved aside, and the doctor and his friend both beheld his loins and his limbs sheathed in red-hot burning steel, while a corslet of the same glowing metal enclosed his breast and heart.

It was more than enough for any human eye. The doctor roared louder than a bull, or a lion at bay: and, not taking time, or not able to rise on his legs, he galloped on all four toward the library door; tore it open, and continued the same kangaroo motion, not down the stair, like the hapless bibliopole, but, as Providence kindly directed, along an intricate winding gallery that led around a great part of the house, all the while never letting one bellow await another. At the first howl that the doctor uttered, Jinglekirk sprung to his feet to attempt an escape, and would probably have been first out at the door, had he not stumbled on a limb of the table, and fallen flat on his face. Impelled, however, by terror of the tremendous and hellish figure behind, and led onward by the cries before, he made the best of his way that he was able after his routed friend.

The doctor at last came to the end of his journey, running against a double bolted door that impeded his progress. On this he beat with all his might, still continuing his cries of horror. While in this dark and perilous state, he was overtaken by his dismayed friend, the reverend John Jinglekirk, who, not knowing what he did, seized on the doctor behind with a spasmodic grasp. This changed the character of the doctor's cries materially. Before this accident, they were loud cries, and very long cries; but now they became as short as the bark of a dog, and excessively hollow. They were like the last burstings of the heart, "Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh;" for he thought the spirit had hold of him, and was squeezing him to its fiery bosom.

The domestics at length were aroused from their sleep, and arrived in the Bow Gallery, as it was called, in pairs and groups; but still, at the approach of every one, the doctor renewed his cries, trying to redouble them. He was in a state of utter distraction. They carried him away to what they de-

nominated the safe part of the house, and laid him in a bed, but four men could not hold him; so that before day they had put him in a strait-jacket, and had old Gibby Falconer standing over him with a sapling, basting him to make him hold his peace. It was long ere the doctor was himself again, and when he did recover, it was apparent to every one that the fright had deprived him of all his philosophy relating to the physical properties of light, reflexion, refraction, the prismatic spectrum, as well as transparency and opacity. These were terms never more mentioned by him, nor did he seem to recollect ought of their existence. It likewise cured him almost entirely of the clerical thirst after money. And all his life, the sight of a man in a flannel dressing-gown, with a white night-cap on his head, threw him into a cold sweat, and rendered him speechless for some time. Jinglekirk was not much the worse; for though he was apparently acute enough at the time, having been aroused by such a sudden surprise, yet, owing to the quantity of old hock he had swilled, he had but imperfect recollections of what had happened, next day.

Randal came galloping home next day to learn the issue of the doctor's vigil; and though he could not help laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks, yet was he mightily chagrined and dismayed, not knowing what to do. After cursing the whole concern, and all the ministers of the gospel, and his uncle's restless soul, he galloped off again to the high and important concerns of rout and riot.

Susan had, ever since the death of her mother, lodged with an old maiden lady in the adjoining village. She generally visited her uncle every day, who had always manifested a great attachment to her. Yet, for all that, he had suffered her to run considerably in debt to the lady with whom she lived, for no earthly consideration could make Welldean part with money, as long as he could keep hold of it. Nevertheless, it having been known that his will was regularly made and signed, both Susan and Allan had as much credit as they chose. They were two fond and affectionate lovers, but all their prospects were now blasted; and Randal, finding that they were likely to be dependant on him, had the profligacy and the insolence to make a most dishonourable and degrading proposal to his lovely and virtuous cousin.

How different was Allan's behaviour toward her! True love is ever respectful. His attentions were redoubled; and they condoled together their misfortune, and the dependent state in which they were now left. Allan proposed entering into the army, there being a great demand for officers and men at that period; and, as soon as he had obtained a commission, he said, he would then unite his fate with that of his dear Susan; and, by a life of economy, they would be enabled at least to live independently of others.

Susan felt all the generosity of her lover's scheme, but begged him not to think of marriage for a season. In the mean time, she said, she was resolved to engage in some nobleman or gentleman's family as a governess, for she was resolved, at all events, not to live dependant on his brother's generosity. Allan beseeched her not to think of such a thing, but she continued obstinate. She had never told Allan of his brother's base proposal to her, for fear of embroiling them together, and Randal, finding this to be the case, conceived that her secrecy boded approbation, and forthwith laid a scheme to get her into his power, and gain her to his purposes.

Allan had told his brother, in confidence, of his beloved cousin's simple plan, and besought him to protect her and keep her in that independent station to which her rank and birth entitled her. Randal said she was such a perverse, self-willed girl that Susan, that no one could prevail on her to do ought but what she chose, yet that he would endeavour to contrive something to benefit her.

After this, he ceased not to boast to his associates, that he would soon show them such a flower in his keeping, as never before blossomed within the ports of Edinburgh. Accordingly, he engaged a lady of the town to go out in a coach, in a dashing style, and wait on Susan, and engage her for the

family of an Irish Marquis. The terms were so liberal, that the poor girl's heart was elated. She was to go with this civil and polite dame for a few months, that she might be attended by some masters, to complete her education and accomplishments, all of which was to be liberally defrayed by the nobleman. After that, she was to go into the family as an associate, with a salary of £300, an offer too tempting to be refused by one in Susan's situation.

Now, it so happened, that the very night on which the two clergymen watched for the ghost of old Welldean, was that on which this temptress came to Susan's lodging with her proud offer. Both Susan and the old lady with whom she lived were delighted—entertained the woman kindly ; and it was agreed that she should tarry there all night, and Susan would depart for Edinburgh with her in the morning. Susan proposed sending for Allan, but to this both the old dames objected as unnecessary, as well as indelicate. They were both in Randall's interest, and, as it afterwards appeared, both knew him.

When Allan left the two ministers, he found his heart so ill at ease that he could not rest. The hand that he had seen upon the wall, haunted his imagination ; and he felt as if something portentous were hanging over him. He went out to walk, for the evening was fine, and it was scarcely yet twilight, and naturally went toward the village which contained his heart's whole treasure, and when there, as naturally drew to the house where she resided.

When he went in he found them all in a bustle, preparing for his beloved Susan's departure. The two dames evaded any explanation ; but Susan, with whom all deceit and equivocation with Allan was out of the question, took him straightway into her apartment, and made him acquainted with the whole in a few words. He disapproved of every part of the experiment, particularly on account of their total separation. She tried to reason with him, but he remained sullen, absent, and inflexible. His mind was disarranged before this intelligence, which proved an addition it could not bear with any degree of patience. Susan had expected to delight him with the news of her good fortune, and perceiving the effect so different from what she had calculated on, in the bitterness of disappointment she burst into tears.

All his feelings of affection were awakened anew by this. He begged her pardon again and again, pressed her to his bosom, and kissing the tears from her cheek, promised to acquiesce in every thing on which her heart was so much set. "Only, my dear Susan," continued he, "do not enter on such a step with precipitation. Take a little time to inquire into the character of this woman with whom you are to be a lodger, and the connexion in which she stands with this noble family. What if the whole should be a trick to ruin a beautiful and unsuspecting young creature without fortune and friends?"

"How can you suspect such motives as these, Allan? Of that, however, there can be no danger, for I am utterly unknown to any rake of quality that would be guilty of such an action."

"At all events," said he, "take a little time. I am frightened lest something befall you. A preconception of something extraordinary impending over our fates, has for some time pressed itself upon me, and I am afraid lest every step we take may be leading to it. To a friendless girl, so little known, a situation so lucrative and desirable could not be expected to come of itself. Have you ever made inquiry by whose interest it was procured?"

No, Susan had never once thought of making such an inquiry, believing, perhaps, through perfect inexperience of the world, that her own personal merits had been the sole cause. The two lovers returned straight to the parlour to make this necessary inquiry. The wily procuratress, on several pretences, declined answering the question ; but Allan, pressing too close for further evasion, she acknowledged that it was all the transaction of the young laird, his brother. The old lady, the owner of the house, was loud in her praises of Randal. Allan likewise professed all his objections to be at an end, and lauded his brother for the kind part he had acted with regard to Susan.

But as his eye turned towards the latter, he beheld the most perfect and beautiful statue of amazement that perhaps ever was looked on. Her arms were stretched down by her sides, obtruding only a small degree from perpendicular lines; not hanging loosely, and gently, but fixed as wedges. Her hands were spread horizontally, her lips were asunder, and her eye fixed on vacancy. There was no motion in any muscle of her whole frame, which appeared to have risen up a foot taller than its ordinary size. The women were both speaking to her, but she neither heard nor saw them. Allan watched her in silent astonishment, till her reverie was over. She then gave vent to her suppressed breathing, and uttered, as from her bosom's inmost core, "Ah!—Is it so!" and sitting down on the sofa beside Allan, she seemed to be trying in vain to collect her vagrant ideas. At length she rose hastily up and retired to her own apartment.

The three now all joined loudly in the praises of laird Randal; and long they conversed, and long they waited, but Susan did not return. Her friend at length went to her, but neither of them returned, until Allan, losing all patience, rung the bell, and desired the servant to tell them that he was going away. Mrs. Mayder, the mistress of the house, then re-entered, and appeared flustered and out of humour. "Miss has taken such a mood as I never witnessed in her before," said she; "Pray, dear Allan, go to her, and bring her to reason."

Allan readily obeyed the hint, and found her sitting leaning her cheek on her hand; and, at the very first, she told him that she had changed her mind, and was now determined not to go with that lady, nor to move a step farther in the business. He imputed this to pride, and a feeling averse to lie under any obligations to his brother, and tried to reason her out of it; but it was all in vain; she continued obstinate; and Allan, for the first time in his life, suspected her of something exceedingly cross and perverse of disposition. Yet she chose rather to remain under these suspicions, than be the cause of a quarrel between the two brothers, which she knew would infallibly ensue if she disclosed the truth.

Her lover was about to leave her with evident marks of displeasure; but this she could not brook She changed the tone of her voice instantly, and said, in the most melting accents, "Are you going to leave me, Allan? If you leave this house to-night, I shall go with you; for there is no one on earth whom I can trust but yourself. I positively will not remain alone with these two women. The one I shall never speak to again, and with the other, who has so long been a kind friend, I shall part to-morrow."

Allan stared in silence, doubting that his darling was somewhat deranged in her intellect; and, though he saw the tears rolling in her eyes, he thought in his heart, that she was the most capricious of human beings, and cherished, at that moment, the illiberal suggestion that all women were the same.

"I am an unfortunate girl, Allan;" continued she, "and if I fall under your displeasure, it will indeed crown my misfortune; but I am not what I must appear in your eyes to be at this moment. After what passed a few minutes ago, however, I can no longer be the lodger of Mrs. Mayder."

"You are out of humour, my dear Susan, and capricious; I beg you will not make any hasty resolution while in that humour. Your rejection of that elegant and genteel situation, merely because it was procured for you by my brother, is beyond my comprehension; and, because this worthy woman, your sincere friend, urges you to accept of it, would you throw yourself from under her protection? No earthly motive can ever influence me to forsake you, or to act for a single moment in any other way than as your friend; but I am unwilling to encourage my dear girl in any thing like an unreasonable caprice."

"And will you leave me to-night, when I request and entreat you to stay?"

"Certainly not. At your request I shall sleep here to-night, if Mrs. Mayder can supply me with a sleeping apartment. Come, then, and let us join the two ladies in the parlour."

"No. If you please you may go: and I think you should. But I cannot and will not face yon lady again. I have taken a mortal prejudice to her. Allan, you are not to forsake me. Will you become security for what I owe to Mrs. Mayder, and board me somewhere else to-morrow?"

Allan stood for some time silent, and looked with pity and concern at the lovely and whimsical creature before him. "Forsake you, Susan!" exclaimed he, "how can your bosom harbour such a doubt? But, pray, explain to me the cause of this so sudden and radical change in all your prospects and ideas?"

"Pardon me; I cannot at this time. At some future period, perhaps, I may; but I cannot, even with certainty, promise that."

"Then I fear that they are groundless or unjust, since you cannot trust me with them."

"I am hard beset, Allan. Pray trust to my own judgment for once. But do not leave this house to-night, for something has occurred which affrights me, and if you leave me here, I know not what may happen."

Allan turned pale, for the sight he had seen himself recurred to his mind, and a chillness crept over his frame. He had a dread that something portentous impended over him and his beloved Susan.

"I fear I have as good reason to be affrighted," said he; "something unfortunate is certainly soon to overtake you and me; for it appears to me as if our very natures and sentiments had undergone a change."

"I have always anticipated good," returned she, "which is too likely to be fulfilled in evil at present. I do not, however, yield in the least to despair; for I have a very good book that says, 'Never give way to despondency when worldly calamities thicken around you, even though they may drive you to the last goal; for there is one who sees all things, and estimates all aright—who feels for all his creatures, and will not give up the virtuous heart for a prey. Though your sorrows may be multiplied at night, yet joy may arise in the morning.' In this is my hope, and I am light of heart, could I but retain your good opinion. Go and join the two ladies in the parlour, and be sure to rail at me with all the bitterness you are all master of. It will be but reasonable, and it will not affect poor Susan, whose measures are taken."

The trio were indeed right free of their censures on the young lady for her caprice; and Mrs. Mayder, who, ever since Allan was left fortuneless, discouraged his addresses by every wile she could devise, hinted broadly enough how much she had often to do to preserve quiet, and to bear from that lady's temper. Allan assured them that it was in vain to think of prevailing on her to go with her kind benefactress at present, whom she declared she would not see again; and that both his friend Mrs. Mayder, and himself, had fallen under her high displeasure for endeavouring to sway her resolution. But he assured both, that he intended to use his full interest with his fair cousin, and had no doubt of ultimately bringing her to reason. He never once mentioned what she had said of leaving her old friend, thinking that was only a whim of the moment, which calm reflection would soon allay.

He slept there all night, so that he was not at Welldean when the affray happened with the two parsons. He breakfasted with the two ladies next morning, and finally leading the elegant town dame to her carriage, he took leave of her with many expressions of kindness. Susan continued locked up in her own room until the carriage rolled away from the door. When they returned upstairs, she was come into the parlour, dressed in a plain walking-dress, and appeared quite composed and good-humoured, but somewhat absent in her manner. She fixed once or twice a speaking look on Allan, but unwilling to encourage her in what he judged an unreasonable caprice, he would understand nothing. At length he bade them good morning, and said he would perhaps call in the evening. She did not open her lips, but, dropping him a slight courtesy, she went into her chamber, and followed him with her eye, as long as he remained in view. She then sat down, and gave vent to a flood of tears. "He even declines becoming my surety for a paltry sum

of money!" said she to herself; "whatever it costs me, or whatever shall become of me, which God at this moment only knows, I shall never see him again."

Allan did not return in the evening. The events of the preceding night, and the horrific cries, looks, and madness of the doctor, had thrown the people of the hall into the utmost consternation, and occupied his whole mind. Between ten and eleven at night, he was sent for expressly by Mrs. Mayder. Susan was missing, and had not been seen since the morning. Search had been made for her throughout the village, and in the neighbourhood, without effect. No one had seen her, save one girl, who *thought she saw her* walking towards the bank of the river, but was not certain whether it was she or not.

The dismay of Allan cannot be described. He was struck speechless, and appeared for a time bereaved of all his wonted energy of mind; and grievously did he regret his cold and distant behaviour to her that morning. He found Mrs. Mayder at one time railing at her for leaving her thus clandestinely, and threatening to have her seized and imprisoned for debt; and at other times weeping and lamenting for her as for her own child. Allan commanded her, never in his hearing to mention the sum owing to her on Susan's account, for that his brother, as their late uncle's heir and executor, was bound for it; and that he himself would voluntarily bind for it likewise, though he had it not in his power to settle it at that instant. Silenced on this score, she now gave herself up wholly to weeping, blaming Susan all the while for ingratitude, and denying positively that she had said one word to her that she could in reason take amiss. Allan knew not what course to take; but that very night, late as it was, he sent off an express to Edinburgh after his brother, informing him of the circumstance, and conjuring him to use every means for the recovery of their dear cousin; adding, that he himself would search the country all round on the ensuing day, but would trust to his dear Randal for Edinburgh, in case she had come that way. Randal rejoiced at the news of her elopement. He had no doubt that she would shape her course toward the metropolis, and as little that he would soon discover her, and have her to himself.

Allan remained at Mrs. Mayder's house all that night likewise, having sent up orders for his servant and horses to attend him at an early hour. He slept, through choice, in the chamber which his dear Susan had so long occupied, and continued moaning all night like one at the point of death. Next morning he arose at the break of day; but as he was making ready to mount his horse, having stooped to buckle his spur, he was seized with a giddiness, staggered, and fell down in a swoon. The village pharmacopolist was instantly brought, who declared the fit to be a fabricula in the periosteum or pericranium, and that the gentleman was in a state of great danger as to phrenitis; and, therefore, that severe perfrication was requisite, until suspended animation returned, and that then he would instantly phlebotomise him.

To this last operation, Allan's servant objected strongly, observing with great seriousness, that he did not see the necessity of *flaying* any part of his master, merely for a fainting fit, out of which he would soon recover; but if such an operation was necessary, why not rather take the skin off some other part than that he had mentioned, as his master was just about to ride?

Allan recovered from his swoon, but felt great exhaustion. He was again put to bed, blooded, and blistered in the neck; but for all these, before night he was in a raging fever, which affected his head, and appeared pregnant with the worst symptoms. In this deranged and dangerous state he lay for several weeks. Susan was lost, and could not be found either dead or alive. Randal was diligent in his researches, but failed not to console himself in the mean time with the company of such other fine ladies as the town afforded. The ghost of old Welldean kept one part of the house to itself. Mrs. Tallow-chandler, the fat house-keeper, continued to pray most fervently, but especially

when she chanced to take a hearty dram. Nick the gardener did nothing save preparing himself for another and a better state; and Gilbert the wood-cleaver was harder on the laird's strong beer than ever. Of all the wasteful and ruinous stocks in this wasteful and ruinous world, a pack of idle domestics are the most so—I'll not write another word on the subject.

The last mentioned worthy, happening to say to some of his associates, that he would watch a night in the library by himself, for a bottle of brandy, and speak to his old master too, if he presented himself; and this being told to Randal the next time he came out, he instantly ordered the beloved beverage to be provided to Gilbert, and promised moreover, to give him five guineas to drink at the village, when and how he had a mind. There was no more about it, Gilbert took the bait, and actually effected both, if his own word could be believed. It is a great pity there was nothing but the word of a man mortally drunk, to preserve on record the events of that memorable night. All that can now be done, is to give the relation he gave next morning; for after he had got a sleep, and was recovered from his state of ebriety, the circumstances vanished altogether from his mind.

Randal remained in the house all the night, though not by himself, curious to be a witness of Gilbert's experiment; for every one in the house assured him, that he would be dislodged. Gilbert, however, stood his ground, never making his appearance; and after the rising of the sun, when the laird and a number of his attendants broke in upon him, they found the brandy drunk out, and honest Gilbert lying flat on the floor, sound asleep. With much ado they waked him, and asked if he had seen the ghost?

"The ghost! Oh yes—I remember now—I suppose so. Give me something to drink, will you? Eh! L—d, my throat's on fire! Oh-oh-hone!"

They gave him a jug of small beer, which he drained to the bottom.

"D—d wishy-washy stuff that!—Cooling though.—That brandy has been rather strong for me.—Hech-heh-heh, such a night!"

"Tell me seriously, Mr. Falconer," said Randal, "what you saw, and what you heard."

"What I saw, and what I heard. That's very good! He-he-he! *Very* good indeed! Why, you see, master (*hickups*) I—I saw the ghost—saw your un-(*hick*)ncle—state and form—never saw him better—(*hick*) quite jocular I assure you."

"Did he indeed speak to you, Gilbert?"

"Speak! To be sure—the whole night.—What did he else?"

"By all means, then, if you can remember, tell us something that he said if it were but one sentence."

"Remember! Ay, distinctly. Every word. He-he-he-he! 'Gilbert Falconer,' says he; 'Your glass is out.' He-he-he-he! (and all this while Gilbert was speaking in a treble voice and a tongue so altered with drunkenness, that it was difficult to understand what he said.) 'Your glass is out,' says he—It was true too—there it stood as empty as it is at this moment. 'Gilbert (*hick*) Falconer,' says he, 'Your glass is out.'—'Thank you, sir,'—says I—'Thank you for the hint, sir,' says—I—He-he-he!—'Your glass is out,' says he.—'Thank you kindly, sir,' says I, 'for—the hint—You're quite a gentleman—now,' says I,—He-he-he!—'Quite a gentleman,' says I—'I have seen other days with you.' He-he-he-he!—I said so—I did, upon my honour. For God's sake give me something to drink, will you? Ay; that was the way of it—He-he-he-he!—'Gilbert Falconer,' says he; 'Your'"—(*hick*)——

"The old intoxicated idiot is mocking us," said Randal; "There is nothing to be made of such stuff as that."

"I never knew him tell a lie," said Mrs. Tallowchandler; "even at the drunkenest time I ever saw him. Would it please your honour to ask him if that was the first sentence that the apparition spoke to him? If we can bring what passed to his mind by degrees, he will tell us the truth."

Gilbert was still sitting on the floor, rhyming over his story of the glass and indulging in fits of idiotic laughter at it; when Randal again returned to

him, and aroused his further attention, by asking him if that was the very first sentence that the ghost spoke to him?

"The first sentence!—No.—Bless your honour, it was the last.—I took the hint and—filled that champaign glass—full to the brim—of brandy.—I thanked him first though—upon my honour, I did.—'Thank you for the hint, sir,'—says I—and drank it off. 'Here's a good night's rest to us both,' says I—I saw nae mair of him."

"Did he vanish away just then, Gilbert?"

"I daresay he did; (*hick*) at least, if he was there I did not see him.—If there had been fifty ghosts it would have been the same to old Gibby.—I think it's time we had both a sleep, if your honour, or your honour's likeness, or whatever you are, be speaking that way. So here's a——"

"In what way do you mean, Gilbert? What was he then speaking about?"

"Did not I tell you?"

"Not that I remarked. Or, if you did, it has escaped me."

"Tut! I told you every syllable to the end.—Give me something to drink, will you? And remember I have won my five guineas."

"Well, here they are for you. Only you must first tell me distinctly, all that passed from beginning to end."

"Odd's my life, how often would you hear it? I have told you it word for word ten times.—'Gilbert Falconer,' says he,—'I think you are an honest man.'—'Thank you, sir,' says I.—'You are come to the right way of thinking at last,' says I.—'There was no word of that when I lost my butlership,' says I.—'It agreed very well with my constitution—that.' He-he-he! I said so.—He grew very serious then—I knew not what to do.—'I am now in the true world, and you still in the false one,'—said he—'and I have reason to believe you honest at heart; therefore I have a sacred and—important charge to give you—you must read through the Greek and Latin Classics.'—'What?' said I.—'Yes,' said he, 'you must go through the classics from beginning to end.'—'I beg your pardon there,'—says I—'Do this for me,' said he, 'else the sand of your existence is run.'—'What?' said I—'Why, the thing is out of my power—if you are speaking that way, it is time we were both gone to sleep.'—'Gilbert Falconer,' says he, 'Your glass is run out.'—'Thank you for the hint, sir,' says I—He-he-he!—That was the best of it all—I thought matters were growing too serious.—'Thank you for the hint, sir,' says I—'I can replenish it'—so I took a bumper to his better rest, that would have given three men up their feet.—I saw no more. He may be standing here yet for ought I know."

"Gilbert, you are endeavouring to amuse us with the mere fumes of a distempered imagination. It is impossible, and altogether unnatural, that one should rise from the grave, and talk to you such flummery as this. Confess honestly, that there is not one word of it true."

"True? By this right hand it is true every word. May I never see the light of heaven, if it is not the downright truth, as near as my memory retains it. A man can answer for no more." As he said this, there was a glow of seriousness in his drumly looks, as well as of anger that his word should have been doubted.

"I will answer for it that it is true," said Mrs. Tallowchandler.

"So will I," said old Nicholas.

"But was it not a dream, Gilbert?" inquired Randal.

"No," said Gilbert, with more steadiness than he had hitherto spoke, "I saw your late uncle with my bodily eyes, in the very likeness in which I have seen him in this apartment a thousand times—just as he wont to be, calm, severe, and stern."

"Were you nothing terrified?"

"Why, I cannot say I was perfectly at my ease. As far as I recollect, I struggled hard to keep my courage up.—I did it.—This was the lad that effected it.—This black bottle.—Come let us go down to the hall, and have something to drink."

These were glorious days for old Gilbert, as long as the five guineas lasted! Every night was spent at a little inn in the village, where he and Andrew Car, gamekeeper, more properly game-destroyer, to the laird of Lamington, had many a sappy night. Andrew was the prototype of his jolly master, though only like the shadow to the great original; yet it was agreed by the smith and sutor Fergusson both, that Gilbert's wit predominated, at least, as long as the five guineas lasted the matter was not to be disputed, and that was not a very short time. At the inn where our old hearty cocks met, strong whisky was sold at three-half-pence a gill, and brandy at twopence. Of course sixpence each was as much as they could carry.

It is a pity that young men should ever drink ardent spirits. They have too much fire in them naturally. But it is a far greater pity that old men should ever want them. Drink reanimates their vital frame; and, as they recount the deeds of their youth, brings back, as it were, a temporary but present enjoyment of those joyous days. It would have done any man's heart good, to have seen the looks of full and perfect satisfaction that glowed in the faces of these notable old men, every time that Gilbert compounded the materials, grateful and inspiring, for a new reeking jug. How each sung his old hackneyed song, heard from night to night, and from year to year, but always commended—how they looked in each other's faces—shook each other's hands, and stroked one another's bald crown! It is a pity such old men should ever want something to drink.

In all these nights of merriment and confidence, however, Gilbert would never converse a word about the apparition. Whenever the subject was mentioned, he grew grave, and pretended to have forgot every circumstance relating to the encounter; and when told what he had said he only remarked that he had not known what he was saying; and it is not certain but by this time he had reasoned himself into the belief that the whole was a dream.

After a long, dangerous, and wasting illness, Allan grew better. Gilbert had visited him every day before he went to his carousals, and the attendants were of opinion, that Allan's recovery was more owing to the directions he gave for his treatment, than all that the medical men did for him. During the height of the fever, in the wanderings of his imagination, he was constantly calling on the name of Susan Somerville, and he generally called every one by her name that came to his bedside. She was still nowhere to be found; even Randal, with all his assiduity, had not been able to trace her. But for nine days running, there were two young ladies came in a coach every day to Mrs. Mayder's door, where Allan still lay, and the one went up stairs and saw him, while the other kept still in the coach.

As soon as his reason returned, his first enquiries were about Susan; and, as they were obliged to tell him the truth, it occasioned two or three relapses. At length, the guard of the mail coach flung down a letter. It was directed to Mrs. Mayder; but hers was only a blank cover, enclosing one to Allan. His was without date, and simply as follows:

"I am glad of your recovery, and write this to entreat you not to distress yourself on my account; for I am well, and situated to my heart's content. Make no inquiries after me; for, in the first place, it is impossible for you to find me out, and moreover, were you to do so, I would not see you. Look to our late uncle's affairs, only in as far as you are yourself concerned. I have engaged another to see justice done to me. If I had not found more kindness and generosity among strangers, than from my relatives and those I trusted, hard indeed would have been the fate of

"SUSAN SOMERVILLE."

Allan read the letter over and over, cried over it like a child; for his nerves were weak and irritable by reason of his late severe illness; and always, between hands, thanked Heaven for her health and safety. In the mean time, he planned fifty schemes to find her out, and as many to bring about a reconciliation. "I must have offended her grievously," said he to himself,

"but it has cost me dear, and I was so far from doing it intentionally, that at that very time, I would cheerfully have laid down my life for her." He had only one thing to console him; he thought he discerned more acrimony in her letter than was consistent with indifference. He now got better very fast; for his mind was constantly employed on one object, which relieved it of the langour so injurious to one advancing toward a state of convalescence.

In the mean while, Gilbert's drinking money was wearing low, which he found would be an inconvenience for Andrew and him; and the two made it up one night over their jug, that they would watch for the ghost together, for the same sum each that Gilbert had formerly realized. One difficulty occurred, who it was that was to give them this. The laird had not been at Welldean Hall for a long time; and, as for Allan, his finances were so low that he could not spare them so much, though they had no doubt he would gladly have given triple the sum to have this mystery further explored. At the first proposal of the subject, Andrew Car was averse to it; but as their finances wore nearer and nearer to an end, he listened proportionally with more patience to Gilbert's speculations; and always at their parting, when considerably drunk, they agreed perfectly on the utility of the experiment. It is indeed believed that Gilbert had anxious and fearful desires of a further communication with this unearthly visitant, of whose identity and certainty of appearance he had no doubt. Nicholas had once seen it in the twilight, beckoning him from the garden towards the library; and he himself had again at midnight seen and conversed with it face to face; but from all that he could gather, the charges which it then gave him, appeared to have been so whimsical, he could make nothing of their meaning. That a spirit should come from the unseen world, to induce a man of his age to begin a course of studies in Greek and Latin, a study that he always abhorred, was a circumstance only to be laughed at, yet it was impossible he could divest himself of a consciousness of its reality.

On the other hand, he perceived there was something radically wrong in the appropriation of his late master's effects. His will was lost, or had been fraudulently concealed; and those to whom he was sure the late laird intended leaving the best share of his immense fortune, were thus cut off from any, save a trivial part contained in moveables. It was no wonder that Gilbert, who was a well informed single-hearted man, was desirous if possible to see those righted, whom he conceived to have been so grossly wronged, and whom he now saw in very hard circumstances; but, alas, he did not know the worst!

From the time that Allan received the letter from Susan, to that of his complete recovery, he had done nothing but formed schemes how to discover his fair cousin; and after discussing them thoroughly for nights and days together, he pitched on the right one. He knew there was a young lady in Edinburgh, the only daughter of a reverend professor, with whom Susan had been intimate at the boarding-school, and still kept up a correspondence. Though Allan had never seen this young lady; yet as he knew Susan was shy of her acquaintance, and had so few in the metropolis that she knew anything about, he conceived that she must either be living with Miss B——, or that the latter was well aware of her circumstances, and the place of her concealment.

He knew that if he applied personally or by letter, he would be repulsed; and therefore went to Edinburgh, and took private lodgings, with a determination to watch that house day and night rather than not see who was in it, and to dog Miss B—— wherever she went, assured that she would visit Miss Somerville often, if they were not actually living together. His surmises were right. He soon discovered that Susan was living in this worthy professor's house, and not very privately either. She walked abroad with Miss B—— every good day.

Allan, full of joy, flew to his brother's rooms, and communicated to him the intelligence of the happy discovery he had made, intending at the same time, to settle with Randal how they were to act, in order to regain their cousin's confidence. He found Randal confined to his room, undergoing a course of

severe medicines, he having made rather too free with his constitution. He professed great satisfaction at hearing the news, yet there appeared a confused reserve in his manner that Allan did not comprehend. But the former was soon relieved from his restraint, by a visit from two of his associates in dissipation. The conversation that then ensued, astounded Allan not a little, who had led a retired and virtuous life. He never before had weened that such profligate beings existed. They laughed at his brother's illness, and seemed to exult in it, telling him they had taken such and such mistresses off his hand until he got better, and therefore they hoped he would enjoy his couch for six months at least. Their language was all of a piece. Allan was disgusted, and left the house; and then Randal displayed to his honourable associates how he stood with his charming cousin; and how, if it were not for that whining, sweet-milk boy, his brother, whom the foolish girl affected, he could be in possession of that incomparable rose in a few days. He told them where she was, within a few doors of him. One of the bucks had got a sight of her, and declared her the finest girl that ever bent a busk, and both of them swore she should not escape their fraternity, were she locked in the seraglio of the grand Seignior. Long was the consultation, and many proposals highly honourable were brought forward, but these it is needless to enumerate, as the one adopted will appear in the sequel.

Both Allan and Susan had received charges of horning on debts to a considerable amount, after their uncle's death. Allan applied to his brother, in whom he still placed the most implicit confidence, who promised that he would instantly cause a man of business to pay them all up to a fraction. This he actually did; but the man who transacted this for him, was a low specious attorney, quite at his employer's steps. He had plenty of Randal's money in his hand, but these bills were not particularly settled. This was a glorious discovery. Captions were served in the country, the one at Mrs. Mayder's, the other at Welldean, as the places of residence of the two debtors, and none of them being there, the time expired. The attorney had got his cue; the unsuspecting lovers were watched apart, and both of them seized and conveyed to jail, but each of them quite unconscious of what had happened to the other. Allan wrote instantly to his brother, expostulating with him on his negligence. He answered him civilly, but carelessly; telling him, that he had neglected to settle with the scoundrelly attorney, having run himself short of cash, but that he would lose no time in getting the affair settled. However, as his health was so bad, he begged of Allan to have a little patience, and not to accept of relief from any other person, else he would be both grieved and affronted. Allan lay still in prison, and waited, but waited in vain.

Susan was seized in the Canongate, at three o'clock, as she was returning with Miss B——, from viewing the palace of Holyrood. The latter was so confounded, that she would have fainted on the street, had she not been supported by some ladies and gentlemen that were passing at the time. Susan suffered herself to be taken into custody in dumb dismay, never opening her lips. One of Randal's worthy and genteel associates was near at hand, to abuse the messenger, the turnkey, and every one connected with the disgraceful affair; and, at the same time offered to become bound for the whole debt, and take the lady off with him.

This being a business that required some consideration, his proposal was little attended to by the men in office, who regarded it as mere fustian; but poor Susan, in the forlorn and helpless state in which she found herself, could not help being struck with the young stranger's generosity, and thanked him in moving terms; but at the same time rejected his kind offer, and assured him she would soon be relieved. He swore he would rather see all Edinburgh burnt to ashes, ere he left such a lady in prison, and if she was determined not to accept of a temporary rescue from him, by —, he would remain in prison with her, till he saw her relieved in some way more suited to her ideas of decorum. She reminded him, that such a proceeding would be the reverse of all decorum whatsoever, and however much she might value his company, there was a ne-

cessity that he should leave her to herself and her own resources. No, no; he would be — if he would. She should either go with him or he would remain with her, any of the alternatives she chose. It would be a disgrace to leave a lady in such circumstances, and he disclaimed the idea of it. — the rascals, they should not want money. Did they think that he could not pay them the paltry sum of four or five hundred pounds, the confounded puppies? Rot their ugly bodies, if he would think much to dust hell with them!

Susan smiled at the extravagance of the young man; but though it was a smile of pity, it made him still more outrageous. He cursed all lawyers and attorneys, as well as all people to whom ever debts were owing, sending them all to a place of retribution with one sweep. By the Lord Harry! if he were a messenger at arms, if any low-lifed miserable whelp desired him to seize and immure *a lady* in such a place as that in which they sat, d—n him, he would scatter his brains for him. "And such a lady as they have lodged here to-night!" said he, wiping his eyes, "I beg your pardon, madam; but I can easily see that this is some vile plot; for you are born, bred, and educated to other fortune than this. For Heaven's sake, let me disappoint the culprits, and convey you to a place of safety; I have given you my name. I am a gentleman, and a man of honour, I hope—Suffer me to write to some friends, and relieve you forthwith!"

Miss Somerville positively declined his intervention for the present, and entreated that she might be left to her own thoughts, and her own resources; yet still she did it in that civil and affectionate way, that the puppy believed, or affected to believe, that she wished him rather to stay. "But are you sure the ragamuffin scoundrels will do you no harm?" said he, and without waiting for an answer, returned one himself. "Confound them, if I like their looks very well, though. No, no, madam; you must forgive me, but in truth I have not the heart to leave you here by yourself. Suffer me but to write to some friends; d—me, I'll raise all Edinburgh, but I'll have you set at liberty. I'll bring Major Graham, and all the soldiers in the castle, to storm the old hovel, before I leave you here; L— how the artillery-men would smatter it down about the ears of the scoundrels! Suffer me to write to my friends, or some of yours; it is all one, provided I get you out here."

Susan continued obstinate; telling him she would write to her own friends herself, if he would be so kind as give her leisure; and as for his agency, she assured him again that she was not at liberty to accept of it. He continued, however, to wrangle with her on that score, to flatter her one while, and abuse her creditors another, until the arrival of Professor B——, who sent in his name, and asked admission, his daughter having alarmed him, and hurried him away to the prison, without so much as knowing what was the matter. The spark then bowed and made off, as somewhat alarmed, saying, he would call again. The reverend divine and he passed one another immediately within the door of the apartment. The buck bowed, and then cocked up his head again considerably to the leeward of the perpendicular line, while the professor stared him in the face, as striving to recollect him. Both passed on, and the cause of meeting with Miss Somerville, the place, and the subject they had to converse on, quite banished from the professor's mind to ask who her gay visitor was. This parson came, honest man! with the full intent of relieving Miss Somerville; but when he heard the amount of the debt, he blenched and turned pale. It was not a sum for a poor clergyman, who had a family of his own, to part with off-hand. Indeed, what man in the same vocation would have done it, for a young lady, almost a stranger, who had run herself into so much debt so early, and whom her natural guardians, it appeared, had not thought it prudent to relieve. He had, besides, heard so much of her sentiments relating to her cousin, the present laird, when he received her into his house, that he had small hopes of being reimbursed there, and that appeared to be the lady's principal dependence. In short, they could come to no conclusion whereby to obtain immediate relief. Miss Somerville proposed that he should borrow the sum on the security of her share of her uncle's effects;

but even there the hero of faith without works discovered that he would be involved, and fought shy: but concluded by observing, that, "something behoved to be done immediately."

Before leaving the place, the professor had some conversation with the keeper, who informed him, that the young gentleman, the lady's friend, who was lately gone, had bespoken the best apartment that was unoccupied in that part of the jail appropriated to debtors; and, in case she was detained, every accommodation befitting her rank. He then asked the keeper, who that gentleman was? He named him, name, surname, and title: the divine shook his head, knowing him to be one of the most notorious profligates in the kingdom, and left the prison nothing improved in his estimation of Miss Somerville, and almost resolved, whatever his daughter might say, to leave her to shift for herself.

When it was wearing late, Mr. M'——, Randal's gallant friend, returned to the prison, sent in his name and compliments to Susan, and after some demur was admitted. What would not youth and innocence grasp at for deliverance, if shut up within the walls of a prison, and the darksome night approaching? Alas! the female heart clings too fondly to proffered kindness, especially in times of danger or distress; without suspecting or endeavouring to weigh the selfish principles from which the apparent generosity springs, the guileless heart judges from its own motions. It had been agreed among the associates that M'—— was never to mention Randal's name; else, as the latter alleged, Susan's delicacy in that point would ruin all; and as he was run quite short of ready cash, and in an infirm state of health, M'—— was to pay the greater part of Miss Somerville's debt, on condition that he had the honour of seducing her.

Well, into Susan's apartment he came, bringing £200 with him in notes, and offering his personal bond for the rest, payable in two months with interest. Susan made many objections, but actually wept with gratitude at the disinterested kindness of the gallant young man. The attorney was consulted; but he had got his cue, and after many hems and haws, and repetitions of learned law terms, consented, so that the poor innocent cygnet was now left fairly in the power of the fox. She had likewise given her consent, with an overflowing heart; but, at the last, when everything was arranged for her departure, some slight demur arose about the place whereto she was to be taken. She insisted on being taken to the house of Professor B——, but this her benevolent guardian angel as violently protested against, declaring that the divine was unworthy of her confidence; a cold-hearted, calculating worldling, who had gone off with a few dubious expressions, and left her in the prison without asking any more after her, or coming back even to wish her a good night.

"To what place do you then propose to take me in the meantime?" said Susan.

"I propose to take you to a relation of my own," said he, "who keeps a boarding house for young ladies of quality, where you may either remain for a season, or for a few nights, or weeks, as you feel disposed."

"But will it not look awkward for an utter stranger to go to such a house? How can I expect that the mistress will receive, among young ladies of quality, a girl just relieved from prison, and going to her house at this time of the evening, in company with a gentleman whom she never saw, till a disagreeable circumstance procured her the honour of his friendship this present day?"

"Why, the truth is, that I know no woman on earth who is so particular about the character of her inmates as my worthy friend is. She must have the most absolute proofs of their capabilities, tempers, and dispositions, and is strict in these matters almost to a proverb. But it so happens, that with her my word or will is a law. I have been a good friend to her house. My purse has been open to her by day and by night, and, in short, my fortune almost at her disposal. Into that house, therefore, you are

certain of admittance. There you are perfectly safe, and from thence you can write to your friends, and arrange everything in future as you shall choose."

"Well, you are so generous and so candid, that I can never distrust your honour. I will send for Miss B—— to your friend's house, and consult with her there, and must trust myself to your protection for the night. What is the name of your friend, to whose house I am going?"

"Mrs. M'——, St. James' Street."

"Very well."

What a dreadful confusion the ghost made at Welldean Hall that night! It was not as if one disturbed sinner had arisen from his grave only, but as if all his warlike progenitors for many ages had returned to that scene of bustle and array during their stern pilgrimage on this sphere. Scarcely had the rubied west lost its summer dyes, and twilight drawn her shadowy veil over the full blown bosom of nature, when the inmates of Welldean heard a noise as if half a score of men had been tearing down the shelves and books of the library, and dashing them on the floor. Nothing like it had ever been heard in the house before. All the domestics, high and low (for there is no class of people among whom such a subordination of rank is preserved), crowded into the housekeeper's room, huddling one behind another, and testifying by their looks the mortal terror and astonishment that overwhelmed their hearts.

Little wonder was it! The noise continued to increase and redouble. It grew, that it was not only as if the old folios had been dashed down in a rage on the floor, but as if the roof and rafters had been plucked down, and put into the hands of infernal giants to smash the building in pieces to its foundations. This turmoil was ocasionally accompanied, when at the loudest, by a voice such as man never heard. It was not like any sound produced by art, nor was it precisely like thunder; but they all agreed, that there was nothing in nature to which it bore so strong a resemblance as a flooded roaring cataract uttering human words. Gilbert was down in the village at his cups; but, low as they rated him, in this dilemma he was sent for. The work of devastation above stairs continued and grew. The house keeper begged of them all to join in prayer. This they were very willing to do, for they saw no other staff on which they could lean; but then there was none to lead them. Mrs. Tallowchandler said, though she was a poor, weak, and sinful woman she would attempt it. Who knew but Heaven would have mercy on them? They all kneeled, and the good woman began; but her sentences were few and disjointed; and she continued repeating and repeating the same thing, till those around her were beginning to lose their gravity. At the first, when they began, and all were devoutly serious, every noise was hushed. The sudden stillness that ensued was in itself awful. Let erring and presumptuous man be assured of this, that the devotion of the heart never fails having influence in heaven, while all lukewarmness and indifference in sacred things is only a mockery of the Almighty, and ought but protection may be expected therefrom. At the beginning all was still; and the fiends, of which the house seemed full, appeared to be hushed and quelled, by the simple words of prayer devoutly offered up; but no sooner did the reverence due to that Being before whom they professed to be kneeling begin to subside, than the noise began gradually to increase; and, as Mrs. Tallowchandler was continuing her imbecile repetitions, it came rushing nearer and nearer, like a speaking whirlwind, till at length it burst open the door of the apartment where they were assembled, and stunned them with a deafening yell. It was a sort of half-howling half-whistling sound; but nothing was seen. Mrs. Tallowchandler joined it with a loud scream, and went into hysterics. No one regarded her. The female part of the family were all huddled into corners, and all uttering the same kind of shivering moaning sound. The men were sitting on their seats in a half-stooping

posture, with their shoulders up, their hair standing on end, and their eyes bent fearfully on the door. "May the Lord Almighty preserve us!" cried old Nicholas. "Amen!" cried a hollow tremulous voice, at a distance. "And some that are better than you all! amen!"

None durst venture to go out in order to escape; for the inhabitants of another world seemed now to be crowding the passages between them and the door; neither durst they throw themselves into the sunk area; for there was a story below them; though every one would gladly have been out, even though kingdoms had been their ransom. But when the women heard Nicholas, the gardener, pronounce the above sacred and serious words, with the mysterious response that was added, from a feeling that the wrath of the spirit was appeased by it, they called on Nicholas with one voice, "Oh! Nicholas, pray! pray! for God's sake, pray!" Nicholas obeyed without delay; and in the agony of his heart prayed with great fervour. But in the course of a few sentences, his prayer grew selfish, and he began to mention his own fears—his own personal safety and well-being. Such imperfections cling to man's nature! The rest could not join with him in his petitions, forgetting themselves; and they felt sorry that the tenor of his words was of that nature that they could not. The derisions of the spirit were withheld by Heaven no longer than this principle of self began to develope its cringing, cowardly, abominable features. A distant laugh of scorn was heard to begin as if in the library, with a hollow shaking tone, like that uttered by the bittern at midnight; but it increased every moment till it made the house tremble, and drew nigher and nigher, until the chairs on the floor began to totter. It seemed again approaching to the back of the door with tenfold violence. The heart of human being could not stand it. Some of the men that were next to the windows flung them open, and threw themselves into the area below. It was amazing with what celerity the rest followed, darting out at the windows head foremost, as swift as doves from their pigeon-holes, when scared in their habitation. In half a minute the whole family, consisting of nearly forty individuals, were weltering in three heaps on the gravel that bedded the sunk way, and every one escaped as best he could, and ran for the village.

What a figure they cut when they went there! Every one was covered with blood; for those who were not cut, and mangled in the fall, were all blooded over by the rest who were. They looked like so many demons themselves; and they found that the housekeeper and two of the maids were missing; on which they rationally concluded, that they having been the greatest sinners, the spirit had got power over them, and taken them with him. The villagers were petrified; appearing to be even more confounded, and at their wits' end, as the saying is, than the fugitives themselves.

While these things which have been narrated were going on at the hall, Gilbert, and Andrew Car, late gamekeeper to the laird of Lamington, were enjoying themselves at the public-house. They were both right far forward in their evening carousal, when the messenger from the hall arrived, to entreat Gilbert's attendance without a moment's delay. Gilbert was in no such confounded hurry; he helped himself to a glass, Andrew Car to another, and the boy to a third.

"Here's for you, Master Rory, my good fellow; take this off to——to help your wind; and then tell us out your s——story at the utmost leisure. It is all buffoonery to be in such a haste. What signifies it to run puffing and —blowing through the world in that guise.—Here's to you, boy.—Your good health, I say, Master Rory. Sit down, sirrah, and take time, I tell you. Is it not the best way, Andrew Car?"

Now Andrew had one peculiarity of which I must apprize my readers, that they may understand him aright. He had a very rapid utterance. Many a man speaks quick, but there never was a man in the world spoke half so quick as Andrew Car. A certain printer in Edinburgh was a mere joke to him; a title-page, or an erratum to a volume, as it were; his utterance was ten times

more rapid than Mr. ——. Therefore, in going over the part of this dialogue that belongs to Andrew, the reader must pronounce the words quicker by seventeen degrees than he ever heard a tongue utter them before. Andrew had likewise two keys that he spoke on, C sharp, and G natural, and his voice had no more but these, either intermediate or subordinate. He took the former on all occasions when his passions were ruffled, particularly when he disapproved highly of any thing, and the latter in his ordinary conversation. I shall therefore put down all the sentences adapted by him to the former key in italic characters, that every one may go on with him, and understand him thoroughly. I hate that my characters, which are all drawn from nature, should not be properly comprehended.

"Should not a man always do a thing leisurely, Andrew Car?—Is it not the best and most eligible way?"

"Ooo-yes-yes — right-Gibby — right-Gibby — Gibby-Gibby-Gibby — right-right—luck-o'-leisure-Gibby—luck-luck—billy-luck-luck."

"I say, Master Rory—my boy—do you—hear—that? Is not that a beautiful specimen—of—Andrew Car's theory and mine? Eh?—He-he-he-he—Eh? Is it not, lad?"

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert, I have not time. Mrs. Tallowchandler and a' the fowk sent me to gar you come hame directly, an' pray against the ghost. Oh, Gibby, the bogle has been very ill the night, an' we a' suspect it's the deil."

"The deil, Mr. Rory! the deil! Did you say it was the deil, lad?—My faith—my man—if it be the deil—that's another thing than a bogle, let me tell you."

"He's layin' about him at an awfu' rate; an' gin ye dinna come an' speak to him, an' lair him, or pray him down, he'll soon hae a' the house about their lugs. When I came alang the ither wauk, rinnin' wi' fright, I heard a kind o' hooning sound, an' I lookit ower my shoulder, an'——Mercy! what d'ye think I saw? I saw the deil i' the shape o' the auld laird, but as heegh as an ordinar tree, standin' on the gavel wa' wi' a great burnin' kipple in his hand; an' he had a' the house daddit down the length o' the third storey. O Gibby, haste an' gang hame, and see if aught can be done."

"What can be done, boy! why, nothing can be done to pacify him, but reading Latin and Greek.—Nothing but going through the classics. We'll go, however. Andrew, you are a scholar, and have the Greek."

"Ooo, no-no-no-no-no—Gibby-Gibby-Gibby—no-Greek, billy—no-Greek—no-Greek—no-Greek—no-no-no-no-no-no."

"Well, but we shall go, howsoever. You know we have now agreed to go together and speak to it. I am in a proper key to go any where—we'll go—it is as well soon as late, when the family is in extremity—we'll be well rewarded—come, let us go."

"*Oooo-no-no—Gibby-Gibby-Gibby—not-the-night—not-the-night—not-the-night*—some-other—some-other—some-other—madness-billy—madness-madness-madness—folly-folly-folly—'nother-gill—'nother-gill—'nother-gill."

"Boy—give my compliments—to Mrs. Tallow—chandler, and tell her, that my—friend, Mr. Car, dares not come to-night, because the ghost is irritated—and it is dangerous to meddle with him; but——"

"True-Gibby — true-true-true — right-billy—right-billy — right-right-right. Kittle-business—kittle-business—kittle-kittle-kittle—'nother-gill—'nother-gill—'nother-gill—lass-lass-lass—gill-gill-gill."

"But as I was saying—if it is the deil he must have a sacrifice before he lay. They must give him one of their number, which may well be spared."

"Sacrifice? sacrifice—what-Gibby—what-Gibby—what-what-what—sacrifice—sacrifice—fie-fie-fie—no-no-no-no-no."

"It is a literal fact, sir—and well known to all exorcists. They must do it by lot, tell them, boy. Even if Satan should appear when we two watch together, we must cast lots which of us is to be his to appease him. Or, for instance, if I am the speaker, I have the power and right to consign you over to him."

"*Oooo-no-no-no—Gibby-Gibby-Gibby—no-no-no—no-right—no-right—no-right-billy—no-no-no-no-no*—living-soul—living-soul—not-yours—not-yours-billy—not-yours—no-no-no-no—soul-soul—soul-billy—not-do—not-do—not-do—no-no-no-no."

"I will reason this matter with you, my worthy friend; suppose you and I make a contract together—to go and watch an incensed spirit, which, to a certainty, makes its appearance—we take our chance together, you know—why, is it not better that one of us should make a sacrifice of the other, than that it should take us both? or, for instance, if you take it on you to address him——"

"No-no-billy—not-address—not-address—not-speak—not-speak—no-no-no-no-no—Too-quick—too-quick—too-quick-quick. 'Stonish-him—'stonish-him—'stonish-him. All-wrang-Gibby—all-wrang—all-wrang—all-wrang-wrang-wrang. Precious-soul-billy—precious-soul—precious-soul—precious-soul-soul-soul. Gibby-lad—Gibby-lad—Gibby-lad. Have-you-there—have-you-there—have-you-there—ha-ha-ha! Soul-soul-soul-Gibby-lad—Gibby-lad—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

This sort of argument used by Andrew Car is the worst to answer of all others, because the rest of the company severally join in it, and then the argument is at an end. At this time it was used by Andrew in such a way that it had precisely that effect. Gilbert joined in the laugh, and the gamekeeper chuckled and crowed over his victory.

Another smoking jug having by this time been made, the dilemma of the family at the hall was soon totally forgotten; even the lad Roderick said little more about it, having no wish to return; and there they sat till they were found out and joined by their bloody and half-deranged companions. And then, drunk as the two veterans were, the strangeness of the tale made them serious for a little, though always disposed, in a short time, to forget the subject. Nothing could cheer the hearts of the fugitives in the smallest degree. The horrid scene that they had escaped from, and the loss of their three companions, held their minds chained up in utter dismay. They marvelled what the ghost would do with the three women. Some said he would tear them limb from limb; some that he would take them to a high rock, and throw them headlong down; and some said that he would take them away to hell with him, soul and body; but none thought of attempting a rescue.

It chanced, however, to come into Gilbert's recollection, that he lay under many obligations to the fat housekeeper, for many a scold, and many a glass of strong beer and queich of brandy beside; and he gallantly proposed to go, for one, to the hall, and see if any remains of the women were left. No one would join him, a circumstance that always had the effect of exalting Gilbert's courage, and he persisted in his resolution, advancing many half-intelligible arguments in favour of the measure, which none of them regarded, till he turned his eyes on Andrew, and remarked, that he surely would not desert him, as he was always noted for befriending the fair sex.

"Ha-ha-ha, Gibby-Gibby-Gibby—some-ways-billy—some-ways—some-ways—some-ways-good-at-a-pinch—good-at-a-pinch—good-at-a-pinch—Gibby-lad—hah-hah-hah-hah!"

"Then you surely will accompany me, Mr. Car?—Eh?—aren't you?—you are bound in honour, sir.—Eh?"

"Don't-know-Gibby—don't-know—don't-know. No-joke-this—no-joke—no-joke—no-joke-at-all-billy. Long-spoon-sup-wi'-the-deil—long-spoon-sir—long-spoon.—Not-safe—not-safe—not-safe-at-all-sir—no-no-no-no-no-no."

"Why, Mr. Andrew—let—me—tell you, sir—are you a man of honour—and courage, sir, as I always took you for, eh?"

"Ooo-yes-yes-yes-yes—hope-so—hope-so—hope-so-Gibby—hope-so."

"Then what the devil are you afraid of, sir? Eh? I would defy the devil, the world, and the flesh, and despise them."

"*Oooo-no-no-Gibby-Gibby—no-no-no-no—no-the-world-and-the-flesh—not-the-world-and-the-flesh—no-no-no-no.* Nought-behind-at-all-Gibby—nought-

behind-at-all—no-no-no-no. Not-do-sir—not-do-billy—not-do—not-do—not-do. Have-you-there—have-you-there—have-you-there—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha."

"Mr. Car, I know you to be a man of spirit. Eh?—I will lead the way—Will you go, or will you not? Eh?"

This was a home thrust; there was no evading it. Andrew was obliged to acquiesce, make a virtue of necessity, and value himself on his courage. Accordingly, Gilbert taking a brilliant lanthorn in his left hand, a stout staff in his right, and Andrew Car at his shoulder, staggered away to Welldean Hall as well as he could, well convinced, that though his companion had less drink in his head, he had likewise less courage at his heart, and therefore Gilbert was determined to *show off* that night, and in no wise to manifest fear for any created being. Andrew, though not quite so confident, had yet a certain character of manhood to support, which he judged it quite incumbent on him to retain; he could never otherwise have shown his face in soical circle more. Up the street they went, not keeping exactly the same line of longitude. Gilbert sometimes took a swing, first the one way and then the other, like a ship beating up against a breeze.

"Come-come-come-Gibby-Gibby-Gibby—straight-straight-billy—straight-straight. Laugh-at-us-sir—laugh-at-us—laugh-laugh-laugh-laugh-sir—steady-steady."

"Steady—do—you—say—Mr. Car?—We'll see—by—and—by—who is most steady. Come on, my brave fellow."

Forward they went as they best could. The way was well known to Gilbert. His feet knew it by instinct, for many a hundred nights had they traced it, when their eyes were as completely closed as if they had been tied up with a napkin. The distance from the village to the hall was scarcely a mile and a half through the fields. When they were about half-way, Andrew, whose hearing was more acute than his associate's, began to mumble and speak with more than ordinary velocity, and drew Gilbert always to one side. The latter refused to go in any other direction than that in which he was proceeding, and a few paces onward the cause of Andrew's agitation became apparent. The most dismal groans were heard at about fifty yards' distance in the field. As soon as they fell on Gilbert's ears he heaved his lanthorn, and turned off towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded. Andrew instantly took his high key on C sharp, and poured forth such a torrent of speech that no man could take up a distinct sentence of it. They were all terms of decided disapprobation of Gilbert's adventure; but the only sounds that fell on his ear, that he could call language, were some such words as these:

"*Tell-ye-Gibby-Gibby — tell-ye-tell-ye-tell-ye-tell-ye. Noo-no-no-no-no-no. Make-nor-meddle-make-nor-meddle-make-nor-meddle—no-no-no-no. Sleeping-dogs-lye-dogs-lye-dogs-lye—tell-ye-tell-ye-tell-ye-Gibby-Gibby*," &c.

Gilbert, without regarding this water-spout of human breath, proceeded straight onward to the object of his concern. Andrew was sometimes shouldering away, and sometimes drawing after the light, while the words by degrees died away from his tongue; but the same sound still continued, and became very like the sounds uttered by the bird, called in this country the Heather Bleater, when he wings the air in the gloaming. Gilbert, to his sincere grief, found his old friend and associate, Mrs. Tallowchandler, lying stretched on the ground, unable to rise, moaning grievously. She told him, after blessing him for his kind concern, that her leg was broken; on which he called stoutly to Andrew for assistance. Andrew approached, speaking all the way. "Told-ye-told-ye-told-ye," he was saying as he came half running; and, when he saw who it was, and how grievously she was hurt, it is impossible to describe his manner, and the confusion of ideas that intruded themselves on his imagination; but always between he seemed to blame Gilbert for coming to her, as if that had been the cause of her misfortune. "Told-ye—told-ye—told-ye—told-ye. Would-not-be-told—would-not-be-told—no-no-no-no. Broken-broken-broken-broken? Ooo-no-no-no-no-no—impossible-impossible.

Broken-broken-broken? What-what-what-what-what? Ooo-no-no-no-no-no-no." And so on he went.

Gilbert, in the height of his zeal and friendship, proposed, that Andrew and he should carry the hurt woman to the village; and, setting down his lanthorn, the two essayed the task, unfit even for a Hercules to perform. Andrew lifted her shoulders, and Gilbert her feet; and having with difficulty heaved her about two inches from the ground, they began to move toward the village, Andrew in a retrograde direction and Gilbert pushing forward behind. Scarcely had they gained five feet in their progress toward the doctor, when the weight and pressure upon Andrew cause his heels to dip in the soil, and laid him fairly on his back; while Gilbert fell with his full weight above his fair injured friend, who screamed and groaned most piteously. The former of these sounds serving as a pitch-pipe to Andrew, who took his high sharp key—

"Told-ye-told-ye-told-ye-told-ye — body's-mad-body's-mad-body's-mad — hout-hout-hout-out-out-out. Never-do-never-do-never-do-never-do—no-no-no-no-no-no."

"What, did you mean to tumble down there, sir? The man has not the strength of a weazel! But he is drunk," said Gilbert. "Weazel-weazel-weazel-weazel? What-what-what-what-what-d'ye-say-d'ye-say-d'ye-say? Body's-mad-body's-body's-mad—H'm-h'm-h'm-h'm—weazel-weazel-weazel?"

Mrs. Tallowchandler put an end to this growing heat and controversy between our two heroes, by begging, that in pity, they would return to the village, and bring or send a cart. Andrew took the lanthorn and ran back to the village; but Gilbert stayed to condole with his old friend, and lend her any kind office he was able until Andrew's return with the cart; and a frightful detail she there gave him of the incidents that had occurred at the hall in the evening, and confirmed the boy's strange asseveration that the ghost had nearly levelled the building.

A horse and cart soon came, with the doctor and apothecary in attendance, and in it they laid the housekeeper, whose limb the doctor found not to be broken, but sprained, and much swelled. The expedition of our two heroes to the hall was thus broken off, Andrew not having judged it proper to return, and Gilbert totally forgetting it, in the misfortune of his friend, with whom he stayed during the remainder of the night, comforting and encouraging her. Indeed, as soon as she found that her leg was not broken, she grew as communicative and whimsically superstitious as ever. Sore she regretted that Gilbert was not there to have spoke to the old laird, when he came in among them, "roaring like a elephant," as she expressed it; and Gilbert rather wished that he had, since matters had come to such a pass, assuring her in the mean time, that he and his friend Andrew had agreed to sit up in the library a night together, sometime or other, to see if they could learn what it was that the old laird had to communicate; and now, since his master's servants were all driven from the house, if she (Mrs. Tallowchandler) would countenance the matter, he thought the sooner the better, and he had no objection that it should be the following night. She commended his undaunted and manly spirit; promised that she would see them well rewarded; and moreover, that they should have the keys of the cellar and larder, and want for no entertainment that the hall could afford; and thus, before morning, the matter was finally settled between them.

As soon as the sun arose, all the servants hurried up to the mansion-house to witness the devastations of the last night, expecting that there would scarcely be one stone left standing on another. By the way, they discovered that the two young females that were amissing the evening before had both joined the party; but both kept a mysterious silence whither they had been. In the beginning of next year, however, it began to be suspected, that the one had lodged with a journeyman tailor, and the other with the apothecary's apprentice, in the village. Such a dispensation as that they had met with was an excuse for people doing any thing!

At the hall every thing was in its usual style. There was not an item injured or misplaced from the bottom to the top of the house; not a book in the library was altered, nor any one thing that they could discern; all was standing in state and form as they left it, with the doors bolted and the windows barred, all save those out at which they had effected their escape. This was the most wonderful thing of all! People could no more trust their own senses!

It is a difficult matter to tell a story as it should be told; for, after the party separates it is necessary to fly always from one to another, to bring them forward to the same notch of time. In conformity with this laudable measure, the writer of this notable tale must return to his fair fugitive, whom he left in circumstances more perilous than any of his readers can well suppose, or than any of her connexions, save her uncle's spirit, seemed to be aware of. If they were, they took no concern about the matter. Had Allan known of her danger, how his heart would have been wrung! but he concealed his name and disgrace from every one save his brother, who was in no hurry to relieve him, until the gallant triumvirate had accomplished their purposes with Susan, which the greater part of my readers will remember was wearing but too near to a consummation. These are, I know, quite impatient to get into a detail of all the circumstances; but there are some incidents that it is painful for an author to enumerate, and it is only in adherence to truth that he submits to the ungracious task. Without them, the tale cannot go on, so they must be told. The circumstances in the present case were then precisely as follows. . . . . .

"Well, I must trust to your protection for this night," said Susan. "What is the name of the lady, your friend, to whose house I am going?"

"Mrs. M'—— of St. James Street," said he.

"Very well." She took her Indian shawl about her shoulders, and after turning six or seven times round in the apartment, as if looking for something else, she took hold of Mr. M'——'s proffered arm, and he led her out. "God bless you!" said she. "Amen, with all my heart," said he, "and the lovely wisher to boot." "And God will bless you," added she, "for this unmerited kindness to a poor friendless orphan."

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"

says Burns; but I have often thought this prayer should be reversed; for if we knew the motives and intentions of others, as well as we do our own, how often would we eschew the errors into which we fall! and if Miss Somerville had known her conductor's intentions at that time, as well as he himself knew them, how far would she have been from blessing him? Yet, poor fellow, he rejoiced in it, and nothing in the world could have made him so happy as taking that lovely and innocent young lady home with him that night, and ruining her. It is a pity there should be gentlemen of such dispositions, but nobody can help it.

"Mrs. M'—— in St. James' Street! Mrs. M'—— in St. James Street!" In the hurry of departure, Susan could not think or suspect who Mrs. M'—— of St. James' Street was, but repeating it to herself all the way down the stair, just as she came to the door of the coach, it came to her recollection that she had met with that lady before, and not a very great while ago.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said she. "I have forgot something in the apartment that I left; excuse me for a little." "Please step into the coach, madam, I will go up and bring it." "No, you cannot bring it, I must go myself." With that she wrung her arm out of his, and ran up the stairs. When she came to the place she had left, the man was just in the act of locking it up. But when he saw her come thus hastily to the door, he opened it instinctively, and she entered. Instead of looking for ought she had left, she seated herself in the chair, and desired the turnkey to lock her up till to-

morrow, and at his peril to let any one enter the door of that apartment till then. The honest man began to expostulate, telling her that the matter was settled, and that he nor his captain had any more charge of her; but seeing her so peremptory, he obeyed, and went to consult a higher power, thinking that the lady was a little deranged in her mind.

M'—— did not wait long below in the court of the prison, but impatient at the young lady's stay, went likewise up to her apartment, where he was refused admission. At first he began to abuse the turnkey, thinking he had locked her up through mistake; but finding that it was by her own desire, he began to suspect that she had discovered something of the ambiguous character of the house where he had proposed taking her. Finding out the under-turnkey's ideas of the state of her mental faculties, he said it was but too true, and however disagreeable it might be, there would be a necessity of carrying her away home by force. This he urged strongly as a last resource, and was joined by all the underlings about the prison; but the captain, or principal keeper, would not permit it, for fear of raising an alarm, and making a disturbance at that time of the evening. He undertook, however, to keep the lady in safe custody until next day, lest any evil might befall her. M'——, by dint of entreaty, got a conversation with her over a half door before he went away, and there was no manner of blandishment, or passionate regret, that he did not use; insomuch that Miss Somerville was again melted into an affectionate generosity, which she could not repress, yet continued firm in her resolution. He was obliged to go home with a grieved heart, and relate to his associates this first failure of his grand enterprise; on which the rest of the night, or rather morning, was spent by them in devising new schemes more adapted to the characters of those with whom they had to do, and in relating other adventures of the like nature. Every man and woman in the world is engaged in the pursuit of happiness, and though we wonder at one another, yet all continue to pursue it in their own way. Nice young profligate puppies of gentlemen in general believe, that they enjoy life in a most exquisite way. We'll not quarrel with them about that, but we'll force them to admit what all the world sees, that they are of short duration, and generally followed by bitter fruits.

Susan spent a sleepless night, but scarcely was her thoughts ever otherwise employed than on Mr. M'——. His kindness and generosity interested her; and if it had not been for the naming of one lady, of whose character she had weighty suspicions, she thought she could have trusted him, and gone with him to any part of the kingdom. So difficult is it for suspicion to find entrance to a guileless heart.

Next morning she sent for the principal keeper, a man well known for probity and honour, and to him she communicated her case, all save two circumstances. The one was the private behaviour of her cousin Randal to her, and the other was the name of the lady to whose house M'—— proposed to have taken her over night. The latter subject was several times at the root of her tongue, but timidity withheld it from being uttered. She had a certain feeling of kindness, or generosity, hankering about her heart for the young gentleman, and she could not bear, with one dash, to run the risk of blotting it out for ever. She therefore asked the keeper only about his name and connexions, and what circle of society he kept? The keeper had heard the name and title of the gentleman, but knew nothing about him farther. He promised, however, in a short time to satisfy her in all these points. "I have a Highland officer about the prison," said he, "principally for the purpose of carrying and bringing messages; I am sure he will either know the gentleman himself, or find those in a few minutes that will give you a list of all his pedigree for forty generations."

The keeper was glad thus to amuse the lady, and reconcile her to what appeared to him to be an inconsistency in her prosecutor. He had during the morning got one letter, and one charge after another, about his prisoner, until he knew not well how to proceed; yet, for his own security, he resolved to detain her. The bucks, terrified that she should get away from under their thumbs,

as they termed it, had put the attorney upon different manœuvres to detain her in prison, until she was obliged to accept of their relief on their own conditions. They knew too well, that having secured Allan, they had little to fear for the interference of any other. The keeper likewise entered into her scruples, or pretended to do so, of getting so deeply obligated to an utter stranger. "It is not, madam," said he, "what you or I may feel, and know to be the truth, but how the world may view it. A young lady's character is her all, or next to that; and better had you remain a year in this place than owe your liberty to some gentlemen, even though their motives may be unimpeachable. Though it is a truism that things must be as they are, yet their effects are too often modelled by the judgment of the world. I will send for Malcolm, and have this matter cleared up."

Malcolm was sent for, and soon arrived with his bonnet in his hand.

"Malcolm, do you know any thing of the gentleman that came in a coach last night, and waited on this lady?"

"Does the lady not know any thing of him her own self?" said Malcolm, with true Highland caution.

"That is no answer to the question I put to you," said the keeper, sternly.

"Hu, not at hall, your honour—but hersel was peen thinking—that if laidy would pe tahaking in shentlemans————"

"Hold your peace, you Highland rascal! You have no right to form any conjecture of aught that passes here by my authority. I ask you, if you know aught of Mr. M'——, who was here last night, or of his connexions, and I desire you to answer me without further circumlocution?"

"Cot t——n him!" said Malcolm, "has he peen pehaving pad to te dhear lhady?"

Miss Somerville, never having conversed with a native Highlander, at least with one of Malcolm's rank, before, was so much amused by his shrewd and obstinate caution, as well as his uncouth dialect, that she burst out a laughing at this last question. The keeper also smiled, which, encouraging Malcolm in his petulance, he went on.

"Hu! hope she would only pe some frheedom, lhove? Highland shentlemans pe fery pad for frheedom, lhove—if te lhaidy pe peautifulmost, she pe very pad indheed."

The keeper, finding that nothing would be gotten out of Malcolm, if there was any risk of a Highlander's character being impeached, took a wiser course, and assured him, that so far from behaving ill to the lady, he had acted so nobly, that she was anxious to know a little more of him, to make him some amends, or acknowledgment, at least. Malcolm's eyes gleamed with joy and pride.

"Hu! she might pe shoor of tat! All tat you hafe to do with Highland shentlemans is, to confidence him. Hersel pe fery sorry tat she not kif cood informhation, she know no less of him. But there pe one Maister Ronald Macmurrich, a shairman of the Rhegister, who is his full cousin py te creat crhandmhother's side; she pe tell you all and mhore. Had she peen of Clan-Donachie, or Clan-Stuhart, (all out of Appin) or te long Clan-Khattanich, she could hafe cone through oll teir plood."

Here Malcolm was stopped short in his muster-roll, and sent in search of Ronald Macmurrich. In the mean time, the keeper remained conversing with Susan, and advised her strongly to apply to her cousin Randal, who, he said, was her natural guardian, and obliged both in honour and law to pay every farthing that was contracted during the lifetime of her uncle, as it was on his credit that the debt was taken on; and there being a part of her cousin's behaviour which she did not choose to divulge, the keeper wondered at her pride and shyness, and supposed that she had drawn too freely on her cousin's bounty previous to that time.

"This is Mhaster Ronald Macmurrich, sir," said Malcolm, entering briskly with his bonnet in his hand, and bowing with a grace becoming a man of higher rank, "and though I would peen saying it, she pe shentleman that you might pe thependance on him's worts."

"Come away, Mr. Ronald, I want to converse with you in this lady's presence for a minute or two. Malcolm, you need not wait. Ronald, do you know any thing of Mr. M'—— of G——h?—Malcolm, I tell you, you need not wait."

"Hu, it mak fery lhittle dufference to her-nain-sel to whait a few mhinutes to be oblhiging your honour."

"No, no—off, off. What the devil are you standing there for, sirrah?"

"I can stand any where that your honour plheases. I can be sthanding here then."

"Go out at the door, I tell you, and close it."

"Hu, but your honour will soon be wanting hur ackain; and mhore the less Maister Ronald has peen got a fery pad mhemory, and he'll pe lhosing te forget of mhany things."

"Hu, shay, shay, she pe fery creat of truth all tat Maister Mhawcom has peen to say."

The captain finding that the two cronies were determined to keep together, thought it best to humour them; for he knew if any of them grew obstinate, he might as well contend with a mule.

"So you know the young laird of G——h, Ronald?"

"Hu, what then? Pless your honour, she pe full coosin to himself. Mach-Vich-Alaster More Machouston Macmurrich was her crhandmhother's fhather; and he was khotten upon a child of Kinloch-Mhudart's."

"And, py my faith, that's all very true that Maister Rhonald says; and she could pe taking her sworn oath to every word of it."

"What sort of a gentleman is he?"

"Hu! the finest shentleman that's in the whole world. And upon my soul, you would not pe finding such a shentleman if you were to ride fhifty thousand mhiles."

"Ay, she be all truth and mhore that Maister Rhonald says."

"What sort of moral character does he hold?"

"More-ill? Hu, tamn it, no. He has not cot one single spark of that in his whole pody and souhl."

"No, you may swore that, Maister Macmurrich."

"What? Not one spark of morality?"

"Morhality?—Ay.—Devil a single scrap of her, I'll pe sworn.—Morhality?—What she pe?"

Here the captain and Miss Somerville could not contain their gravity, which staggered Ronald a little, and made him ask the last question.

"That is, perhaps, too general a term to be fully understood," said the keeper; "we shall enter into particulars; and as it is all in good friendship, you may answer me freely. In the first place, then, can you tell me how he has behaved himself in general with regard to women?"

"Oo, ter never was a shentleman pehaved so petter since ta world was made. You know, if ta lhaidy was peing fhery pohnny, and fhery hamiable, and fhhery khind, why you know I could not pe answering for myself, and far less for him; but I'll take it upon me to pe sworn, that he would not force a child against her own will."

"So you may, so you may, Maister Rhonald."

"What sort of company does he keep? Can you tell me the names of any of the ladies or gentlemen whose houses he visits at?"

"Hu, he goes to the roots of all the lhadies, and all the lhords of ta whoule kingdom; and to ta hadfu cats, and to te grhand mhinisters tat prheach. There is not a shentleman in ta whoule world that is so well taken hould of. I can pe sworn of tat too."

"Indheed so you can, Maister Rhonald, and so can I too."

"He might have peen ketting one hearl's dhaughter last year; and I do know that there were mhany traps laid to hould him into her; but there were so very mhany fine lhadies after him, that he would not pe taken."

"Yes, Maister Rhonald, that is vhery troo. And he would have kotten

fifty thousand pounds with her, and more; and there was none deserved it so well."

"Hu ay, you may pe saying tat; for it is a kood man, and so khind to the poor at home."

"Is he indeed noted for kindness to the poor?" said Susan, with some degree of warmth.

"Indheed it is, mattam. She pe so much cootness and khindness, that he'll pe koing through his poor fharmers once a year, and when any of them has peen kot a fhery pretty daughter, he takes them off their hands altogether, and pring them to this town to make lhadies of them. And it is fhery khind, for then they would pe trudging at home, and working like bhaists."

This was rather an equivocal recommendation; but Miss Somerville, noting that it was given in seriousness, put the best interpretation on it that it could bear; and before they could proceed any farther with their inquiries, Mr. M'—— arrived, and, sending in his name, was admitted. In this most perilous situation we must again leave poor Susan, like a lamb strayed from the flock, whom three wolves are watching to devour, in order to bring forward our tale. Allan was in the same jail with her, astonished and grieved at the remissness of his brother in relieving him, and concerned about his dear cousin, whom he now found by experience to be dearer to him than life. At this period their circumstances were totally unknown to one another.

After Gilbert had taken a sound sleep, he rose about mid-day, and went in search of his friend, Andrew, to whom he imparted his plan, and the agreement he had entered into with the housekeeper, in the absence of all higher concerns of the house; and it being no frightful thing to speak of a ghost, or to think of a ghost in fair daylight, Andrew was nothing averse to the plan. Hunger is hard to bide at all times. Thirst is worse; but when fear is absent, it is disregarded; so the two friends had nothing ado but to sip a little brandy and water, and talk over the affair until the evening.

At rather an early hour they repaired to the library, in which they kindled a fire, and stored with all the good things of this life, intending perhaps to remain there longer than one night. Andrew never seemed to believe that the ghost would really appear. Gilbert firmly believed that it would, and at first proposed that Andrew should speak to it, and that he himself would try to recollect distinctly what it said; but of this Andrew did not approve.

"No-billy-no-no-no-no—not-speak—not-speak—no-no-no-no. Speak-me-first—speak-me—speak-then—speak-then—speak-then—yes-yes-yes-yes-yes. Not-otherwise—not-otherwise—no-no-no-no."

Gilbert assured him that no spirit had power to speak to a baptized Christian until once it was spoke to, and that it was only permitted to answer such questions as were put to it. For his part, he said, though the world jeered his belief, he was convinced that this was a real apparition, and that it had something to communicate of importance; and he knew that he had not courage, or rather nerve, to speak to it, unless he was the length of a certain stage of inebriety, and then he was afraid of nothing either on earth or in hell. But, on the other hand, as it had once happened before, when he got to that regardless stage, he could remember nothing that passed, so that it served no manner of purpose his speaking to the apparition, unless a sober man were present to take note of every word, sign, and look. He said that there was therefore a necessity that Andrew should refrain, in a great measure, from drinking, till the issue of their night's adventure should be decided, and that he should then have a right to make up his lee-way with double interest. Violent and rapid were Andrew's protestations against this measure, but Gilbert's resolve was not to be shaken, and he possessed a control over the other, which, though never admitted, was daily practised.

Andrew's portion of brandy toddy was limited to a small quantity. Gilbert's was to be without measure, otherwise than by the tappit-hen of discretion.

They were both taken rather at unawares. They had never calculated on any disturbance till about midnight, that being the usual time of the ghost's appearance in the library; so they had drawn in the corner of the table between them, and placed themselves, one on each side of the fire, resolved to enjoy themselves as long as they could, and, at all events, let the evil hour come hindmost. Gilbert had only swallowed one glass of strong brandy toddy, and Andrew one much weaker; and while they were yet in keen argument on this contested point, their elocution was cut short by Andrew, who made a sudden bolt across between the fire and table, nearly overturning the latter, and took his station in a cowering posture between his companion and the wall. This was the work of a moment. Gilbert, whose face was turned towards the fire, naturally looked about to see what had affrighted his associate, and there beheld the old laird walking composedly backward and forward before the old black book-case. He appeared to be dressed in his night-gown and slippers, and had, as it were, a white cloth tied round his head. It was so like him, that it represented him in every part, so that it was hardly possible to believe it to be anything else, save the old laird himself risen from the grave. Gilbert was struck motionless, and almost deprived of sense; and though he had made up his mind to be composed, yet his tongue clave to his mouth, his ears rang, and for a space he could neither be said to speak, hear, nor see. He felt as if falling into a faint, and longed exceedingly to be deprived of all feeling for a time; it would not do, the strength of his constitution carried him over it; but all that he could do was to sit like a statue, fixed on his seat, and stare at this strange visitant. It appeared as if studious not to alarm them; it had not any of the threatening looks or attitudes that it had assumed towards some, nor did it fix its looks at all on them, but walked with a slow gliding motion, from one side of the room to the other, and again retraced its steps, apparently in a state of patient sufferance.

Andrew, whose tongue was merely a pendulum to his feelings, and wagged of its own accord when the machine was wound up, was the first who broke silence, beginning, it is true, with a prayer, but ending with an injunction that brought every thing to bear. "*O-Lord-God—Lord-God—Lord-God—deliver-deliver-deliver-'liver-'liver-'liver-'liver. Lord-Lord-Lord-Lord—save-save-save-save-save-us-is-is-is-is.* Gibby-Gibby-Gibby-Gibby-Gibby—speak-speak-speak-speak-spis-pis-pis-pis. Now-or-never — now-or-never — now-or-never — now-now-now-now. What-want—what-want—what-want—what-what-what-what-what?"

The ghost at this paused, and turned its face toward them; and, though it did not lift its eyes from the floor, made as though it would have come close to them. Andrew instantly took up his sharp key; "*No-no-no—keep-off—keep-off—keep-keep-keep. Lord-God—Lord-God—Lord-God—Gibby-Gibby-Gibby-Gibby,*" &c.

Unconnected and vehement as these speeches of Andrew's were, they had the effect of bringing Gilbert somewhat to himself, and he pronounced these words, rather down his throat than with his lips: "In the name of God, tell what you have to reveal, and what can be done for your repose."

"I told you already, and wo be to you that you have not done it," said the apparition. "I give you the charge once more; and know, that virtue and life depend on its instant fulfilment."

"If I remember aright," said Gilbert, "the thing that you desired me to do was impossible, or at least would have taken a lifetime to have accomplished. In one word, what must I do?"

"Go through these books," said the spirit, pointing at the three huge volumes of Greek and Latin classics, "as you would wish to live and thrive, and never see my face again. It is a charge with which I entrust you; and if you have not patience to turn over every leaf, at least look into the pages

marked on the boards. I know you to be honest; therefore, oh do this without delay, for my sake, as well as for your own. If you prove unfaithful, better had it been for you both that you never had been born. Farewell, and may the God of peace and mercy be with you!"

This moment he was standing before them in an earthly form, and speaking to them in an audible voice; the next he was gone, and none of them saw how, or by what place, he departed. They both averred that they believed they were, for the space of two or three seconds, blinded by some supernatural means, and saw nothing. For a good while afterwards, they sat in mute and awful astonishment, Andrew still keeping his hold between Gilbert and the wall. "This is wonderful," said Gilbert, after some minutes had elapsed; "What can be in these books?"

"See-that-billy-see-that-see-that-see-that-see-see-see-see." And so saying he arose from his den, gazing sternly at every corner of the room. "Blest-be-God-blest-be-God," said Andrew, and this he repeated at least a hundred times. Gilbert opened the press, and took down the three volumes, which they inspected narrowly. There was nothing marked on the boards that they could discern. They held them open, with the leaves downward, and shook them, but there was nothing that fell out of them. That was, however, little to be wondered at, for they were in boards, and not a leaf of them cut up. They had, therefore, nothing for it but to begin each to a volume, in order to cut them all up and turn over every leaf. They had not gone far on with this task until Andrew, who had again fallen a poring about the boards, discovered some figures on the inside of one of them, made with a pencil, and scarce distinguishable. These, he thought, might refer to some pages, as the apparition had hinted, and, turning to the first numbered on the board, in the double of the octave, which was uncut, he found a note for £1000. Having now discovered the key, in the course of three minutes they had treasure lying on the table, in bonds, bills at interest, &c., to the amount of nearly a plum. But what they reckoned of most value was the late laird's will, regularly signed and witnessed, together with two short codicils in his own holograph. And besides, they found a paper, in which was contained a list of all his funds, small and great. It was almost without end, and puzzled our two heroes not a little. They found that every pound was at the highest legal interest, save in one concealed drawer within the book-case, which was full of gold; and though the shelf was described, yet with all their ingenuity they could not find out the secret. Had the bookseller succeeded in carrying his point, what a bargain some would have gotten of that clumsy collection of classical authors! So heavy and impenetrable had the old laird judged these works to be, that he trusted his dear treasures in them, in preference to any lock or key under which he could secure them. And after this great secret was discovered, it was remembered that he never locked that book-case; it stood always wide open. He found, by experience, how perfectly safe his money was there; and I am told, that a certain wealthy and very worthy gentleman at the Scottish bar, practises the same mode of depositing his bills and cash to this day. I give this hint, as a sincere friend, to officious servants and lacqueys, in hopes they will have the foresight and prudence, at some leisure hour now and then, to cut up and inspect all their master's neglected books. They may find something there worth their while.

Our two gallant heroes forgetting, and altogether neglecting, the pleasures of the jug, in this notable discovery of theirs, waited not till day; but, locking up the *classics* in a secure place, they packed up their treasures, the will, and the list of the monies, and marched for Edinburgh. Not knowing where to find any of the other members of the family, they of course waited on Randal, whom they found confined to his chamber, emaciated and diseased. Him they informed, that after all the servants had been driven from the house, they had taken their lives in their hands, trusted in Heaven, and watched last night in the library, where they had made some discoveries of great importance, but which they were not at liberty to divulge, except in the

presence of his brother Allan, and his cousin Susan Somerville; and therefore they begged that he would, with all haste, expedite such a meeting, accompanied by legal authorities.

Randal rung the bell, and ordered the servant to bring in some brandy and water. "My excellent and worthy friends," said he, "you have laid me under infinite obligations; if it had not been for your courage, my house might have been pillaged, and every thing in it gone to waste. Come, sit down, take a glass with me, and tell me all that you have done, seen, and learned." Fatigued with their journey, both of them blithely accepted of the invitation, sat down, and drank to the better health of the laird; but at first were very shy in communicating the extraordinary intelligence with which their bosoms were charged, but which at the same time was working there like barmy beer in corked bottles, ready to burst. Consequently, by dint of elicitation, Randal, ere long, understood that they had discovered both his late uncle's will, and his concealed hoards. "Why, my most excellent and worthy friends," said Randal, "you know you are both poor men; and it is a pity you should be so; for two more noble, intrepid, fearless hearts, I believe, beat not in Christendom. It is on that I ground the proposal I am going to make. I know you fear none living; indeed, you have none to fear; and you have proven that you fear not the dead; therefore be men; put that will and that list into my hands, to whom they of right belong, and I'll give each of you a thousand pounds, and fifty pounds yearly to drink my health, as long as I live, and you together."

"Either-too-much-too-much-too-much-much-much-much. Else-too-little-billy-too-little-too-little-too-little. Ooo-ay-yes-yes-yes."

"Make your own terms, then, Mr. Car, my worthy honourable old buck; but let them be in conscience, you know,—in some bounds of conscience between friends."

"Ooo-ay-yes-yes-yes-yes-yes-yes—consh'-consh'-consh'-consh'-be-sure-be-sure-be-sure—what-else-what-else-what-*else*? What-what-what-what-what-*what*?"

The desperate accents laid upon these two monosyllables in italics, made Randal suspect that there was some small spark in Andrew's feelings that was scarcely congenial with his own, and he began to look a little sheepish, or rather scoundrelish, which is a much worse kind of look than a sheep's.

"I think, my friend Andrew," said Gilbert, "the proposal of my master is a noble and liberal proposal, and ought to be duly considered before we go farther. It will perhaps never be in our power again to make so good a bargain. We are both growing old, and it is a dismal thing to have poverty and age staring us in the face at the same time."

"Spoke like yourself, my old trusty servant! Spoke like a man whose spirit rises above being a drudge and a beggar all your days. The world has not been your friend nor the world's law, therefore obey the first law in nature, and stand for yourselves. I do not intend to bereave my brother and cousin of a farthing that is their natural right, only is it not better that they should be somewhat dependant on me? Is it not better in every point of view? For themselves it must be. Put, then, all these papers and documents into my hands, and henceforth you shall be my friends and confidants, and managers of all my concerns."

"What say you to this, my friend Andrew?" said Gilbert.

"What-say-Gibby—what-say-what-say-what-say—what-what-what-what-*what?* Tell-ye-what-say-billy-tell-ye-what-say-tell-ye-tell-ye-tell-ye. Say-hell-billy-hell-hell-hell-hell-hell-hell-*hell*."

"Stop now and consider, my dear friend," said Randal. "You have been long known as a man of prudence and discernment. You must see that what I request is right and proper, and best for all parties. And, moreover, what is it to you who possesses the funds, provided you get so good a share? There is enough for all parties, you know. Therefore just give me the hand of friendship each of you. Put the papers into my hands, and trust my honour."

"Do you not think, Andrew," said Gilbert, "that what my master requests

is reasonable, and may be done with all honour and conscience? No one has seen these bills and papers but ourselves."

"*Damn'd-soul-Gibby-dam-soul-dam-soul-dam-soul-soul-soul.* Heaven-saw-Gibby-heaven-saw-heaven-saw-heaven-heaven-heaven-heaven-God-billy-God-God-God-God."

With that the tears poured over Andrew's furrowed cheeks; his inarticulate utterance entirely failed him; and he stood sobbing and looking ruefully in Gilbert's face, with his arm stretched upwards at its full length, and his fore-finger pointed to heaven. Gilbert contemplated this striking position of his friend for a while with apparent delight, then, coming slowly toward him, as if afraid of defacing so fine a statue, he threw his arms about him, and pressed him to his bosom, "My friend and my brother till death," exclaimed he, "I am so glad to see that your honour and integrity are not to be tarnished! Before I would have yielded to the disgraceful request preferred to us, I would have submitted to be hewn in pieces, and I wanted to try you a little, to find if I might depend on you standing by me."

Andrew threw up both his arms, flung his head a cast backward, and pulled up one of his knees as high as his breast, and shouted out, "Hurra-hurra-hurra-hurra-ra-ra-ra-ra-true-man-yet-true-man-yet-true-blue-true-blue-true-blue-trouble-trouble-trouble. Ha-ha-ha-hurra-hurra-hurra," &c.

"Gentlemen," said Randal, "are you come here to mock me? I think your behaviour testifies as much. But I will show you that I am not to be mocked by such boors and beggarly rascallions as you; and what you refuse to do by fair means, you shall be compelled to do." With that he rung the bell, and ordering the servant to bring a guard of police, he locked the door upon himself and our two heroes.

"Rascallions, Gibby—rascallions-'scallions-'scallions-'scallions. I'll 'nihilate-him-Gibby—'nihilate-'nihilate-'nihilate."

Gilbert restrained his friend, assuring him that the object of his resentment was neither worthy of being touched nor looked at by a man of honour, like Andrew Car, who would be disgraced by laying a finger on him. This calmed the indignant gamekeeper, who, in all probability, would have subjected himself and friend to a severe punishment by giving the *atomy*, as he called him, a sound drubbing.

The men of office soon arrived. Randal charged the two men with having robbed his house in the country, and taking from thence some papers and documents of value, which they refused to give up. The lieutenant of the guard said it was a most serious charge, and took the two companions forthwith into custody, locking them up in the black hole till the hour of cause.

They were examined by the sheriff-substitute, and Randal being unable to leave his chamber, his worthy friend, the attorney aforementioned, appeared in his stead, and in a laboured harangue, accused the prisoners of "having got clandestinely into the house of Welldean, under pretence of watching for a ghost that they say had disturbed the family, and from an apartment in that house, had stolen and secreted some papers of great value, of which they refused to give any account to the owner." And forthwith prayed judgment against them, that they might be searched, the papers restored to their rightful owner, and the delinquents committed for trial!

The judge said the charge was of a serious as well as singular nature, but that it bore inconsistency on the very face of it. For how was it supposable, that if the two men had robbed the house only last night of things of so much value, that they should post up to town to the very man whom they had robbed, to inform him what they had done, and lay a statement of the matter before him. He then requested the prisoners to speak for themselves, that he might thereby be enabled to form a judgment according to truth.

Gilbert arose, and in a clear and concise speech of considerable length, related the circumstances precisely as they happened, to the great astonishment of the court; and then proceeded to put into the sheriff's hands the valuable documents and bonds that he held, saying, that he would merely keep a list

of them for his own satisfaction, and was glad of having this public opportunity of depositing so weighty a charge; it having been because he and his friend refused to give it up privately to his master that they were sent there.

The judge said they had proven that it could not have been deposited in safer or better hands. But as the papers were of too high value to be carrying about one's person, he would lock it in a place of safety till the legatees and executors could be convened. At the same time he commended, in high terms, the intrepidity, truth and candour of the two friends; and remarked that the spirit manifested by the young gentleman, in the demand he made upon them, and afterwards in seizing them as depredators, was disgraceful to the country and to all concerned with him, and ought to be held in the utmost reprobation. He then dismissed them, desiring them to go with all diligence in search of the young gentleman and lady that were co-heirs with the present possessor, and, as it appeared by the will, more favoured than he, of which he hoped they would likewise be more deserving.

The honest attorney, perceiving how matters were likely to turn about, made a virtue of forwarding that which he could no longer oppose, and conducted our two heroes straight to the Canongate jail, where Allan and Susan lay confined in sorrowful mood, little aware of what fortunes they were now possessed. They had only that morning made a discovery of each other, and that at a most critical period, just as Susan was going finally off with Mr. M'—— after many demurs. When she beheld her lover so emaciated by sickness, grief, and misfortune, she melted into tears, and stretched out her hand to him, which he clasped in both his, and pressed to his lips. They found themselves companions in misfortune, as they had been in infancy and youth, and their reconciliation was made up in the heart, and took place naturally, without any effort of the one to refuse, or the other to beg it; and for all the forlorn and neglected state in which they found each other, that was perhaps the sweetest morning ever they had spent in their lives.

On Allan being introduced, Mr. M'—— and the keeper withdrew, but the two former bowed to each other slightly, as men slightly acquainted do when they meet. As soon as the two lovers got a little breath from more important matters, Miss Somerville asked Allan, what he knew of that young gentleman that went out with the captain? "I only saw him once in my brother's lodgings," said he; "he is a constant associate of his; a young man of loose principles, or rather, of no principles at all. He is said to have led my brother into many follies."

"An associate of your brother's?" said she, with something more than ordinary earnestness. "Yes," said he, "they live together."

Susan became fixed like a statue. She saw, as through a glass darkly, the machinations that had been laid for destroying her peace. She thought on the disgraceful proposal that had been broadly made to her by her cousin Randal—of Mrs. M'—— in Saint James' Street, the very woman who had tried, in concert with Mrs. Mayder, to get her into his power; and she strongly believed that this imprisonment and proffered relief had all proceeded from the same source. "What a vile heartless wretch that man of fashion, my cousin Randal is!" thought she to herself; "no matter, he is Allan's brother, and Allan shall never know his true character, if I can prevent it." They were instantly released, on granting the attorney their joint-bill for the two sums, and were man and wife in three months thereafter. Randal never left the chamber to which he was then confined, till carried out of it to his grave. He fell, unlamented, the victim of youthful folly and unrestrained libertinism. Gilbert was again constituted house-steward and butler at Welldean Hall, which two *lucrative* posts he maintained as long as he lived. Andrew Car was made gamekeeper, and the two friends had a jug or two of brandy toddy together, unrestrained, for many long years. The concealed drawer of gold was at last found out; the ghost of the old laird was never seen any more; and, the year before last, when I was at Welldean Hall, Allan and his lady were both living in great happiness, though far advanced in age.

No. III.—TIBBY JOHNSTON'S WRAITH.

"HOLLOA, Wat, stop till I come up w'ye. Dinna just gallop at sic a rate, man, else you'll founder your horse, an' brik your ain neck into the bargain. Whatten a gate o' riding is that? Stop till I speak to you; I have something to say to you."

"What do you want with me? Tell me directly, for I hae nae a moment to wait. Do you not see that I am in a hurry?"

"To be sure I see that, but then you are always in a hurry. Stay till I come up w'ye, an' then I'll tell you what I want. I have something very particular to say to you. What nonsense is it to ride at that rate? I'll tell you what I want w'ye: can you tell me precisely what o'clock it is?"

"D—n the fellow! What do you mean to stop me for sic a trifle as that, an' me riding atween death an' life for the doctor?"

"For the doctor? Hech! wow! Wat, man, but I didna ken that. What is it that's gane wrang w'ye?"

"What's gane wrang! O, bless your heart, man, a's gane wrang thegither. There was never sic a job kend i' this world. Our mistress has seen a wraith; she saw Tibby Johnston's wraith last night, and she's dead wi' the fright this morning."

"Dead wi' the fright! Wow, Wat, is she really dead?"

"Dead! bless you, sir, she's clean dead. There never was sic a business in this country. My heart's like to break, an' I'm amaist fleyed out o' my wits into a' ither mischiefs. O, bless your heart, man, there never was the like o' this!—Never, never! oh! dead! Bless ye, she's cauld dead, sir!"

"Why then, Wat, it was real true what ye said, that ye war riding atween death an' life; for, gin the wife be dead and the doctor living, there's nae doubt but ye're riding atween them. But, dear Wat, mony a daft thing ye hae done i' your life, but ye never did aught half sae ridiculous as this, to gallop at sic a rate bringing the doctor to a dead wife."

"O, bless your heart, man, what can folk do? Folk are glad to keep a grip o' life as lang as they can, an' even after it flees out at the window, they'll whiles hing by the tail. But it's the fashion now. Every body sends for the doctor to their wives after they're dead."

"Ay, an' gin a' tales be true, the doctors whiles come to them after they're dead an' buried baith, without being sent for. But truly, Wat, there is something sae far ayont a' ordinary things in this business, that ye maun 'light an' tell me a' about it. Your mistress saw Tibby Johston's wraith you say, an' is dead wi' the fright. But what is come o' Tibb Johnston? Is there ought the matter wi' her?"

"O, God bless your heart, sir, Tibby's dead too. There never was sic a job seen! I hardly ken what I'm doing. Of a' the nights that ever was about a town! O, bless you, sir, you never saw the like o't! I maun gae ride, ye see. If the beast should drap dead aneth me there's nae help for it."

"Tak just a wee time, Wat, an' dinna be in sic a fike. What do you expect that the doctor can do for the dead woman?"

"O, bless your heart, wha kens? It's a' that folk can do. Auld Kilside says he'll maybe open a vein, and gar her refusticat. Hap, woy, beast. For gude sake, get on; fareweel."

"Open a vein an' gar her refusticat! ha, ha, ha! Hap, woy, beast. There goes Wat like a flying eagle! Weel, I canna help laughin' at the gouk, although I'm sorry for the cause o' his confusion an' hurry. If thae twa women really are baith dead, thae haena left ither twa like them i' the parish, an' few i' the hale country. I'll e'en gae up the water a mile or twa, an' try if I can get the particulars."

David went away up the water as he had resolved, and every one that he met with, he stopped to ask what time of the day it was; to make some obser-

vations on the weather; and, finally, to inquire if there were any news up the country; knowing, if any of them had heard of the events at Carlshaw, they would inform him; but he got no satisfactory account until he reached the place. It was at the foot of Milseyburn-path that he stopped Wat Scott riding for the doctor, and from that to Carlshaw is at least six miles; so far had he travelled to learn the particulars of that distressing event. David Proudfoot was a very old man, herding cows, when I was a tiny boy at the same occupation. He would often sit with the snuff-mill in his hand, and tell me old tales for hours together; and this was one among the rest. He cared for no tales, unless he had some share in the transactions himself. The story might be told in a few words, but it would spoil my early recollections, and I could not endure to see it otherwise than as David told it, with all its interpolations.

"When I wan to Carlshaw, I gaed first into the stable and then into the byre, but there was naebody to be seen. The yauds were standing nickering at the manger, and the kye were rowting ower the crib. A' isna right here, indeed, quo' I to myself, as I sneckit the door ahint me; for when Mrs. Graham was in her ordinary way, there was nae servant about the house durst neglect their charge that gate. The plough was standin' idle on the houm, an' the harrows lying birstling on the sawn croft. It's e'en a picture o' desolation, quo' I to mysel'. Every ane's missed amang their ain; but gae without the bounds o' the farm, just beyond that dyke, an' there's no ane thinkin' o' the loss. I was right. When you an' I slip away to our lang hame, my man, others will just pop into our places, an' laugh, an' fike, an' mind their ain affairs, an' never ane will think o' us ava.

"Weel, I didna like to intrude on a family in distress, for I was but a young man then; sae I thinks that I'll chap away up to Matthew Hyslop's bit house, and see if it be true that the gouk said; for if he has lost his wife, Tibby Johnston, says I to mysel', he'll never put the like o' her in her shoon. When I gaed up near the cot house, they had nae apartments there to hide themselves in frae the e'e o' the warld; an' there I saw Matthew sitting on the green brae side, an' a' his five bairns about him; an' he had the muckle Bible open in his hand, but when he saw me he closed it, and laid it down.

"'How's a' wi' ye the day, Matthew,' quo' I.

"'I canna complain, an' I winna complain, Davie,' said he. 'I am just as it has been the will o' the Lord to make me. Hale in health, but broken in heart, Davie. We hae been visited wi' a heavy dispensation here last night.'

"'Wow, Matthew, but I'm wae to hear that,' quo' I. 'Pray what has happened i' your family?'

"'It has pleased the Almighty to take thae poor bairns' mother frae their head last night, David; and here am I left as helpless and disconsolate a poor man as the sun o' heaven has this day risen on.'

"'It is a heavy trial, Matthew,' quo' I. 'But ye maunna repine. Ye maun bear it like a man, and a Christian. Your wife has only paid a debt that she has been awn for these forty years, an' ye maun trust in Heaven, an' be resigned.'

"'So I am, so I am, David. You have said the truth, and I am resigned. But our fall'n nature is weak, and the human heart maun be allowed some yearnings ower what it held dearest in life. I hope my kind Maker and Redeemer will forgive my tears, for my grief's no out o' my repining at the execution o' his just decrees; but, oh! David, sic a woman as I hae lost.'

"'She was a good woman, Matthew,' says I. 'If Tibby Johnston wasna a good woman and a Christian, mony ane may be feared.'

"'There's nane kens what she was but mysel', David. We hae lived thegither for these fifteen years, and I never heard the word of discontent frae her tongue, nor saw a frown on her brow. She had the true feelings of a wife and a mother; for she only lived in, and for her family. Their happiness was hers; an' a' their pains, an' a' their wants, she felt as her own. But, ower and aboon that, she had a warm heart to a' mankind, and a deep

reverence for every sacred thing. Had my dear woman died in my arms, my heart wadna hae been sae saif ; but, oh, David! she died out on the hill, wi' no ae friend near, to take her last farewell, to support her head, or to close her e'e.'

"I held my tongue, and could make no answer, for he was sobbing sae hard, that his heart was like to burst. At length he came to himsel', and composed his voice as well as he could.

"'I maun tell ye ower ilka thing as it happened, David,' said he ; 'for I hae nae pleasure but in speaking about her whose head's lying low in that house the day. When she waken'd yesterday morning, she says to me, 'Bless me, Matthew,'——Ay, she had aye that bit sweet, harmless by-word. Bless me, bairn, or, bless me, Matthew. Mony a time she said it ; though I whiles reproved her, and said it was sae like a Papish signing and blessing hersel', that I didna like to hear it. Then she wad gie a bit short laugh—ye mind her good-natured, bashfu' laugh, David?—and say, that she would try to remember no to say't again ; but out it came the very next word, and there was nae mair about it ; for laith wad I hae been to hae higgled wi' her, an' vex'd her about ony thing! My canny woman! Sae, as I was saying, she says to me, when she waken'd, 'Bless me, Matthew, sic a dream as I hae had last night! I dreamed I was gaun away the day to be married to a new bridegroom, an' leave you an' the bairns to shift for yoursel's. How wad ye like that, goodman?' I said something in a joking way, whilk it is needless to repeat, that there was nane would be sic a fool as to take her aff my hand, but if they did, that I wad soon get a better. 'Ay!' quo' she, 'it is easy for you to say sae, but weel I ken it's far frae your heart. But, Matthew,' continued she, in a graver tone, 'does it not bode ill to dream o' marriage? I think I hae heard my auld aunt say, that to dream o' marriage was death.' 'Daft body,' quo' I, 'ye trouble aye your head wi' vagaries. Whoever follows freets, freets will follow them.' 'I saw mony a braw man riding on their horses, but I mysel' gaed i' the fore-end, and was the brawest mountit o' them a',' said she. I thought nae mair about it, and she said nae mair about it ; but after we had gotten the breakfast, I sees her unco dinkly dressed, for she was soon made neat and clean. 'What are ye after the day, Tibby?' quo' I. 'I'm gaun to the market,' said she. 'I hae three spinles o' sale yarn for auld Tammie, an' I'm gaun to buy barley an' saut, an' some ither little things for the house wi' the price o't.' 'Ye're a good creature, an' a thrifty ane,' quo I : 'there never was a better about a poor man's house.' Then she leugh, an' fikit about putting a' things to rights for the bairns and me through the day ; for she likit a bit praise, and whenever I roused her, she was as happy and as light-hearted as when she was nineteen years auld. Then, after settling wi' the bairns what she was to bring ilk ane o' them, she set out wi' her yarn on her back, saying, that she would be hame about the gloaming ; but I wasna to be ony feared for her though she was gayen late, for she had been rather lang o' winning away, and had muckle ado.

"When the gloaming came, I began to weary, but I couldna get the bairns left, and was obliged to look and listen, and mony a lang look and lang listen I took in vain. I put the bairns ane by ane to their beds, and sat up till midnight. But then I could rest nae langer, sae I ran to a neighbour to come and bide i' the house, and aff I set for the market town, expecting at every turn to meet my woman wi' her bit backfu'. I gaed a' the gate to the town without meeting wi' her, and cried the folk out o' their beds that I kend she dealt wi', but she hadna been seen there after three o'clock. At length, after it was daylight, I got some spearings o' her at the holmhead. The weaver's wife there, had seen her an' spoken wi' her, and she told her that she was gaun to try the hill road, that she might be hame wi' some hue o' day. I took the hill road as fast as my feet would carry me, and a wild road it is, unfit for a woman wi a burden to travel. There was but ae sheiling in the hale gate, if she keepit the right track, and I had strong hopes that she had been nightit, and stayed there until day. When I came to the sheil, and asked for her, the shepherd's

wife started to her feet, 'What!' said she, holding up both her hands, 'did your wife no come hame last night?' 'No,' said I. 'Then you will never see her again in life,' said she, with great emotion, 'for she left this house after sun-set. She asked a drink of milk, and complained of something about her heart that made her very ill; but nothing would prevail on her to stay.' My heart grew as cold as a stone; and, without uttering another word, I took the hill on my way homeward. A wee bit after I came ower the height, and no very far aff the road—no aboon a hunder steps aneath the sand o' the mossy grain——Oh, David, I canna tell ye nae mair! The sight that I saw there will hing about my heart to the day o' my death, an' the sooner that comes the better. She died at her devotion, whilk was a great comfort to me, for she was in a kneeling posture, and her face on the ground. Her burden was lying beside her. My dear kind woman! there wasna the least bit necessary thing forgotten! There was a play for ilk ane o' the bairns; a whup to Harry; a knife to Jock; and a picture-beuk to little Andrew. She had us a' in her breast; and there's little doubt that her last petition was put up to Heaven for us. I can tell ye nae mair, David, but ye maun come up again Sabbath first, and render the last duty to the best o' women.'

"I promised that I would, and said some words o' comfort to him, that he was a great deal the better o'; but I hadna the heart to tell him what had befallen at Carlshaw; for I thought he couldna thole that. But down I comes mysel', to see if I can make ony farther discoveries about matters. I was mair fortunate this time; an' it's wonderfu' what effect mortality has in making folk devout, for there I finds auld Yiddie, the barnman, who never cared a fig about religion, sitting broggling and spelling at a kittle chapter in Nehemiah, thinkin', I daresay, that he was performing a very devout act. An' Yiddie really had the assurance, when I came to him, to pretend to be in a very religious frame o' mind. But gin ye had but heard Yiddie's sawpient sayings about *the end o' man*, as he ca'd it, really, callant, they wad hae edified ye very muckle. 'Ye're thrang at your beuk, Yiddie,' quo' I. 'O, ay, what can we do! The end o' man's comin' on us a'! We maun be preparing, lad; for death spares naebody, an' the mair's the pity. He maws them down as the gerse on the field, an' as a thing fa's in time, it maun lie through a' eternity, ye ken. It is a hard compensation this. But it shaws the workings of man, and the end of a' things is at hand. We maun e'en be preparing, lad, and do the best we can for a good up-pitting.'

"I said something to Yiddie that he was a hantle the better o'. 'Yiddie,' says I, 'do you expect to mix wi' the auld Jews i' the neist warld?' 'What has put that i' your head?' quo' he. 'Because I dinna see how reading that lang catalogue o' names,' quo' I, 'can prepare ye for death, or for another warld, unless ye expect to meet wi' a' the auld Jews that came back frae Babylon, and wish to be able to name ilka chap by his ain name. I'll tell ye what wad be as wiselike, Yiddie. If ye wad repent o' a' your sins, and beg forgiveness and mercy at the throne o' grace, it would be as likely to gain you acceptance wi' Heaven, as putting on a grave face, and spelling ower a string o' auld-warld names. But gie us a' the particulars o' this *hard compensation*, Yiddie. Has the doctor no been able to restore your mistress to life?'

"'Na, na, lad, he wad be a wice doctor could do that; an' muckle sale he wad get; an O sic a benefit he would be to man!' (I heard Yiddie didna like to die at a'.) 'But as to our mistress that's gane, honest woman! there was nae doctor to be had, an' it was a' ane for that, for she was past redemption. I said there was nae mair hope after she fell into the second fit; an' neither there was; but the goodman would be hoping against nature an' reason. After a', I dinna wonder muckle at it; for it was an awfu' thing to see a wraith.'

"'Did she indeed see something that couldna be accounted for, Yiddie?' said I, 'and was that the immediate cause of her death?'

"'There's nae doubt but it was the cause o' her death,' said he, 'although the minister is sae daft as to say that she had been affectit wi' the trouble

afore, an' that had made her believe that she saw the shape o' her neighbour gaun at her side. But onybody kens that's nonsense. Thae ministers, they will aye pretend to be wicer nor ither fouk, an' the feint a sperk o' sense they ken ava, but just rhaim rhaim rhaiming aye the same thing ower again, like gouks i' June. But as to accounting for the thing, that's what I canna say naething about. She saw Tibby Johnston's wraith; but whether a wraith can be rightly accountit for or no, is mair nor I can persoom.'

"'I can account for it very weel, Yiddie,' says I, 'and I'll do it to set your mind at rest about that, for I hae heard it explained by my ain mother, and several cunning old people. Wraiths are of twa kinds you see. They appear always immediately before death, or immediately after it. Now, when a wraith is seen before death, that is a spirit sent to conduct the dying person to its new dwelling, in the same way as the Earl o' Hopetoun there, for instance, wad send a servant to conduct a stranger to his house at Rae-hill that had never been there before. These are sometimes good, and sometimes bad spirits, just according to the tenor of the person's life that lies on the bed o' death. And sometimes the deil mistakes himsel', and a spirit o' baith kinds comes: as for instance, when Jean Swinton departit, there was a white dow sat on the ae end o' the house, an' a corby on the ither; but when the death psalm was sung, the corby flew away. Now, when the wraith appears after death, that's the soul o' the deceased, that gets liberty to appear to the ane of a' its acquaintances that is the soonest to follow it; and it does that just afore it leaves this world for the last time; and that's the true doctrine o' wraiths,' says I, 'and we should a' profit by it.'

"'Hech wow man, but that's wonderfu'!' says he, 'How do ye come to ken sicken things sae young? Weel, of a' things i' the world I wad like warst to see a wraith. But your doctrine hauds very fair in this case; for you see our mistress gaed away up to Matthew's house yestreen to see Tibby after she cam hame frae the mercat, for she was to bring her some word that deeply concerned her. Weel, she stayed there till the gloaming, and as Tibby wasna like to come hame, she came away, saying, 'She wad see her the morn.''

"'Ay, sae she will, Yiddie, sae she will!' says I. 'But little did she ken, when she said sae, that she was to see her in a country sae far away.' 'It is a queer warld this,' said Yiddie. 'Howsomever I'll gang on wi' my story, as I dinna want to dive into morality eenow. Weel, as I was saying, she comes her ways; but in her road hameward, ere ever she wist, saw Tibby gaun twa or three steps afore her, and at the aff side o' the road, as if she had gaen by without tenting her. She had on her Sunday claes, and appeared to hae a heavy burden on her back, and she was gaun rather like ane dementit. The mistress then cried after her, 'Tibby, is that you? I think you're come by your ain house the night.' It made nae answer, but postit on; and turned a wee aff the road, and fell down. Our mistress made a' the haste down to the place that she could, still thinking that it was Tibby Johnston hersel', and she was gaun to lift her, and see what was the matter; but when she came to the spot there was nothing there, and no living creature to be seen. She was nae frightit that time at a'; but, thinking she hadna seen distinctly, she lookit a' round about her, and cried out several times, 'Tibby, what's come o' you? where away are you gane?' or something to that purpose. But, neither seeing nor hearing ought, she came back to the road and held on her way. In less than three minutes after that she saw Tibby gaun before her again, but still mair unsettled and distressed like than she was afore. The mistress didna speak that time, for she thought something was the matter wi' her, but she walked as fast as she could to come up wi' her, and thought aye she was winning some ground. At length she saw her drap down again on her face, and she thought she fell like ane that was never to rise again. On this our mistress gae a loud scream, and ran up to the spot, but there was nobody there.

"'She saw nae mair, but came hame by hersel', and wonderfu' it was how she was able to come hame. As soon as she came in and saw the light she fainted, and gaed out o' ae fainting fit into anither the hale night, and was

in great distress and horror o' mind. A' the servants o' the house sat up wi' her, and about day she fell into a quiet sleep. When she wakened she was a good deal composed, and we had hopes that she would soon be quite better, and the goodman went to a bed to get some rest. By ill luck, havering Jean Jinkens came in about nine o'clock to see the mistress, and ere ever ane could prevent her, tauld that Tibby Johnston had died out on the hill the last night; and that her husband had found her this morning lying cauld and lifeless, wi' her burden on her back, and her face on the ground.

"This intelligence threw Mrs. Graham into a stupor, or rather she appeared striving to comprehend something that was beyond the grasp of her mind. She uttered some half-articulate prayers, and then fell into a complete franazy, which increased every minute to a terrible degree, till her strength was clean gane, and she sank back lifeless on the bed. After muckle exertion by her attendants, she revived, but she wasna like hersel'; her voice was altered, and her features couldna hae been kend. Her delirium increased, and forced her again to a little bodily exertion, but it soon came to an end, and she fell into that sleep from which a' the attendants and a' the doctors in the warld could not have awaked her again. She's now lying a streekit corpse in her ain bed, and the goodman, I fear, will gang out o' his right mind.

"Yiddie didna just tell it sae weel, or sae properly as that, but that was the subject matter. I came my way hame right douf an' heavy-hearted, for I had gotten a lesson read to me that I never could forget.

"On the Saturday afore the twa burials, I was down at the roadside afore the sheep as usual, and there I sees Wat Scott coming gallopping faster than ever. When he saw me he laid on his horse, thinking to get by ere I wan on the road, but I was afore him; and, fearing I couldna stop him otherwise, I brought my coat-tails o'er my head, and cowered afore him on the middle o' the road. Nae horse nor dog in the world will face ane in that guise, and in a moment Wat was gallopping faster up the water than before he was doing down. But, goodness, as he was flyting and banning at me!

"'Wat, just 'light aff your beast feasible like,' says I, 'and lead it down the path, else never a foot ye shall win farther the day.' He was obliged to comply, and I questioned him what was the matter, and if he was riding for the doctor again?

"'Doctor, man! od bless your heart, it's ten times waur than the doctor this. There never was sic a job, sir, sin' this world stood up. Never. I *do not* see, for my part, what's to come o' folk. I think people be infatuate! Bless you, sir, you never knew sic a business in your life. A' things are gawn to utter confusion now."

"'What is it, Wat, man? What is it?

"'What is it! Bless my soul, man, did you no hear? you never heard, sir, sic a business *all your* life. What think ye, the confounded idiot of a wright has done, but made our mistress' coffin so short that she canna get a foot into it. There never was sic a job seen in this country. Lord, sir, she'll never look intil't!'

"'It is a very awkward and disagreeable job indeed, Wat,' says I, 'and highly reprehensible; but I should think, by using a little art, it might still answer.'

"'The thing is impossible, sir! perfectly impossible! The man must be a blockhead! Bless your heart, sir, she'll never keek into it. Disagreeable! Ay, there never was ought in the least like it. There, think of it—this is Saturday—the morn's the burial day. I wadna wonder but I hae a coffin to tak hame afore me the night after dark. It's enough to put ony man alive out o' his judgment. I think the folk be a' gane mad and stupid thegither.'

"Wat gallopped away from me, actually crying with perplexity, and exclaiming, that *there never was sic a job kend i' the world.* The burials were baith in the kirkyard on the Sabbath-day, at the same time;—and that is the hale story o' Tibby Johnston's wraith, my little man, sae aften spoken about in this

country. When ye come to my time o' life, ye may be telling it to somebody, and, if they should misbelieve it, you may say that you heard it from auld Davie Proudfoot's ain mouth, and he was never kend for a liar."

A TALE OF

GOOD QUEEN BESS:

HER JEALOUSY OF A SUCCESSOR.

IT is a fact well known to those versed in the annals of illustrious British families, that, after the death of Mary Queen of Scots, there was still another accomplished young lady, who was an only child, and so nearly related to both the English and Scottish crowns that Elizabeth became restlessly jealous of her, and consulted with the timid James by what means the young lady might be prevented from having a legitimate offspring. James, entering keenly into the same feelings, urged Elizabeth to claim her as a royal ward, and then, having her under her own eye, she might readily find means, on some plausible pretence or other, to prevent her from marrying. Elizabeth acquiesced, and forthwith sent a message to that effect. The young lady, little knowing with whom she had to do, would willingly have gone to the court of her cousin, the English queen; but neither her mother, stepfather, nor guardian, would permit it. And though the answer they returned to the queen was humble and subservient, there was one intimation in it which cut Elizabeth to the heart, and prompted her to the most consummate means of revenge: it was, that the young lady was placed by her father's will under noble guardians in Scotland, who would not suffer the sole owner of two earldoms, and *the presumptive heir of two crowns*, to be removed from under their charge. This roused the jealousy of the old vixen into perfect delirium, and from that moment she resolved on having the young lady cut off privately.

These being known and established facts, the following story will easily be traced by a few to the real actors and sufferers; but, at the same time, I judge it incumbent on me to change the designation of the family and of the castle in some degree, that the existing relatives, numerous and noble, may not be apparent to every reader.

Shortly after this message, there came into Scotland, by King James' permission, a party of Englishmen, with a stud of fine horses for sale. They lingered in the vicinity of Acremoor castle (as we shall denominate it) for a good while, showing their fine horses here and there; and one of them, on pretence of exhibiting a fine Spanish jennet to the young lady, got admittance to the castle, and had several conversations with the mother and daughter, both together and separately.

At the same period, there came to a farm-house on the Acremoor estate, late one evening, a singular old woman, who pretended to be subject to fits, to be able to tell fortunes, and predict future events. Her demeanour and language had a tint of mystical sublimity about them, which interested the simple folks greatly; and they kept her telling fortunes and prophesying great part of the night. Among other things, after a grand fit, she exclaimed, "Ah? is it so? Is it so? How came I to this place to-night to be the herald of treachery and misfortune! The topmost bough of the noble tree must be lopped off, and the parent stem fall in the dust! Woe is me! The noble and beautiful! The noble and beautiful! Curses on the head of the insatiable wretch!" And with such ravings she continued, till suddenly she disappeared.

There lived in the castle a very pretty girl, named Lucy Lumsdaine. She

was the young lady's foster-sister, her chief waiting-maid and confidant, and there subsisted a strong attachment between them. That very night about midnight, or, as some alleged, considerably after it, Lucy raised such an alarm in the castle as roused the terrified sleepers with a vengeance. She ran from one room to another, screaming out, "murder!" and after the menials were aroused and assembled together, the poor girl was so dreadfully affected that she could scarce make herself intelligible. But then she had such a story to deliver! She heard some strange sounds in the castle, and could not sleep, but durst not for her life leave her chamber in the darkness. She kept constantly listening at her key-hole, or looking from her lattice. She at one time heard her young lady sobbing, as she thought, till her heart was like to burst; and then the door of the catacomb beside the dungeon open and shut; then heavy steps moving stealthily to and fro; and finally, long after, she saw a man leap out at a window on the ground floor, and take the dead body of her young mistress on his back in a sack, and retreat with hasty steps towards the churchyard. She saw one arm and the head outside the sack, and the beautiful long hair hanging down; and she was convinced and certain that her young lady was ravished and murdered by an English horse-jockey.

The ladies were both amissing. They had never been in their beds, and what to do the terrified inmates knew not; but in the plenitude of their wisdom, they judged it best to proceed in a body to the churchyard, and seize the murderer before he got the body buried, and wreak ample vengeance on him. When they arrived at the burial-ground, there was nobody there, nor any thing uncommon to be seen, save an open grave newly made, into which not one of them dared to look, pretending that they knew for whom it was made. They then returned home contented after this great exertion. Indeed, what could they do, as no trace of the ladies was heard of?

There was little cognizance taken of such matters in that reign; but on this occasion there was none. King James, perhaps, either knew of, or suspected the plot, and kept quiet; and the only person who made a great outcry about it was poor Lucy, who tried all that she could to rouse the vassals to inquiry and revenge; and so far prevailed, that proclamation was made at the pier of Leith and the cross of Edinburgh, and rewards offered for the apprehension of those who had carried the ladies off, and kept them in concealment. Murder was not mentioned, as a thing not to be suspected.

But behold, in a few days, Lucy also disappeared, the great mover of all this; and her sweetheart, Alexander Graham, and her only brother Lowry, with many other relations among the peasantry, were left quite inconsolable, and knew not what course to take. They had resolved to take vengeance in their own hands, could they have discovered whither to have directed it; but the plot had been laid beyond their depth.

The old witch-wife about this time returned, and having obtained universal confidence from her prophetic ravings about the topmost bough being lopped off, and the parent stem, and the noble and the beautiful, &c., &c. So, at the farmer's request, she was placed by David Dallas, the steward on the estate, in a little furnished cottage, a sort of winter resting-place for the noble family, near a linn in the depth of the wood; and there she lived, feared and admired, and seldom approached, unless perchance by a young girl who wished to consult her about a doubtful sweetheart.

After sundry consultations, however, between Alexander Graham, Lucy's betrothed sweetheart, and Lowry Lumsdaine, her only brother, it was resolved that the latter should go and consult the sibyl concerning the fate of Lucy. One evening, near the sun-setting, Lowry, taking a present of a deer's-ham below his plaid, went fearfully and rapidly away to the cot in the linn. That his courage might not eventually fail him, he whistled one while, and sung another, "Turn the blue bonnet wha can;" but in spite of all he could do, heavy qualms of conscience sometimes came over him, and he would say to himself, "'Od, after a', gin I thought it was the deil or ony o' his awgents that she dealt wi', shame fa' me gin I wadna turn again yet!"

Lowry, however, reached the brink of the bank opposite the cottage, and peeping through the brambles, beheld this strange being sitting in a little green arbour beside the cottage, dressed in an antique and fantastic mode, and, as it appeared to him, employed in plucking leaves and flowers in pieces. She sometimes cast her eyes up to heaven, and then wiped them, as if she had been weeping. "Alas! poor creature!" said Lowry to himself, "wha kens what she may hae suffered i' this wicked world! She may hae lost an only daughter or an only son, as I hae dune an only sister, and her losses may hae injured her reason. Ay, I hae little doubt, now when I see her, but that has been the case; an' that's the way how she sees intil hidden mysteries an' events. For it is weel kend that when God bereaves o' ae sense, he always supplies another, and that often of a deeper and mair incomprehensible nature. I'll venture down the brae, and hear what she says.—How's a' wi' ye, auld lucky o' the linn?—Gude-e'en t'ye. What's this you are studying sae seriously the night?"

"I'm studying whether a she-fox or a wild-boar is the more preferable game, and whether it would be greater glory to run down the one with my noble blood-hounds, or wile the other into a gin. Do you take me, Mr. Lumsdaine?"

"Lord sauf us! she kens my name even, an' that without ever seeing me afore. I thought aye that we twa might be auld acquaintances, lucky, an' see what I hae brought ye in a present. It will be ill for making you dry, but ye're no far frae the burn here."

"You have been a simple, good-natured fool all your life, Lowry; I can perceive that, though I never saw your face before. But I take no gifts or rewards. Leave your venison, for it is what I much wanted, and here are two merks for it. Do as I bid you, else you will rue it."

"Aih! gudeness, d'ye say sae? Gie me a haud o' the siller then. It will sune turn into sklait-stanes at ony rate; sae it will make sma' odds to ony o' us. But, gude forgie us, what war ye saying about hunting? Ye may hunt lang ere ye start a wild-boar here, or a she-fox either, as I wad trow; sae an ye wad tell me ony thing, it maunna be in parables."

"Aye, but there's a she-fox that sees us when we dinna see her, and whose cruel eye can pick out the top chickens of the covey, and yet they cannot all suffice her insatiable thirsting after blood. She reminds me of the old song, to which I request your attention. It will tell you much:—

"The boar he would a-wooing go,
To a mistress of command,
And he's gone away to the lady fox,
And proffer'd her his hand.
'You're welcome here, Lord Bruin,' she says,
'You're welcome here to me;
But ere I lie into your den,
You must grant me favours three.'

'Yes—favours three I will grant to thee,
Be these whate'er they may,
For there is not a beast in the fair forest
That dares with me to play.
Then bid me bring the red-deer's heart,
Or nombles of the hind,
To be a bridal supper meat,
Fitting my true love's mind.'

'O no, O no,' said the lady fox,
'These are no gifts for me;
But there are three birds in fair Scotland,
All sitting on one tree;
And I must have the heart of one,
And the heads of the other two,

And then I will go, for well or woe,
To be a bride to you.'

Now woe be to that vile she-fox,
The worst of this world's breed,
For the bonny, bonny birds were reaved away,
And doom'd by her to bleed ;
And she tied the boar up by the neck,
And he hung till he was dead."

As she sung these verses with wild vehemence, Lowry looked on and listened with mingled terror and admiration, trying to make something out of them relating to the subject nearest his heart ; but he could not, although convinced that they bore some allusion to the subject. "I am convinced, lucky, that ye hae a swatch o' a' things, past, present, an' to come," said he ; "for ye hae foretold some wonderfu' things already. But I can mak naething o' sic wild rants as this, an' unless ye speak to me in plain, braid Scots, I'll never be a bawbee's worth the wiser."

"Because, Lowry, that head of yours is as opaque as a millstone. Kneel down there, and I'll throw a little glamour over you, which will make you see a thousand things which are invisible to you now."

"Na, na, lucky ! Nane o' your cantrips wi' me. I'm as feared for you as if you were a judge o' death an' life afore me. I just came to ask you a few rational questions. Will you answer them ?"

"Perhaps I may, when I get a rational being to converse with. But did it ever strike that goblet head of yours, that it formed any part or portion of the frame of such a being ?"

"But then, lucky, I hae nature at my heart, an' that should be respectit by the maist gifted body that exists. Now, as I am fully convinced that ye hae a kind o' dim view of a' that's gaun on *aneath* the heaven—as for ony farrer, that's rather a dirdum—we maunna say ought about that—But aince for a', can ye tell me ought about my dear sister Lucy ?"

"Alas, poor fellow ! There, indeed, my feelings correspond with yours. Can it be that the rudest part of the creation is the most affectionate ? Yes, yes, it must be so. From the shaggy polar bear to the queen upon the throne, there is one uniform and regular gradation of natural affection. In that most intense and delightful quality of the human heart, the lowest are the highest, and the highest the lowest : and henceforth will I rather ensconce myself among nature's garbage than snuffle the hateful atmosphere of heartless indifference and corruption. Why did it behove poor Lucy to suffer with her betters ? Her rank glittered not in the fox's eye. But the day of retribution may come, and the turtle-dove return to her mate. There is small hope, but there *is* hope ; such a villain can never sit secure. Mark what I say, hind—

"When the griffin shall gape from the top of Goat-Fell,
And the falcon and eagle o'er Scorbeck shall yell,
When the dead shall arise, and be seen by the river,
And the gift with disdain be returned to the giver,
Then you shall meet Lucy more lovely than ever."

Now leave me, good hind, leave me ; for a hand will come and lead me in, which it is not meet you should see. But ponder on what I have told you."

Lowry was not slow in obeying the injunction, not knowing what might appear to lead her in ; and as he trudged homeward, he conversed thus with himself—"She's a terrible auld wife that ! an' has something about her far aboon the common run o' women, wha are for the maist part great gouks, for as bonny an' as glib-tongued as they are. But here is an auld grim wrinkled lucky, wha, forby good sense an' right feeling, has a tint o' sublimity about her that's perfectly grand. May they no as weel be good spirits as evil anes that she converses wi' ? If ane could but trow that, what a venerable creature she would be ! She bids me ponder on her rhymes, but I can make naething o'

them. That last ane refers to something they ca' coats wi' arms that the gentles hae, an' sounded like a thing where there was some hope, save ae bit o't, 'when the dead shall arise.' When she came to that, oho! that's rather a dirdum, thinks I, and lost hope, and I'm now fairly convinced that my young lady an' sister are baith murdered; for I dreamed ae night that the spirit o' my dead mother came to me, an' tauld me that they were baith murdered by this new lord, and sunk wi' sackfu's o' stanes in the Acremoor Loch. Now, O what heart can stand sic a thought as that!"

All the three females being thus lost without the least trace of any of them having been discovered, shortly thereafter an heir appeared, with a patent from King James for the estates, but not the titles; and he took forthwith uninterrupted possession. He was a sullen and gloomy person; and though at first he tried to ingratiate himself with his people, by giving to the poor, and employing many day-labourers, yet every one who could shunned his presence, which seemed to shed a damp and a chilliness over the human heart. At his approach the schoolboys left the play-green, retiring in detached and listless groups, till the awe-inspiring look scowled no more upon them. The laugh along the hay-field ceased at his approach, and the song of the reaper was hushed. He was styled Sir Herbert; but Sir Herbert soon found that his reign was likely to become an uneasy one. For word coming to Acremoor that he had been expressly sent for by Queen Elizabeth, and having waited on her, left her on some private commission for Scotland shortly before the disappearance of the young heiress and her mother; then it was that an indefinable sensation of horror began to inspire all ranks in that district. Their young lady's claim to both crowns was well known, and often boasted of among her vassals, and they dreaded that some dark and infamous deed had been committed, yet they wist not by what means to implicate their new and detested master, whom they thenceforward regarded as either a murderer, or an accomplice of murderers, and disclaimed allegiance to him.

The government of Scotland was at that time very inefficient, the aristocracy having quite the ascendant; and between the chief and his vassals there was no interference, his will being the supreme law among them, from which there was rarely any appeal. But with regard to who was their rightful chief, to whom they were bound to yield this obedience, that power the vassals kept in their own hands, and it was a right that was well looked into. Of course, at this very time, there was a meeting among the retainers and chief tacksmen on these extensive domains, to consult whether or not it was consistent with honour and propriety to pay their rents to this upstart chief, while their late lord and master's only daughter was probably still in life, and might require double payment from every one of them; and it was decided unanimously, that unless a full explanation of his rights was laid before them, they would neither pay him rent nor obedience in future; so that at this time Sir Herbert found his vassals in open and avowed rebellion. It was in vain that he showed them his titles of recognition by the king; the men answered, that their young lady's rights and titles never had been forfeited; and, without a charter from her, they denied his rights of inheritance. They said farther, that they would take no single man's word or oath that their lady was dead, and they were determined to preserve her rights till they had sufficient proof *where* she died, *how* she died, and where she was buried.

While the chief vassals were thus interesting themselves more and more about the fate of their young lady, Lowry and Graham were no less perplexed about that of their beloved Lucy. The former had again and again waited on the sibyl, with whose wandering and visionary aspirations he was mightily taken; and having attended her by appointment early one morning, the following dialogue concluded their conversation:—

"But I hae been thinkin', dear lucky, what's to come o' you, gin you tak your death here,—for ye ken that maun come some time; an' there's naebody to tak care o' ye, to gie ye a drink, or haud your head, or to close your een, when ye gang awa."

"Fear not for me, honest lad, for I am resolved to die beneath the open eye of heaven, with my eyes open upon it, that I may feel the odours of paradise descending from it, and breathing their sweet influence over my soul; for there is a living animating spirit breathes over the open face of nature, of which mine forms an item; and when I breathe it away at the last, it shall be into the pure elastic element."

Lowry was so struck with this, that he stepped aside, and exclaimed to himself, "Now, wha could suspect sic a woman as that for a witch? The thing's impossible! There's something heavenly about her! Breathe her soul into an element! I wonder what an element is! Aha, there's the dirdum!—Dear lucky, gin it be your will, what is an element?"

"Now, what do you think it is, honest Lumpy?"

"I'm rather in a dirdum; but I think it is a great muckle beast without joints." Then aside, "Hout, that canna be it either, for how could she breathe her soul into a great unfarrant beast."

"What is that you are muttering to yourself, fool? It is an elephant you are wrestling with. The elements are the constituent parts of nature. Fire is the primeval and governing one."

"Aih! gudeness preserve us! that's ten times waur than a muckle beast! Then she is a witch after a'; an' when she dies, she's gaun to breathe her soul into fire. That gars a' the hairs o' my head creep; I wish I were away. But dear, dear lucky, ye haena tauld me ought about Lucy as yet, or whether she be dead or living?"

"I have never seen her spirit. But death's safest to hide the crimes of a villain.

> There's villany at the heart, young man;
> There's blood upon the head;
> But the worms that he would tread upon,
> Shall lay him with the dead."

Lowry was little or nothing the wiser of this wild rhapsody, and went away to his work with a heavy heart. But that day one of the most singular incidents befell to him that ever happened to mortal man. Lowry was draining a meadow on the side of Acremoor Loch, and often wishing in his heart that Lucy's fate might be revealed to him one way or another, when, all at once, he felt a strange overpowering heat come over him, and on looking about to see from whence it proceeded, there was his mother standing close by his side. "Gudeness preserve us, mother!" cried Lowry; "whereaway are ye gaun? or what has brought you here?"

"O fie, Lowry, whaten questions are these to ask at your mother? Where can a mother gang, or where should a mother gang, but to her only son? Ye maybe thought I was dead, Lowry, but ye see I'm no dead."

"I see sae indeed, mother, an' glad am I to see you lookin' sae weel an' sae bien. But stand a wee bit farrer aff, an it be your will, for there's a heat about ye that's like to skomfish me."

"Na, na, Lowry lad, ye're no sae easily skomfished; ye'll hae to stand a hantle mair heat than this yet. But tell me now, son, are you just gaun to delve and howk away a' your days there, an' never think o' revenging the death o' your dear sister?"

"Why, the truth is, mother, that's rather a dirdum; for we canna discover, neither by witchery nor warlockry, what has come ower her, or wha to revenge her death on; or, my certy! but they wad get their dickens!"

"Dear Lowry, didna I tell ye lang syne that she was murdered an' sunk in the Acremoor Loch in a sackfu' o' stanes, an' that exactly opposite to the place where we stand."

"Weel, mother, in the first place, I think I *do* mind o' you telling me this afore; but in the next place, as to where I am to find her, that's rather a dirdum, for ye ken twa things or twa places are always right opposite ane

anither. Sae unless you can gie me a third mark, I may fish in that great braid loch for my sister an' her sackfu' stanes for a tow-mont."

"Then, Lowry, do you see yon willow-tree on the ither side o' the loch? yon lang sma' tree that stands by itsell, bent i' the tap, and wantin' branches?"

"Aye, weel aneugh, mither."

"Then, exactly in a line between this spot, and yon willow-tree, will you find the corpse o' your sister an' her lady, my other dear bairn, sunk in that loch wi' sackfu's o' stanes tied to their necks. Didna I tell you a' this afore, Lowry?"

"Aha, lucky, but I didna believe ye, for d'ye ken, I never had muckle to lippen to your word a' my life,—for as for telling ane the even down truth, that never ainee cam into your head. I winna say that ye didna sometimes tell the truth, but then it was merely by chance; an' for that very reason, I'm a wee doubtfu' o' the story still, it is sae unnatural for a man to murder twa bonny young creatures, an' sink them them into a loch, wi' a sackfu' o' stanes tied to their necks. Now, be sure o' what ye say, mother, for life and death depend on it. Did ye see them murdered an' sunk in that loch wi' your ain bodily een?"

"Baith, baith, by your new laird's ain hands! He is the villain and the murderer!"

"Then, mother, off goes his head, an' on the clay dumpling—that's settled. Or how wad it do to rack his neck to him? But for mercy's sake, stand a wee bit farrer off, an it be your will—for I declare there's a heat about you like a fiery furnace. Odsake, stand back, or I'll be baith suffocat an' roasted in five minutes."

"O Lowry, Lowry! my dear son, Lowry!" exclaimed the old wife, clasping him round the neck, and smothering him with kisses of the most devouring heat. Lowry bellowed out most lustily, laying on both with feet and hands, and then added, "Od, I declare she has downed me, the auld roodess, and smothered me, an' roasted me into the bargain! I'll never do mair good! Mither, where are you? Mither, what's become o' you? Hilloa, mither! where awa are ye gane? Gude forgie me, gin this disna ding a' things that ever happened in this world! This is beyound the comprehension of man!"

Gentle reader, honest Lowry had all this time been sound asleep, with a burning sun beating on him. He had sat down on the edge of his drain to rest himself, and ponder on the loss of his sister, and, laying his broad shoulders back upon the flowery meadow, had fallen asleep, while, in the mean time, the heat of the day had increased to such a pitch, that when he awoke from the struggle with his mother, his face and breast were all blistered, and the perspiration pouring from his ample sides like water. But the identity of his mother, and the reality of her personal presence, were so strongly impressed on his mind, and every thing having been so particularly related to him, he believed all as a real vision. He could work no more that day, but there he sat panting and conversing with himself in something like the following style:—

"Was there ever aught like my stupidity, no to remember a' the time that my mother was dead? an' yet that never ainee cam into my head, although she gaed me a hint about it. I saw her dee wi' my ain ee, saw her nailed in the coffin—ay, an' laid her head mysell in a deep grave, an' saw the mools heapit on her, an' the green sods abune a'; an' yet never to remember that the grave separated her an' me—that the great valley o' the shadow o' death lay between us! Wow me, but there be mony strange things in nature! things that a body's comprehension canna fathom, if it should rax out its arms till they crack. It was my mother's spirit that spak to me, there can be nae doubts about that, an' it maun hae been my spirit, when I was in a dead sleep, that spak to her again; for spirits hae nae comprehension o' death. Let me now consider what's to be done, for I can work nae mair at my handi-

work. She has told me that our new laird is a villain and a murderer. May I take this for gospel! Can I seriously believe this to be true? It is rather a dirdum that. Not that I think my mither's spirit wad come frae the ither warld to tell me an e'en-down lee; but then it may hae been mista'en. It strikes me that the spirit o' nae mortal erring creature can be infallible. They may see wrang wi' their mental een as easily as I may do wi' my mortal anes. They may hear wrang, an' they may judge wrang, for they canna be present everywhere, an' maun aften see an' hear at a distance. An' whether ane is warrantit in taking justice into his ain hands on sic information, is mair than I can compass.—I have it! I'll drag for the bodies, an' if I find them, I'll take the rest for grantit."

Lowry now began to settle his landmarks, by setting up a coil of sods on the place where he slept, but the willow-tree on the other side he could not discover. He then went and communicated the whole to Graham, who agreed at once that they ought to drag for the bodies, but not let any one know what they were about, or on what grounds they had proceeded.

The next morning they were out early with a boat and grappling irons; but the loch being broad and deep, they found, that without discovering the willow-tree, it was a hopeless and endless task. But as soon as Sir Herbert rose and discovered, he sent express orders for them to come instantly ashore, which, when they did, he was exceedingly wroth with them, ordering all the boats to be chained up and secured with padlocks, and even threatened to fire on the first vagabonds he saw out on the lake disturbing his fisheries.

But this injunction proved only a new incentive to the young men to persevere; for they were now assured that all was not right, for the loch had hitherto been free to all the parish, and over it they had been accustomed to ferry their fuel, and all other necessaries. The two friends spent the remainder of that day searching for the willow-tree among all the hedges and ditches on the south side of the lake; but willow-tree they could find none. Towards the evening they came to a single willow stem on the verge of the loch, a mere twig, not exceeding four feet in length, and as they passed it, Graham chanced to say carelessly, "There is a willow, but oh! it will be lang afore it be a tree!" Lowry turned round and looked eagerly at it. "That's it, that's it! That's the verra tree!" cried he. "How that should be the tree is rather a dirdum; but thing's are a' gane ayont my comprehension now. Wow me, but a spirit's ee does magnify a thing terribly, for that willow was ten times as big when I saw it in my vision. Nae the less, it *is* the same, the very same, I ken it by its lang stalk without branches, an' its bend at the tap." There the two set up their landmark, and the night being a summer night, and moonlight, they soon procured a boat, and began a-dragging in a line between the marks. They had not dragged ten minutes ere the grapple fixed in some movable body, which they began a-heaving upward, with strange looks in each other's faces. Lowry at last stopped the windlass, and addressing his friend in a tremulous voice, said, "Wad it no be better to stop till we hae daylight, an' mae een to see the sight? I'm feared my heart canna stand it i' the moonlight. The thoughts o' seeing my dear sister's corpse a' riddled wi' the eels, an' disfigured, an' a sackfu' o' stanes tied to her neck, are like to put me beside mysell."

"I hae something o' the same sort o' feeling," said Graham. "But I wadna like to bring out a' the folks in the morning merely on suspicion that this is a corpse, whereas it may be only a log o' wood."

"Weel, weel, if ye will bring it aboon I shall reel the windlass," said Lowry; "only ye're to allow me to turn my face the tither gate." On this arrangement they proceeded, until Graham was assured, by sensible demonstration, that it was a human carcass tied in a sack, and sunk with a weight! They then let it go, and tying the boat-bunker to the end of the rope for a buoy, went ashore, to consult what was next best to be done.

Early in the morning they had a number of their friends assembled at the side of the lake. But the late offence taken by the lord of the manor at the

two friends, and his threat of firing upon any who should venture out on his fishing-ground, induced all the friends present to counsel the asking of his liberty. A deputation accordingly waited on Sir Herbert, who requested permission to drag the lake for some bodies which were suspected to have been sunk there. But without deigning an answer to the men he, to their astonishment, that moment ordered out a body of his people, and at their head hasted down to the side of the loch, driving his assembled friends off with blows and threats, and then left a guard of seven men with fire-arms, to guard the boats and the loch in general.

The two young men were now assured of the truth of the vision, but said nothing of it to their friends, who were all astonished at their laird's unreasonable conduct. Lowry and his friends were convinced of his heinous guilt and determined not to give it up; but they knew not how to proceed, for there was no sheriff in the county, that office having been hereditary In their chief's family; so that if Sir Herbert was the real heir, he was likewise sheriff.

But it so happened, that John Earl of Montrose, the king's viceroy for Scotland, was at that time in the vicinity, taking infeftment of some new grants of land, and he had likewise some of the principal official people of the country along with him. To him, therefore, the young men went, and told him all the story from the beginning, including Lucy's tale of the murder of their young lady. The Lord Viceroy was a good as well as a great man. He had been a Lord of Session, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and was now raised as high as a subject could be raised, being his sovereign's Viceroy, and acting by his authority. He was greatly taken with the young men's candour and simplicity, perceived that they were serious, and had too much discernment not to see that there was something wrong with this upstart; knowing, as he well did, the powerful and relentless enemy the late heiress had in Queen Elizabeth, and that the present possessor was her tool. It was probably on some previous knowledge of these events, that, at the very first, he entered strenuously into the inquiry; but when he asked the two friends who it was that told them where the bodies were deposited, they refused to tell, saying they were not at liberty to mention that.

Without pressing then farther, he accompanied the young men to Acremoor Castle, taking his official friends along with him. It may well be supposed that Sir Herbert was a little surprised by this unceremonious visit from the Lord Viceroy; he, however, put on a bold and hardy look, welcoming the party to his castle, and inviting them to alight and enter it, which they declined, till they saw the issue of the affair on which they had come. Montrose then asked him sternly his reasons for preventing the young man from searching for the body of his only sister, and the vassals for that of their lady? He answered, that it was all a pretence, in order to get opportunities to destroy the salmon; that he heard the scoundrels had been out by night, and he determined to check them in time. The Viceroy answered, that, by virtue of his authority, he not only granted warrant for the search, but had come with his friends to witness the issue, and examine the evidences. Sir Herbert bowed assent, and said, as long as his Highness was present, no depradation on his preserved fishing-ground could take place, only he requested him not to leave any such warrant behind him. He then furnished them with boats, but refused to accompany them himself on what he called such a frivolous expedition.

The Viceroy and his friends, however, went all out in several barges—for he had been too long a judge not to perceive the truth, though told to him in simple guise. Of course they at once brought up the one body, to which the buoy was attached, and found it to be that of a female, wrapped in a fine winding-sheet, and then put into a sack, with her head towards the bottom, and sunk with a large stone, and an iron ring in it. The stone was at once recognised by all the old vassals as one that had belonged to the castle dairy, but the identity of the body was uncertain. It was not greatly decayed,

having been sunk among mud in the bottom of the lake ; and all the stranger gentlemen thought it might have been recognised by intimate acquaintances. But it was manifest that a great uncertainty prevailed, as some thought it the body of their young lady, some that of Lucy, and more thought it neither. Even Lowry and Graham both hesitated, notwithstanding of the extraordinary information they had received, and its no less extraordinary accuracy.

The party continued to drag on, and at length actually fished up another female corpse, similarly disposed of in every respect, save that it was sunk by a leaden weight, which was likewise known to have been appended to the castle gate. The bodies were conveyed to a barn in the village, and all the inhabitants of the castle and its vicinity were summoned to attend on the instant, before the bodies were corroded by the action of the atmosphere, and the suspected murderer was obliged to attend, like a culprit, among the rest.

Strange as it may appear, though all the people suspected that the two bodies were those of their young lady and Lucy, not one of them would swear to the special identity of either. The Viceroy was fully convinced in his own mind that they were the bodies of the two young females. He made it clear that these two had been murdered at the castle about the time these ladies disappeared, and if no other person in the neighbourhood was missing, the presumption was strong that the bodies were either those of the mother and daughter, or those of the latter and her foster-sister. Nevertheless, for all this clear and explicit statement, not one would swear to the identity of either. The Viceroy then stated, that as no criminality attached to any one from all that he was able to elicit, nothing more remained to be done, but to give the bodies decent interment, and leave the murderers to the judgment of the Almighty. When he had proceeded thus far, Lowry stepped up and addressed him as follows :—

"My Lord, the maist part o' the fo'ks here *think* that these bodies are the bodies o' my sister and her young mistress ; an' if ye wad swear us a', we wad swear to that purpose. But ye see, my Lord, death makes an awfu' change on the human face and frame, and waste and decay mair. But as ye hae gi'en up the murderer to the judgment o' Heaven, to the judgment o' Heaven I make appeal. There is an auld law o' nature, or rather o' Divine Providence, which I can depend on ; and I humbly request that it may be tried : if these are the bodies o' my sister and young mistress, the murderer is among us. [At this word, Lowry lifted his eyes to one which he had no right to do.] Now, wad ye just order every ane present to touch these bodies, it wad gie a great satisfaction to my heart, an' the hearts o' mony mae than me."

The Viceroy smiled at the seriousness of the demand, but added, "If such a direct appeal to the justice of God can give satisfaction to the minds of friends and relatives, the process is an easy one." He then lifted up his hands, and prayed the Almighty to give a just judgment, and straight ordered that all present should pass between his friends and himself, arranged on each side, as witnesses that every one touched the bodies. Sir Herbert also ranked himself up among the gentlemen as one of the witnesses. The people passed, one by one, and touched the bodies ; but they bled not. Lowry and Graham, who had touched first, stood looking on with apathy until the close, when the Viceroy, ordering them forward as witnesses, first touched the bodies himself, then his friends, one by one, touched them, and last of all, Sir Herbert approached. Lowry's eyes then gleamed with an unearthly ardour, from an internal assurance of Divine justice and retribution being instantly manifested, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Now, now, now!" Sir Herbert fixed on him a look of rage and indignation—went forward and touched both bodies.—No—neither of them gushed out a bleeding, nor was there any supernatural appearance whatever.

Lowry's elated eye sunk, and his heart was humbled, but it was to the will

of Providence, for he lifted both his hands, and said, "Well, it is past, and no more can be said! The will of the Lord be done! But as sure as there is a God in heaven, the murderer of these virgins shall not go down to his grave in peace, for their blood shall cry to their Creator from the ground, and his curse shall be upon the guilty heart for ever! They hae met wi' a cruel and untimely death; but be who they may, I'll lay them baith in my ain burial-place."

Every heart bled for Lowry and his friend, and every tongue was muttering curses, not loud, but deep, on their new laird, whom all the old vassals both suspected and detested. And no sooner had Montrose left that quarter to preside in the Parliament at Perth, than Sir Herbert's people began to show symptoms, not only of dissatisfaction, but of open rebellion. Resolved to make an example of those most obnoxious to him, in order to strike others with terror, he warned seven tenants and feuars off the estate, against Friday next, Lowry and Alexander Graham's father being among the number.

The community were amazed at these tyrannical proceedings, so different from the kind treatment they had been accustomed to receive. Accordingly, they seemed, by some mutual assent, to regard the mandate with disdain, and made no motions of removal, either previous to, or on the appointed day. As if glad of such an opportunity of revenge, and of manifesting his power, down came Sir Herbert with his proper officers, and ordered all the furniture of the devoted families to be thrown to the door, and if not removed before night, to be burnt. The men did as they were ordered; and this work of devastation went on from morning till towards the evening, the women crying, beseeching, and uttering anathemas on the usurper, as they called him. He regarded them not otherwise than to mock them, and superintended the work the whole day, encouraging the tardy and relenting officers.

But while the women and children were thus bewailing their hard lot, there appeared a dogged resignation among the men, who sauntered about in pairs, regarding the aggressor often with grim smiles, as of satisfaction, which inflamed him still the more. They probably knew what he little dreamed of, that there was then in preparation for him a catastrophe, which, if it had not been kept on record in the family annals, would not gain credit at this distance of time. It was the effect of one of those bursts of popular indignation against oppression, which is most apt to break out when they have no other redress; and in this case, the provocation was double, for they regarded their oppressor as likewise the murderer of their rightful heiress.

But the term of lording it over the trusty vassals of an ancient and noble stock was concluded. About seven o'clock in the evening of the 23rd of July, 1602, a body of armed men rushed from a barn, which, it appeared, they had entered by a back door. Some of them had their visors down, others their faces blackened, and concerning their numbers, there were many differences of opinion. But the main facts were well authenticated. They instantly surrounded Sir Herbert, seized him, and ordered him to prepare for instant death. At that fearful injunction, the nature of the villain and craven became manifest. He fell on his knees, and cried out, "Mercy, mercy!" He prayed, he tore his hair, and wept, braying out like a maniac. He proffered free remission of all debts—all offences. He even proffered to leave Scotland, and renounce all claim on the estate. "We'll make shorter wark wi' such a cursed claim as yours," said they, and instantly put a running cord about his neck, and bore him on their arms into the barn, with ferocious alacrity, while he continued roaring out, "Murder, murder!" and "O mercy, mercy!" time about; but none pitied him, or came to the rescue. "Mercy!" cried they in derision; "such as you gave, so shall you have." With that, they threw the end of the rope over a high joist of the barn. A gigantic fellow, who seemed the leader of the gang, seized it; and wrapping it round both his hands, tightened it, and then asked his victim if he had no prayer to pray, and no confession to make?

"O yes, yes! I have, I have! I have a prayer to pray, and a confession

to make," cried the wretch, glad to gain a little respite by any means, in hopes of some motion in his favour. "Grant me a reprieve, and I will confess all."

"Then in this world there is only one chance of a respite," said the gigantic chief, "which is, by confessing all that you know regarding the deaths of our young lady and her friend Lucy Lumsdaine."

"I will, I will!" cried he—"Only let me be heard before a tribunal of justice, and not be tried by masked assassins. This, however, I will confess, that my hands are guiltless of their blood."

"It is a lie!" said his accuser, fiercely; "and it is meet that such a ruffian go to hell with a lie on his tongue. Pull him up!"

"O no, no!" cried he in agony—"I tell you the truth. The hands of another assassin shed *their* blood. These hands are clean of it, as I shall answer at the tribunal above!" And so saying, he spread forth his hands towards heaven.

"It is a lie, I tell you, and a blasphemous one!" said the chief. "So either confess the whole truth, or here you go; for we know you for the Queen of England's agent, and guilty of their murder." So saying, he tightened the rope, and began to heave the guilty wretch from the ground.

"Stop, stop, master!" cried one; "perhaps he will yet confess the whole truth and live."

"Yes, yes! Hold, hold!" cried the culprit in the utmost desperation, seizing the rope with both hands, and dragging it down to slacken it; "I will, I will! I will confess all and *live*. Did you not say *live*, friend! I long only to live till brought to a fair trial, and I *will* confess all. I swear then, by all that is sacred, that I did not murder the maidens. But to save my own life, and at the express command of my sovereign, whom I dared not disobey, I connived at it. They *were* murdered, and I saw them sunk in the place from whence they were taken."

"Then the corpses could not bleed," observed one, "since he was not the actual murderer. This is wonderful! The judgment of Heaven still is just!"

"So is that of Eachan M'Farlane!" cried the gigantic chief, who held the farther end of the rope, and in a moment he had the victim dangling round and round in the air, five feet from the ground. There was a great hubbub, some crying one thing and some another, and some madly trying to pull him down again, which finished his existence almost instantaneously. They then fastened the end of the cord, and, leaving him hanging, they marched away in a body, going over the Burrow Swire in the evening, as if men from another district.

This singular violence was very little looked into. There was little intermeddling between chief and vassal in those days; and, moreover, it was probably shrewdly guessed from what high and dangerous source the removing of the heiress proceeded. Lowry and Graham were seized next day, but shortly released, it having been proven at once that they were not present, having been both engaged in loading a cart with furniture at the time the outrage took place, and totally ignorant of what was going on; and it is a curious fact, that there never was one of the perpetrators discovered, nor was any one of that district particularly suspected. A M'Farlane there was not in it; and it has, therefore, been often hinted that the vassals had bargained with that wild clan for a body of men to come down and rid them of their upstart tyrant.

That very evening, as a number of retainers were going to remove the body from the barn, who should they see but the Countess Dowager, their late young lady's mother, who had disappeared on the same night with her daughter, and whom they believed to have been murdered along with her; yet, there she was standing at the door of the barn. True, there had been no confession made of her death, neither had it been revealed to Lowry in his vision. But she was missing with the rest, and the horror of the group may well be conceived when they beheld her standing watching the corpse of the murderer. She

was recognised at once, and though she beckoned them on onward, and moved forward slowly and majestically to meet them, this was a visitation they had not courage to abide, but retreated in a body to the castle. Still she advanced. It was the dusk of the evening, and as she approached the great front door that looked towards the lake, there were visages of dismay peeping from every window ; and as the spectre entered the gate, there was a rush from the castle by the other entrance, which created a noise like thunder.

Great was the consternation that ensued ; for from that moment no one durst enter the castle either by day or night, for there were wailings heard within it, and lights seen passing to and fro in the darkness of midnight. At length the old witch wife issued from her cot in the linn, and summoned Lowry and Graham, and several of the head families to attend at the castle, and receive their Lady Dowager's commands, who was actually returned to her daughter's castle and estate, living, and in good health. But the warning, coming as it did from such an equivocal source, remained unattended to for a time, the people believing it was the Countess's spirit, not herself, till she showed herself walking about publicly, and then the servants and retainers gathered to her, and obeyed her as in former times.

As she did not reveal to any one where she had been, so no one took it on him to enquire. But she told them that her grief and perplexity had never till then reached its height, for until the dying confession of the wretch whom she knew to be the accredited agent of a tigress, she had strong hopes that her daughter was alive. But that confession had changed her fondest hopes to the deepest sorrow ; and she durst not set a foot in England while Queen Elizabeth lived, nor yet remain in Scotland safe in concealment, therefore she thought of proceeding to Flanders.

While things were in this confusion at the castle, who should make his appearance in the vicinity, but the identical horse-jockey who was *known* to have been the murderer of the young lady their mistress, and suspected likewise to have made away with poor Lucy, the only witness of his atrocities. The fellow now came in grand style, having livery servants attending him ; and he was dispatching messengers backwards and forwards to England every day. He had even the effrontery to ride openly about, and make many inquiries of the state of affairs about the castle, supposing, as the vassals judged, that in his new and grand capacity he was not recognised. But his features had left among them an impression of horror not to be obliterated. Every one who had seen him on the former occasion, knew him, and none better than Alexander Graham.

A consultation was called of all the principal retainers, on which it appeared that every one suspected another English plot, but neither knew what it was nor how to frustrate it. No one who has not heard the traditionary story, or consulted the annals of that family, will guess what was resolved on at that meeting. Simply this, that they would go in a body and hang the English villain. The late event had been so much talked about, so much applauded, and so well kept, that hanging had become rather popular among these sturdy vassals. It was the order of the day ; and accordingly that very night a party was made up, accoutred much as the former one, who proceeded to the stranger's hostel, which was not in the village at the castle, but in the larger one at the west end of the loch. There they made a simultaneous attack, demanding the English scoundrels to be delivered into their hands. But they had to do with better men in these English scoundrels than the other party had, and in all probability the attacking party was greatly inferior to the former one, for the Englishman at once, with many tremendous oaths and curses, prepared to defend himself against the whole mob, with no one to support him but his two livery servants. A stout battle ensued at the door, and ten times did the English hero drive them back almost single handed, cursing them, meanwhile, for all the lowsy cowardly assassins of their country gathered together, and swearing, moreover, to extirpate every soul of them ; but at length rushing too far forward, he was surrounded, wounded, and taken.

For all that, he never ceased laying about him and struggling to the last ; and it was questioned if all the men there would have been able to have put the rope about his neck. They never would, without binding both his feet and hands, and neither of the pairs were very easily restrained.

They were dragging him away to a tree, when Habby Simpson, the landlord, arrived to the rescue, with a strong band of villagers, who drew up in front and opposed the assailants ; and Habby told them that he would be security for the gentleman's appearance at any tribunal in the kingdom ; but that before a stranger should be butchered in such a cowardly way within his premises, he and his assistants would fight till the last drop of their blood. And, moreover, he requested them to remember, that men who appeared in masks were held as vagabonds, and that he and his friends were at liberty to shoot them all with perfect impunity.

"Why, but, honest Habby," said one, "ye perhaps dinna ken that this is the ruffian who murdered our young lady and Lucy Lumsdaine ?"

"It is a *lie*, you scoundrel," cried the horse-dealer, with great indignation ; "mine are the hands that never injured a woman, though I have risked my life often to save them. But mine is a tale that will not tell here. I appeal to your lady, and, backed by this mine host and his friends, I defy you."

The conspirators then insisted on taking him to the castle, but Habby Simpson would not trust him in their hands, but kept him, and became bound for him. The next day, David Dallas, the steward on the estate, came down to take the deposition ; but the Englishman lost all patience at the accusation, and would do little else save curse and swear. He denied the murder of the virgins, with many horrid oaths, and proffered to produce them both alive if suffered to depart on his parole.

David replied, "That as for producing the virgins alive, after their murder had been confessed by his companion, with the rope about his neck,—after their bodies had both been found and buried, was what no Scottish judge would swallow ; he doubted if even an English one would ; and that it was natural for such a culprit to wish to be set at liberty ; but for his part, he certainly knew of no man living who better deserved the gallows."

The Englishman then began an explanation, as well as his rage would let him ; but his dialect was not quite intelligible to David Dallas, who could only smile at such a strange defence, the tenor of which was, that "he undertook the murder of two young ladies to save them alive." The steward had no further patience ; so he ordered him to be manacled, conveyed to the castle, and chained in the dungeon. The Countess, after consulting with the steward and several others, entertained no doubt that this man was the murderer of her only daughter and Lucy. Indeed, as the evidence stood, it was impossible to believe otherwise. And it is therefore probable, that, before she left her country, she had resolved to give up the detested agent of a detested woman to popular vengeance, for shortly after, he was brought to the castle, at least in a few days, a great mob assembled and peremptorily demanded his life. So he was, as if by compulsion, given up to them, placed on a platform in front of the castle, the rope put about his neck, and a certain time allowed him to make a full confession. He began the same confused story about the Earl of Northumberland, and of his undertaking the murder of the two young ladies to save their lives ; but his voice was often drowned by repeated *hurras* of derision. At length, as if driven to desperation, he began hurraing louder than any of them, jumping on the platform as if gone mad, and shouting louder and louder, till, on looking around, they beheld a party coming up at full canter, their own young lady in front, and the young Lord Percy on her right hand, and Lucy on her left, who were now shouting out to save the brave fellow. The order was instantly obeyed ; he was set at liberty, and ere he left the platform, was invited to be the principal guest of the noble party in the castle.

So ends my tale ; and it would perhaps be better to let it end here, without any explanation, as there is one circumstance, and one only, which I cannot

explain. This brave Englishman's name was Henry Wilson. He had been for a number of years house-steward to the Earl of Northumberland, and heard daily that this great and royal heiress's name was a favourite theme with that ambitious family. On his lord's going up to court at London, Wilson was dismissed for some irregularities, which he took greatly to heart. And he being a man out of place, and probably a dissipated character, was applied to, among others, to make away with this dangerous heiress to two crowns. He agreed to it at once, promising, for a high reward, to be the principal agent, but determined, by some means or other, to save the young lady's life, as the sure means of ingratiating himself with his beloved and indulgent master. Fortune favoured him particularly on his gracious intent in the first instance; for, on the night when he had promised to bring the young lady, dead or alive, to his associates, there chanced to be the corpse of a French girl in the castle, newly dead and screwed in her coffin, and it was for her the new grave was made in the churchyard. That body he took to his associates, filling the coffin with rubbish; and the young lady he conveyed safe to Alnwick Castle. She being most anxious to have her foster-sister, Lucy, with her, and the latter proving a great stumbling-block to the new claimant, he undertook, on the promise of another reward, to make away with her also, and sink her in the loch beside her mistress. He so managed matters, that he received the reward, and deceived the villain a second time, conveying Lucy safe to her beloved mistress; but where he procured the second body that was sunk in the sack, is the only circumstance which I never heard explained. The presumptive heiress of two crowns was joyfully received, and most honourably treated by the Percys, while young Lord Percy and she were privately betrothed to each other, while the indefatigable Henry Wilson was raised higher in his chief's favour than ever.

I must now add a suggestion of my own, of the certainty of which I have no doubt. It is, that the witch-wife was the Countess Dowager in deep disguise, remaining on the estate to watch and assist the progress of events. And I think, that, in order to keep her people free of all blame or suspicion, it was she who had engaged a sept of the M'Farlanes to come down and cut off the intruding incendiary.

SOUND MORALITY:

OR, PRACTICAL RELIGION, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM THEORETICAL RELIGION.

"It is a grand thing, true and genuine morality! If I were a minister, I wad never preach up onything but just pure morality," said Cuddy Cauldrife to his neighbour shepherd, Michael Moody, one morning as they sat on the top of Lochfell, and cast their eyes over the fair dales of the West Border.

"An' what for wad ye no be preaching ought but morality, Cuddy? We hae muckle need o' hearing some other sort o' doctrine than cauld morality, an' to hae some other thing to put our trust in, too, beside that."

"Quite wrong, my good fellow, I assure you. There is no doctrine which should be inculcated at all times, and in all places, but that of sound morality, because it is the bond of society and good manners, and goes to counteract the enormous mass of general turpitude within us."

"I dinna think that observation is quite applicable to us as Scotsmen."

"And wherefore not applicable to Scotsmen?"

"Because ye ken it is reported that we are unco subject to the Scots fiddle.

Now, if there war sae *verra* muckle turpentine within us, ane wad think it should act as a preventative."

"Whew! There's naebody can ever get a solid argument frae you, but aff ye flee at a tangent into the wilds of absurdity."

"I'll tell you what, my friend Cuddy. As I take it, there's just as muckle solidity in your morality as your turpentine—a' aff in a bleeze. Have ye ony kind o' notion that ye are a man o' sound moral principles?"

"I hope and trust that there has never been any great moral turpitude perceivable in my character or demeanour."

"Maybe sae, maybe sae. I hope it is true; but let us bring things to the test. The first an' leading error that we shepherds fa' into is that o' kissing the lasses. That's weel kend to be our besetting sin. Now, I dinna think you are *very* guilty o' that, for there winna anc o' the lasses let you come near her, or touch her. But, Cuddy, wasna there aince a kind o' queer story about a wild young wife, a neighbour o' yours? Was there nane o'—what is't you ca' the thing then? Moral something?"

"I don't know if there was any great depravity or moral turpitude in the action, supposing it to *be* true, for argument sake, if the consarcination of their conjugality is taken into account."

"There for it! There goes sound morality, full sail afore the wind o' delusion! I'll tell you what, neighbour Cuddy, when a man has to modify the law o' God to suit his sinfu' propensities, it is a braw easy way o' squaring his accounts. The moral law is gayan explicit on that point; and yet, try it a' point by point, an' you will find that you have not only broken the whole law, by being guilty of one breach, but broken the sum total of all the righteous commandments. For instance, I dinna ken if ever you *killed* ony o' your neighbours; but that you haena used a' lawfu' endeavours to preserve their lives, I ken weel. For do you no mind when we were gaun awa' to the courting aince, that ye persuadit me against my ain conviction, to venture on the ice, and after I had gaen down ower the lugs, and was within a hair-breath o' being drowned, ye war a' the time lying laughin' sae, that ane might hae bound you wi' a strae? What kind o' morality was that? I trow, right near mor*tal*ity to me. And mair be token, I dinna think ye wad steal ane o' your neighbour sheep, but weel do ye like to get a pluck o' his gerse at a quiet corner."

"My dear fellow, there was no moral turpitude there. That was probably because I know that neighbour to be daily getting part of his grass from me."

"Ay, that's just the way wi' a' you grand moral men! Ye never square your actions to the law, but the law to your actions. But that is just the way wi' poor human nature; whenever she tries to uplift hersell, she is degraded. And particularly in this, that I never yet knew a grand declaimer on the principles of sound morality, who ever was an upright, charitable, and amiable character; and I hardly ever knew a man of humility, who placed his hopes on the works of another who had stood in his stead, that was not a model of what the other inculcated. But the best way o' settling a' these points atween herds, is by instances, and as I remember a beautiful ane, I'll just tell you it.

"Weel, ye see, there are twa towns stand near other, no very far frae here, and we shall distinguish them by the twa names that their neighbours ca' them, *The Gude Town*, and *The Bad Town*. They belang baith to the same parish, but far frae being friendly wi' ane another; for the fo'ks o' the gude town scorn to associate wi' the others. Now, there was a body in the bad town that they ca'd Betty Rae, wha let out lodgings to poor fo'ks, at a penny the night, and a weel filled house she often had, though her lodgers warna just the maist respectfu' i' the community. Yet, I believe mony a good Christian, and mony a humble heart, wha hadna great routh o' the things o' this warld, were obliged, at times, to take shelter aneath Betty's roof. Ilk ane paid his penny as he came in, and there were nae questions asked; and whatever else they wanted was a' paid for aforehand.

"Weel, there was ae night, amang ithers, a woman and her daughter came in for lodgings, paid their twopence, and went away to a bed in the end where the woman slept, without asking for any thing to eat or drink. The woman had the appearance of having seen better days, for in her manners she was a lady, although in her looks much emaciated; and the little girl, scarcely ten years of age, was as beautiful as a cherub. Betty had learned long before to read in the looks and bearing of her customers the precise state of their finances; so, when she returned from showing this pair to their bed, she said to the rest of her burly customers, 'I fear that puir body an' her bit lassie are rather run short o' the needfu', for I'm unco far mistaen gin they haena mair need o' their supper than ony o' us hae the night, and yet they hae ordered naething. I hae just been thinkin', if you could hae spared me happenies apiece, I would hae added twa or three mysel', an' bought something good for them. For, d'ye ken, the poor wee lassie's greetin' o' hunger?'

"'Hoh! deil hae them! wha cares for rattans like them?' quo' a gruesome Scots tinkler.

"'I waudn't be mynded to help wonysooken trash for my own peart,' said an English gaberlunzie.

"'The buddies 'll mubby hae sumthing alangs wee thum. Far de they cumm frae?' said an Aberdeen man.

"'And, by my shoul and body, man, what is the matter where they come from, or where they are going either, if they are to be after dying of hunger in the first place? And, be Jasus, if you will all give a penny apiece, I will give my last one, before the dare shouls should be under the death warrant of hunger,' said a ragged Irishman.

"'Hersel pe hafing no shange, else she would be kiffing tem a pawpee,' said Nicol Shaw, an old Highlander, who sat with a snuff-horn in his hand, and which horn had a snuff-spoon, a hare's foot, and a neesepike appended.

"'O, but I'll gie you change, honest man,' said Betty Rae. 'What is the soom ye want changed?'

"Shaw winked with the one eye, and looked silly with the other, like one catched in a fault, brushed his nose with the hare's foot, and replied, 'She be fery pad shange in tis pad town.'

"Paddy losing patience, cursed them all for hard-hearted rascals, and pulling down a decanter of tin, he ran out, and after an absence of about ten minutes returned with a penny roll, and a brimming decanter of sweet milk, warm from the cow.

"'Where got you these, Paddy? How came you by these?' was asked by all.

"'Pray thee don't be after bothering people with so many questions just now,' said Paddy, and rushed with his earnings ben to the poor woman's bed.

"'Oho, mistress, and so you thought to chate us out of your swate company, and go supperless to bed? But may Shant Patrick be my namhe* if you shall do so. Oh botheration, no! And this little dare shoul too? Why Paddy Murphy would rather be after wanting his supper twenty times than the swate little darling should be famishing with hunger. And, oh, I declare and sware that she must be after dhying already, for her belly is not bigger nor a paraito. That's my swate honey! Take your supper heartily! And when it is done you shall have plenty more.'

"In this manner did Paddy Murphy run on all the while the half-famished pair were at their meal. A Scotsman would have tried to discover their names, friends, or qualities. An Englishman, if they had any connexion with any mercantile house; but Paddy had no conception of any thing of the sort. When he returned to the kitchen he could neither tell who they were, whence they had come, or whither they were going, but only that they were there; that he was sure of, and had been very hungry, but he had cured them of that disease.

* Enemy.

"There having, by this time, been some interest excited about the two strangers, Betty Rae went to reconnoitre farther, and returned with word that the poor woman was very ill, and like dying, for that 'the meat had taken her by the heart, and she was a' drawn thegither wi' pain.' She added farther that the woman was a minister's daughter, and belonged to the Highlands, but her husband had been killed in the wars, and she was left destitute, and far from home.

"'But poor woman, she'll never see hame,' said Betty, mournfully, 'an' what's to come o' her bit bonny helpless bairn, the Lord only kens!'

"This observation made Paddy wipe his eyes, but he could do no more, for he had spent his last penny on a roll for her, and stolen the milk, by milking some of Squire Hardy's cows; and so Paddy was obliged to content himself with blessing them a hundred times or two, and praying that Jasus and Shant Patrick would take the swate darlings under their care. But old Nicol Shaw, hearing they belonged to the Highlands, after a good deal of hesitation and exclamations of pity, actually, at last, untied his cotton neckcloth. Below it there was another one, which he also loosed; and from a knot in the inner corner of that, and which corner lay exactly in the hollow part of his neck, he took a small parcel of gold pieces, and gave his hostess one in exchange for silver. What part of that he gave to the sufferer next day he kept to himself. The rest of the lodgers suspected that he had given her nothing; but in this they were wrong, as afterwards became manifest.

"The next day, the mother was so ill as to be unable to lift her head, and old Betty Rae, who had long been compelled, by the uncertain characters among whom she dealt, to give nothing for nothing, was sadly puzzled how to act, for a sick person in her dormitory was a blow to her business; so, after a private conference with Nicol Shaw, she set away over to the good town, to the parish minister, to lay the case before him and his session.

"Now, this parish minister, it is well known, is the most brilliant and most strenuous preacher up of good works in the whole kingdom. Sound morality is with him, like you, all and all: the only path to heaven and to happiness; yet no kind or disinterested action has ever been recorded, even in the traditions of his parish, of this man. So, when told that Betty Rae wanted him, he said he had nothing to say to Betty Rae; she was always seeking something for some of her delinquent customers. Betty, however, told the servant girl, that she would not leave the manse till she had spoke with the minister, who was obliged to lift his window reluctantly, and ask the intruder's business.

"'Troth, sir, it is joost neither less nor mair than this. There is an officer's widow taken ill at my bit house owerbye yonder, and lying, I fear, at the point o' death. She has a follower, too, poor woman! a dear, kind-hearted, little girl. An' ye ken, sir, I canna afford to maintain them, an' get skeel for them, an' nurse them; sae ye maun consider, and say what fund is to draw on for this purpose.'

"'Draw on your own funds, Mrs. Rae, since you have been so imprudent as to encumber yourself with such lodgers; get quit of them the best way you may. Your house, by drawing beggars about it, is a perfect nuisance in the parish.'

"'I won my bread as honestly, and a great deal hardlier than ye do, sir, an' yet I dinna trust to my good warks awthegither. But I hae nae ither means o' keeping mysell out o' your parish funds, and think I rather deserve praise than blame for my poor exertions. But that's naething to the purpose; tell me what's to be done wi' the poor lady an' her bairn, for, as the head o' the session, you are bound to see after her, that I ken; an' gin I dinna get a satisfactory answer, I'll lay her down at your door in the course of an hour.'

"There was nothing terrified the minister so much as this, and that Betty kend weel. So he then judged it proper to come to terms witht his hostess of the poor, by asking to what parish the woman belonged, and what was her name?

"'Alack-a-day, sir, I fear she is far frae her native parish,' said Betty; 'for

they ca' it Abernethy, on a great river ca'd the Spey, that rises somegate i' the Heelands, near the North Pole; and her name's Mistress M'Queen, and she's a minister's daughter. An' as ye hae daughters o' your ain, sir, an' dinna ken what they may come to, you should open your heart to the condition o' the poor woman, wha has seen better days.'

"'Why, Mrs. Rae, there is only one rule in our parish laws, which is this:—We must convey her to the next parish, that parish to the next again, and so on, till she reach her own. I have no power of ordering anything farther.'

"'Than ye may save yoursell the trouble of ordering that, sir, for if ye offer to lift her out o' her bed just now, and pit her intil a cart, ye may as weel hing her ower a bauk at aince, or cut off her head an' be done wi' her. Sae, for the sake o' Christian charity, ye maun think o' some ither plan for the present; for I'm mistaen gin ye be lang fashed wi' her. A little wine, or as muckle siller as wad hire the carter, wad hae been a mair feasible award frae ane that's sae keen o' good warks.'

"'Why, Mrs. Rae, if she is so very badly, it would be dangerous to take her out—Most dangerous! and the person who did it might be tried for murder. Therefore, I think your best way is to keep the woman and child, and I shall represent the case at our quarterly meeting.'

"'Ay, ay, sir! weel I ken that's a get off, for fear I bring her to your door. But take ye care, an' be upon your guard, for I maun e'en try to look to mysell, as weel as you. An' O, it will be lang afore ye find out ony redress for me. As the auld sang says,

'To seek for warm water aneath cauld ice,
I trow it is a grit follye.
I hae askit grace of a graceless face,
An' there is nae mercy for mine or me.'

"But Auld Betty Rae was only hard and niggardly by habitual practice, it being by pennies and half-pennies that she made her livelihood; for she had many of the tender feelings so natural to a woman, and so inherent in a true Christian. She never thought of parting with the stranger, unless she could procure a better lodging for her, which she had little hope of, knowing the fountainhead at which she had to apply. But she *did* hope to secure some remuneration for the expense and trouble she was likely to incur. She was mistaken. The minister, who had on his dressing-gown, retired to his study, to continue the penning of his splendid eulogium on good works, but left such poor devils as Betty Rae to the practice of them.

"As Betty went home, she could not help entertaining some severe reflections on, 'the hale fashionable principle o' gude warks,' as she termed it; and as she was buying some wine and cordials from Christopher Little, she says to him, 'Gudesake, gie me fair weight an' measure, Kirsty! But I believe ye're a man o' sound morality?'

"'Ay, just sae an' sae, Bessie, neighbour like.'

"'Ye dinna expect that your gude warks are to tak ye till heaven, then—do ye?'

"'If we had nae ither grip, I fear you an' I wad hae baith but a poor chance, Bessie.'

"'Ay, like enough. But d'ye think our minister's are sure enough to tak him there?'

"'Our minister's! O I couldna say about that, for it is the first time ever I heard tell o' them.'

"'Ay, ye've a way, Kirstie! But there's nae fun i' my mind; for I hae a poor dying widow lady i' my house, an' the minister winna help me wi' ony thing but a cart to take her away in.'

"'She maun be ill-looking, I fear. An' in that case the parson's resolution is quite orthodox—because ye ken, Bessie, gude warks shoudna be extendit to aught that's no beautifu' in itself—Eh?'

"Bessie smudged and leugh at the shopman's insinuations, and returned

home with a physician, who prescribed to her patient; and in short, for a whole quarter of a year there was not a *good* thing that the *bad* town could produce, that Mrs. M'Queen was not treated with. Neither did Betty ever apply any more to the minister; and instead of doing her house ill, the singular act of benevolence raised her character so high among her motley customers, that they were proud of counting acquaintance with her; and her house became so well frequented, that she was obliged to take in an assistant, and raised the price of her lodgings. She grew particularly attached to the little girl, Annabell M'Queen, a perfect pattern of comeliness and kindness of heart. Betty often insinuated to the sufferer, that she should write to her friends in the north, but this she always declined complying with, from what motive was not understood, but it was most probably from an aversion at being found in such mean circumstances.

"However, after three months' confinement in Betty Rae's house, the poor woman was enabled to proceed on her journey homeward. Nor did she travel far on foot, for, near the village of Graitney she got into a coach, and the driver afterwards declared that she paid her fare, and was set down in Edinburgh. No farther word was heard of her for many years, but the act of benevolence made Betty Rae's fortune. It was blazoned over the whole country what she had done, and what the minister of the gospel had refused to do; and there was not a lady in the parish, and but few in the district, who did not send Betty presents. It was calculated that she got at least fifty presents, every one of which amounted in value to the whole sum expended on the invalid. And to crown all, at the next quarterly meeting of the heritors, a gentleman (Mr. Ker of Holm) laid the case before the others, to the great shame and prejudice of the minister, and got a liberal allowance for Betty.

"Now, mine hostess of the mendicants chuckled in her sleeve, and took all this bounty with great thankfulness and humility, after saying, 'Dear sirs, dear sirs! I had nae merit at a' in sheltering the poor woman. How could ony Christian soul turn out a poor sick creature to dee at the back o' the dike? Od, we may easily ken that by oursells. How wad ony o' us like to be turned out wi' a poor little orphan i' our hand, to dee at the back o' the dike? I had nae merit at a', and I wish you wadna mention it ony mair, for fear ye mak me as proud o' my gude warks an' sound morality, as the minister is o' his.'

"Now the truth is, that Betty had *some* merit, but not half so much as the country supposed, or that you, Cuddie Cauldrife, are at this moment supposing; for there is another person whom we have long lost sight of, like the greater part of our lady novelists, who introduce characters for the mere purpose of showing them off (*vide* The Lairds o' Fife, Rich and Poor, and a thousand others). But we must not quite lose sight of them all, though in a short tale like this one cannot get the most made of them. However, it will be remembered, that on the night of Mrs. M'Queen's arrival in the Bad town, there were lodged at Betty's house a Scots itinerant tinker, or gipsy, a character well known; an Englishman, who was an Excise spy, and a great blackguard, and who subsequently got himself shot in an affray with smugglers, and well deserved it; an Irishman, who was on his way to the east country for harvest, and who was at no loss to beg his way till he found work; and an old Highlander, ycleped Nicholas Shaw, but more commonly denominated *Old Nick*, or Nicol, in courtesy. This old carle, it will be remembered, changed half a guinea with the landlady, in order to give the sufferer a part of it; and had a short conference that night with Mrs. M'Queen, from which he returned greatly agitated.

"Now, this old Nicol Shaw was not a beggar, though he had very much the appearance of one; for Nicholas, in his own country of Strathspey, was accounted a very independent man: but an Englishman, or even a Scots Lowlander, has no conception to what extent Highland frugality can be carried, especially when there is any family object in view.

"The attachment of a genuine Highlander, in the first place to his family; in the second place, to his kinsfolk; and in the third and last place, to his whole clan, is beyond what any man but a Highlander can comprehend; and even in all these three, there are but very small shades of difference; for, in spite of existing circumstances, he still looks upon the clan as in reality one family, of which the chief is the parent—a charity extending beyond these, her nain-sell does not comprehend.

"Old Shaw was one of those truly patriarchal characters. He had occupied extensive possessions as a farmer, mostly from the Laird of Grant, but a small part from the Duke of Gordon; and these he had parted among his sons always as they had been married, with a stipulation, that every one was to pay him so much annually; but to save his sons from paying that annuity, he subjected himself to every sort of toil, and every privation. He had, at this time, gone all the way from Badenoch to Norwich, in the vicinity of London, as topsman, on a drove of cattle belonging to Mr. Macpherson of Corriebeg, a neighbour of his; and though he had, by that means, realized a considerable sum, amounting to seven pounds, yet, in order to save every farthing, he had taken up his abode at the 'cheap lodgings' for a night.

"But, alack, for worthy old Nicol and his well-earned purse both! For it was not destined that either of them should leave the town so soon as intended. One word from the sufferer—the mere mention of her name and her family, rivetted Nicholas Shaw to the spot; and that very night he entered into an agreement with Betty Rae, under the most solemn promises of secrecy, that he was to pay all expenses incurred by the lady and her daughter, and the lodgings too, *if he could.* In the mean time, Betty was to try to get some assistance elsewhere, and better lodgings, if she could obtain them, at any expense save his own; for being uncertain of the duration of her illness, he was, of course, uncertain of his ability to answer all demands. Betty could make nothing of the minister; could get no better lodgings, but she made her own lodgings as comfortable as it was in her power to make them, and that with the resolute purpose of charging nothing for them, should exigencies render such a sacrifice necessary. And when the nursing is taken into account, really Betty had a good deal of merit. Every thing, however, was paid punctually to a farthing, lodgings, nursing, and outlay, by old Nicholas, before ever Mrs. M'Queen left her lodgings; so that there was scarcely ever such a windfall come to the lot of a poor woman, as did that night to Betty Rae, in the arrival of Mrs. M'Queen at the 'cheap lodgings.'

"But worthy old Nicol had now to begin a new occupation. For, terrified that his funds should run short before the lady got better, he had no other resource but to begin the begging, which he practised with such effect, as to have rendered his success proverbial over all the dales of the West Border. His custom was to traverse all the remote places in the forenoon, and pick up whatever was offered to him; but it was towards the evenings that his success was altogether unparalleled. He let his beard grow, and wore a tremendous *skean-dhu*, or Highland dirk, in his breast, so that he became a most frightful and dangerous looking chap; and then, ere the sun went down, he began to ask lodgings, or "te quarter," as he called it. One look at him was enough; he was dismissed with a penny, and very often he induced goodwives to make it "te tree pawpee to pay her supper and her bed." Then away to another house, and another, always with the same request for lodgings, without the least intention of accepting of them if offered; and never was he refused the penny at least, to pay for his bed. When any body appeared to hesitate about letting him in, he took care always to show the handle of his dirk in his coat breast, which settled the bargain, and the halfpence were produced.

"I heard a gentleman (Mr. Knox) say, that when he heard the genuine Highland twang at his door one night very late, he determined on letting the old man in for the night, and accosted him thus; 'I think you travel unco late, friend? What are ye that is gaun asking quarters at this time o' night?'

"'O, she just pe te poor heelant pody tat nhone of te Sassenach will pe lhetting witin him's toor for te sake of Cot.'

"'That's very hard, man. What ails a' the fo'k at you, think ye?'

"'Oo, she hafe cot te wort of peing fery pad on te tief and te moorter!' and as he said that he put his hand to the handle of his *skean-dhu*.

"'Aih! L—— preserve us!' exclaimed Mr. Knox, 'baith a thief and a murderer! Gudesake gae away about your business! There's a saxpence t'ye, gang and get lodging where you best can.'

"In this manner did he persevere on every night till midnight, aye as long as there was a light in a window in the whole valley; and always the later it grew, his alms grew the better, and were the more readily bestowed. About ten at night, he would go through whole villages, insisting on having 'te quarter' at every door; and from every house he extracted something that the inmates might be quit of him. And then when no more was to be got, he lay down and slept in an out-house till the morning. His earnings averaged about half-a-crown a-day. But twice every week he visited his cheap lodgings, attending to every wish and want of the broken-hearted sufferer and her darling child, without once hinting at the means he took of supplying their wants. Their discourse together was always in Gaelic, and Betty often remarked how the old patriarch's face would glow with a thankful benevolence when he perceived Mrs. M'Queen's advancing state of convalescence. He begged for her till she recovered, and never quitted her till he landed her safe in the bosom of her own and her husband's friends in Strathspey.

"Now, Cuddy, this is what I call SOUND MORALITY—pure practical morality, unadulterated by any self-interest or theoretical quibbling. I have often envied the feelings of this old Highlander. There are traits of benevolence in his character that do honour to human nature. To think of a respectable and independent old farmer begging night and day to supply the couch of distress, appeared to me rather like a romance than a portraiture of real life."

"Why, Mr. Moody, it has only this fault. It wants generalization for true and splendid magnificence; and the moral excellency of the action depends on the proximity or remoteneness of the consanguinity of the parties."

"That's surely an extraordinary grand speech for a herd, Cuddy; I gie you credit for that speech. 'The proximity or remoteness of consanguinity!' Ha! ha! ha! Excellent! Well, then, the deed had all the moral excellence that could attach to it in that respect, for twelve years afterwards it came out that old Nicol Shaw and Mrs. M'Queen were no otherwise related than being of the same clan, and he had heard her father preach twice or thrice at the distribution of the Sacrament of the Supper.

"I said twelve years afterwards, for it was just so much that a handsome carriage stopped at the door of the cheap lodgings in the Bad town, out of which a beautiful lady looked and asked for old Betty Rae. The woman of the house answered that 'Betty had gi'en up business lang syne, an' leeved like a lady now,' and pointed out the house. The carriage drove up to the door of a cleanly thatched cottage, and this beautiful creature, entering without ceremony, in one instant had old Betty in her arms. Betty was confounded; and when the divine creature asked the raised-looking dame if she did not know her, she replied—

"'Oo, deed no, deed no! how should I ken a grand lady like you? But I'se warrant ye're outher Lady Annandale, or Lady Queensberry, or Lady Westeraw, come to speir about the auld story o' the officer's widow?'

"'Ah! dear, dear Betty, and do you not remember your own child, who sat so often on your knee? Do you not remember little Annabell M'Queen?'

"'Aih, gude sauf us to the day; ir ye her? Oh, the blessings o' the God o' heaven be on your bonnie face. But ir ye really her? Aih wow! How is your dear blessed mother? Is she leeving yet? And how's auld Nicol Shaw, poor man! But gude sauf us to the day, where are ye gaun this gate? O,

ye maun forgie an auld doited body, for I'm sae happy, I neither ken what I'm doing or saying. I hae good reason to bless the day ye entered my poor door. It was a visit of an angel o' heaven to me; and there has never a night gane ower this auld head, on whilk I hae nae prayed for your welfare, and your mother's, at the throne o' grace.'

"To cut short a long story, that was a happy meeting—Annabell was on her marriage jaunt—A lovelier flower never bloomed on the banks of the Spey, and she was married to a baronet, a most amiable young man, while her mother was still living, healthy and happy, in the house of Colonel M'Queen, her husband's father. But neither of them ever forgot, or ever will forget, auld Betty Rae, and the cheap lodgings i' the Bad town."

TRIALS OF TEMPER:

A TALE OF HASTY COURTSHIP.

"I SAY she is neither handsome, nor comely, nor agreeable, in any one respect, Mr. Burton, and I cannot help considering myself as rather humbugged in this business. Do you account it nothing to bring a man of my temperament a chase of three hundred miles on a fool's errand?"

"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons. But really, if you esteem Miss Eliza Campbell, your own relation as well as mine, as neither handsome, beautiful, nor accomplished, why, I must say you have lost, since you went abroad, every sense of distinction; every little spark that you once possessed of taste and discernment in female accomplishments. Why, now, I suppose, a lady, to suit your taste, doctor, must be black,—as black as coal, and well tatooed over the whole body?"

"None of your gibes and jeers with me, Mr. Burton. I did not, and do not mean to give any offence; but it is well known to all your friends, and has been known to me these thirty years, what a devil of a temper you have."

"Temper! I short of temper? Why, I must say, sir, that I would not be possessed of a temper as irritable as yours, to be made owner of all the shops in this street, as well as the goods that are in them. You are a very nettle, sir—a piece of brown paper wet with turpentine, a barrel of gunpowder that can be ignited by one of its own grains, and fly in the face of the man who is trying and exerting himself to preserve it. I am a clothier, I do not deny it, and think no shame of my business. Miss Campbell is too good—much too good—for you, sir; and I must say that I regret exceedingly having invited you so far to come and insult her—in my presence, too, her nearest relation! I must say, sir, that you had better take care not to say as much again as you *have* said, else you may chance to be surprised at the consequence."

"Why, certainly the devil has entered personally into this retailer of gray cloth and carpets! There, he would persuade me that I am irritable and passionate, and he the reverse; while, in the meantime, here has he got into a violent rage, and chafing like the vexed ocean, and I as cool as a summer evening in Kashmere!"

"Cool?—you cool, sir? Why you are at this moment in a furnace of a passion! Wherefore else should you knock on my counter in that way? You think to intimidate me, I suppose; but you shall neither fright me out of my reasonableness nor equanimity."

"*Your* equanimity! St. Patrick save the mark! How long is it since you were sued at law and heavily fined, for knocking down your shopman with the ellwand? And how many honest customers have you threatened across that

counter with the same infernal weapon, before you could bring your reason to control your wrath? And when we were at school together, how often did the rest of the boys combine to banish you from all their games, calling you 'the crabbed tailor,' and pelting you without mercy? And what is worst of all, how often did I get my head broken in your defence?"

"It is too true,—perfectly true!—I remember several of the circumstances quite well. Give me your hand, my old and trusty friend, and come and dine with me to-morrow; for my heart warms to you when I think of our early friendship, and the days of our youthful enjoyments."

"And well may mine warm to you, for you assisted me out when no other friend would venture, and, I had reason to fear, put your little credit right hardly to stake on my account. And do you know, Burton, that when I left Scotland, and took leave of all my friends, with much probability that it would be for the last time, not a man or woman amongst them shed tears at parting with me but yourself. That simple circumstance has never been erased from my memory, or ever will. And before I left India I made a will, which is safe in the Register-Chamber at Fort-William, and whereby, in the event of my dying without a family, you will find yourself entitled to the half of my fortune."

"My dear sir, that little pecuniary matter has been doubly repaid long ago; and as for that part of the will which is deposited at Fort-William, and that devises to me, I shall do all in my power to render it of none effect. Come and dine with me to-morrow."

"I will, with all my heart;—have you not some daughters of your own, Mr. Burton!"

"I have two very amiable girls, and one of them marriageable too; but, after hearing your opinion of the most accomplished young lady of the realm, I dare not submit them to your scrutiny. You shall not meet them at dinner to-morrow."

"I insist on meeting them at dinner.—What! shall I not be introduced to the daughters of my best friend?"

"Your taste has been so horribly sophisticated, and then you speak out your sentiments so plainly, that no girl is safe from insult with you. Remember my girls are not blackamoors any more than Miss Campbell is."

"There the bad temper flies out again! This Miss Campbell is a sore subject. Would that I had never seen her!—The truth is, I must speak my sentiments, and, with regard to her, they are anything but those of approbation."

"Why, sir, you're not only blind, but utterly perverse and obstinate. Miss Campbell is the most approved beauty in Edinburgh at the present time; but she is an orphan, and has no fortune—there your antipathy lies! Money is your object! money, money!—that is manifest. Pray, could you have not got a blackamoor, with a camel's load or two of rupees, for a spouse, and so saved the expense of a journey to Britain?"

"I will tell you what, friend, I have a great mind to break your head, and so save the expense of a rope to hang you in."

Here the clothier seized his massy mahogany ellwand, and his friend the doctor, having heard the feats of arms performed by that unlucky weapon, thought proper to decamp, whtch he did with a kind of forced laugh, half in wrath at the ridiculous exhibition the two had made.

That evening Mr. Burton got a note from Miss Campbell, which puzzled him a great deal. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—

"I am quite delighted with your friend Dr. Brown. I expected to have met an elderly gentleman, but was agreeably surprised at meeting with so much elegance, conjoined with youth. He is certainly the most engaging and courteous gentleman I have ever seen, and has already made me an offer, which I think it would be imprudent in me to reject. As I have much to say to you on this subject, I will come down and see you in the coach to-morrow.

"Your ever affectionate niece,

"ELIZA CAMPBELL."

"So the Nabob has been hoaxing me all this while," said the clothier to himself, chuckling. He then laughed at Miss Campbell's mistake about his friend's age, and slily remarked that money was all powerful in modifying ages to suit each other. After considering the matter a little more seriously, he became suspicious that some mistake had occurred, for he knew it to be his friend the doctor's disposition always to speak his sentiments rather too freely, and, in the present instance he seemed to be quite chagrined and out of humour whenever Miss Campbell was named. So the clothier remained involved in a puzzle until the next day, when his niece arrived; and still from her he could learn nothing, but that all was as it should be. He asked who introduced Dr. Brown to her. It was the very friend to whom the clothier had written to perform that friendly office. He made her describe Dr. Brown's person and address, and, as far as the clothier could see, they corresponded to a very tittle.—Very well, thinks the clothier to himself, as I am uncertain whether the crabbed loon will come to dinner to-day or not, I will say nothing about it, and then I will see how the two are affected when they meet.

Four o'clock came, so the clothier went home to his house, and put on his black coat and silk stockings; and then he paced up and down his little snug parlour, which served as a drawing-room, with much impatience, going every five minutes up stairs to look out at the window.

"Who dines with my uncle to-day?" said Miss Campbell to her cousin, Ellen Burton;—"I see you have an extra cover set, and he seems rather in the fidgets because his guest is not come."

"I do not know who it is," returned Miss Burton; "he merely said that he expected a stranger to dine with him to-day—some English bagman, I suppose. We have these people frequently with us; but I never regard them, always leaving them with my father, to consult about markets and bargains, as soon as dinner is over; and we will leave them the same way to-night, and go to Mrs. Innes's grand tea party, you know."

"O, by all means."

With that the Doctor entered, and was welcomed by a hearty and kindly shake of the hand; and, leading him forward, Burton said, "This is my daughter Ellen, sir, and her sister Jane." Of Miss Campbell he made no mention, conceiving that she and the Doctor were well acquainted before. But either the Doctor and she had not been acquainted before—or else the room was so dark that the Doctor could not see distinctly, (for he was very much out of breath, which mazes the eyesight a great deal,)—or the beauty of the young ladies had dazzled him—or some unaccountable circumstance had occurred, for the Doctor did not recognize Miss Campbell, nor did the young lady take any notice of him. On the contrary, Jane Burton being only a little girl, and below the Doctor's notice at that time of night, he took the other two for the clothier's daughters, and addressed them as such all the time of dinner.

The Doctor was so polite and attentive to the young ladies, and appeared so highly delighted with them, that they were insensibly induced to stay longer at table than they intended, and on their going away, he conducted them to the door, kissed both their hands, and said a number of highly flattering things to them. On again taking his seat, being in high spirits, he said, "Why, in the name of wonder, my dear friend, should you endeavour to put grist by your own mill, as the saying is? These daughters of yours are by far the most accomplished and agreeable young ladies whom I have seen since my return from India. The eldest is really a masterpiece, not only of Nature's workmanship, but of all that grace and good-breeding can bestow."

"I thank you kindly, sir; I was afraid they would be a little too fair of complexion for your taste. Pray have you never met with that eldest one before? for it struck me that you looked as you had been previously acquainted."

"How was it possible I could ever have seen her? It is quite well known, Mr. Burton, what my errand to Britain is at this time. I have never con-

cealed it from you. It is to obtain a wife; and now to receive one out of your family, and from your own hand, would be my highest desire; settlements are nothing between us. These shall be of your own making. Your eldest daughter, the tallest I mean, is positively the most charming woman I ever saw. Bestow her upon me, and I am the happiest man in his Majesty's dominions."

"You shall have her, Doctor—you shall have her with all my heart; and I think I have a small document on hand to show that you can likewise have her consent for the asking, if indeed you have not obtained it already."

"I will double your stock in trade, sir, before I leave this country, if you realize this promise to me. My jaunt from India beyond the Ganges is likely to be amply compensated. Why, the possession of such a jewel is worth ten voyages round the world, and meeting all the lines at Musselburgh. But I'll warrant I may expect some twitches of temper from her—that I may reckon upon as a family endowment."

"And will there be no equivalent on the other side? No outbreakings of violence, outrage, and abuse? At all events, the reflection on me and my family comes with a bad grace from such a firebrand as yourself."

"Stop, for heaven's sake, my good friend, stop; let us not mar so excellent a prospect, by sounding the jarring strings of our nature together. Why, sir, whenever a man comes within the bounds of your atmosphere, he treads on phosphorus,—he breathes it, and is not for a moment certain that he may not be blown up in an electric flash. Why get into such a rage at a good-natured joke?"

"It was a very ill-natured joke; and I have yet to learn that you ever did a genuinely good-natured thing in your life. Even now you are all this while playing at hide-and-seek with me—playing at some back game, that I cannot comprehend, in order to make a fool of me. Do you wish me to tell you what I think of you, sir?"

"And pray what do I care what you think of me? Does it any way affect me what may be the opinion of such a being as you?—*You* think of me!"

"There goes! There goes the old man, with all his infirmities on his head."

"Who is an old man, Mr. Burton? Who is an old man, full of infirmities? Old!—to your teeth, sir, you are years older than myself."

"Do you know, sir, who you are speaking to, sir? or whose house you are in, sir?"

"Yes, I do, sir. I know very well whose house I am in, and whose house I shall soon be out of, too; and whose house I shall never enter again as long as I live. Do I not know all these, sir? What *you* think of me, forsooth! I have thought more of you than ever it behoved me to have done; and this is the reception I have met with in return!"

"Now pardon me this once, Doctor, and I shall never get angry with you again. I'll bear all your infirmities with the patience of Job; but you must not leave my house in this humour."

"*My* infirmities, sir? What do you mean by my infirmities? And who the devil is to bear with yours, sir? I assure you it shall not be me! That I was once obliged to you, I confess, and that I have long thought of you with the affection of a brother, I likewise confess, but——"

"Hold there. Go no further at present until the furnace-heat of your temper be somewhat allayed. We are friends, and must be friends as long as we live, notwithstanding of our failings. We have all much to forgive one another in this life. But you took me short, when it was Miss Campbell only that I wanted to talk about."

"Miss Campbell whom you wanted to talk about! A singular subject truly so immediately after the cessation of hostilities. I tell you once for all, Mr. Burton, that I will have nothing to do with Miss Campbell—nothing to say to her; for she is absolutely my aversion."

"It is false, sir—every word of it is false; for you shall have to say to her and do with her both, and she is *not* your aversion. Nay, do not go to get into one of your boundless fits of rage again, for out of your own mouth will I condemn you; and if you deny your own words and mine, I will show you the lady's writ and signature to the fact."

"I was not even able to say a civil thing to the lady."

"You were. You said the most civil things to her that you could invent. You made an offer of your hand to her, and you made the same offer to me."

"I'll fight the man either with sword or pistols who would palm such an imposition on me."

The clothier made no answer to this save by handing over Miss Campbell's note to the astonished physician, who read as follows: "'I am quite delighted with your friend Dr. Brown.' Hem! Thank you, Miss Eliza Campbell. So is not his friend Dr. Brown with you, I assure you. 'I expected to have met with an elderly gentleman, but was agreeably surprised——' Oho! hem, hem! What is all this? The girl has some sense and discernment though; for, do you know, I am never taken for a man above thirty."

"That I think does not show much discernment either in them or in her."

"I beg pardon, sir; I only meant to say that the girl saw with the same eyes as the generality of mankind, which at least manifests some degree of common sense. But it is all very well; I see through the letter—a trap to catch a badger, I suppose. As to the insinuation that I made her an offer, she has made it, or dreamed it, or conceived it, of herself, one way or other, for the deuce an offer I made to her of any sort whatever."

"Why, now, Doctor, the whole of your behaviour on this occasion is to me a complete mystery; for the young lady who sat on your right hand to-day at table, is no other than the same Miss Campbell, my niece, whom you have been all along so undeservedly abusing."

"Are you telling the truth, Mr. Burton? Are you not dreaming?—I see you are telling me the truth. Why then did you introduce them to me as your daughters?"

"I introduced my two daughters only, believing that you two were perfectly acquainted before."

"She has then been introduced to me in a mask. There is not a doubt of it. She has spoken to me under a disguise of false form and false features, yet I thought all the while that I recognised the voice. And was yon lovely, adorable creature, with the auburn hair and dark eyes, the seamaw's neck, and the swan's bosom, the same who wrote that pretty card about me?"

"The same, I assure you."

"Give it me again that I may kiss it, and look at every elegant letter it contains. I have had flatterers of the sex, black and white, brown and yellow, but never before received flattery from such a superlative being as she is. Where are the ladies? Let us go to them and have tea, for I have an intense longing to look on the angel again."

Never was there a more impassioned lover than the Doctor was with this fair cousin; he raved of her, and fumed with impatience, when he found she had gone to Mrs. Innes's party, and that he could not see her again that night. He lost no time, however, in writing out the schedule of a contract, a most liberal one, and to this scroll he put his name, desiring his friend to show Miss Campbell the writing preparatory to his visit the next day. The clothier did this, and found his lovely ward delighted with the match, who acknowledged that the annual sum settled on her was four times what she expected with such an agreeable husband; and although she begged for time and leisure to make some preparations, yet, at her kind uncle's request, she unhesitatingly put her name to the document by way of acquiescence; and thus was the agreement signed and settled, and wanted only the ratification of the parson to render it permanent. He then informed her that the Doctor

would wait on her next day to ask her formally, and then they might settle on such time for the marriage as suited both.

Next day the Doctor arrived at an early hour, and found the young lady dressed like an Eastern princess to receive him, and in the highest glee imaginable; but as he did not then know the success of his offer, he kept aloof from the subject till the arrival of his friend the clothier. The latter, perceiving his earnest impatience, took him into another apartment, and showed him the lady's signature and acceptance. Never was there a man so uplifted. The intelligence actually put him beside himself, for he clapped his hands, shouted—hurra! threw up his wig, and jumped over one of the chairs. His joy and hilarity during dinner were equally extravagant—there was no whim nor frolic which he did not practise.

Not being able to rest, by reason of the fervour of his passion, he arose shortly after dinner, and, taking his friend the clothier into the other room, requested of him to bring matters to a verbal explanation forthwith. He accordingly sent for Eliza, who looked rather amazed when she entered, and saw only these two together.

"Come away, my dear Eliza," said her uncle; "take a seat here, and do not look so agitated, seeing the business is already all but finished. My friend, Dr. Brown, has come down to-day for the purpose of having a ratification of your agreement from your own hand, and your own mouth."

"Very well, my dear uncle; though I see no occasion for hurrying the business, I am quite conformable to your will in that respect. Why did not Dr. Brown come to dinner? Where is he?"

I wish I had seen the group at this moment; or had Mr. David Wilkie seen it, and taken a picture from it, it would have been ten times better. The Doctor's face of full-blown joy was changed into one of meagre consternation, nothing of the ruddy glow remaining, save on the tip of his nose. The internal ligaments that supported his jaws were loosened, and they fell down, as he gazed on the clothier; the latter stared at Eliza, and she at both alternately. It was a scene of utter bewilderment, and no one knew what to think of another. The clothier was the first to break silence.

"What ails you, my dear niece?" said he. "Are you quizzing? or are you dreaming? or have you fallen into a fit of lunacy? I say, *what* is the matter with you, child? Is not this my friend, Dr. Brown, whom I have known from his childhood!—the gentleman whom I sent for to be introduced to you, and the gentleman, too, to whom you have given yourself away, and signed the gift by an irrevocable deed?"

"What! To this old gentleman? Dear uncle, you must excuse me, that I am in a grievous error, and a quandary besides. Ha, ha, ha! —Hee, hee, hee! Oh, mercy on us! I shall expire with downright laughing."

"What do you mean by such insulting behaviour, madam? Have I come here to be flouted, to be cheated, to be baited by a pack of terriers, with an old foxhound at their head? But beware, madam, how you press the old badger too hard. I have your signature here, to a very serious deed, signed before witnesses, and if you *do not* fulfil your engagement to me, I have you at my mercy; and I'll use the power which the deed puts in my hands,—use it to the utmost—make yourself certain of that."

"Pray, sir, do not get into such a rage, lest you terrify me out of my wits. I am but a poor timorous maiden, sir, and not used to so much obstreperousness; yet I have so much spirit in me, that I shall never be imposed upon by such effrontery,—never!"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the clothier. "We shall all go in a flame together, and be consumed by collision.—My dear niece, you know not what you are doing or saying. This is no person to be despised, but the celebrated Dr. Brown from India, chief of the medical staff of a whole Presidency—your own kinsman—my friend of whom you approved in your note to me, and in

conjunction with whom you have signed a contract of marriage. So none of your bantering and flagaries; for have him you must, and have him you shall. The deed cannot now be annulled but by mutual consent."

"Well, then, it shall never be farther ratified by me. This may be *your* Dr. Brown, but he is not *mine;* and however worthy he may be, he is not the man of my choice."

"Is not this the gentleman of whom you wrote to me in such high terms of approval?"

"*That* the gentleman! Dear uncle, where would my seven senses have been, had that been he?"

"And is this not the lady, sir, whom you met in Edinburgh?"

"I know nothing at all about it. If this be not she, I like her worse than the other."

"There is some unfortunate mistake here. Pray, Dr. Brown, who was it that introduced you to the lady, with whom you met?"

"Your friend Mrs. Wright, to be sure; whom else could it have been?"

"And you did not see Mr. Anderson, then?"

"No; but I left your letter at his office, thinking there might be something of business."

"There it goes! Mrs. Wright has introduced you to a wrong Miss Campbell, and Mr. Anderson has introduced a wrong Dr. Brown to her.—Plague on it, for you cannot now throw a stone in Edinburgh, but you are sure to hit either a Brown or a Campbell."

This was simply the case: The clothier wrote to his friend, Mrs. Wright, to find means of introducing the bearer, Dr. Brown, to their *mutual friend*, Miss Elizabeth Campbell. Mrs. Wright having an elderly maiden sister of that name, mistook, in perfect simplicity of heart, the term mutual friend, and, without more ado, introduced the Doctor to her sister. Now, the Doctor knew perfectly well that the other letter, which he carried to Mr. Anderson, related likewise to some meeting with Miss Campbell, but not caring about any such thing, he merely popped the letter into the shop as he passed; and Mr. Anderson, knowing nothing about Dr. Brown's arrival from India, sent for the only unmarried Dr. Brown whom he knew, and introduced him to Mr. Burton's niece, as desired, and there the attachment proved spontaneous and reciprocal. Miss Campbell, finding now that she was in a bad predicament, having given her heart to one gentleman, and her written promise to another, threw herself on the old Doctor's mercy, explained the mistake, and the state of her affections, and besought him to have pity on a poor orphan, whose choice might be wrong, but which she was incapable of altering. The worthy Esculapius of the East was deeply affected. He took both the young lady's hands in his, kissed first the one and then the other, and, invoking on her all earthly happiness, he not only returned her the bond, but alongst with it a cheque on his banker for a considerable sum, as a marriage-present.

Miss Campbell was shortly after married to a dashing student of medicine, and they now reside in a distant province, very poor, and not over happy; and Dr. Brown married the eldest daughter of his old benefactor, a simple, modest, and unassuming young creature, whom he carried off with him to the paradise of India, and placed her at the head of a magnificent Eastern establishment. I have seen several of her letters, in all of which she writes in the highest terms of her happiness and comforts.

THE FORDS OF CALLUM:

A TALE OF MYSTERIOUS MURDER, AND WRAITH WARNING.

"YE had better steek the door, Janet; I think there's a kind o' cauld sugh coming up the house the night."

"Gude forgie you for leeing, Wat; for the night is that muth an' breathless, I'm maist like to swairf, an' am hardly able to do a single turn. An' for you, ye are joost a' in ae thow, I see; an' hae muckle mair need that I suld clash a sowp cauld water on you than steek the door."

"It will be as weel to steek the door, Janet, my woman, an' let us take our chance o' swairfing. Ye ken the auld saying, 'At open doors the dogs come ben.' An' we little ken what may come in at that door the night."

Janet ran and shut the door, bolting it fast, and muttering to herself all the way, as she perceived a manifest alteration in her husband's looks and manner.

"Now gude forgie us, Walter! tell us what's the matter wi' ye? Hae ye seen aught? Hae ye heard aught? Or hae ye grown unweel on the hill that has made ye a wee squeamish?"

"Bring me a drink o' water, Janet. It's only a bit dwam; it will soon gang aff (*drinks*). Hech whow! what a warld this is that we leeve in! Have ye been guilty of ony great sin lately, Janet?"

"No that I hae mind o' just now. But what a question that is to speer at your wife!"

"War ye ever guilty of ony great backsliding or transgression?"

"Aigh! gudeness forbid, Walter! But what has set you upon sic questions the night?"

"Because I'm feared, Janet, that there's some heavy judgment gaun to happen to us very soon. I hae had a singular warning the night."

"Aih whow! Oh, Wattie, ye gar a' my heart groo within me! What kind o' warning have ye had?"

"I canna tell ye. It is out o' my power to tell ye. An' gin I tell you, ye wadna believe me. Gang away to your bed, Janet, an' let us compose ourselves to rest in our Maker's name."

The lonely couple went to their bed, and commended themselves to the protection of heaven; but sleep was far from visiting their couch. Wat Douglas lay and groaned heavily, while his groans were audibly responded by his wife. At length he says to her, "When did ye hear from your daughter Annie, Janet?"

"No this lang while; no sin' Lockerbie tryste."

"Do you think that Annie can hae been guilty of ony great sin in her days?"

"Aih! I hope our poor lassie has been better guidit. But she's a queer mysterious lassie, our Annie. There is something about her that I can never comprehend. I had some heavy, heavy dreams about her afore she was born. I think always there is something to happen to her."

"Ay, Janet, as sure as I am speaking to you, an' as sure as the starns are shining in heaven, there will something happen to her, an' that very soon.—Sae ye say ye haena seen nor heard o' her sin' Lockerbie tryste?"

"Na, no sin' syne."

"What wad ye think, Janet, gin I had seen her the night?"

"Gin ye saw her weel, I should be very happy."

"Oh! Janet, I hae gotten a warning the night that I canna comprehend. But we'll hear mair about it soon. Tell me just ae thing, an' tell me truly. Is Annie—? But hush! What's that I hear? Lord be wi' us, there it is again!"

At that instant, and before he pronounced these last words, a quick tap was heard at the window, and a sweet and well-known voice called from without in a melancholy key: "Mither, are ye waukin?"

"Yes, dear, I'm waukin," cried the agitated mother; "Gude forgie ye, what has brought you here at this time o' night? The like o' this I kend never! I think it be true what folks say—Speak o' the deil an' he'll appear! I'll open the door this minent, Annie. Is there ony body wi' ye?"

"Na, there's nae body wi' me; an' I wish there had been nane wi' me the night. Is Wat Douglas away to the Fords o' Callum?"

"Wat Douglas! Whaten a gate is that o' speakin about your father, Annie? Wat Douglas, as ye ca' him, is nane away to the Fords o' Callum, but lying snug in his bed here."

"Oh! lack-a-day! Then it is ower late now!" said the voice without; and as it said so, it seemed to pass away from the window on the breeze, so that the last words were scarcely audible.

"Dinna gang near it, Janet! Dinna gang near it," cried Wat Douglas, shuddering, and shrouding himself deeper in the bedclothes. For the sake o' your soul, bide where you are an' keep the wa's o' the house atween you an' it!"

"The man's wudd! Will I no gang an' open the door to my ain bairn? Ay, that will I, though a' the ghaists o' the folk o' Sodom and Gomorrah were letten loose!" And so saying, away flew Janet to the door with her clothes half on, while Wattie was calling all the while from under the clothes, "Ye dinna ken what ye're doing, Janet? Ye dinna ken what ye're doing!"

Janet opened the door, and went round and round the house calling her daughter's name; but there was none that answered or regarded. She once thought she heard a distant sound as of one wailing in the air, but it died away and she heard no more. She returned into her cot, breathless and dumb with astonishment; and after sitting a space, with crossed arms and her head hanging over them, she once more began speaking in a deep voice and half a whisper—"She's away! She's away! She's away! Can it hae been our daughter's wraith that spak to us through the window?"

"*Your* daughter say, Janet, for you hear I'm denied. But nevertheless, now when I think on it, it maun be a wraith, for it canna be aught else. I had sic an encounter wi't this night afore now, as mortal man o' flesh and blood never had wi' an unyirthly creature. But what passed atween us is a secret that maunna an' canna be revealed. But had I thought o't being a wraith I wadna hae been sae feared."

"What is a wraith, Wattie? for I thought you had denied a' thae things."

"Ay, but seeing's believing, Janet. An' as for a wraith, I take it to be a guardian angel that comes to gie warning o' something that's to happen to its ward. Now a guardian angel can never be a bad thing, Janet."

"But think o' the warning, Wattie;—think o' the warning. What was it that the voice said about the Fords o' Callum?"

"That maun be considered, Janet. But the terrors o' this night had put that an' ilka thing else out o' my head. That maun be considered. The Fords o' Callum? Ay! That's the place where the spirit tried to take me to in spite of my teeth. Wha *is* Annie, Janet?"

"Gude forgie us! heard ony body ever sickan a rhame as that! She's her father's daughter to be sure.——But is this a night to begin wi' sickan queer questions, Walter? If ye gat wit that ony body in the hale country were perishing or in jeopardy, wad it be necessar to settle a' about their connexions and parentage afore you set out to save them?"

"That's very true, Janet. She is a lassie that is weel worthy o' looking

after, though I had never seen her face afore; an' a message frae heaven shouldna be negleckit."

"I'm so sae clear about the message being frae heaven, Wattie. But a message we certainly have had; an' I think it is incumbent on us to set out immediately, an' see what is going on at the Fords o' Callum."

"I think the same. It is but a step of a mile or twae, an' my conscience coudna be at ease without ganging there. An' yet it is daft-like to be gaun away afore day-light to a particular spot to look for a body, an' that spot ten miles aff frae the place where the body is living."

"Na, na, it isna ten miles, Wat. It's na aboon nine miles and a half, if it be that.

It was not yet one o'clock, but it was a midsummer night, still and beautiful, as well as the morning following; and when the couple reached the Fords o' Callum, the grave twilight began to shed its pale and eiry hues over that lonely upland; and ere they reached the Ford by two hundred paces, they perceived something like a human form lying on a small green sward on the other side of the river, or burn; for though called a river, or water, it is no bigger than an ordinary burn.

"What's yon lying yonder, Janet?"

"O the Lord in heaven kens what it is! My heart is beginning to fail me. Wattie. I canna gang ony farther. I think we shudna gang ony nearer till we got somebody wi' us."

"It wad be a shame to stop here or turn again after coming sae far. Lean on me, and let us venture forward and see what it is. It is like a woman; but she's maybe sleeping."

"Na, na! yon's nae sleeping posture. She's lying athraw. I canna gang! I canna gang! dinna drag me; for though I hae stooden ower the bed o' death mony a time, yet it is a fearsome thing to look upon death in the open field. An' there's maybe blood, too. Think ye I can look upon a corpse swathed in blood, in a wild place like this? No, no, I hae nae power to gang a step farther!"

Janet Douglas would neither advance nor remain by herself; but hung upon her husband and wept. Wat called aloud to see if the form would awake and move, but he called in vain; and just as the two were returning to seek assistance, they perceived a gentleman coming toward them, which was a happy sight. This was Mr. George Brown of Callum, who was at that time a bridegroom, and had set out so early on horseback to go into Nithsdale by the Queensberry road. They told him their dilemma, and pointed out the form lying on the other side of Duff's Kinnel. Mr. Brown was as much appalled as they; but the three ventured across to the form, in breathless terror and awfully suspense; and there, indeed, they found the body of Annie Douglas, lying a pale corpse, and her bosom still warm. She appeared to have been dead for some hours. Mr. Brown, who was excellently mounted, gave up his journey, and galloped back straight to Moffat, where he procured a Dr. Johnstone, then living in Moffat, said to have been a gentleman of great ability, and another young surgeon whose name I have forgot; and the three arrived at the spot in an inconceivably short time, the distance not being more than three miles. All endeavours to restore life proved vain and abortive; therefore their whole attention was next directed to ascertain the manner of her death. But they were puzzled—nonplussed beyond the power of calculation. Her clothes were torn; but there was not the smallest mark of violence on any part of her body. She was dressed in all her best attire; and it was manifest that she had come there on horseback, with more in company than one, for there were many marks of horses' feet about the spot, as if they had been held or fastened there for a space.

Her death made a great noise in that district for a few months, and a hundred conjectures were framed concerning it; probably all wide of the truth. But there were some circumstances attending it that astounded every one.

Mr. Brown of Callum's mind was so much confused at the time, and his pity so much excited by the untimely death of the beautiful young woman, that he never thought of one thing which occurred to him afterwards as having been very singular, namely, that the old couple should have been sitting in that remote place watching the corpse of their daughter at a distance before daylight. But the worse consequence of all was this:—During the time that Mr. Brown was seeking the surgeons, Janet was so ill that she fainted several times, and fell into hysterics, while her husband supported and assisted her with apparent command of his feelings, and perfect presence of mind. But before they reached home with the corpse, the case was altered. Janet was quite recovered and collected, while Wat looked so ill that it was fearful to see him. He immediately betook himself to bed, from which he never rose again, but died a fortnight afterwards, having rarely ever spoken from that morning forward.

Of course he could not attend Annie's funeral; and there was no circumstance more puzzling than one that occurred there. Among the mourners there was one gentleman quite unknown to every one who was present. Indeed, from the beginning, he took upon himself, as it were, the office of chief mourner, carrying the head almost the whole way to the churchyard, so that all the people supposed the elegant stranger some near relation of the deceased, sent for, from a distance, to take the father's part, and conduct the last obsequies. When they came to the grave, he took his station at the head of the corpse, which he lowered into the grave with great decency and decorum, appearing to be deeply affected. When the interment was over, he gave the sexton a guinea and walked away. He was afterwards seen riding towards Dumfries, with a page in full mourning riding at a distance behind him. How much were all the good people of Johnston astonished when they heard that neither father nor mother of the deceased, nor one present at the funeral knew any thing whatever of the gentleman;—who he was; where he came from; or what brought him there. I have heard it reported, on what authority I do not know, that this stranger was subsequently traced to have been the late Duke of Q——. And as this unaccountable incident is well known to have happened when the late Mr. George Brown of Callum was a bridegroom, it settles the time to have been about sixty-six years ago.

THE CAMERONIAN PREACHER'S TALE.

SIT near me, my children, and come nigh, all ye who are not of my kindred, though of my flock; for my days and hours are numbered; death is with me dealing, and I have a sad and wonderful story to relate. I have preached and ye have profited; but what I am about to say is far better than man's preaching, it is one of those terrible sermons which God preaches to mankind, of blood unrighteously shed, and most wondrously avenged. The like has not happened in these our latter days. His presence is visible in it; and I reveal it that its burthen may be removed from my soul, so that I may die in peace; and I disclose it, that you may lay it up in your hearts and tell it soberly to your children, that the warning memory of a dispensation so marvellous may live and not perish. Of the deed itself, some of you have heard a whispering; and some of you know the men of whom I am about to speak; but the mystery

which covers them up as with a cloud I shall remove; listen, therefore, my children to a tale of truth, and may you profit by it!

On Dryfe Water, in Annandale, lived Walter Johnstone, a man open-hearted and kindly, but proud withal and warm tempered; and on the same water lived John Macmillan, a man of nature grasping and sordid, and as proud and hot tempered as the other. They were strong men, and vain of their strength; lovers of pleasant company, well to live in the world, extensive dealers in corn and cattle; married too, and both of the same age—five and forty years. They often met, yet they were not friends; nor yet were they companions, for bargain making and money seeking narroweth the heart and shuts up generosity of soul. They were jealous, too, of one another's success in trade, and of the fame they had each acquired for feats of personal strength and agility, and skill with the sword—a weapon which all men carried in my youth, who were above the condition of a peasant. Their mutual and growing dislike was inflamed by the whisperings of evil friends, and confirmed by the skilful manner in which they negotiated bargains over each other's heads. When they met, a short and surly greeting was exchanged, and those who knew their natures looked for a meeting between them, when the sword or some other dangerous weapon would settle for ever their claims for precedence in cunning and in strength.

They met at the fair of Longtown, and spoke, and no more—with them both it was a busy day, and mutual hatred subsided for a time, in the love of turning the penny and amassing gain. The market rose and fell, and fell and rose; and it was whispered that Macmillan, through the superior skill or good fortune of his rival, had missed some bargains which were very valuable, while some positive losses touched a nature extremely sensible of the importance of wealth. One was elated, and the other depressed—but not more depressed than moody and incensed, and in this temper they were seen in the evening in the back room of a public inn, seated apart and silent, calculating losses and gains, drinking deeply, and exchanging dark looks of hatred and distrust. They had been observed during the whole day to watch each other's movements, and now when they were met face to face, the labours of the day over, and their natures inflamed by liquor as well as by hatred, their companions looked for personal strife between them, and wondered not a little when they saw Johnstone rise, mount his horse, and ride homewards, leaving his rival in Longtown. Soon afterwards Macmillan started up from a moody fit, drank off a large draught of brandy, threw down a half-guinea, nor waited for change—a thing uncommon with him; and men said, as his horse's feet struck fire from the pavement, that if he overtook Johnstone, there would be a living soul less in the land before sunrise.

Before sunrise next morning the horse of Walter Johnstone came with an empty saddle to his stable door. The bridle was trampled to pieces amongst its feet, and its saddle and sides were splashed over with blood as if a bleeding body had been carried across its back. The cry arose in the country, an instant search was made, and on the side of the public road was found a place where a deadly contest seemed to have happened. It was in a small green field, bordered by a wood, in the farm of Andrew Pattieson. The sod was dinted deep with men's feet, and trodden down, and trampled and sprinkled over with blood as thickly as it had ever been with dew. Blood drops, too, were traced to some distance, but nothing more was discovered; the body could not be found, though every field was examined and every pool dragged. His money and bills, to the amount of several thousand pounds, were gone, so was his sword—indeed nothing of him could be found on earth save his blood, and for its spilling a strict account was yet to be sought.

Suspicion instantly and naturally fell on John Macmillan, who denied all knowledge of the deed. He had arrived at his own house in due course of time, no marks of weapon or warfare were on him, he performed family worship as was his custom, and he sang the psalm as loudly and prayed as fervently as he was in the habit of doing. He was apprehended and tried,

and saved by the contradictory testimony of the witnesses against him, into whose hearts the spirit of falsehood seemed to have entered in order to perplex and confound the judgment of men—or rather that man might have no hand in the punishment, but that God should bring it about in his own good time and way. "Revenge is mine, saith the Lord," which meaneth not because it is too sweet a morsel for man, as the scoffer said, but because it is too dangerous. A glance over this conflicting testimony will show how little was then known of this foul offence, and how that little was rendered doubtful and dark by the imperfection of human nature.

Two men of Longtown were examined. One said that he saw Macmillan insulting and menacing Johnstone, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword with a look dark and ominous; while the other swore that he was present at the time, but that it was Johnstone who insulted and menaced Macmillan, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and pointed to the road homewards. A very expert and searching examination could make no more of them; they were both respectable men, with characters above suspicion. The next witnesses were of another stamp, and their testimony was circuitous and contradictory. One of them was a shepherd—a reluctant witness. His words were these: "I was frae hame on the night of the murder, in the thick of the wood, no just at the place which was bloody and trampled, but gaye an' near hand it. I canna say I can just mind what I was doing; I had somebody to see I jalouse, but wha it was is naebody's business but my ain. There was maybe ane forbye myself in the wood, and maybe twa; there was ane at ony rate, and I am no sure but it was an auld acquaintance. I see nae use there can be in questioning me. I saw nought, and therefore can say nought. I canna but say that I heard something—the trampling of horses, and a rough voice saying, 'Draw and defend yourself.' Then followed the clashing of swords and half smothered sort of work, and then the sound of horses' feet was heard again, and that's a' I ken about it; only I thought the voice was Walter Johnstone's, and so thought Kate Pennie, who was with me and kens as meikle as me." The examination of Katherine Pennie, one of the Pennies of Pennieland, followed, and she declared that she had heard the evidence of Dick Purdie with surprise and anger. On that night she was not over the step of her father's door for more than five minutes, and that was to look at the sheep in the fauld; and she neither heard the clashing of swords nor the word of man or woman. And with respect to Dick Purdie, she scarcely knew him even by sight; and if all tales were true that were told of him, she would not venture into a lonely wood with him, under the cloud of night for a gown of silk with pearls on each sleeve. The shepherd, when recalled, admitted that Kate Pennie might be right, "For after a," said he, "it happened in the dark, when a man like me, no that gleg of the uptauk, might confound persons. Somebody was with me, I am gaye an' sure, frae what took place—if it was nae Kate, I kenna wha it was, and it couldna weel be Kate either, for Kate's a douce quean, and besides is married." The judge dismissed the witnesses with some indignant words, and, turning to the prisoner, said, "John Macmillan, the prevarications of these witnesses have saved you; mark my words—saved you from man, but not from God. On the murderer the Most High will lay his hot right hand, visibly and before men, that we may know that blood unjustly shed will be avenged. You are at liberty to depart." He left the bar and resumed his station and his pursuits as usual; nor did he appear sensible to the feeling of the country, which was strong against him.

A year passed over his head, other events happened, and the murder of Walter Johnstone began to be dismissed from men's minds. Macmillan went to the fair of Longtown, and when evening came he was seated in the little back room which I mentioned before, and in company with two men of the names of Hunter and Hope. He sat late, drank deeply, but in the midst of the carousal a knock was heard at the door, and a voice called sharply, "John Macmillan." He started up, seemed alarmed, and exclaimed, "What in Heaven's name can *he* want with me?" and opening the door hastily, went

into the garden, for he seemed to dread another summons lest his companions should know the voice. As soon as he was gone, one said to the other, "If that was not the voice of Walter Johnstone, I never heard it in my life; he is either come back in the flesh or in the spirit, and in either way John Macmillan has good cause to dread him." They listened—they heard Macmillan speaking in great agitation; he was answered only by a low sound, yet he appeared to understand what was said, for his concluding words were, "Never! never! I shall rather submit to His judgment who cannot err." When he returned he was pale and shaking, and he sat down and seemed buried in thought. He spread his palms on his knees, shook his head often, then, starting up, said, "The judge was a fool and no prophet—to mortal man is not given the wisdom of God—so, neighbours, let us ride." They mounted their horses and rode homewards into Scotland at a brisk pace.

The night was pleasant, neither light nor dark; there were few travellers out, and the way winded with the hills and with the streams, passing through a pastoral and beautiful country. Macmillan rode close by the side of his companions, closer than was desirable or common; yet he did not speak, nor made answer when he was spoken to; but looked keenly and earnestly before and behind him, as if he expected the coming of some one, and every tree and bush seemed to alarm and startle him. Day at last dawned, and with the growing light his alarm subsided, and he began to converse with his companions, and talk with a levity which surprised them more than his silence had done before. The sun was all but risen when they approached the farm of Andrew Pattison, and here and there the top of a high tree and the summit of a hill had caught light upon them. Hope looked to Hunter silently, when they came nigh the bloody spot where it was believed the murder had been committed. Macmillan sat looking resolutely before him, as if determined not to look upon it; but his horse stopt at once, trembled violently, and then sprung aside, hurling its rider headlong to the ground. All this passed in a moment; his companions sat astonished; the horse rushed forward, leaving him on the ground, from whence he never rose in life, for his neck was broken by the fall, and with a convulsive shiver or two he expired. Then did the prediction of the judge, the warning voice and summons of the preceding night, and the spot and the time, rush upon their recollection; and they firmly believed that a murderer and robber lay dead beside them. "His horse saw something," said Hope to Hunter; "I never saw such flashing eyes in a horse's head."—"And *he* saw something too," replied Hunter, "for the glance that he gave to the bloody spot, when his horse started, was one of terror. I never saw such a look, and I wish never to see such another again."

When John Macmillan perished, matters stood thus with his memory. It was not only loaded with the sin of blood and the sin of robbery, with the sin of making a faithful woman a widow and her children fatherless, but with the grievous sin also of having driven a worthy family to ruin and beggary. The sum which was lost was large, the creditors were merciless; they fell upon the remaining substance of Johnstone, sweeping it wholly away; and his widow sought shelter in a miserable cottage among the Dryfesdale hills, where she supported her children by gathering and spinning wool. In a far different state and condition remained the family of John Macmillan. He died rich and unincumbered, leaving an evil name and an only child, a daughter, wedded to one whom many knew and esteemed, Joseph Howatson by name, a man sober and sedate; a member, too, of our own broken remnant of Cameronians.

Now, my dear children, the person who addresses you was then, as he is yet, God's preacher for the scattered kirk of Scotland, and his tent was pitched among the green hills of Annandale. The death of the transgressor appeared unto me the manifest judgment of God, and when my people gathered around me I rejoiced to see so great a multitude, and, standing in the midst of them, I preached in such wise that they were deeply moved. I

took for my text these words, "Hath there been evil in the land and the Lord hath not known it?" I discoursed on the wisdom of Providence in guiding the affairs of men. How he permitted our evil passions to acquire the mastery over us, and urge us to deeds of darkness; allowing us to flourish for a season, that he might strike us in the midst of our splendour in a way so visible and awful that the wildest would cry out, "Behold the finger of God." I argued the matter home to the heart; I named no names, but I saw Joseph Howatson hide his face in his hands, for he felt and saw, from the eyes which were turned towards him, that I alluded to the judgment of God upon his relative.

Joseph Howatson went home heavy and sad of heart, and somewhat touched with anger at God's servant for having so pointedly and publicly alluded to his family misfortune; for he believed his father-in-law was a wise and a worthy man. His way home lay along the banks of a winding and beautiful stream, and just where it entered his own lands there was a rustic gate, over which he leaned for a little space, ruminating upon earlier days, on his wedded wife, on his children, and finally his thoughts settled on his father-in-law. He thought of his kindness to himself and to many others, on his fulfilment of all domestic duties, on his constant performance of family worship, and on his general reputation for honesty and fair dealing. He then dwelt on the circumstances of Johnstone's disappearance, on the singular summons his father-in-law received in Longtown, and the catastrophe which followed on the spot and on the very day of the year that the murder was supposed to be committed. He was in sore perplexity, and said aloud, "Would to God that I knew the truth; but the doors of eternity, alas! are shut on the secret for ever." He looked up and John Macmillan stood before him—stood with all the calmness and serenity and meditative air which a grave man wears when he walks out on a sabbath eve.

"Joseph Howatson," said the apparition, "on no secret are the doors of eternity shut—of whom were you speaking?" "I was speaking," answered he, "of one who is cold and dead, and to whom you bear a strong resemblance." "I am he," said the shape; "I am John Macmillan." "God of heaven!" replied Joseph Howatson, "how can that be; did I not lay his head in the grave; see it closed over him; how, therefore, can it be? Heaven permits no such visitations." "I entreat you, my son," said the shape, "to believe what I say; the end of man is not when his body goes to dust; he exists in another state, and from that state am I permitted to come to you; waste not time, which is brief, with vain doubts, I am John Macmillan." "Father, father," said the young man, deeply agitated, "answer me, did you kill and rob Walter Johnstone?" "I did," said the spirit, "and for that have I returned to earth; listen to me." The young man was so much overpowered by a revelation thus fearfully made, that he fell insensible on the ground; and when he recovered, the moon was shining, the dews of night were upon him and he was alone.

Joseph Howatson imagined that he had dreamed a fearful dream; and conceiving that Divine Providence had presented the truth to his fancy, he began to consider how he could secretly make reparation to the wife and children of Johnstone for the double crime of his relative. But on more mature reflection he was impressed with the belief that a spirit had appeared to him, the spirit of his father-in-law, and that his own alarm had hindered him from learning fully the secret of his visit to earth; he therefore resolved to go to the same place next Sabbath night, seek rather than avoid an interview, acquaint himself with the state of bliss or woe in which the spirit was placed, and learn if by acts of affection and restitution he could soften his sufferings or augment his happiness. He went accordingly to the little rustic gate by the side of the lonely stream; he walked up and down; hour passed after hour, but he heard nothing and saw nothing save the murmuring of the brook, and the hares running among the wild clover. He had resolved to return home, when something seemed to rise from the ground, as shapeless as a cloud at first

but moving with life. It assumed a form, and the appearance of John Macmillan was once more before him. The young man was nothing daunted, but looking on the spirit, said, "I thought you just and upright and devout, and incapable of murder and robbery." The spirit seemed to dilate as it made answer. "The death of Walter Johnstone sits lightly upon me. We had crossed each other's purposes, we had lessened each other's gains, we had vowed revenge, we met on fair terms, tied our horses to a gate, and fought fairly and long; and when I slew him, I but did what he sought to do to me. I threw him over his horse, carried him far into the country, sought out a deep quagmire on the north side of the Snipe Knowe, in Crake's Moss, and having secured his bills and other perishable property, with the purpose of returning all to his family, I buried him in the moss, leaving his gold in his purse, and laying his cloak and his sword above him.

"Now listen, Joseph Howatson. In my private desk you will find a little key tied with red twine, take it and go to the house of Janet Mathieson in Dumfries, and underneath the hearthstone in my sleeping room you will get my strong-box, open it, it contains all the bills and bonds belonging to Walter Johnstone. Restore them to his widow. I would have restored them but for my untimely death. Inform her privily and covertly where she will find the body of her husband, so that she may bury him in the churchyard with his ancestors. Do these things, that I may have some assuagement of misery; neglect them and you will become a world's wonder." The spirit vanished with these words, and was seen no more.

Joseph Howatson was sorely troubled. He had communed with a spirit, he was impressed with the belief that early death awaited him; he felt a sinking of soul and a misery of body, and he sent for me to help him with counsel, and comfort him in his unexampled sorrow. I loved him and hastened to him; I found him weak and woe-begone, and the hand of God seemed to be sore upon him. He took me out to the banks of the little stream where the shape appeared to him, and having desired me to listen without interrupting him, told me how he had seen his father-in-law's spirit, and related the revelations which it had made and the commands it had laid upon him. "And now," he said, "look upon me. I am young, and ten days ago, I had a body strong and a mind buoyant, and gray hairs and the honours of old age seemed to await me. But ere three days pass I shall be as the clod of the valley, for he who converses with a spirit, a spirit shall he soon become. I have written down the strange tale I have told you, and I put it into your hands: perform for me and for my wretched parent, the instructions which the grave yielded up its tenant to give; and may your days be long in the land, and may you grow gray-headed among your people." I listened to his words with wonder and with awe, and I promised to obey him in all his wishes with my best and most anxious judgment. We went home together; we spent the evening in prayer. Then he set his house in order, spoke to all his children cheerfully and with a mild voice, and falling on the neck of his wife, said, "Sarah Macmillan, you were the choice of my young heart, and you have been a wife to me kind, tender, and gentle." He looked at his children and he looked at his wife, for his heart was too full for more words, and retired to his chamber. He was found next morning kneeling by his bedside, his hands held out as if repelling some approaching object, horror stamped on every feature, and cold and dead.

Then I felt full assurance of the truth of his communications; and as soon as the amazement which his untimely death occasioned had subsided, and his wife and little ones were somewhat comforted, I proceeded to fulfil his dying request. I found the small key tied with red twine, and I went to the house of Janet Mathieson in Dumfries, and I held up the key and said, "Woman, knowest thou that?" and when she saw it she said, "Full well I know it, it belonged to a jolly man and a douce, and mony a merry hour has he whiled away wi' my servant maidens and me." And when she saw me lift the hearthstone, open the box, and spread out the treasure which it contained, she

held up her hands, "Eh! what o' gowd! what o' gowd! but half's mine, be ye saint or sinner; John Macmillan, douce man, aye said he had something there which he considered as not belonging to him but to a quiet friend; weel I wot he meant me, for I have been a quiet friend to him and his." I told her I was commissioned by his daughter to remove the property, that I was the minister of that persecuted remnant of the true kirk called Cameronians, and she might therefore deliver it up without fear. "I ken weel enough wha ye are," said this worthless woman, "d'ye think I dinna ken a minister o' the kirk; I have seen meikle o' their siller in my day, frae eighteen to fifty and aught have I caroused with divines, Cameronians, I trow, as well as those of a freer kirk. But touching this treasure, give me twenty gowden pieces, else I'se gar three stamps of my foot bring in them that will see me righted, and send you awa to the mountains bleating like a sheep shorn in winter." I gave the imperious woman twenty pieces of gold, and carried away the fatal box.

Now, when I got free of the ports of Dumfries, I mounted my little horse and rode away into the heart of the country, among the pastoral hills of Dryfesdale. I carried the box on the saddle before me, and its contents awakened a train of melancholy thoughts within me. There were the papers of Walter Johnstone, corresponding to the description which the spirit gave, and marked with his initials in red ink by the hand of the man who slew him. There were two gold watches and two purses of gold, all tied with red twine, and many bills and much money to which no marks were attached. As I rode along pondering on these things, and casting about in my own mind how and by what means I should make restitution, I was aware of a morass, broad and wide, which with all its quagmires glittered in the moonlight before me. I knew I had penetrated into the centre of Dryfesdale, but I was not well acquainted with the country; I therefore drew my bridle, and looked around to see if any house was nigh, where I could find shelter for the night. I saw a small house built of turf and thatched with heather, from the window of which a faint light glimmered. I rode up, alighted, and there I found a woman in widow's weeds, with three sweet children, spinning yarn from the wool which the shepherds shear, in spring, from the udders of the ewes. She welcomed me, spread bread and placed milk before me. I asked a blessing, and ate and drank, and was refreshed.

Now it happened that, as I sat with the solitary woman and her children, there came a man to the door, and with a loud yell of dismay burst it open and staggered forward crying, "There's a corse candle in Crake's Moss, and I'll be a dead man before the morning."—"Preserve me! piper," said the widow, "ye're in a piteous taking; here is a holy man who will speak comfort to you, and tell you how all these are but delusions of the eye or exhalations of nature."—"Delusions and exhalations, Dame Johnstone," said the piper, "d'ye think I dinna ken a corse light from an elf candle, an elf candle from a will-o'-wisp, and a will-o'-wisp from all other lights of this wide world."—The name of the morass and the woman's name now flashed upon me, and I was struck with amazement and awe. I looked on the widow, and I looked on the wandering piper, and I said, "Let me look on those corse lights, for God creates nothing in vain; there is a wise purpose in all things, and a wise aim." And the piper said, "Na, na; I have nae wish to see ony mair on't, a dead light bodes the living nae gude; and I am sure if I gang near Crake's Moss it will lair me among the hags and quags."—And I said, "Foolish old man, you are equally safe every where; the hand of the Lord reaches round the earth, and strikes and protects according as it was foreordained, for nothing is hid from His eyes—come with me." And the piper looked strangely upon me and stirred not a foot; and I said, "I shall go by myself."—And the woman said, "Let me go with you, for I am sad of heart, and can look on such things without fear; for, alas! since I lost my own Walter Johnstone, pleasure is no longer pleasant: and I love to wander in lonesome places and by old churchyards."—"Then," said the piper, "I darena bide my lane with the bairns; I'll go also; but O let me strengthen my heart with ae spring on

my pipes before I venture."—"Play," I said, "Clavers and his Highlandmen, it is the tune to cheer ye and keep your heart up."—"Your honour's no cannie," said the old man; "that's my favourite tune." So he played it and said, "Now I am fit to look on lights of good or evil." And we walked into the open air.

All Crake's Moss seemed on fire; not illumined with one steady and uninterrupted light, but kindled up by fits like the northern sky with its wandering streamers. On a little bank which rose in the centre of the morass, the supernatural splendour seemed chiefly to settle; and having continued to shine for several minutes, the whole faded, and left but one faint gleam behind. I fell on my knees, held up my hands to heaven, and said, "This is of God; behold in that fearful light the finger of the Most High. Blood has been spilt, and can be no longer concealed; the point of the mariner's needle points less surely to the north than yon living flame points to the place where man's body has found a bloody grave. Follow me," and I walked down to the edge of the moss and gazed earnestly on the spot. I knew now that I looked on the long hidden resting place of Walter Johnstone, and considered that the hand of God was manifest in the way that I had been thus led blindfold into his widow's house. I reflected for a moment on these things; I wished to right the fatherless, yet spare the feelings of the innocent; the supernatural light partly showed me the way, and the words which I now heard whispered by my companions aided in directing the rest.

"I tell ye, Dame Johnstone," said the piper, "the man's no cannie; or what's waur, he may belong to the spiritual world himself, and do us a mischief. Saw ye ever mortal man riding wi' ae spur and carrying a silver-headed cane for a whip, wi' sic a fleece of hair about his haffets and sic a wild ee in his head; and then he kens a' things in the heavens aboon and the earth beneath. He kenned my favourite tune Clavers; I'se uphaud he's no in the body, but ane of the souls made perfect of the auld Covenanters whom Graham or Grierson slew; we're daft to follow him."—"Fool body," I heard the widow say, "I'll follow him; there's something about that man, be he in the spirit or in the flesh, which is pleasant and promising. O! could he but, by prayer or other means of lawful knowledge, tell me about my dear Walter Johnstone; thrice has he appeared to me in dream or vision with a sorrowful look, and weel ken I what that means." We had now reached the edge of the morass, and a dim and uncertain light continued to twinkle about the green knoll which rose in its middle. I turned suddenly round and said, "For a wise purpose am I come; to reveal murder; to speak consolation to the widow and the fatherless, and to soothe the perturbed spirits of those whose fierce passions ended in untimely death. Come with me; the hour is come, and I must not do my commission negligently."—"I kenned it, I kenned it," said the piper, "he's just one of the auld persecuted worthies risen from his red grave to right the injured, and he'll do't discreetly; follow him, Dame, follow him."—"I shall follow," said the widow; "I have that strength given me this night which will bear me through all trials which mortal flesh can endure."

When we reached the little green hillock in the centre of the morass, I looked to the north and soon distinguished the place described by my friend Joseph Howatson, where the body of Walter Johnstone was deposited. The moon shone clear, the stars aided us with their light, and some turfcutters having left their spades standing near, I ordered the piper to take a spade and dig where I placed my staff. "O dig carefully," said the widow, "do not be rude with mortal dust." We dug and came to a sword; the point was broken and the blade hacked. "It is the sword of my Walter Johnstone," said his widow, "I could swear to it among a thousand."—"It is my father's sword," said a fine dark haired boy who had followed us unperceived, "it is my father's sword, and were he living who wrought this, he should na be lang in rueing it."—"He is dead, my child," I said, "and beyond your reach, and vengeance is the Lord's."—"O, sir," cried his widow, in a

flood of tears, "ye ken all things; tell me, is this my husband or no?" —"It is the body of Walter Johnstone," I answered, "slain by one who is passed to his account, and buried here by the hand that slew him, with his gold in his purse and his watch in his pocket." So saying we uncovered the body, lifted it up, laid it on the grass; the embalming nature of the morass had preserved it from decay, and mother and child, with tears and with cries, named his name and lamented over him. His gold watch and his money, his cloak and his dress, were untouched and entire, and we bore him to the cottage of his widow, where with clasped hands she sat at his feet and his children at his head till the day drew nigh the dawn; I then rose and said, "Woman, thy trials have been severe and manifold; a good wife, a good mother, and a good widow hast thou been, and thy reward will be where the blessed alone are admitted. It was revealed to me by a mysterious revelation that thy husband's body was where we found it; and I was commissioned by a voice, assuredly not of this world, to deliver thee this treasure, which is thy own, that thy children may be educated, and that bread and raiment may be thine." And I delivered her husband's wealth into her hands, refused gold which she offered, and mounting my horse, rode over the hills, and saw her no more. But I soon heard of her, for there arose a strange sound in the land, that a Good Spirit had appeared to the widow of Walter Johnstone, had disclosed where her husband's murdered body lay, had enriched her with all his lost wealth, had prayed by her side till the blessed dawn of day, and then vanished with the morning light. I closed my lips on the secret till now; and I reveal it to you, my children, that you may know there is a God who ruleth this world by wise and invisible means, and punisheth the wicked, and cheereth the humble of heart and the lowly minded.

Such was the last sermon of the good John Farley, a man whom I knew and loved. I think I see him now, with his long white hair and his look mild, eloquent, and sagacious. He was a giver of good counsel, a sayer of wise sayings, with wit at will, learning in abundance, and a gift in sarcasm which the wildest dreaded.

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS

AND

CONFESSIONS OF A FANATIC:

WITH A DETAIL OF CURIOUS TRADITIONARY FACTS, AND OTHER EVIDENCE, BY THE EDITOR (J. H.)

THE EDITOR'S NARRATIVE.

IT appears from tradition, as well as some parish registers still extant, that the lands of Dalcastle (or Dalchastel, as it is often spelled) were possessed by a family of the name of Colwan, about one hundred and fifty years ago, and for at least a century previous to that period. That family was supposed to have been a branch of the ancient family of Colquhoun, and it is certain that from it spring the Cowans that spread towards the Border. I find, that in the year 1687, George Colwan succeeded his uncle of the same name, in the lands of Dalchastel and Balgrennan; and this being all I can gather of the family from history, to tradition I must appeal for the remainder of the motley adventures of that house. But of the matter furnished by the latter of these powerful monitors I have no reason to complain: it has been handed down to

the world in unlimited abundance; and I am certain, that in recording the hideous events which follow, I am only relating to the greater part of the inhabitants of at least four counties of Scotland, matters of which they were before perfectly well informed.

This George was a rich man, or supposed to be so, and was married when considerably advanced in life to the sole heiress and reputed daughter of a Bailie Orde, of Glasgow. This proved a conjunction any thing but agreeable to the parties contracting. It is well known, that the Reformation principles had long before that time taken a powerful hold of the hearts and affections of the people of Scotland, although the feeling was by no means general, or in equal degrees; and it so happened that this married couple felt completely at variance on the subject. Granting it to have been so, one would have thought that the laird, owing to his retired situation, would have been the one that inclined to the stern doctrines of the reformers; and that the young and gay dame from the city would have adhered to the free principles cherished by the court party, and indulged in rather to extremity, in opposition to their severe and carping contemporaries.

The contrary, however, happened to be the case. The laird was what his country neighbours called "a droll, careless chap," with a very limited proportion of the fear of God in his heart, and very nearly as little of the fear of man. The laird had not intentionally wronged or offended either of the parties, and perceived not the necessity of deprecating their vengeance. He had hitherto believed that he was living in most cordial terms with the greater part of the inhabitants of the earth, and with the powers above in particular: but woe be unto him if he was not soon convinced of the fallacy of such heedless security! for his lady was the most severe and gloomy of all bigots to the principles of the Reformation. Hers was not the tenets of the great reformers, but theirs mightily overstrained and deformed. Theirs was an unguent hard to be swallowed; but hers was that unguent embittered and overheated nntil nature could not longer bear it. She had imbibed her ideas from the doctrines of one flaming predestinarian divine alone; and these were so rigid, that they became a stumbling block to many of his brethren, and a mighty handle for the enemies of his party to turn the machine of the state against them.

The wedding festivities at Dalcastle partook of all the gaiety, not of that stern age, but of one previous to it. There were feasting, dancing, piping, and singing; the liquors were handed around in great fulness, the ale in large wooden bickers, and the brandy in capacious horns of oxen. The laird gave full scope to his homely glee. He danced,—he snapped his fingers to the music,—clapped his hands and shouted at the turn of the tune. He saluted every girl in the hall whose appearance was anything tolerable, and requested of their sweethearts to take the same freedom with his bride, by way of retaliation. But there she sat at the head of the hall in still and blooming beauty, absolutely refusing to tread a single measure with any gentleman there. The only enjoyment in which she appeared to partake, was in now and then stealing a word of sweet conversation with her favourite pastor about divine things; for he had accompanied her home, after marrying her to her husband, to see her fairly settled in her new dwelling. He addressed her several times by her new name, Mrs. Colwan; but she turned away her head disgusted, and looked with pity and contempt towards the old inadvertent sinner, capering away in the height of his unregenerated mirth. The minister perceived the workings of her pious mind, and thence-forward addressed her by the courteous title of Lady Dalcastle, which sounded somewhat better, as not coupling her name with one of the wicked; and there is too great reason to believe, that for all the solemn vows she had come under, and these were of no ordinary binding, particularly on the laird's part, she at that time despised, if not abhorred him, in her heart.

The good parson again blessed her, and went away. She took leave of him with tears in her eyes, entreating him often to visit her in that heathen

land of the Amorite, the Hittite, and the Girgashite : to which he assented on many solemn and qualifying conditions,—and then the comely bride retired to her chamber.

It was customary, in those days, for the bride's-man and maiden, and a few select friends, to visit the new-married couple after they had retired to rest, and drink a cup to their healths, their happiness, and a numerous posterity. But the laird delighted not in this : he wished to have his jewel to himself; and, slipping away quietly from his jovial party, he retired to his chamber to his beloved, and bolted the door. He found her engaged with the writings of the Evangelists, and terribly demure. The laird went up to caress her ; but she turned away her head, and spoke of the follies of aged men, and something of the broad way that leadeth to destruction. The laird did not thoroughly comprehend this allusion ; but being considerably flustered by drinking, and disposed to take all in good part, he only remarked, as he took off his shoes and stockings, "that whether the way was broad or narrow, it was time they were in their bed."

"Sure, Mr. Colwan, you won't go to bed to-night, at such an important period of your life, without first saying prayers for yourself and me."

When she said this, the laird had his head down almost to the ground, loosing his shoe-buckle ; but when he heard of *prayers*, on such a night, he raised his face suddenly up, which was all over as flushed and red as a rose, and answered,—

"Prayers, mistress ! Lord help your crazed head, is this a night for prayers ! "

He had better have held his peace. There was such a torrent of profound divinity poured out upon him, that the laird became ashamed, both of himself and his new-made spouse, and wist not what to say, but the brandy helped him out.

"It strikes me, my dear, that religious devotion would be somewhat out of place to-night," said he "Allowing that it is ever so beautiful, and ever so beneficial, were we to ride on the rigging of it at all times, would we not be constantly making a farce of it ; it would be like reading the Bible and the jest-book, verse about, and would render the life of man a medley of absurdity and confusion."

But against the cant of the bigot or the hypocrite, no reasoning can aught avail. If you would argue until the end of life, the infallible creature must alone be right. So it proved with the laird. One Scripture text followed another, not in the least connected, and one sentence of the profound Mr. Wringhim's sermons after another, proving the duty of family worship, till the laird lost patience, and, tossing himself into bed, said, carelessly, that he would leave that duty upon her shoulders for one night.

The meek mind of Lady Dalcastle was somewhat disarranged by this sudden evolution. She felt that she was left rather in an awkward situation. However, to show her unconscionable spouse that she was resolved to hold fast her integrity, she kneeled down and prayed in terms so potent, that she deemed she was sure of making an impression on him. She did so ; for in a short time the laird began to utter a response so fervent, that she was utterly astounded, and fairly driven from the chain of her orisons. He began, in truth, to sound a nasal bugle of no ordinary calibre,—the notes being little inferior to those of a military trumpet. The lady tried to proceed, but every returning note from the bed burst on her ear with a louder twang, and a longer peal, till the concord of sweet sounds became so truly pathetic, that the meek spirit of the dame was quite overcome ; and after shedding a flood of tears, she arose from her knees, and retired to the chimney-corner with her Bible in her lap, there to spend the hours in holy meditation till such time as the inebriated trumpeter should awaken to a sense of propriety.

The laird did not awake in any reasonable time ; for, he being overcome with fatigue and wassail, his sleep became sounder, and his Morphean measures more intense. These varied a little in their structure ; but the general

run of the bars sounded something in this way,—"Hic-hoc wheew!" It was most profoundly ludicrous; and could not have missed exciting risability in any one, save a pious, a disappointed, and humbled bride.

The good dame wept bitterly. She could not for her life go and awaken the monster, and request him to make room for her: but she retired somewhere; for the laird, on awaking next morning, found that he was still lying alone. His sleep had been of the deepest and most genuine sort; and all the time that it lasted, he had never once thought of either wives, children, or sweethearts, save in the way of dreaming about them; but as his spirit began again by slow degrees to verge towards the boundaries of reason, it became lighter and more buoyant from the effects of deep repose, and his dreams partook of that buoyancy, yea, to a degree hardly expressible. He dreamed of the reel, the jig, the strathspey, and the corant; and the elasticity of his frame was such, that he was bounding over the heads of the maidens, and making his feet skimmer against the ceiling, enjoying, the while, the most estatic emotions. These grew too fervent for the shackles of the drowsy god to restrain. The nasal bugle ceased its prolonged sounds in one moment, and a sort of hectic laugh took its place. "Keep it going,—play up, you devils!" cried the laird, without changing his position on the pillow. But this exertion to hold the fiddlers at their work, fairly awakened the delighted dreamer; and though he could not refrain from continuing his laugh, he at length, by tracing out a regular chain of facts, came to be sensible of his real situation. "Rabina, where are you? What's become of you, my dear?" cried the laird. But there was no voice, nor any one that answered or regarded. He flung open the curtains, thinking to find her still on her knees, as he had seen her; but she was not there, either sleeping or waking. "Rabina! Mrs. Colwan!" shouted he, as loud as he could call, and then added in the same breath, "God save the king,—I have lost my wife!"

He sprung up and opened the casement: the daylight was beginning to streak the east, for it was spring, and the nights were short, and the mornings very long. The laird half dressed himself in an instant, and strode through every room in the house, opening the windows as he went, and scrutinizing every bed and every corner. He came into the hall where the wedding festival had been held; and, as he opened the various window-boards, loving couples flew off like hares surprised too late in the morning among the early braird. "Hoo-boo! Fie, be frightened!" cried the laird. "Fie, rin like fools, as if ye were caught in an ill turn!"—His bride was not among them; so he was obliged to betake himself to farther search. "She will be praying in some corner, poor woman," said he to himself. "It is an unlucky thing this praying. But, for my part, I fear I have behaved very ill; and I must endeavour to make amends."

The laird continued his search, and at length found his beloved in the same bed with her Glasgow cousin, who had acted as bride's-maid. "You sly and malevolent imp," said the laird; "you have played me such a trick when I was fast asleep! I have not known a frolic so clever, and, at the same time, so severe. Come along, you baggage you!"

"Sir, I will let you know, that I detest your principles and your person alike," said she. "It shall never be said, sir, that my person was at the control of a heathenish man of Belial,—a dangler among the daughters of women,—a promiscuous dancer,—and a player at unlawful games. Forego your rudeness, sir, I say, and depart away from my presence and that of my kinswoman."

"Come along, I say, my charming Rab. If you were the pink of all puritans, and the saint of all saints, you are my wife, and must do as I command you."

"Sir, I will sooner lay down my life than be subjected to your godless will; therefore, I say, desist and begone with you."

But the laird regarded none of these testy sayings; he rolled her in a blanket, and bore her triumphantly away to his chamber, taking care to keep

a fold or two of the blanket always rather near to her mouth, in case of any outrageous forthcoming of noise.

The next day at breakfast the bride was long in making her appearance. Her maid asked to see her; but George did not choose that any body should see her but himself: he paid her several visits, and always turned the key as he came out. At length breakfast was served; and during the time of refreshment the laird tried to break several jokes; but it was remarked, that they wanted their accustomed brilliancy, and that his nose was particularly red at the top.

Matters, without all doubt, had been very bad between the new-married couple; for in the course of the day the lady deserted her quarters, and returned to her father's house in Glasgow, and after having been a night on the road: stage-coaches and steam-boats having then no existence in that quarter. Though Bailie Orde had acquiesced in his wife's asseveration regarding the likeness of their only daughter to her father, he never loved or admired her greatly; therefore this behaviour nothing astounded him. He questioned her strictly as to the grievous offence committed against her; and could discover nothing that warranted a procedure so fraught with disagreeable consequences. So, after mature deliberation, the bailie addressed her as follows:—

"Ay, ay, Raby! An' sae I find that Dalcastle has actually refused to say prayers with you when you ordered him; an' has guidit you in a rude indelicate manner outstepping the respect due to my daughter,—as my daughter. But wi' regard to what is due to his own wife, of that he's a better judge nor me. However, since he has behaved in that manner to *my daughter*, I shall be revenged on him for aince; for I shall return the obligation to ane nearer to him: that is, I shall take pennyworths of his wife,—an' let him lick at that."

"What do you mean, sir?" said the astonished damsel.

"I mean to be revenged on that villain Dalcastle," said he, "for what he has done to my daughter. Come hither, Mrs. Colwan, you shall pay for this."

So saying, the bailie began to inflict corporeal punishment on the runaway wife. His strokes were not indeed very deadly, but he made a mighty flourish in the infliction, pretending to be in a great rage only at the Laird of Dalcastle. "Villain that he is!" exclaimed he, "I shall teach him to behave in such a manner to a child of mine, be she as she may; since I cannot get at himself, I shall lounder her that is nearest to him in life. Take you that, and that, Mrs. Colwan, for your husband's impertinence!"

The poor afflicted woman wept and prayed, but the bailie would not abate aught of his severity. After fuming, and beating her with many stripes, far drawn, and lightly laid down, he took her up to her chamber, five stories high, locked her in, and there he fed her on bread and water, all to be revenged on the presumptuous laird of Dalcastle; but ever and anon, as the bailie came down the stair from carrying his daughter's meal, he said to himself, "I shall make the sight of the laird the blithest she ever saw in her life."

Lady Dalcastle got plenty of time to read, and pray, and meditate; but she was at a great loss for one to dispute with about religious tenets; for she found, that without this advantage, about which there was a perfect rage at that time, her reading, and learning of Scripture texts, and sentences of intricate doctrine, availed her nought; so she was often driven to sit at her casement and look out for the approach of the heathenish Laird of Dalcastle.

That hero, after a considerable lapse of time, at length made his appearance. Matters were not hard to adjust; for his lady found that there was no refuge for her in her father's house; and so, after some sighs and tears, she accompanied her husband home. For all that had passed, things went on no better. She *would* convert the laird in spite of his teeth: the laird

would not be converted. She *would* have the laird to say family prayers, both morning and evening: the laird would neither pray morning nor evening. He would not even sing psalms, and kneel beside her, while she performed the exercise; neither would he converse at all times, and in all places, about the sacred mysteries of religion, although his lady took occasion to contradict flatly every assertion that he made, in order that she might spiritualize him by drawing him into argument.

The laird kept his temper a long while, but at length his patience wore out; he cut her short in all her futile attempts at spiritualization, and mocked at her wire-drawn degrees of faith, hope, and repentance. He also dared to doubt of the great standard doctrine of absolute predestination, which put the crown on the lady's Christian resentment. She declared her helpmate to be a limb of Antichrist, and one with whom no regenerated person could associate. She therefore bespoke a separate establishment, and before the expiry of the first six months, the arrangements of the separation were amicably adjusted. The upper, or third story of the old mansion-house, was awarded to the lady for her residence. She had a separate door, a separate stair, a separate garden, and walks that in no instance intersected the laird's; so that one would have thought the separation complete. They had each their own parties, selected from their own sort of people; and though the laird never once chafed himself about the lady's companions, it was not long before she began to intermeddle about some of his.

"Who is that fat bouncing dame that visits the laird so often, and always by herself?" said she to her maid Martha one day.

"O dear, mem, how can I ken? We're banished frae our acquaintances here, as weel as frae the sweet gospel ordinances."

"Find me out who that jolly dame is, Martha. You, who hold communion with the household of this ungodly man, can be at no loss to attain this information. I observe that she always casts her eye up toward our windows, both in coming and going; and I suspect that she seldom departs from the house empty-handed."

That same evening Martha came with the information, that this august visitor was a Miss Logan, an old and intimate acquaintance of the laird's, and a very worthy respectable lady, of good connections, whose parents had lost their patrimony in the civil wars.

"Ha! very well!" said the lady; "very well, Martha! But nevertheless, go thou and watch this respectable lady's motions and behaviour the next time she comes to visit the laird,—and the next after that. You will not, I see, lack opportunities."

Martha's information turned out of that nature, that prayers were said in the uppermost story of Dalcastle-house against the Canaanitish woman every night and every morning; and great discontent prevailed there, even to anathemas and tears. Letter after letter was despatched to Glasgow; and at length, to the lady's great consolation, the Rev. Mr. Wringhim arrived safely and devoutly in her elevated sanctuary. Marvellous was the conversation between these gifted people. Wringhim had held in his doctrines that there were eight different kinds of FAITH, all perfectly distinct in their operations and effects. But the lady, in her secluded state, had discovered other five,—making thirteen in all: the adjustment of the existence or fallacy of these five faiths served for a most enlightened discussion of nearly seventeen hours; in the course of which the two got warm in their arguments, always in proportion as they receded from nature, utility, and common sense. Wringhim at length got into unwonted fervour about some disputed point between one of these faiths and TRUST; when the lady, fearing that zeal was getting beyond its wonted barrier, broke in on his vehement asseverations with the following abrupt discomfiture:—"But, sir, as long as I remember, what is to be done with this case of open and avowed iniquity?"

The minister was struck dumb. He leaned him back on his chair, stroked his beard, hemmed—considered, and hemmed again; and then said, in an

altered and softened tone,—"Why, that is a secondary consideration; you mean the case between your husband and Miss Logan?"

"The same, sir. I am scandalised at such intimacies going on under my nose. The sufferance of it is a great and crying evil."

"Evil, madam, may be either operative, or passive. To them it is an evil, but to us none. We have no more to do with the sins of the wicked and unconverted here, than with those of the infidel Turk; for all earthly bonds and fellowships are absorbed and swallowed up in the holy community of the Reformed Church. However, if it is your wish, I shall take him to task, and reprimand and humble him in such a manner that *he* shall be ashamed of his doings, and renounce such deeds for ever, out of mere self-respect, though all unsanctified the heart, as well as the deed may be. To the wicked, all things are wicked; but to the just, all things are just and right."

"Ah, that is a sweet and comfortable saying, Mr. Wringhim! How delightful to think that a justified person can do no wrong! Who would not envy the liberty wherewith we are made free? Go to my husband, that poor unfortunate, blindfolded person, and open his eyes to his degenerate and sinful state; for well are you fitted to the task."

"Yea, I will go in unto him, and confound him. I will lay the strong holds of sin and Satan as flat before my face, as the dung that is spread out to fatten the land."

"Master, there's a gentleman at the fore-door wants a private word o' ye."

"Tell him I'm engaged: I can't see any gentleman to-night. But I shall attend on him to-morrow as soon as he pleases."

"He's coming straight in, sir.——Stop a wee bit, sir, my master is engaged. He cannot see you at present, sir."

"Stand aside, thou Moabite! my mission admits of no delay. I come to save him from the jaws of destruction!"

"An that be the case, sir, it maks a wide difference; an' as the danger may threaten us a', I fancy I may as weel let ye gang by as fight wi' ye, sin' ye seem sae intent on't.——The man says he's comin' to save ye, an canna stop, sir.—Here he is."

The laird was going to break out into a volley of wrath against Waters, his servant; but before he got a word pronounced, the Rev. Mr. Wringhim had stepped inside the room, and Waters had retired, shutting the door behind him.

No introduction could be more *mal-a-propos:* it is impossible; for at that very moment the laird and Arabella Logan were both sitting on one seat, and both looking on one book, when the door opened. "What is it, sir?" said the laird fiercely.

"A message of the greatest importance, sir," said the divine, striding unceremoniously up to the chimney,—turning his back to the fire, and his face to the culprits.—"I think you should know me, sir," continued he, looking displeasedly at the laird, with his face half turned round.

"I think I should," returned the laird. "You are a Mr. How's-tey-ca'-him, of Glasgow, who did me the worst turn ever I got done to me in my life. You gentry are always ready to do a man such a turn. Pray, sir, did you ever do a good job for any one to counterbalance that? for, if you have not, you ought to be——."

"Hold, sir, I say! None of your profanity before me. If I do evil to any one on such occasions, it is because he will have it so; therefore, the evil is not of my doing. I ask you, sir,—before God and this witness, I ask you, have you kept solemnly and inviolate the vows which I laid upon you that day? Answer me?"

"Has the partner whom you bound me to, kept hers inviolate? Answer me that, sir? None can better do so than you, Mr. How's-tey-ca'-you."

"So, then, you confess your backslidings, and avow the profligacy of your life. And this person here, is, I suppose, the partner of your iniquity,—she

whose beauty hath caused you to err! Stand up, both of you, till I rebuke you, and show you what you are in the eyes of God and man."

"In the first place, stand you still there, till I tell you what *you* are in the eyes of God and man. You are, sir, a presumptuous, self-conceited pedagogue, a stirrer up of strife and commotion in church, in state, in families, and communities. You are one, sir, whose righteousness consists in splitting the doctrines of Calvin into thousands of undistinguishable films, and in setting up a systsm of justifying grace against all breaches of all laws, moral or divine. In short, sir, you are a mildew,—a canker-worm in the bosom of the Reformed Church, generating a disease of which she will never be purged, but by the shedding of blood. Go thou in peace, and do these abominations no more; but humble thyself, lest a worse reproof come upon thee."

Wringhim heard all this without flinching. He now and then twisted his mouth in disdain, treasuring up, mean time, his vengeance against the two aggressors; for he felt that he had them on the hip, and resolved to pour out his vengeance and indignation upon them. Sorry am I, that the shackles of modern decorum restrain me from penning that famous rebuke; fragments of which have been attributed to every divine of old notoriety throughout Scotland. But I have it by heart; and a glorious morsel it is to put into the hands of certain incendiaries. The metaphors were so strong, and so appalling, that Miss Logan could only stand them a very short time: she was obliged to withdraw in confusion. The laird stood his ground with much ado, though his face was often crimsoned over with the hues of shame and anger. Several times he was on the point of turning the officious sycophant to the door; but good manners, and an inherent respect that he entertained for the clergy, as the immediate servants of the Supreme Being, restrained him.

Wringhim, perceiving these symptoms of resentment, took them for marks of shame and contrition, and pushed his reproaches farther than ever divine ventured to do in a similar case. When he had finished, to prevent further discussion, he walked slowly and majestically out of the apartment, making his robes to swing behind him in a most magisterial manner; he being without doubt, elated with his high conquest. He went to the upper story, and related to his metaphysical associate his wonderful success; how he had driven the dame from the house in tears and deep confusion, and left the backsliding laird in such a quandary of shame and repentance, that he could neither articulate a word, nor lift up his countenance. The dame thanked him most cordially, lauding his friendly zeal and powerful eloquence; and then the two again set keenly to the splitting of hairs, and making distinctions in religion where none existed.

They being both children of adoption, and secured from falling into snares, or any way under the power of the wicked one, it was their custom, on each visit, to sit up a night in the same apartment, for the sake of sweet spiritual converse; but that time, in the course of the night, they differed so materially on a small point, somewhere between justification and final election, that the minister, in the heat of his zeal, sprung from his seat, paced the floor, and maintained his point with so much ardour, that Martha was alarmed, and thinking they were going to fight, and that the minister would be a hard match for her mistress, she put on some clothes, and twice left her bed and stood listening at the back of the door, ready to burst in should need require it. Should any one think this picture overstrained, I can assure him that it is taken from nature and from truth; but I will not likewise aver, that the theologist was neither crazed nor inebriated. If the listener's words were to be relied on, there was no love, no accommodating principle manifested between the two, but a fiery burning zeal, relating to points of such minor importance, that a true Christian would blush to hear them mentioned, and the infidel and profane make a handle of them to turn our religion to scorn.

Great was the dame's exultation at the triumph of her beloved pastor over her sinful neighbours in the lower parts of the house; and she boasted of it

to Martha in high-sounding terms. But it was of short duration; for, in five weeks after that, Arabella Logan came to reside with the laird as his housekeeper, sitting at his table, and carrying the keys as mistress-substitute of the mansion. The lady's grief and indignation were now raised to a higher pitch than ever; and she set every agent to work, with whom she had any power, to effect a separation between these two suspected ones. Remonstrance was of no avail; George laughed at them who tried such a course, and retained his house-keeper, while the lady gave herself up to utter despair; for, though she would not consort with her husband herself, she could not endure that any other should do so.

But, to countervail this grievous offence, our saintly and afflicted dame, in due time, was safely delivered of a fine boy, whom the laird acknowledged as his son and heir, and had him christened by his own name, and nursed in his own premises. He gave the nurse permission to take the boy to his mother's presence if ever she should desire to see him; but, strange as it may appear, she never once desired to see him from the day that he was born. The boy grew up, and was a healthful and happy child; and, in the course of another year, the lady presented him with a brother. A brother he certainly was, in the eye of the law, and it is more than probable that he was his brother in reality. But the laird thought otherwise; and, though he knew and acknowledged that he was obliged to support and provide for him, he refused to acknowledge him in other respects. He neither would countenance the banquet, nor take the baptismal vows on him in the child's name; of course, the poor boy had to live and remain an alien from the visible church for a year and a day; at which time, Mr. Wringhim out of pity and kindness, took the lady herself as sponsor for the boy, and baptized him by the name of Robert Wringhim,—that being the noted divine's own name.

George was brought up with his father, and educated partly at the parish-school, and partly at home, by a tutor hired for the purpose. He was a generous and kind-hearted youth; always ready to oblige, and hardly ever dissatisfied with any body. Robert was brought up with Mr. Wringhim, the laird paying a certain allowance for him yearly; and there the boy was early inured to all the sternness and severity of his pastor's arbitrary and unyielding creed. He was taught to pray twice every day, and seven times on Sabbath days; but he was only to pray for the elect, and, like David of old, doom all that were aliens from God to destruction. He had never, in that family into which he had been as it were adopted, heard ought but evil spoken of his reputed father and brother; consequently he held them in utter abhorrence, and prayed against them every day, often "that the old hoary sinner might be cut off in the full flush of his iniquity, and be carried quick into hell; and that the young stem of the corrupt trunk might also be taken from a world that he disgraced, but that his sins might be pardoned, because he knew no better."

Such were the tenets in which it would appear young Robert was bred. He was an acute boy, an excellent learner, had ardent and ungovernable passions, and withal, a sternness of demeanour from which other boys shrunk. He was the best grammarian, the best reader, writer, and accountant in the various classes that he attended, and was fond of writing essays on controverted points of theology for which he got prizes, and great praise from his guardian and mother. George was much behind him in scholastic acquirements, but greatly his superior in personal prowess, form, feature, and all that constitutes gentility in deportment and appearance. The laird had often manifested to Miss Logan an earnest wish that the two young men should never meet, or at all events that they should be as little conversant as possible; and Miss Logan, who was as much attached to George as if he had been her own son, took every precaution, while he was a boy, that he should never meet with his brother; but as they advanced towards manhood, this became impracticable. The lady was removed from her apartments in her husband's house to Glasgow, to her great content; and all to prevent the young laird being tainted with the com-

pany of her and her second son; for the laird had felt the effects of the principles they professed, and dreaded them more than persecution, fire, and sword. During all the dreadful times that had overpast, though the laird had been a moderate man, he had still leaned to the side of the kingly prerogative, and had escaped confiscation and fines, without ever taking any active hand in suppressing the Covenanters. But after experiencing a specimen of their tenets and manner in his wife, from a secret favourer of them and their doctrines, he grew alarmed at the prevalence of such stern and factious principles, now that there was no check nor restraint upon them; and from that time he began to set himself against them, joining with the Cavalier party of that day in all their proceedings.

It so happened, that, under the influence of the Earls of Seafield and Tullibardine, he was returned for a Member of Parliament in the famous session that sat at Edinburgh, when the Duke of Queensberry was commissioner, and in which party spirit ran to such an extremity. The young laird went with his father to the court, and remained in town all the time that the session lasted; and as all interested people of both factions flocked to the town at that period, so the important Mr. Wringhim was there among the rest, during the greater part of the time, blowing the coal of revolutionary principles with all his might, in every society to which he could obtain admission. He was a great favourite with some of the west country gentlemen of that faction, by reason of his unbending impudence. No opposition could for a moment cause him either to blush, or retract one item that he had advanced. Therefore the Duke of Argyle and his friends made such use of him as sportsmen often do of terriers, to start the game, and make a great yelping noise to let them know whether the chase is proceeding. They often did this out of sport, in order to tease their opponent; for of all pesterers that ever fastened on man, he was the most unsufferable; knowing that his coat protected him from manual chastisement, he spared no acrimony, and delighted in the chagrin and anger of those with whom he contended. But he was sometimes likewise *of real use* to the heads of the Presbyterian faction, and therefore was admitted to their table, and of course conceived himself a very great man.

His ward accompanied him; and very shortly after their arrival in Edinburgh, Robert, for the first time, met with the young laird his brother, in a match at tennis. The prowess and agility of the young squire drew forth the loudest plaudits of approval from his associates, and his own exertion alone carried the game every time on the one side, and that so far as all along to count three for their one. The hero's name soon ran round the circle, and when his brother Robert, who was an onlooker, learned who it was that was gaining so much applause, he came and stood close beside him all the time that the game lasted, always now and then putting in a cutting remark by way of mockery.

George could not help perceiving him, not only on account of his impertinent remarks, but he, moreover, stood so near him that he several times impeded him in his rapid evolutions, and of course got himself shoved aside in no very ceremonious way. Instead of making him keep his distance, these rude shocks and pushes, accompanied sometimes with hasty curses, only made him cling the closer to this king of the game. He seemed determined to maintain his right to his place as an onlooker, as well as any of those engaged in the game, and if they had tried him at an argument, he would have carried his point: or perhaps he wished to quarrel with this spark of his jealousy and aversion, and draw the attention of the gay crowd to himself by these means; for, like his guardian, he knew no other pleasure but what consisted in opposition. George took him for some impertinent student of divinity, rather set upon a joke than any thing else. He perceived a lad with black clothes, and a methodistical face, whose countenance and eye he disliked exceedingly, several times in his way, and that was all the notice he took of him the first time they two met. But the next day, and every succeeding one, the same

devilish-looking youth attended him as constantly as his shadow; was always in his way as with intention to impede him, and ever and anon his deep and malignant eye met those of his elder brother with a glance so fierce that it sometimes startled him.

The very next time that George was engaged at tennis, he had not struck the ball twice till the same intrusive being was again in his way. The party played for considerable stakes that day, namely, a dinner and wine at the Black Bull tavern; and George, as the hero and head of his party, was much interested in its honour; consequently, the sight of this moody and hellish-looking student affected him in no very pleasant manner. "Pray, sir, be so good as keep without the range of the ball," said he.

"Is there any law or enactment that can compel me to do so?" said the other, biting his lip with scorn.

"If there is not, they are here that shall compel you," returned George: "so, friend, I rede you to be on your guard."

As he said this, a flush of anger glowed in his handsome face, and flashed from his sparkling blue eye; but it was a stranger to both, and momently took its departure. The black-coated youth set up his cap before, brought his heavy brows over his deep dark eyes, put his hands in the pockets of his black plush breeches, and stepped a little farther into the semi-circle, immediately on his brother's right hand, than he had ever ventured to do before. There he set himself firm on his legs, and, with a face as demure as death, seemed determined to keep his ground. He pretended to be following the ball with his eyes; but every moment they were glancing aside at George. One of the competitors chanced to say rashly, in the moment of exultation, "That's a d——d fine blow, George!" On which the intruder took up the word, as characteristic of the competitors, and repeated it every stroke that was given, making such a ludicrous use of it, that several of the onlookers were compelled to laugh immoderately; but the players were terribly nettled at it, as he really contrived, by dint of sliding in some canonical terms, to render the competitors and their game ridiculous.

But matters at length came to a crisis that put them beyond sport. George, in flying backward to gain the point at which the ball was going to light, came inadvertently so rudely in contact with this obstreperous interloper, that he not only overthrew him, but also got a grievous fall over his legs; and, as he arose, the other made a spurn at him with his foot, which, if it had hit to its aim, would undoubtedly have finished the course of the young laird of Dalcastle and Balgrennan. George, being irritated beyond measure, as may well be conceived, especially at the deadly stroke aimed at him, struck the assailant with his racket, rather slightly, but so that his mouth and nose gushed out blood; and at the same time, he said, turning to his cronies,—"Does any of you know who the infernal puppy is?"

"Do you not know, sir," said one of the onlookers, a stranger, "the gentleman is your own brother, sir—Mr. Robert Wringhim Colwan!"

"No, not Colwan, sir," said Robert, putting his hands in his pockets, and setting himself still farther forward than before,—"not a Colwan, sir; henceforth I disclaim the name."

"No, certainly not," repeated George; "my mother's son you may be,—but *not a Colwan!* There you are right." Then turning round to his informer, he said, "Mercy be about us, sir! is this the crazy minister's son from Glasgow?"

This question was put in the irritation of the moment; but it was too rude, and too far out of place, and no one deigned any answer to it. He felt the reproof, and felt it deeply; seeming anxious for some opportunity to make an acknowledgment, or some reparation.

In the meantime, young Wringhim was an object to all of the uttermost disgust. The blood flowing from his mouth and nose he took no pains to stem, neither did he so much as wipe it away, so that it spread over all his cheeks, and breast, even off at his toes. In that state did he take up his station in the

middle of the competitors; and he did not now keep his place, but ran about, impeding every one who attempted to make at the ball. They loaded him with execrations, but it availed nothing; he seemed courting persecution and buffetings, keeping steadfastly to his old joke of damnation, and marring the game so completely, that, in spite of every effort on the part of the players, he forced them to stop their game, and give it up. He was such a rueful-looking object, covered with blood, that none of them had the heart to kick him, although it appeared the only thing he wanted; and as for George, he said not another word to him, either in anger or reproof.

When the game was fairly given up, and the party were washing their hands in the stone fount, some of them besought Robert Wringhim to wash himself; but he mocked at them, and said he was much better as he was. George, at length, came forward abashedly toward him, and said—"I have been greatly to blame, Robert, and am very sorry for what I have done. But, in the first instance, I erred through ignorance, not knowing you were my brother, which you certainly are; and, in the second, through a momentary irritation, for which I am ashamed. I pray you, therefore to pardon me, and give me your hand."

As he said this, he held out his hand towards his polluted brother; but the froward predestinarian took not his from his breeches' pocket, but lifting his foot, he gave his brother's hand a kick. "I'll give you what will suit such a hand better than mine," said he with a sneer. And then, turning lightly about, he added,—"Are there to be no more of these d——d fine blows, gentlemen? For shame to give up such a profitable and edifying game!"

"This is too bad," said George. "But since it is thus, I have the less to regret." And having made this general remark, he took no more note of the uncouth aggressor. But the persecution of the latter terminated not on the playground: he ranked among them, bloody and disgusting as he was, and, keeping close by his brother's side, he marched along with the party all the way to the Black Bull. Before they got there, a great number of boys and idle people had surrounded them, hooting and incommoding them exceedingly, so that they were glad to get into the inn; and the unaccountable monster actually tried to get in alongst with them, to make one of the party at dinner. But the innkeeper and his men, getting the hint, by force prevented him from entering, although he attempted it again and again, both by telling lies and offering a bribe. Finding he could not prevail, he set to exciting the mob at the door to acts of violence, in which he had like to have succeeded. The landlord had no other shift, at last, but to send privately for two officers, and have him carried to the guardhouse; and the hilarity and joy of the party of young gentlemen, for the evening, was quite spoiled, by the inauspicious termination of their game.

The Rev. Robert Wringhim was now sent for to release his beloved ward. The messenger found him at table, with a number of the leaders of the Whig faction, the Marquis of Annandale being in the chair; and the prisoner's note being produced, Wringhim read it aloud, accompanying it with some explanatory remarks. The circumstances of the case being thus magnified and distorted, it excited the utmost abhorrence, both of the deed and the perpetrators, among the assembled faction. They declaimed against the act as an unnatural attempt on the character, and even the life, of an unfortunate brother, who had been expelled from his father's house. And, as party spirit was the order of the day, an attempt was made to lay the burden of it to that account. In short, the young culprit got some of the best blood of the land to enter as his securities, and was set at liberty. But when Wringhim perceived the plight that he was in, he took him, as he was, and presented him to his honourable patrons. This raised the indignation against the young laird and his associates a thousand fold, which actually roused the party to temporary madness. They were, perhaps, a little excited by the wine and spirits they had swallowed; else a casual quarrel between two young men, at tennis, could not have driven them to such extremes. But certain it is, that from

one at first arising to address the party on the atrocity of the offence, both in a moral and political point of view, on a sudden there were six on their feet, at the same time, expatiating on it; and, in a very short time thereafter, every one in the room was up, talking with the utmost vociferation, all on the same subject, and all taking the same side in the debate.

In the midst of this confusion, some one or other issued from the house, which was at the back of the Canongate, calling out,—"A plot, a plot! Treason, treason! Down with the bloody incendiaries at the Black Bull!"

The concourse of people that were assembled in Edinburgh at that time was prodigious; and as they were all actuated by political motives, they wanted only a ready-blown coal to set the mountain on fire. The evening being fine, and the streets thronged, the cry ran from mouth to mouth through the whole city. More than that, the mob that had of late been gathered to the door of the Black Bull, had, by degrees, dispersed; but, they being young men, and idle vagrants, they had only spread themselves over the rest of the street to lounge in search of farther amusement: consequently, a word was sufficient to send them back to their late rendezvous, where they had previously witnessed something they did not much approve of.

The master of the tavern was astonished at seeing the mob again assembling; and that with such hurry and noise. But his inmates being all of the highest respectability, he judged himself sure of protection, or, at least, of indemnity. He had two large parties in his house at the time; the largest of which was of the Revolutionist faction. The other consisted of our young tennis-players and their associates, who were all of the Jacobite order; or, at all events, leaned to the Episcopal side. The largest party were in a front room, and the attack of the mob fell first on their windows, though rather with fear and caution. Jingle went one pane; then a loud hurra; and that again was followed by a number of voices, endeavouring to restrain the indignation from venting itself in destroying the windows and to turn it on the inmates. The Whigs, calling the landlord, inquired what the assault meant: he cunningly answered, that he suspected it was some of the youths of the Cavalier, or High Church party, exciting the mob against them. The party consisted mostly of young gentlemen, by that time in a key to engage in any row; and, at all events, to suffer nothing from the other party, against whom their passions were mightily inflamed.

The landlord, therefore, had no sooner given them the spirit-rousing intelligence, than every one, as by instinct, swore his own natural oath, and grasped his own natural weapon. A few of those of the highest rank were armed with swords, which they boldly drew; those of the subordinate orders immediately flew to such weapons as the room, kitchen, and scullery afforded; —such as tongs, pokers, spits, racks, and shovels; and breathing vengeance on the prelatic party, the children of Antichrist and the heirs of d—n—t—n! the barterers of the liberties of their country, and betrayers of the most sacred trust,—thus elevated, and thus armed, in the cause of right, justice, and liberty, our heroes rushed to the street, and attacked the mob with such violence, that they broke the mass in a moment, and dispersed their thousands like chaff before the wind. The other party of young Jacobites, who sat in a room farther from the front, and were those against whom the fury of the mob was meant to have been directed, knew nothing of this second uproar, till the noise of the sally made by the Whigs assailed their ears; being then informed that the mob had attacked the house on account of the treatment they themselves had given to a young gentleman of the adverse faction, and that another jovial party had issued from the house in their defence, and was now engaged in an unequal combat, the sparks likewise flew to the field to back their defenders with all their prowess, without troubling their heads about who they were.

A mob is like a spring tide in an eastern storm, that retires only to return with more overwhelming fury. The crowd was taken by surprise, when such a strong and well-armed party issued from the house with so great fury, laying

all prostrate that came in their way. Those who were next to the door, and were, of course, the first whom the imminent danger assailed, rushed backward among the crowd with their whole force. The Black Bull standing in a small square half way between the High Street and the Cowgate, and the entrance to it being by two closes, into these the pressure outward was simultaneous, and thousands were moved to an involuntary flight, they knew not why.

But the High Street of Edinburgh, which they soon reached, is a dangerous place in which to make an open attack upon a mob. And it appears that the entrances to the tavern had been somewhere near to the Cross, on the south side of the street; for the crowd fled with great expedition, both to the east and west, and the conquerors, separating themselves as chance directed, pursued impetuously, wounding and maiming as they flew. But, it so chanced, that before either of the wings had followed the flying squadrons of their enemies for the space of a hundred yards each way, there was not an enemy to pursue! the multitude had vanished like so many thousands of phantoms! What could our heroes do? Why, they faced about to return toward their citadel, the Black Bull. But that feat was not so easily, nor so readily accomplished, as they divined. The unnumbered alleys on each side of the street had swallowed up the multitude in a few seconds; but from these they were busy reconnoitring; and, perceiving the deficiency in the number of their assailants, the rush from both sides of the street was as rapid, and as wonderful, as the disappearance of the crowd had been a few minutes before. Each close vomited out its levies, and these better armed with missiles than when they sought it for a temporary retreat. Woe then to our two columns of victorious Whigs! The mob actually closed around them as they would have swallowed them up; and, in the mean while, shower after shower of the most abominable weapons of offence were rained in upon them. If the gentlemen were irritated before, this inflamed them still farther; but their danger was now so apparent, they could not shut their eyes on it, therefore, both parties, as if actuated by the same spirit, made a desperate effort to join, and the greater part effected it; but some were knocked down, and others were separated from their friends, and blithe to become silent members of the mob.

The battle now raged immediately in front of the closes leading to the Black Bull; the small body of Whig gentlemen was hardly bested, and it is likely would have been overcome and trampled down every man, had they not been then and there joined by the young Cavaliers; who, fresh to arms, broke from the wynd, opened the head of the passage, laid about them manfully, and thus kept up the spirits of the exasperated Whigs, who were the men in fact that wrought the most deray among the populace.

The town-guard was now on the alert; and two companies of the Cameronian regiment, with the Hon. Captain Douglas, rushed down from the Castle to the scene of action; but, for all the noise and hubbub that these caused in the street, the combat had become so close and inveterate, that numbers of both sides were taken prisoners fighting hand to hand, and could scarcely be separated when the guardsmen and soldiers had them by the necks.

Great was the alarm and confusion that night in Edinburgh; for every one concluded that it was a party scuffle, and, the two parties being so equal in power, the most serious consequences were anticipated. The agitation was so prevailing, that every party in the town, great and small, was broken up; and the lord-commissioner thought proper to go to the council-chamber himself, even at that late hour, accompanied by the sheriffs of Edinburgh and Linlithgow, with sundry noblemen besides, in order to learn something of the origin of the affray.

For a long time the court was completely puzzled. Every gentleman brought in exclaimed against the treatment he had received, in most bitter terms, blaming a mob set on him and his friends by the adverse party; and matters looked extremely ill, until at length they began to perceive that they

were examining gentlemen of both parties, and that they had been doing so from the beginning, almost alternately, so equally had the prisoners been taken from both parties. Finally, it turned out, that a few gentlemen, two-thirds of whom were strenuous Whigs themselves, had joined in mauling the whole Whig population of Edinburgh. The investigation disclosed nothing the effect of which was not ludicrous; and the Duke of Queensberry, whose aim was at that time to conciliate the two factions, tried all that he could to turn the whole *fracas* into a joke—an unlucky frolic, where no ill was meant on either side, and which yet had been productive of a great deal.

The greater part of the people went home satisfied; but not so the Rev. Robert Wringhim. He did all that he could to inflame both judges and populace against the young Cavaliers, especially against the young Laird of Dalcastle, whom he represented as an incendiary, set on by an unnatural parent to slander his mother, and make away with a hapless and only brother; and, in truth, that declaimer against all human merit had that sort of powerful, homely, and bitter eloquence, which seldom missed affecting his hearers; the consequence at that time was, that he made the unfortunate affair between the two brothers appear in extremely bad colours, and the populace retired to their homes impressed with no very favourable opinion of either the Laird of Dalcastle or his son George, neither of whom were there present to speak for themselves.

As for Wringhim himself, he went home to his lodgings, filled with gall and with spite against the young laird, whom he was made to believe the aggressor, and that intentionally. But most of all was he filled with indignation against the father, whom he held in abhorrence at all times, and blamed solely for this unmannerly attack made on his favourite ward, namesake, and adopted son; and for the public imputation of a crime to his own reverence, in calling the lad *his* son, and thus charging him with a sin against which he was well known to have levelled all the arrows of church censure with unsparing might.

But, filled as his heart was with some portion of these bad feelings, to which all flesh is subject, he kept, nevertheless, the fear of the Lord always before his eyes so far as never to omit any of the external duties of religion, and farther than that, man hath no power to pry. He lodged with the family of a Mr. Miller, whose lady was originally from Glasgow, and had been a hearer, and, of course, a great admirer of Mr. Wringhim. In that family he made public worship every evening; and that night, in his petitions at a throne of grace, he prayed for so many vials of wrath to be poured on the head of some particular sinner, that the hearers trembled, and stopped their ears. But that he might not proceed with so violent a measure, amounting to excommunication, without due scripture warrant, he began the exercise of the evening by singing the following verses, which it is a pity should ever have been admitted into a Christian psalmody, being so adverse to all its mild and benevolent principles :—

Set thou the wicked over him,
And upon his right hand
Give thou his greatest enemy,
Even Satan, leave to stand.
And when by thee he shall be judged,
Let him remembered be;
And let his prayer be turned to sin,
When he shall call on thee.
Few be his days; and in his room
His charge another take;
His children let be fatherless;
His wife a widow make:
Let God his father's wickedness
Still to remembrance call;

And never let his mother's sin
Be blotted out at all.
As he in cursing pleasure took,
So let it to him fall;
As he delighted not to bless,
So bless him not at all.
As cursing he like clothes puts on,
Into his bowels so,
Like water, and into his bones
Like oil down let it go.

Young Wringhim only knew the full purport of this spiritual song: and went to his bed better satisfied than ever, that his father and brother were castaways, reprobates, aliens from the church and the true faith, and cursed in time and eternity.

The next day George and his companions met as usual,—all who were not seriously wounded of them. But as they strolled about the city, the rancorous eye and the finger of scorn were pointed against them. None of them was at first aware of the reason; but it threw a damp over their spirits and enjoyments, which they could not master. They went to take a forenoon game at their old play of tennis, not on a match, but by way of improving themselves; but they had not well taken their places till young Wringhim appeared in his old station, at his brother's right hand, with looks more demure and determined than ever. His lips were primed so close that his mouth was hardly discernable, and his dark deep eye flashed gleams of holy indignation on the godless set, but particularly on his brother. His presence acted as a mildew on all social intercourse or enjoyment; the game was marred, and ended ere it was well begun. There were whisperings apart—the party separated; and, in order to shake off the blighting influence of this dogged persecutor, they entered sundry houses of their acquaintances, with an understanding that they were to meet on the Links for a game at cricket.

They did so; and, stripping off part of their clothes, they began that violent and spirited game. They had not played five minutes, till Wringhim was stalking in the midst of them, and totally impeding the play. A cry arose from all corners of "O, this will never do. Kick him out of the playground! Knock down the scoundrel; or bind him, and let him lie in peace."

"By no means," cried George: "it is evident he wants nothing else. Pray do not humour him so much as to touch him with either foot or finger." Then turning to a friend, he said in a whisper, "Speak to him, Gordon; he surely will not refuse to let us have the ground to ourselves, if you request it of him."

Gordon went up to him, and requested of him civilly, but ardently, "to retire to a certain distance, else none of them could or would be answerable, however sore he might be hurt."

He turned disdainfully on his heel, uttered a kind of pulpit hem! and then added, "I will take my chance of that; hurt me, any of you, at your peril."

The young gentlemen smiled, through spite and disdain of the dogged animal. Gordon followed him up, and tried to remonstrate with him; but he let him know that "it was his pleasure to be there at that time; and, unless he could demonstrate to him what superior right he and his party had to that ground, in preference to him, and to the exclusion of all others, he was determined to assert his right, and the rights of his fellow-citizens, by keeping possession of whatsover part of that common field he chose."

"You are no gentleman, sir," said Gordon.

"Are you one, sir?" said the other.

"Yes, sir, I will let you know that I am, by G—!"

"Then, thanks be to Him whose name you have profaned, I am none. If *one* of the party be a gentleman, *I do hope in God I am not!*"

It was now apparent to them all that he was courting obloquy and manual chastisement from their hands, if by any means he could provoke them to the deed; and, apprehensive that he had some sinister and deep-laid design in hunting after such a singular favour, they wisely restrained one another from inflicting the punishment that each of them yearned to bestow, personally, and which he so well deserved.

But the unpopularity of the younger George Colwan could no longer be concealed from his associates. It was manifested wherever the populace were assembled; and his young and intimate friend, Adam Gordon, was obliged to warn him of the circumstance, that he might not be surprised at the gentlemen of their acquaintance withdrawing themselves from his society, as they could not be seen with him without being insulted. George thanked him; and it was agreed between them, that the former should keep himself retired during the daytime while he remained in Edinburgh, and that at night they should always meet together, along with such of their companions as were disengaged.

George found it every day more and more necessary to adhere to this system of seclusion; for it was not alone the hisses of the boys and populace that pursued him,—a fiend of more malignant aspect was ever at his elbow in the form of his brother. To whatever place of amusement he betook himself, and however well he concealed his intentions of going there from all flesh living, there was his brother Wringhim also, and always within a few yards of him, generally about the same distance, and ever and anon darting looks at him that chilled his very soul. They were looks that cannot be described; but they were felt piercing to the bosom's deepest core. They affected even the onlookers in a very particular manner, for all whose eyes caught a glimpse of these hideous glances followed them to the object toward which they were darted; the gentlemanly and mild demeanour of that object generally calmed their startled apprehensions; for no one ever yet noted the glances of the young man's eye in the black coat, at the face of his brother who did not at first manifest strong symptoms of alarm.

George became utterly confounded; not only at the import of this persecution, but how in the world it came to pass that this unaccountable being knew all his motions, and every intention of his heart, as it were intuitively. On consulting his own previous feelings and resolutions, he found that the circumstances of his going to such and such a place were often the most casual incidents in nature—the caprice of a moment had carried him there, and yet he had never sat or stood many minutes till there was the self-same being, always in the same position with regard to himself, as regularly as the shadow is cast from the substance, or the ray of light from the opposing denser medium.

For instance, he remembered one day of setting out with the intention of going to attend divine worship in the High Church, and when within a short space of its door, he was overtaken by young Kilpatrick of Closeburn, who was bound to the Grey Friars to see his sweetheart, as he said; "And if you will go with me, Colwan," said he, "I will let you see her too, and then you will be just as far forward as I am."

George assented at once, and went; and after taking his seat, he leaned his head forward on the pew to repeat over to himself a short ejaculatory prayer, as had always been his custom on entering the house of God. When he had done, he lifted his eyes naturally toward that point on his right hand where the fierce apparition of his brother had been wont to meet his view: there he was, in the same habit, form, demeanour, and precise point of distance, as usual! George again laid down his head, and his mind was so astounded, that he had nearly fallen into a swoon. He tried shortly after to muster up courage to look at the speaker, at the congregation, and at Capt. Kilpatrick's sweetheart in particular; but the fiendish glances of the young man in the black clothes were too appaling to be withstood—his eye caught them whether he was looking that way or not; at length his courage was fairly mastered, and he was obliged to look down during the remainder of the service.

By night or by day it was the same, In the gallery of the Parliament House, in the boxes of the play-house, in the church, in the assembly, in the streets, suburbs, and the fields ; and every day, and every hour, from the first rencounter of the two, the attendance became more and more constant, more inexplicable, and altogether more alarming and insufferable, until at last George was fairly driven from society, and forced to spend his days in his own and his father's lodgings with closed doors. Even there, he was constantly harassed with the idea, that the next time he lifted his eyes, he would to a certainty see that face, the most repulsive to all his feelings of aught the earth contained. The attendance of that brother was now become like the attendance of a demon on some devoted being that had sold himself to destruction ; his approaches as undiscerned, and his looks as fraught with hideous malignity. It was seldom that he saw him either following him in the streets, or entering any house or church after him ; he only appeared in his place, George wist not how, or whence ; and, having sped so ill in his first friendly approaches, he had never spoken to his equivocal attendant a second time.

It came at length into George's head, as he was pondering by himself on the circumstances of this extraordinary attendance, that perhaps his brother had relented, and, though of so sullen and unaccommodating a temper that he would not acknowledge it, or beg a reconciliation, it might be for that very purpose that he followed his steps night and day in that extraordinary manner. "I cannot for my life see for what other purpose it can be," thought he. "He never offers to attempt my life ; nor dares he, if he had the inclination ; therefore, although his manner is peculiarly repulsive to me, I shall not have my mind burdened with the reflection, that my own mother's son yearned for a reconciliation with me, and was repulsed by my haughty and insolent behaviour. The next time he comes to my hand I am resolved that I will accost him as one brother ought to address another, whatever it may cost me ; and, if I am still flouted with disdain, then shall the blame rest with him."

After this generous resolution, it was a good while before his gratuitous attendant appeared at his side again ; and George began to think that his visits were discontinued. The hope was a relief that could not be calculated; but still George had a feeling that it was too supreme to last. His enemy had been too pertinacious to abandon his design, whatever it was. He, however, began to indulge in a little more liberty, and for several days he enjoyed it with impunity.

George was, from infancy, of a stirring active disposition, and could not endure confinement; and having been of late much restrained in his youthful exercises by this singular persecutor, he grew uneasy under such restraint, and, one morning, chancing to awaken very early, he arose to make an excursion to the top of Arthur's Seat, to breathe the breeze of the dawning, and see the sun arise out of the eastern ocean. The morning was calm and serene ; and as he walked down the south back of the Canongate, toward the Palace, the haze was so close around him that he could not see the houses on the opposite side of the way. As he passed the lord-commissioner's house, the guards were in atendance, who cautioned him not to go by the Palace, as all the gates would be shut and guarded for an hour to come, on which he went by the back of St. Anthony's gardens, and found his way into that little romantic glade adjoining to the Saint's chapel and well. He was still involved in a blue haze, like a dense smoke, but yet in the midst of it the respiration was the most refreshing and delicious. The grass and the flowers were laden with dew ; and, on taking off his hat to wipe his forehead, he perceived that the black glossy fur of which his chaperon was wrought, was all covered with a tissue of the most delicate silver—a fairy web, composed of little spheres, so minute that no eye could discern any one of them ; yet there they were shining in lovely millions. Afraid of defacing so beautiful and so delicate a garnish, he replaced his hat with the greatest caution, and went on his way light of heart.

As he approached the swire at the head of the dell,—that little delightful verge from which in one moment the eastern limits and shores of Lothian arise on the view,—as he approached it, I say, and a little space from the height, he beheld, to his astonishment, a bright halo in the cloud of haze, that rose in a semicircle over his head like a pale rainbow. He was struck motionless at the view of the lovely vision; for it so chanced that he had never seen the same appearance before, though common at early morn. But he soon perceived the cause of the phenomenon, and that it proceeded from the rays of the sun from a pure unclouded morning sky striking upon this dense vapour which refracted them. But the better all the works of nature are understood, the more they will be ever admired. That was a scene that would have entranced the man of science with delight, but which the uninitiated and sordid man would have regarded less than the mole rearing up his hill in silence and in darkness.

George did admire this halo of glory, which still grew wider, and less defined, as he approached the surface of the cloud. But to his utter amazement and supreme delight. he found, on reaching the top of Arthur's Seat, that this sublunary rainbow, this terrestrial glory, was spread in its most vivid hues beneath his feet. Still he could not perceive the body of the sun, although the light behind him was dazzling; but the cloud of haze lying dense in that deep dell that separates the hill from the rocks of Salisbury, and the dull shadow of the hill mingling with that cloud, made the dell a pit of darkness. On that shadowy cloud was the lovely rainbow formed, spreading itself on a horizontal plain, and having a slight and brilliant shade of all the colours of the heavenly bow, but all of them paler and less defined. But this terrestrial phenomenon of the early morn cannot be better delineated than by the name given of it by the shepherd boys, "The little wee ghost of the rainbow."

Such was the description of the morning, and the wild shades of the hill that George gave to his father and Mr. Adam Gordon that same day on which he had witnessed them; and it is necessary that the reader should comprehend something of their nature to understand what follows.

He seated himself on the pinnacle of the rocky precipice, a little within the top of the hill to the westward, and, with a light and buoyant heart, viewed the beauties of the morning, and inhaled its salubrious breeze. "Here," thought he, "I can converse with nature without disturbance, and without being intruded on by any appalling or obnoxious visitor." The idea of his brother's dark and malevolent looks coming at that moment across his mind, he turned his eyes instinctively to the right, to the point where that unwelcome guest was wont to make his appearance. Gracious Heaven! What an apparition was there presented to his view! He saw, delineated in the cloud, the shoulders, arms, and features of a human being of the most dreadful aspect. The face was the face of his brother, but dilated to twenty times the natural size. Its dark eyes gleamed on him through the mist, while every furrow of its hideous brow frowned deep as the ravines on the brow of the hill. George started, and his hair stood up in bristles as he gazed on this horrible monster. He saw every feature, and every line of the face, distinctly, as it gazed on him with an intensity that was hardly brookable. Its eyes were fixed on him, in the same manner as those of some carnivorous animal fixed on its prey; and yet there was fear and trembling in these unearthly features, as plainly depicted as murderous malice. The giant apparition seemed sometimes to be cowering down as in terror, so that nothing but its brow and eyes were seen; still these never turned one moment from their object—again it rose imperceptibly up, and began to approach with great caution; and as it neared, the dimensions of its form lessened, still continuing, however, far above the natural size.

George conceived it to be a spirit. He could conceive it to be nothing else; and he took it for some horrid demon by which he was haunted, that had assumed the features of his brother in every lineament, but in taking on

itself the human form, had miscalculated dreadfully on the size, and presented itself thus to him in a blown-up, dilated frame of embodied air, exhaled from the caverns of death or the regions of devouring fire. He was further confirmed in the belief that it was a malignant spirit on perceiving that it approached him across the front of a precipice, where there was not a footing for thing of mortal frame. Still, what with terror and astonishment, he continued riveted to the spot, till it approached, as he deemed, to within two yards of him ; and then, perceiving that it was setting itself to make a violent spring on him, he started to his feet and fled distractedly in the opposite direction, keeping his eye cast behind him lest he should have been seized in that dangerous place. But the very first bolt that he made in his flight he came in contact with a *real* body of flesh and blood, and that with such violence that both went down among some scragged rocks, and George rolled over the other. The being called out " Murder ;" and, rising, fled precipitately. George then perceived that it was his brother ; and, being confounded between the shadow and the substance, he knew not what he was doing or what he had done ; and there being only one natural way of retreat from the brink of the rock, he likewise arose and pursued the affrighted culprit with all his speed towards the top of the hill. Wringhim was braying out, " Murder ! murder !" at which George being disgusted, and his spirits all in a ferment from some hurried idea of intended harm, the moment he came up with the craven he seized him rudely by the shoulder, and clapped his hand on his mouth. " Murder, you beast !" said he ; " what do you mean by roaring out murder in that way ? Who is murdering you, or offering to murder you ?"

Wringham forced his mouth from under his brother's hand, and roared with redoubled energy, " Eh ! Egh ! murder ! murder !" &c. George had felt resolute to put down this shocking alarm, lest some one might hear it and fly to the spot, or draw inferences widely different from the truth ; and perceiving the terror of Wringhim to be so great that expostulation was vain, he seized him by the mouth and nose with his left hand so strenuously that he sunk his fingers into his cheeks. But the poltroon still attempting to bray out, George gave him such a stunning blow with his fist on the left temple that he crumbled, as it were to the ground, but more from the effects of terror than those of the blow. His nose, however, again gushed out blood, a system of defence which seemed as natural to him as that resorted to by the race of stinkards. He then raised himself on his knees and hams, and raising up his ghastly face, while the blood streamed over both ears, he besought his life of his brother in the most abject whining manner, gaping and blubbering most piteously.

" Tell me, then, sir," said George, resolved to make the most of the wretch's terror—" tell me for what purpose it is that you thus haunt my steps. Tell me plainly, and instantly, else I will throw you from the verge of that precipice."

" Oh, I will never do it again ! I will never do it again ! Spare my life, dear, good brother ! Spare my life ! Sure I never did you any hurt ?"

" Swear to me, then, that you will never henceforth follow after me, to torment me with your threatening looks ; swear that you will never again come into my presence without being invited. Will you take an oath to this effect ?"

" O yes ! I will, I will !"

" But this is not all : you must tell me for what purpose you sought me out here this morning ?"

" Oh, brother ! for nothing but your good. I had nothing at heart but your unspeakable profit, and great and endless good."

" So, then, you indeed knew that I was here ?"

" I was told so by a friend, but I did not believe him ; a—a—at least I did not know it was true till I saw you."

" Tell me this one thing, then, Robert, and all shall be forgotten and forgiven,—Who was that friend ?"

"You do not know him."

"How then does he know me?"

"I cannot tell."

"Was he here present with you to-day?"

"Yes; he was not far distant. He came to this hill with me."

"Where, then, is he now?"

"I cannot tell."

"Then, wretch, confess that the devil was that friend who told you I was here, and who came here with you? None else could possibly know of my being here."

"Ah! how little you know of him! Would you argue that there is neither man nor spirit endowed with so much foresight as to deduce natural conclusions from previous actions and incidents but the devil? Be assured of this, however, that I had no aim in seeking you *but your good!*"

"Well, Robert, I will believe it. I am disposed to be hasty and passionate: it is a fault in my nature; but I never meant, or wished you evil; and God is my witness that I would as soon stretch out my hand to my own life, or to my father's, as to yours."——At these words, Wringhim uttered a hollow exulting laugh, put his hands in his pockets, and withdrew a space to his accustomed distance. George continued: "And now, once for all, I request that we may exchange forgiveness, and that we may part and remain friends."

"Would such a thing be expedient, think you? Or consistent with the glory of God? I doubt it."

"I can think of nothing that would be more so. Is it not consistent with every precept of the Gospel? Come, brother, say that our reconciliation is complete."

"Oh yes, certainly! I tell you, brother, according to the flesh: it is just as complete as the lark's is with the adder; no more so, nor ever can. Reconciled, forsooth! To what would I be reconciled?"

As he said this, he strode indignantly away. From the moment that he heard his life was safe, he assumed his former insolence and revengeful looks—and never were they more dreadful than on parting with his brother that morning on the top of the hill. "Well, go thy ways," said George; "some would despise, but I pity thee. If thou art not a limb of Satan, I never saw one."

The sun had now dispelled the vapours; and the morning being lovely beyond description, George sat himself down on the top of the hill, and pondered deeply on the unaccountable incident that had befallen to him that morning. He could in nowise comprehend it; but, taking it with other previous circumstances, he could not get quit of a conviction that he was haunted by some evil genius in the shape of his brother, as well as by that dark and mysterious wretch himself. In no other way could he account for the apparition he saw that morning on the face of the rock, nor for several sudden appearances of the same being, in places where there was no possibility of any foreknowledge that he himself was to be there, and as little that the same being, if he were flesh and blood like other men, could always start up in the same position with regard to him. He determined, therefore, on reaching home, to relate all that had happened, from beginning to end, to his father, asking his counsel and his assistance, although he knew full well that his father was not the fittest man in the world to solve such a problem. He was now involved in party politics, over head and ears; and, moreover, he could never hear the names of either of the Wringhims mentioned without getting into a quandary of disgust and anger; and all that he would deign to say of them was, to call them by all the opprobrious names he could invent.

It turned out as the young man from the first suggested: old Dalcastle would listen to nothing concerning them with any patience. George complained that his brother harassed him with his presence at all times and

in all places. Old Dal asked why he did not kick the dog out of his presence, whenever he felt him disagreeable? George said, he seemed to have some demon for a familiar. Dal answered that, he did not wonder a bit at that, for the young spark was the third in a direct line who had all been children of adultery; and it was well known that all such were born half deils themselves, and nothing was more likely than that they should hold intercourse with their fellows. In the same style did he sympathize with all his son's late sufferings and perplexities.

In Mr. Adam Gordon, however, George found a friend who entered into all his feelings, and had seen and knew everything about the matter. He tried to convince him, that at all events there could be nothing supernatural in the circumstances; and that the vision he had seen on the rock, among the thick mist, was the shadow of his brother approaching behind him. George could not swallow this, for he had seen his own shadow on the cloud, and, instead of approaching to aught like his own figure, he perceived nothing but a halo of glory round a point of the cloud, that was whiter and purer than the rest. Gordon said, if he would go with him to a mountain of his father's, which he named, in Aberdeenshire, he would show him a giant spirit of the same dimensions, any morning at the rising of the sun, provided he shone on that spot. This statement excited George's curiosity exceedingly; and, being disgusted with some things about Edinburgh, and glad to get out of the way, he consented to go with Gordon to the Highlands for a space. The day was accordingly set for their departure, the old laird's assent obtained; and the two young sparks parted in a state of great impatience for their excursion.

One of them found out another engagement, however, the instant after this last was determined on. Young Wringhim went off the hill that morning, and home to his upright guardian again, without washing the blood from his face and neck; and there he told a most woful story indeed: how he had gone out to take a morning's walk on the hill, where he had encountered with his reprobate brother among the mist, who had knocked him down and very near murdered him; threatening dreadfully, and with horrid oaths, to throw him from the top of the cliff.

The wrath of the great divine was kindled beyond measure. He cursed the aggressor in the name of the Most High; and bound himself, by an oath, to cause that wicked one's transgressions to return upon his own head sevenfold. But before he engaged farther in the business of vengeance, he kneeled with his adopted son, and committed the whole cause unto the Lord, whom he addressed as one coming breathing burning coals of juniper, and casting his lightnings before him, to destroy and root out all who had moved hand or tongue against the children of the promise. Thus did he arise confirmed, and go forth to certain conquest.

We cannot enter into the detail of the events that now occurred, without forestalling a part of the narrative of one who knew all the circumstances—was deeply interested in them, and whose relation is of higher value than anything that can be retailed out of the stores of tradition and old registers; but, his narrative being different from these, it was judged expedient to give the account as thus publicly handed down to us. Suffice it, that, before evening, George was apprehended, and lodged in jail, on a criminal charge of an assault and battery, to the shedding of blood, with the intent of committing fratricide. Then was the old laird in great consternation, and blamed himself for treating the thing so lightly, which seemed to have been gone about, from the beginning, so systematically, and with an intent which the villains were now going to realize, namely, to get the young laird disposed of, and then his brother, in spite of the old gentleman's teeth, would be laird himself.

Old Dal now set his whole interest to work among the noblemen and lawyers of his party. His son's case looked exceedingly ill, owing to the former assault before witnesses, and the unbecoming expressions made use

of by him on that occasion, as well as from the present assault, which George did not deny, and for which no moving cause or motive could be made to appear.

On his first declaration before the sheriff, matters looked no better: but then the sheriff was a Whig. It is well known how differently the people of the present day, in Scotland, view the cases of their own party-men, and those of opposite political principles. But this day is nothing to that in such matters, although they are still sometimes barefaced enough. It appeared, from all the witnesses in the first case, that the complainant was the first aggressor—that he refused to stand out of the way, though apprised of his danger; and when his brother came against him inadvertently, he had aimed a blow at him with his foot, which, if it had taken effect, would have killed him. But as to the story of the apparition in fair daylight—the flying from the face of it—the running foul of his brother—pursuing him, and knocking him down, why the judge smiled at the relation; and saying, "It was a very extraordinary story," he remanded George to prison, leaving the matter to the High Court of Justiciary.

When the case came before that court, matters took a different turn. The constant and sullen attendance of the one brother upon the other excited suspicions; and these were in some manner confirmed, when the guards at Queensberry-house deponed, that the prisoner went by them on his way to the hill that morning, about twenty minutes before the complainant, and when the latter passed, he asked if such a young man had passed before him, describing the prisoner's appearance to them; and that, on being answered in the affirmative, he mended his pace and fell a-running.

The Lord Justice, on hearing this, asked the prisoner if he had any suspicions that his brother had a design on his life.

He answered, that all along, from the time of their first unfortunate meeting, his brother had dogged his steps so constantly, and so unaccountably, that he was convinced it was with some intent out of the ordinary course of events; and that if, as his lordship supposed, it was indeed his shadow that he had seen approaching him through the mist, then, from the cowering and cautious manner that it advanced, there was too little doubt that his brother's design had been to push him headlong from the cliff that morning.

A conversation then took place between the Judge and the Lord-Advocate; and, in the meantime, a bustle was seen in the hall; on which the doors were ordered to be guarded,—and, behold, the precious Mr. R. Wringhim was taken into custody, trying to make his escape out of court. Finally it turned out, that George was honourably acquitted, and young Wringhim bound over to keep the peace with heavy penalties and securities.

That was a day of high exultation to George and his youthful associates, all of whom abhorred Wringhim; and the evening being spent in great glee, it was agreed between Mr. Adam Gordon and George that their visit to the Highlands, though thus long delayed, was not to be abandoned; and though they had, through the machinations of an incendiary, lost the season of delight, they would still find plenty of sport in deer-shooting. Accordingly, the day was set a second time for their departure; and, on the day preceding that, all the party were invited by George to dine with him once more at the sign of the Black Bull of Norway. Every one promised to attend, anticipating nothing but festivity and joy. Alas, what short-sighted improvident creatures we are, all of us; and how often does the evening cup of joy lead to sorrow in the morning!

The day arrived—the party of young noblemen and gentlemen met, and were as happy and jovial as men could be. George was never seen so brilliant, or so full of spirits; and exulting to see so many gallant young chiefs and gentlemen about him, who all gloried in the same principles of loyalty, (perhaps this word should have been written *disloyalty*,) he made speeches, gave toasts, and sung songs, all leaning slily to the same side, until a very

late hour. By that time he had pushed the bottle so long and so freely, that its fumes had taken possession of every brain to such a degree, that they held Dame Reason rather at the staff's end, overbearing all her counsels and expostulations ; and it was imprudently proposed by a wild inebriated spark, and carried by a majority of voices, that the whole party should adjourn to another tavern for the remainder of the night.

They did so ; and it appears from what follows, that the house to which they retired, must have been somewhere on the opposite side of the street to the Black Bull Inn, a little farther to the eastward. They had not been an hour in that house, till some altercation chanced to arise between George Colwan and a Mr. Drummond, the younger son of a nobleman of distinction. It was perfectly casual, and no one thenceforward, to this day, could ever tell what it was about, if it was not about the misunderstanding of some word, or term, that the one had uttered. However it was, some high words passed between them ; these were followed by threats ; and in less than two minutes from the commencement of the quarrel, Drummond left the house in apparent displeasure, hinting to the other that they two should settle that in a more convenient place.

The company looked at one another, for all was over before any of them knew such a thing was begun. "What is the matter?" cried one. "What ails Drummond?" cried another. "Who has he quarrelled with?" asked a third.

"Don't know."—"Can't tell, on my life."—"He has quarrelled with his wine, I suppose, and is going to send it a challenge."

Such were the questions, and such the answers that passed in the jovial party, and the matter was no more thought of.

But in the course of a very short space, about the length of which the ideas of the company were the next day at great variance, a sharp rap came to the door : it was opened by a female ; but there being a chain inside, she only saw one side of the person at the door. He appeared to be a young gentleman, in appearance like him who had lately left the house, and asked, in a low whispering voice, "if young Dalcastle was still in the house?" The woman did not know.—"If he is," added he, "pray tell him to speak with me for a few minutes." The woman delivered the message before all the party, among whom there were then sundry courteous ladies of notable distinction, and George, on receiving it, instantly rose, and said, in the hearing of them all, "I will bet a hundred merks that is Drummond."—"Don't go to quarrel with him, George," said one.—"Bring him in with you," said another. George stepped out ; the door was again bolted, the chain drawn across, and the inadvertent party, left within, thought no more of the circumstance till the next morning, that the report had spread over the city, that a young gentleman had been slain, on a little washing-green at the side of the North Loch, and at the very bottom of the close where this thoughtless party had been assembled.

Several of them, on first hearing the report, hasted to the dead-room in the old Guard-house, where the corpse had been deposited, and soon discovered the body to be that of their friend and late entertainer, George Colwan. Great were the consternation and grief of all concerned, and in particular, of his old father and Miss Logan ; for George had always been the sole hope and darling of both, and the news of the event paralyzed them so as to render them incapable of all thought or exertion. The spirit of the old laird was broken by the blow, and he descended at once from a jolly, good-natured, and active man, to a mere driveller, weeping over the body of his son, kissing his wound, his lips, and his cold brow alternately ; denouncing vengeance on his murderers, and lamenting that he himself had not met the cruel doom, so that the hope of his race might have been preserved. In short, finding that all further motive of action and object of concern or of love, here below, were for ever removed from him, he abandoned himself to despair, and threatened to go down to the grave with his son.

But although he made no attempt to discover the murderers, the arm of justice was not idle; and it being evident to all, that the crime must infallibly be brought home to young Drummond, some of his friends sought him out, and compelled him, sorely against his will, to retire into concealment till the issue of the proof that should be led was made known. At the same time, he denied all knowledge of the incident with a resolution that astonished his intimate friends and relations, who to a man suspected him guilty. His father was not in Scotland, for I think it was said to me that this young man was second son to a John, Duke of Melfort, who lived abroad with the royal family of the Stuarts; but this young gentleman lived with the relations of his mother, one of whom, an uncle, was a Lord of Session: these having thoroughly effected his concealment, went away, and listened to the evidence; and the examination of every new witness convinced them that their noble young relative was the slayer of his friend.

All the young gentlemen of the party were examined, save Drummond, who, when sent for, could not be found, which circumstance sorely confirmed the suspicions against him in the minds of judges and jurors, friends and enemies; and there is little doubt, that the care of his relations in concealing him, injured his character, and his cause. The young gentlemen, of whom the party was composed, varied considerably, with respect to the quarrel between him and the deceased. Some of them had neither heard nor noted it; others had, but not one of them could tell how it began. Some of them had heard the threat uttered by Drummond on leaving the house, and one only had noted him lay his hand on his sword. Not one of them could swear that it was Drummond who came to the door, and desired to speak with the deceased, but the general impression on the minds of them all, was to that effect; and one of the women swore that she heard the voice distinctly at the door, and every word that voice pronounced; and at the same time heard the deceased say, that it was Drummond's.

On the other hand, there were some evidences on Drummond's part, which Lord Craigie, his uncle, had taken care to collect. He produced the sword which his nephew had worn that night, on which there was neither blood nor blemish; and above all, he insisted on the evidence of a number of surgeons, who declared that both the wounds which the deceased had received, had been given behind. One of these was below the left arm, and a slight one; the other was quite through the body, and both evidently inflicted with the same weapon, a two-edged sword, of the same dimensions as that worn by Drummond.

Upon the whole, there was a division in the court, but a majority decided it. Drummond was pronounced guilty of the murder, outlawed for not appearing, and a high reward offered for his apprehension. It was with the greatest difficulty that he escaped on board of a small trading vessel, which landed him in Holland, and from thence, flying into Germany, he entered into the service of the Emperor Charles VI. Many regretted that he was not taken, and made to suffer the penalty due for such a crime, and the melancholy incident became a pulpit theme over a great part of Scotland, being held up as a proper warning to youth.

After the funeral of this promising and excellent young man, his father never more held up his head. Miss Logan, with all her art, could not get him to attend to any worldly thing, or to make any settlement whatsoever of his affairs, save making her over a present of what disposable funds he had about him. As to his estates, when they were mentioned to him, he wished them all in the bottom of the sea, and himself along with them. But whenever she mentioned the circumstance of Thomas Drummond having been the murderer of his son, he shook his head, and once made the remark, that "It was all a mistake, a gross and fatal error; but that God, who had permitted such a flagrant deed, would bring it to light in his own time and way." In a few weeks he followed his son to the grave, and the notorious Robert Wringhim took possession of his estates as the lawful son of the late laird,

born in wedlock, and under his father's roof. The investiture was celebrated by prayer, singing of psalms, and religious disputation. The late guardian and adopted father, and the mother of the new laird, presided on the grand occasion, making a conspicuous figure in all the work of the day; and though the youth himself indulged rather more freely in the bottle, than he had ever been seen to do before, it was agreed by all present that there had never been a festivity so sanctified within the great hall of Dalcastle.

But the ways of heaven are altogether inscrutable, and soar as far above and beyond the works and the comprehensions of man, as the sun, flaming in majesty, is above the tiny boy's evening rocket. It is the controller of Nature alone, that can bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. Who is he that causeth the mole, from his secret path of darkness, to throw up the gem, the gold, and the precious ore? The same, that from the mouths of babes and sucklings can extract the perfection of praise, and who can make the most abject of his creatures instrumental in bringing the most hidden truths to light.

Miss Logan had never lost the thought of her late master's prediction, that Heaven would bring to light the truth concerning the untimely death of his son. She perceived that some strange conviction, too horrible for expression, preyed on his mind from the moment that the fatal news reached him, to the last of his existence; and in his last ravings, he uttered some incoherent words about fanaticism having been the ruin of his house. These, to be sure, were the words of superannuation, and of the last and severest kind of it; but for all that, they sunk deep into Miss Logan's soul, and at last she began to think with herself, "Is it possible the Wringhims, and the sophisticating wretch who is in conjunction with them, the mother of my late beautiful and amiable young master, can have effected his destruction? if so, I will spend my days, and my little patrimony, in endeavours to rake up and expose the unnatural deed."

In all her outgoings and incomings, Mrs. Logan (as she was now styled) never lost sight of this one object. Every new disappointment only whetted her desire to fish up some particulars concerning it; for she thought so long, and so ardently upon it, that by degrees it became settled in her mind as a sealed truth. And as woman is always most jealous of her own sex in such matters, her suspicions were fixed on her greatest enemy, Mrs. Colwan, now the Lady Dowager of Dalcastle. All was wrapt in a chaos of confusion and darkness; but at last, by dint of a thousand sly and secret inquiries, Mrs. Logan found out where Lady Dalcastle had been, on the night that the murder happened, and likewise what company she had kept, as well as some of the comers and goers; and she had hopes of having discovered a cue, which, if she could keep hold of the thread, would lead her through darkness to the light of truth.

Returning very late one evening from a convocation of family servants, which she had drawn together in order to fish something out of them, her maid having been in attendance on her all the evening, they found on going home, that the house had been broken into, and a number of valuable articles stolen therefrom. Mrs. Logan had grown quite heartless before this stroke, having been altogether unsuccessful in her inquiries, and now she began to entertain some resolutions of giving up the fruitless search.

In a few days thereafter, she received intelligence that her clothes and plate were mostly recovered, and that she for one was bound over to prosecute the depredator, provided the articles turned out to be hers, as libelled in the indictment, and as a king's evidence had given out. She was likewise summoned, or requested, I know not which, being ignorant of these matters, to go as far as the town of Peebles on Tweedside, in order to survey the articles on such a day, and make affidavit to their identity before the Sheriff. She went accordingly; but on entering the town by the North Gate, she was accosted by a poor girl in tattered apparel, who with great earnestness inquired if her name was not Mrs. Logan? On being answered in the affirmative, she said that the unfortunate prisoner in the tolbooth requested her, as

she valued all that was dear to her in life, to go and see her before she appeared in court, at the hour of cause, as she (the prisoner) had something of the greatest moment to impart to her. Mrs. Logan's curiosity was excited, and she followed the girl straight to the tolbooth, who by the way said to her, that she would find in the prisoner a woman of a superior mind, who had gone through all the vicissitudes of life. "She has been very unfortunate, and I fear very wicked," added the poor thing, "but she is my mother, and God knows, with all her faults and failings, she has never been unkind to me. You, madam, have it in your power to save her; but she has wronged you, and therefore if you will not do it for her sake, do it for mine, and the God of the fatherless will reward you."

Mrs. Logan answered her with a cast of the head, and a hem! and only remarked that "the guilty must not always be suffered to escape, or what a world must we be doomed to live in!"

She was admitted to the prison, and found a tall emaciated figure, who appeared to have once possessed a sort of masculine beauty in no ordinary degree, but was now considerably advanced in years. She viewed Mrs. Logan with a stern, steady gaze, as if reading her features as a margin to her intellect; and when she addressed her it was not with that humility, and agonized fervour, which are natural for one in such circumstances to address to another, who has the power of her life and death in her hands.

"I am deeply indebted to you for this timely visit, Mrs. Logan," said she. "It is not that I value life, or because I fear death, that I have sent for you so expressly. But the manner of the death that awaits me, has something peculiarly revolting in it to a female mind. Good God! when I think of being hung up, a spectacle to a gazing, gaping multitude, with numbers of which I have had intimacies and connexions, that would render the moment of parting so hideous, that, believe me, it rends to flinders a soul born for another sphere than that in which it has moved, had not the vile selfishness of a lordly fiend ruined all my prospects, and all my hopes. Hear me then; for I do not ask your pity; I only ask of you to look to yourself, and behave with womanly prudence. If you deny this day, that these goods are yours, there is no other evidence against my life, and it is safe for the present. For as for the word of the wretch who has betrayed me, it is of no avail; he has prevaricated so notoriously to save himself. If you deny them, you shall have them all again to the value of a mite, and more to the bargain. If you swear to the identity of them, the process will, one way and another, cost you the half of what they are worth."

"And what security have I for that?" said Mrs. Logan.

"You have none but *my word*," said the other proudly, "and that never yet was violated. If you cannot take that, I know the worst you can do.—But I had forgot—I have a poor helpless child without, waiting, and starving about the prison door; surely it was of her that I wished to speak. This shameful death of mine will leave her in a deplorable state."

"The girl seems to have candour and strong affections," said Mrs. Logan; "I grievously mistake if such a child would not be a thousand times better without such a guardian and director."

"Then will you be so kind as come to the Grass Market, and see me put down?" said the prisoner. "I thought a woman would estimate a woman's and a mother's feelings, when such a dreadful throw was at stake, at least in part. But you are callous, and have never known any feelings but those of subordination to your old unnatural master. Alas, I have no cause of offence! I have wronged you; and justice must take its course. Will you forgive me before we part?"

Mrs. Logan hesitated, for her mind ran on something else: on which the other subjoined, "No, you will not forgive me, I see. But you will pray to God to forgive me? I know you will *do that*."

Mrs. Logan heard not this jeer, but looking at the prisoner with an absent and stupid stare, she said, "Did you know my late master?"

"Ay, that I did, and never for any good," said she. "I knew the old and the young spark both, and was by when the latter was slain."

This careless sentence affected Mrs. Logan in a most peculiar manner. A shower of tears burst from her eyes ere it was done, and when it was, she appeared like one bereaved of her mind. She first turned one way and then another, as if looking for something she had dropped. She seemed to think she had lost her eyes, instead of her tears, and at length, as by instinct, she tottered close up to the prisoner's face, and looking wistfully and joyfully in it, said, with breathless earnestness, "Pray, mistress, what is your name?"

"My name is Arabella Calvert," said the other: "Miss, mistress, or widow, as you choose, for I have been all the three, and that not once or twice only —Ay, and something beyond all these. But as for you, you have never been any thing!"

"Ay, ay! and so you are Bell Calvert? Well I thought so—I thought so," said Mrs. Logan; and helping herself to a seat, she came and sat down close by the prisoner's knee. So you are indeed Bell Calvert, so-called once. Well, of all the world you are the woman whom I have longed and travailed the most to see. But you were invisible; a being to be heard of, not seen."

"There have been days, madam," returned she, "when I *was* to be seen, and when there were few to be seen like me. But since that time there have indeed been days on which I was not to be seen. My crimes have been great, but my sufferings have been greater: so great, that neither you nor the world can ever either know or conceive them. I hope they will be taken into account by the Most High. Mine have been crimes of utter desperation. But whom am I speaking to! You had better leave me to myself, mistress."

"Leave you to yourself? That I will be loth to do, till you tell me where you were that night my young master was murdered?"

"Where the devil would, I was! Will that suffice you? Ah, it was a vile action! A night to be remembered that was!—Won't you be going? I want to trust my daughter with a commission."

"No, Mrs. Calvert, you and I part not, till you have divulged that mystery to me."

"You must accompany me to the other world, then, for you shall not have it in this."

"If you refuse to answer me, I can have you before a tribunal, where you shall be sifted to the soul."

"Such miserable inanity! What care I for your threatenings of a tribunal? I who must so soon stand before my last earthly one? What could the word of such a culprit avail! Or if it could, where is the judge that could enforce it?"

"Did you not say that there was some mode of accommodating matters on that score?"

"Yes, I prayed you to grant me my life, which is in your power. The saving of it would not have cost you a plack, yet you refused to do it. The taking of it will cost you a great deal, and yet to that purpose you adhere. I can have no parley with such a spirit. I would not have my life in a present from its motions, nor would I exchange courtesies with its possessor."

"Indeed, Mrs. Calvert, since ever we met, I have been so busy thinking about who you might be, that I know not what you have been proposing. I believe, I meant to do what I could to save you. But once for all, tell me every thing that you know concerning that amiable young gentleman's death, and here is my hand, there shall be nothing wanting that I can effect for you."

"No, I despise all barter with such mean and selfish curiosity; and, as I believe *that* passion is stronger with you, than fear is with me, we part on equal terms. Do your worst; and my secret shall go to the gallows and the grave with me."

Mrs. Logan was now greatly confounded, and after proffering in vain to concede every thing she could ask in exchange, for the particulars relating to

the murder, she became the suppliant in her turn. But the unaccountable culprit, exulting in her advantage, laughed her to scorn; and finally, in a paroxysm of pride and impatience, called in the jailor, and had her expelled, ordering him in her hearing, not to grant her admittance a second time, on any pretence.

Mrs. Logan was now hard put to it, and again driven almost to despair. She might have succeeded in the attainment of that she thirsted for most in life so easily, had she known the character which she had to deal with,—had she known to have soothed her high and afflicted spirit: but that opportunity was past, and the hour of examination at hand. She once thought of going and claiming her articles, as she at first intended; but then, when she thought again of the Wringhims swaying it at Dalcastle, where she had been wont to hear them held in such contempt, if not abhorrence, and perhaps of holding it by the most diabolical means, she was withheld from marring the only chance that remained of having a glimpse into that mysterious affair.

Finally she resolved not to answer to her name in the court, rather than to appear and assert a falsehood, which she might be called on to certify by oath. She did so; and heard the Sheriff give orders to the officers to make inquiry for Miss Logan from Edinburgh, at the various places of entertainment in town, and to expedite her arrival in court, as things of great value were in dependence. She also heard the man who had turned king's evidence against the prisoner, examined for the second time, and sifted most cunningly. His answers gave any thing but satisfaction to the Sheriff, though Mrs. Logan believed them to be mainly truth. But there were a few questions and answers that struck her above all others.

"How long is it since Mrs. Calvert and you became acquainted?"

"About a year and a half."

"State the precise time, if you please; the day, or night, according to your remembrance."

"It was on the morning of the 28th of February, 1705."

"What time of the morning?"

"Perhaps about one."

"So early as that? At what place did you meet then?"

"It was at the foot of one of the north wynds of Edinburgh."

"Was it by appointment that you met?"

"No, it was not."

"For what purpose was it then?"

"For no purpose."

"How is it that you chance to remember the day and hour so minutely, if you met that woman, whom you have accused, merely by chance, and for no manner of purpose, as you must have met others that night, perhaps to the amount of hundreds, in the same way?"

"I have good cause to remember it, my lord."

"What was that cause?—No answer?—You don't choose to say what that cause was?"

"I am not at liberty to tell."

The Sheriff then descended to other particulars, all of which tended to prove that the fellow was an accomplished villain, and that the principal share of the atrocities had been committed by him. Indeed the Sheriff hinted, that he suspected the only share Mrs. Calvert had in them, was in being too much in his company, and too true to him. The case was remitted to the Court of Justiciary; but Mrs. Logan had heard enough to convince her that the culprits first met at the very spot, and the very hour, on which George Colwan was slain; and she had no doubt that they were incendiaries set on by his mother, to forward her own and her darling son's way to opulence. Mrs. Logan was wrong, as will appear in the sequel; but her antipathy to Mrs. Colwan made her watch the event with all care. She never quitted Peebles as long as Bell Calvert remained there, and when she was removed to Edinburgh, the other followed. When the trial came on, Mrs. Logan and

her maid were again summoned as witnesses before the jury, and compelled by the prosecutor for the Crown to appear.

The maid was first called; and when she came into the witnesses' box, the anxious and hopeless looks of the prisoner were manifest to all; but the girl, whose name, she said, was Bessy Gillies, answered in so flippant and fearless a way, that the auditors were much amused. After a number of routine questions, the depute-advocate asked her if she was at home on the morning of the fifth of September last, when her mistress's house was robbed?

"Was I at hame, say ye? Na, faith-ye, lad! An I had been at hame, there had been mair to dee. I wad hae raised sic a yelloch!"

"Where were you that morning?"

"Where was I, say you? I was in the house where my mistress was, sitting dozing an' half sleeping in the kitchen. I thought aye she would be setting out every minute, for twa hours."

"And when you went home, what did you find?"

"What found we? Be my sooth, we found a broken lock, an' toom kists."

"Relate some of the particulars, if you please."

"O, sir, the thieves didna stand upon particulars: they were halesale dealers in a' our best wares."

"I mean, what passed between your mistress and you on the occasion?"

"What passed, say ye? O, there wasna muckle: I was in a great passion, but she was dung doitrified a wee. When she gaed to put the key i' the door, up it flew to the fer wa'.—'Bess, ye jaud, what's the meaning o' this?' quo she. 'Ye hae left the door open, ye tawpie!' quo she.—'The ne'er o' that I did,' quo I, 'or may my shankel bane never turn another key.' When we got the candle lightit, a' the house was in a hoad-road. 'Bessy, my woman,' quo she, 'we are baith ruined and undone creatures.'—'The deil a bit,' quo I; 'that I deny positively.' H'mh! to speak o' a lass o' my age being ruined and undone! I never had muckle except what was within a good jerkin, an' let the thief ruin me there wha can."

"Do you remember ought else that your mistress said on the occasion? Did you hear her blame any person?"

"O, she made a great deal o' grumphing an' groaning about the *misfortune*, as she ca'd it, an' I think she said it was a part o' the ruin wrought by the Ringans, or some sic name,—'they'll hae't a'! they'll hae't a'!' cried she, wringing her hands; 'they'll hae't a', an' hell wi't, an' they'll get them baith.'—'Aweel, that's aye some satisfaction,' quo I."

"Whom did she mean by the Ringans, do you know?"

"I fancy they are some creatures that she has dreamed about, for I think there canna be as ill folks living as she ca's them."

"Did you never hear her say that the prisoner at the bar there, Mrs. Calvert, or Bell Calvert, was the robber of her house; or that she was one of the Ringans?"

"Never. Somebody tauld her lately, that ane Bell Calvert robbed her house, but she disna believe it. Neither do I."

"What reasons have you for doubting it?"

"Because it was nae woman's fingers that broke up the bolts an' the locks that were torn open that night."

"Very pertinent, Bessy. Come then within the bar, and look at these articles on the table. Did you ever see these silver spoons before?"

"I hae seen some very like them, and whaever has seen siller spoons, has done the same."

"Can you swear you never saw them before?"

"Na, na, I wadna swear to ony siller spoons that ever war made, unless I had put a private mark on them wi' my ain hand, an' that's what I never did to ane."

"See, they are all marked with a C."

"Sae are a' the spoons in Argyle, an' the half o' them in Edinburgh I think. A C is a very common letter, an' so are a' the names that begin wi't. Lay

them by, lay them by, an' gie the poor woman her spoons again. They are marked wi' her ain name, an' I hae little doubt they are hers, an' that she has seen better days."

"Ah, God bless her heart!" sighed the prisoner; and that blessing was echoed in the breathings of many a feeling breast.

"Did you ever see this gown before, think you?"

"I hae seen ane very like it."

"Could you not swear that gown was your mistress's once?"

"No, unless I saw her hae't on, an' kend that she had paid for't. I am very scrupulous about an oath. *Like* is an ill mark. Sae ill indeed, that I wad hardly swear to ony thing."

"But you say that gown is *very like* one your mistress used to wear."

"I never said sic a thing. It is like one I hae seen her hae out airing on the hay raip i' the back green. It is very like ane I hae seen Mrs. Butler in the Grass Market wearing too; I rather think it is the same. Bless you, sir, I wadna swear to my ain fore-finger, if it had been as lang out o' my sight, an' brought in an' laid on that table."

"Perhaps you are not aware, girl, that this scrupulousness of yours is likely to thwart the purposes of justice, and bereave your mistress of property to the amount of a thousand merks?" (*From the Judge.*)

"I canna help that, my lord: that's her lookout. For my part, I am resolved to keep a clear conscience, till I be married, at any rate."

"Look over these things, and see if there is any one article among them which you can fix on as the property of your mistress."

"No ane o' them, sir, no ane o' them. An oath is an awfu' thing, especially when it is for life or death. Gie the poor woman her things again, an' let my mistress pick up the next she finds: that's my advice."

When Mrs. Logan came into the box, the prisoner groaned, and laid down her head. But how was she astonished when she heard her deliver herself something to the following purport!—That whatever penalties she was doomed to abide, she was determined she would not bear witness against a woman's life, from a certain conviction that it could not be a woman who broke her house. "I have no doubt that I may find some of my own things there," added she, "but if they were found in her possession, she has been made a tool, or the dupe, of an infernal set, who shall be nameless here. I believe she *did not* rob me, and for that reason I will have no hand in her condemnation."

The Judge. "This is the most singular perversion I have ever witnessed. Mrs. Logan, I entertain strong suspicions that the prisoner, or her agents, have made some agreement with you on this matter, to prevent the course of justice."

"So far from that, my Lord. I went into the jail at Peebles to this woman, whom I had never seen before, and proffered to withdraw my part in the prosecution, as well as my evidence, provided she would tell me a few simple facts; but she spurned at my offer, and had me turned insolently out of the prison, with orders to the jailor never to admit me again on any pretence."

The prisoner's counsel taking hold of this evidence, addressed the jury with great fluency; and finally the prosecution was withdrawn, and the prisoner dismissed from the bar with a severe reprimand for her past conduct, and an exhortation to keep better company.

It was not many days till a caddy came with a large parcel to Mrs. Logan's house, which parcel he delivered into her hands, accompanied with a sealed note, containing an inventory of the articles, and a request to know if the unfortunate Arabella Calvert would be admitted to converse with Mrs Logan.

Never was there a woman so much overjoyed as Mrs. Logan was at this message. She returned compliments; would be most happy to see her; and no article of the parcel should be looked at, or touched, till her arrival.—It was not long till she made her appearance, dressed in somewhat better style than she had yet seen her; delivered her over the greater part of the stolen

property, besides many things that either never had belonged to Mrs. Logan, or that she thought proper to deny, in order that the other might retain them.

The tale that she told of her misfortunes was of the most distressing nature, and was enough to stir up all the tender, as well as abhorrent feelings in the bosom of humanity. She had suffered every deprivation in fame, fortune, and person. She had been imprisoned; she had been scourged, and branded as an impostor; and all on account of her resolute and unmoving fidelity and truth to *several* of the very worst of men, every one of whom had abandoned her to utter destitution and shame. But this story we cannot enter on at present, as it would perhaps mar the thread of our story, as much as it did the anxious anticipations of Mrs. Logan, who sat pining and longing for the relation that follows.

"Now I know, Mrs. Logan, that you are expecting a detail of the circumstances relating to the death of Mr. George Colwan; and in gratitude for your unbounded generosity and disinterestedness, I will tell you all that I know, although for causes that will appear obvious to you, I had determined never in life to divulge one circumstance of it. I can tell you, however, that you will be disappointed, for it was not the gentleman who was accused, found guilty, and would have suffered the utmost penalty of the law, had he not made his escape. *It was not he*, I say, who slew your young master, nor had he any hand in it."

"I never thought he had. But, pray, how do you come to know this?"

"You shall hear. I had been abandoned in York, by an artful and consummate fiend; found guilty of being art and part concerned in the most heinous atrocities, and, in his place, suffered what I yet shudder to think of. I was banished the county—begged my way with my poor outcast child up to Edinburgh, and was there obliged, for the second time in my life, to betake myself to the most degrading of all means to support two wretched lives. I hired a dress, and betook me, shivering, to the High Street, too well aware that my form and appearance would soon draw me suitors enow at that throng and intemperate time of the parliament. On my very first stepping out to the street, a party of young gentlemen was passing. I heard by the noise they made, and the tenor of their speech, that they were more than mellow, and so I resolved to keep near them, in order, if possible, to make some of them my prey. But just as one of them began to eye me, I was rudely thrust into a narrow close by one of the guardsmen. I had heard to what house the party was bound, for the men were talking exceedingly loud, and making no secret of it; so I hasted down the close, and round below to the one where their rendezvous was to be; but I was too late, they were all housed and the door bolted. I resolved to wait, thinking they could not all stay long; but I was perishing with famine, and was like to fall down. The moon shone as bright as day, and I perceived by a sign at the bottom of the close, that there was a small tavern of a certain description up two stairs there. I went up and called, telling the mistress of the house my plan. She approved of it mainly, and offered me her best apartment, provided I could get one of these noble mates to accompany me. She abused Lucky Sudds, as she called her, at the inn where the party was, enving her huge profits, no doubt, and giving me afterwards something to drink, for which I really felt exceedingly grateful in my need. I stepped down stairs in order to be on the alert. The moment that I reached the ground, the door of Lucky Sudds' house opened and shut, and down came the Honourable Thomas Drummond, with hasty and impassioned strides, his sword rattling at his heel. I accosted him in a soft and soothing tone. He was taken with my address; for he instantly stood still and gazed intently at me, then at the place, and then at me again. I beckoned him to follow me, which he did without farther ceremony, and we soon found ourselves together in the best room of a house where every thing was wretched. He still looked about him, and at me; but all this while he had never spoken a word. At length, I asked if he would take any refreshment; 'If you please,' said he. I asked what he would have? but he

only answered, 'Whatever you choose, madam.' If he was taken with my address, I was much more taken with his; for he was a complete gentleman, and a gentleman will ever act as one. At length, he began as follows:

"'I am utterly at a loss to account for this adventure, madam. It seems to me like enchantment, and I can hardly believe my senses. An English lady I judge, and one, who from her manner and address should belong to the first class of society, in such a place as this, is indeed matter of wonder to me. At the foot of a close in Edinburgh! and at this time of night! Surely it must have been no common reverse of fortune that reduced you to this?" I wept, or pretended to do so; on which he added. 'Pray, madam, take heart. Tell me what has befallen you; and if I can do any thing for you, in restoring you to your country or your friends, you shall command my interest.'

"I had great need of a friend then, and I thought now was the time to secure one. So I began and told him the moving tale I have told. But I soon perceived that I had kept by the naked truth too unvarnishedly, and thereby quite overshot my mark. When he learned that he was sitting in a wretched corner of an irregular house, with a felon, who had so lately been scourged, and banished as a swindler and impostor, his modest nature took the alarm, and he was shocked, instead of being moved with pity. His eye fixed on some of the casual stripes on my arm, and from that moment he became restless and impatient to be gone. I tried some gentle arts to retain him, but in vain; so, after paying both the landlady and me for pleasures he had neither tasted nor asked, he took his leave.

"I showed him down stairs; and just as he turned the corner of the next land, a man came rushing violently by him, exchanged looks with him and came running up to me. He appeared in great agitation, and was quite out of breath; and, taking my hand in his, we ran up stairs together without speaking, and were instantly in the apartment I had left, where a stoup of wine still stood untasted. 'Ah, this is fortunate!' said my new spark, and helped himself. In the mean while, as our apartment was a corner one, and looked both east and north, I ran to the easter casement to look after Drummond. Now, note me well: I saw him going eastward in his tartans and bonnet, and the gilded hilt of his claymore glittering in the moon; and, at the very same time, I saw two men, the one in black, and the other likewise in tartans, coming towards the steps from the opposite bank, by the foot of the loch; and I saw Drummond and they eyeing each other as they passed. I kept view of *him* till he vanished towards Leith Wynd, and by that time the two strangers had come close up under our window. This is what I wish you to pay particular attention to. I had only lost sight of Drummond, (who had given me his name and address,) for the short space of time that we took in running up one pair of short stairs; and during that space he had halted a moment, for, when I got my eye on him again he had not crossed the mouth of the next entry, nor proceeded above ten or twelve paces, and, *at the same time*, I saw the two men coming down the bank on the opposite side of the loch, at about three hundred paces' distance. Both he and they were distinctly in my view, and never within speech of each other, until he vanished into one of the wynds leading toward the bottom of the High Street, at which precise time the two strangers came below my window; so that it was quite clear he neither could be one of them, nor have any communication with them.

"Yet, mark me again; for of all things I have ever seen, this was the most singular. When I looked down at the two strangers, *one of them was extremely like Drummond.* So like was he that there was not one item in dress, form, feature, nor voice, by which I could distinguish the one from the other. I was certain it was not he, because I had seen the one going and the other approaching at the same time, and my impression at the moment was, that I looked upon some spirit, or demon, in his likeness. I felt a chillness creep all round my heart, my knees tottered, and, withdrawing my head from the open casement that lay in the dark shade, I said to the man who was with me, 'Good God, what is this!'

"'What is it, my dear,' said he, as much alarmed as I was.

"'As I live, there stands an apparition!' said I.

"He was not so much afraid when he heard me say so, and peeping cautiously out, he looked and listened a while, and then drawing back, he said in a whisper, 'They are both living men, and one of them is he I passed at the corner.'

"'That he is not,' said I, emphatically. 'To that I will make oath.'

"He smiled and shook his head, and then added, 'I never then saw a man before, whom I could not know again, particularly if he was the very last I had seen. But what matters it whether it be or not? As it is no concern of ours, let us sit down and enjoy ourselves.'

"'But it *does* matter a very great deal with me, sir,' said I.—'Bless me, my head is giddy—my breath quite gone, and I feel as if were surrounded with fiends! Who are you, sir?'

"'You shall know that ere we two part, my love,' said he: 'I cannot conceive why the return of this young gentleman to the spot he so lately left, should discompose you? I suppose he got a glance of you as he passed, and has returned to look after you, and that is the whole secret of the matter.'

"'If you will be so civil as to walk out and join him then, it will oblige me hugely,' said I, 'for I never in my life experienced such boding apprehensions of evil company. I cannot conceive how you should come up here without asking my permission? Will it please you to begone, sir?'—I was within an ace of prevailing. He took out his purse—I need not say more—I was bribed to let him remain. Ah, had I kept by my frail resolution of dismissing him at that moment, what a world of shame and misery had been evited! But that, though uppermost still in my mind, has nothing ado here.

"When I peeped over again, the two men were disputing in a whisper, the one of them in violent agitation and terror, and the other upbraiding him, and urging him on to some desperate act. At length I heard the young man in Highland garb say indignantly, 'Hush, recreant! It is God's work which you are commissioned to execute, and it must be done. But if you positively decline it, I will do it myself, and do you beware of the consequences.'

"'Oh, I will, I will!' cried the other in black clothes in a wretched beseeching tone. 'You shall instruct me in this, as in all things else.'

"I thought all this while I was closely concealed from them, and wondered not a little when he in tartans gave me a sly nod, as much as to say, 'What do you think of this?' or 'Take note of what you see,' or something to that effect, from which I perceived, that whatever he was about, he did not wish it to be kept a secret. For all that I was impressed with a terror and anxiety that I could not overcome, but it only made me mark every event with the more intense curiosity. The Highlander, whom I still could not help regarding as the evil genius of Thomas Drummond, performed every action as with the quickness of thought. He concealed the youth in black in a narrow entry, a little to the westward of my windows, and as he was leading him across the moonlight green by the shoulder, I perceived, for the first time, that both of them were armed with rapiers. He pushed him without resistance into the dark shaded close, made another signal to me, and hasted up the close to Lucky Sudds' door. The city and the morning were so still that I heard every word that was uttered, on putting my head out a little. He knocked at the door sharply, and after waiting a considerable space, the bolt was drawn, and the door, as I conceived, edged up as far as the massy chain would let it. 'Is young Dalcastle still in the house?' said he sharply.

"I did not hear the answer, but I heard him say, shortly after, 'If he is, pray tell him to speak with me for a few minutes.' He then withdrew from the door, and came slowly down the close in a lingering manner, looking oft behind him. Dalcastle came out; advanced a few steps after him, and then stood still, as if hesitating whether or not he should call out a friend to accompany him; and that instant the door behind him was closed, chained, and the iron bolt drawn; on hearing of which he followed his adversary without farther

hesitation. As he passed below my window, I heard him say, 'I beseech you, Tom, let us do nothing in this matter rashly;' but I could not hear the answer of the other, who had turned the corner.

"I roused up my drowsy companion, who was leaning on the bed, and we both looked together from the north window. We were in the shade, but the moon shone full on the two young gentlemen. Young Dalcastle was visibly the worse of liquor, and his back being turned toward us, he said something to the other which I could not make out, although he spoke a considerable time, and, from his tones and gestures, appeared to be reasoning. When he had done, the tall young man in the tartans drew his sword, and his face being straight to us, we heard him say distinctly, 'No more words about it, George, if you please; but if you be a man, as I take you to be, draw your sword, and let us settle it here.'

"Dalcastle drew his sword, without changing his attitude; but he spoke with more warmth, for we heard his words, 'Think you that I fear you, Tom? Be assured, sir, I would not fear ten of the best of your name, at each other's backs: all that I want is to have friends with us to see fair play, for if you close with me, you are a dead man.'

"The other stormed at these words. 'You are a braggart, sir,' cried he, 'a wretch—a blot on the cheek of nature—a blight on the Christian world—a reprobate—I'll have your soul, sir.' As he said this, he brandished his rapier, exciting Dalcastle to offence. He gained his point; the latter, who had previously drawn, advanced in upon his vapouring and licentious antagonist, and a fierce combat ensued. My companion was delighted beyond measure, and I could not keep him from exclaiming, loud enough to have been heard, 'that's grand! that's excellent!' For me, my heart quaked like an aspen. Young Dalcastle either had a decided advantage over his adversary, or else the other thought proper to let him have it; for he shifted, and wore, and flitted from Dalcastle's thrusts like a shadow, uttering ofttimes a sarcastic laugh, that seemed to provoke the other beyond all bearing. At one time he would spring away to a great distance, then advance again on young Dalcastle with the swiftness of lightning. But that young hero always stood his ground, and repelled the attack: he never gave way, although they fought nearly twice round the bleaching green, which you know is not a very small one. At length they fought close up to the mouth of the dark entry, where the fellow in black stood all this while concealed, and then the combatant in tartans closed with his antagonist, or pretended to do so; but the moment they began to grapple, he wheeled about, turning Colwan's back towards the entry, and then cried out, 'Now, my friend, my friend!'

"That moment the fellow in black rushed from his cover with his drawn rapier, and gave the brave young Dalcastle two deadly wounds in the back, as quick as arm could thrust, both of which I thought pierced through his body. He fell, and rolling himself on his back, he perceived who it was that had slain him thus foully, and said, with a dying emphasis, which I never heard equalled, 'Oh, is it you who has done this?'

"He articulated some more, which I could not hear for other sounds; for the moment that the man in black inflicted the deadly wound, my companion called out, 'That's unfair! that's damnable! to strike a brave fellow behind! One at a time, you cowards!' &c., to all which the unnatural fiend in the tartans answered with a loud exulting laugh; and then, taking the poor paralysed murderer by the bow of the arm, he hurried him into the dark entry once more, where I lost sight of them for ever."

Before this time, Mrs. Logan had risen up; and when the narrator had finished. she was standing with her arms stretched upward at their full length, and her visage turned down, on which were portrayed the lines of the most absolute horror. "The dark suspicions of my late benefactor have been just, and his last prediction is fulfilled," cried she. "The murderer of the accomplished George Colwan has been his own brother, set on, there is little doubt, by her who bare them both, and her directing angel, the self-justified bigot. Aye,

and yonder they sit, enjoying the luxuries so dearly purchased, with perfect impunity! If the Almighty do not hurl them down, blasted with shame and confusion, there is no hope of retribution in this life. And, by his might, I will be the agent to accomplish it! Why did the man not pursue the foul murderers? Why did he not raise the alarm, and call the watch?"

"He? The wretch! He durst not move from the shelter he had obtained,—no, not for the soul of him. He was pursued for his life, at the moment when he first flew into my arms. But I did not know it; no, I did not *then* know him. He pursue for the sake of justice! No; his efforts have all been for evil, but never for good. But *I* raised the alarm; miserable and degraded as I was. I pursued and raised the watch myself. Have you not heard the name Bell Calvert coupled with that hideous and mysterious affair?"

"Yes, I have. In secret often I have heard it. But how came it that you could never be found? How came it that you never appeared in defence of the Honourable Thomas Drummond;—you, the only person who could have justified him?"

"I could not, for I then fell under the power and guidance of a wretch, who durst not for the soul of him be brought forward in the affair. And what was worse, his evidence would have overborne mine, for he would have sworn that the man who called out and fought Colwan was the same he met leaving my apartment, and there was an end of it. And, moreover, it is well known that this same man,—this wretch of whom I speak, never mistook one man for another in his life, which makes the mystery of the likeness between this incendiary and Drummond the more extraordinary."

"If it was Drummond, after all that you have asserted, then are my surmises still wrong."

"There is nothing of which I can be more certain, than that it was not Drummond. We have nothing on earth but our senses to depend upon: if these deceive us, what are we to do? I own I cannot account for it; nor ever shall be able to account for it as long as I live."

"Could you know the man in black, if you saw him again?"

"I think I could if I saw him walk or run: his gait was very particular: he walked as if he had been flat-soled, and his legs made of steel, without any joints in his feet or ancles."

"The very same! The very same! The very same! Pray will you take a few days' journey into the country with me, to look at such a man?"

"You have preserved my life, and for you I will do any thing. I will accompany you with pleasure: and I think I can say that I will know him, for his form left an impression on my heart not soon to be effaced. But of this I am sure, that my unworthy companion *will* recognize him, and that he will be able to swear to his identity every day as long as he lives."

"Where is he? Where is he? O! Mrs. Calvert, where is he?"

"Where is he? He is the wretch whom you heard giving me up to the death; who, after experiencing every mark of affection that a poor ruined being could confer, and after committing a thousand atrocities of which she was ignorant, became an informer to save his diabolical life, and attempted to offer up mine as a sacrifice for all. We will go by ourselves first, and I will tell you if it is necessary to send any further."

"The two dames, the very next morning, dressed themselves like country goodwives; and, hiring two stout ponies furnished with pillions, they took their journey westward, and the second evening after leaving Edinburgh they arrived at the village about two miles below Dalcastle, where they alighted. But Mrs. Logan being anxious to have Mrs. Calvert's judgment, without either hint or preparation, took care not to mention that they were so near to the end of their journey. In conformity with this plan, she said, after they had sat awhile, "Heigh-ho, but I am weary! What suppose we should rest a day here before we proceed further on our journey?"

Mrs. Calvert was leaning on the casement, and looking out when her companion addressed these words to her, and by far too much engaged to return

any answer, for her eyes were riveted on two young men who approached from the further end of the village; and at length, turning round her head, she said with the most intense interest, "Proceed farther on our journey, did you say? That we need not do; for, as I live, here comes the very man!"

Mrs. Logan ran to the window, and behold there was indeed Robert Wringhim Colwan (now the Laird of Dalcastle) coming forward almost below their window, walking arm in arm with another young man; and as the two passed, the latter looked up and made a sly signal to the two dames, biting his lip, winking with his left eye, and nodding his head. Mrs. Calvert was astonished at this recognizance, the young man's former companion having made exactly such another signal on the night of the duel, by the light of the moon; and it struck her, moreover, that she had somewhere seen this young man's face before. She looked after him, and he winked over his shoulder to her; but she was prevented from returning his salute by her companion, who uttered a loud cry, between a groan and a shriek, and fell down on the floor with a rumble like a wall that had suddenly been undermined. She had fainted quite away, and required all her companion's attention during the remainder of the evening, for she had scarcely ever well recovered out of one fit before she fell into another; and in the short intervals she raved like one distracted, or in a dream. After falling into a sound sleep by night, she recovered her equanimity, and the two began to converse seriously on what they had seen. Mrs. Calvert averred that the young man who passed next to the window, *was* the very man who stabbed George Colwan in the back, and she said she was willing to take her oath on it at any time when required, and was certain if the wretch Ridsley saw him, that he would make oath to the same purport, for that his walk was so peculiar, no one of common discernment could mistake it.

Mrs. Logan was in great agitation, and said, "It is what I have suspected all along, and what I am sure my late master and benefactor was persuaded of, and the horror of such an idea cut short his days. That wretch, Mrs. Calvert, is the born brother of him he murdered; sons of the same mother they were, whether or not of the same father, the Lord only knows. But, O Mrs. Calvert, that is not the main thing that has discomposed me, and shaken my nerves to pieces at this time. Who do you think the young man was who walked in his company to-night?"

"I cannot for my life recollect, but am convinced I have seen the same fine form and face before."

"And did not he seem to know us, Mrs. Calvert? You who are able to recollect things as they happened, did he not seem to recollect us, and make signs to that effect?"

"He did, indeed, and apparently with great good humour."

"O, Mrs. Calvert, hold me, else I shall fall into hysterics again! Who is he? Who is he? Tell me who you suppose he is, for I cannot say my own thought."

"On my life, I cannot remember."

"Did you note the appearance of the young gentleman you saw slain that night? Do you recollect aught of the appearance of my young master, George Colwan?"

Mrs. Calvert sat silent, and stared the other mildly in the face. Their looks encountered, and there was an unearthly amazement that gleamed from each, which, meeting together, caught real fire, and returned the flame to their heated imaginations, till the two associates became like two statues, with their hands spread, their eyes fixed, and their chops fallen down upon their bosoms. An old woman who kept the lodging-house, having been called in before when Mrs. Logan was faintish, chanced to enter at this crisis with some cordial; and, seeing the state of her lodgers, she caught the infection, and fell into the same rigid and statue-like appearance. No scene more striking was ever exhibited; and if Mrs. Calvert had not resumed strength of mind to speak, and break the spell, it is impossible to say how long it might

have continued. "It is he, I believe," said she, uttering the words as it were inwardly. "It can be none other but he. But, no, it is impossible! I saw him stabbed through and through the heart; I saw him roll backward on the green in his own blood, utter his last words, and groan away his soul. Yet, if it is not he, who can it be?"

"It *is* he!" cried Mrs. Logan hysterically.

"Yes, yes, it *is* he!" cried the landlady, in unison.

"It is who?" said Mrs. Calvert; "whom do you mean, mistress?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I was affrighted."

"Hold your peace, then, till you recover your senses, and tell me, if you can, who that young gentleman is who keeps company with the new Laird of Dalcastle?"

"Oh, it is he! it is he!" screamed Mrs. Logan, wringing her hands.

"Oh, it is he! it is he!" cried the landlady, wringing hers.

Mrs. Calvert turned the latter gently and civilly out of the apartment, observing that there seemed to be some infection in the air of the room, and she would be wise for herself to keep out of it.

The two dames had a restless and hideous night. Sleep came not to their relief; for their conversation was wholly about the dead, who seemed to be alive, and their minds were wandering and groping in a chaos of mystery. "Did you attend to his corpse, and know that he positively died and was buried?" said Mrs. Calvert.

"O, yes, from the moment that his fair but mangled corpse was brought home, I attended it till that when it was screwed in the coffin. I washed the long stripes of blood from his lifeless form, on both sides of the body—I bathed the livid wound that passed through his generous and gentle heart. There was one through the flesh of his left side, too, which had bled most outwardly of them all. I bathed them, and bandaged them up with wax and perfumed ointment, but still the blood oozed through all, so that when he was laid in the coffin he was like one newly murdered. My brave, my generous young master! he was always as a son to me, and no son was ever more kind or more respectful to a mother. But he was butchered—he was cut off from the earth ere he had well reached to manhood—most barbarously and unfairly slain. And how is it, how can it be, that we again see him here, walking arm in arm with his murderer?"

"The thing cannot be, Mrs. Logan. It is a phantasy of our disturbed imaginations, therefore let us compose ourselves till we investigate this matter farther."

"It cannot be in nature, that is quite clear," said Mrs. Logan; "yet how it should be that I should *think* so—I who knew and nursed him from his infancy—there lies the paradox. As you said once before, we have nothing but our senses to depend on, and if you and I believe that we see a person, why, we do see him. Whose word, or whose reasoning can convince us against our own senses? We will disguise ourselves, as poor women selling a few country wares, and we will go up to the Hall, and see what is to see, and hear what we can hear, for this is a weighty business in which we are engaged, namely, to turn the vengeance of the law upon an unnatural monster; and we will further learn, if we can, who this is that accompanies him."

Mrs. Calvert acquiesced, and the two dames took their way to Dalcastle, with baskets well furnished with trifles. They did not take the common path from the village, but went about, and approached the mansion by a different way. But it seemed as if some overruling power ordered it, that they should miss no chance of attaining the information they wanted. For ere ever they came within half a mile of Dalcastle, they perceived the two youths coming, as to meet them, on the same path. The road leading from Dalcastle, towards the north-east, as all the country knows, goes along a dark bank of brushwood called the Bogle-heuch. It was by this track that the two women were going; and when they perceived the two gentlemen meeting them, they

turned back, and the moment they were out of their sight, they concealed themselves in a thicket close by the road. They did this because Mrs. Logan was terrified for being discovered, and because they wished to reconnoitre without being seen. Mrs. Calvert now charged her, whatever she saw or whatever she heard, to put on a resolution, and support it, for if she fainted there and was discovered, what was to become of her?

The two young men came on, in earnest and vehement conversation; but the subject they were on was a terrible one, and hardly fit to be repeated in the face of a Christian community. Wringhim was disputing the boundlessness of the true Christian's freedom, and expressing doubts, that, chosen as he knew he was from all eternity, still it might be possible for him to commit acts that would exclude him from the limits of the covenant. The other argued, with mighty fluency, that the thing was utterly impossible, and altogether inconsistent with eternal predestination. The arguments of the latter prevailed, and the laird was driven to sullen silence. But, to the women's utter surprise, as the conquering disputant passed, he made a signal of recognizance through the brambles to them, as formerly, and that he might expose his associate fully, and in his true colours, he led him backward and forward past the women more than twenty times, making him to confess both the crimes that he had done, and those he had in contemplation. At length he said to him, "Assuredly I saw some vagrant strolling women on this walk, my dear friend: I wish we could find them, for there is little doubt that they are concealed here in your woods."

"I wish we *could* find them," answered Wringhim; "we would have fine sport maltreating and abusing them."

"That we should, that we should! Now tell me, Robert, if you found a malevolent woman, the latent enemy of your prosperity, lurking in these woods to betray you, what would you inflict on her?"

"I would tear her to pieces with my dogs, and feed them with her flesh. O, my dear friend, there is an old strumpet who lived with my unnatural father, whom I hold in such utter detestation, that I stand constantly in dread of her, and would sacrifice the half of my estate to shed her blood!"

"What will you give me if I will put her in your power, and give you a fair and genuine excuse for making away with her; one for which you shall answer at any bar, here or hereafter?"

"I should like to see the vile hag put down. She is in possession of the family plate, that is mine by right, as well as a thousand valuable relics, and great riches besides, all of which the old profligate gifted shamefully away. And it is said, besides all these, that she has sworn my destruction."

"She has, she has. But I see not how she can accomplish that, seeing the deed was done so suddenly, and in the silence of the night."

"It was said there were some onlookers.—But where shall we find that disgraceful Miss Logan?"

"I will show you her by and by. But will you then consent to the other meritorious deed? Come, be a man, and throw away scruples."

"If you can convince me that the promise is binding, I will."

"Then step this way, till I give you a piece of information."

They walked a little way out of hearing, but went not out of sight; therefore, though the women were in a terrible quandary, they durst not stir, for they had some hopes that this extraordinary person was on a mission of the same sort with themselves, knew of them, and was going to make use of their testimony. Mrs. Logan was several times on the point of falling into a swoon, so much did the appearance of the young man impress her, until her associate covered her face that she might listen without embarrassment. But this latter dialogue aroused different feelings within them; namely, those arising from imminent personal danger. They saw his waggish associate point out the place of their concealment to Wringhim, who came toward them, out of curiosity to see what his friend meant by what he believed to be a joke, mani-

festly without crediting it in the least degree. When he came running away, the other called after him, "If she is too hard for you, call to me." As he said this, he hasted out of sight, in the contrary direction, apparently much delighted with the joke.

Wringhim came rushing through the thicket impetuously, to the very spot where Mrs. Logan lay squatted. She held the wrapping close about her head, but he tore it off and discovered her. "The curse of God be on thee!" said he; "What fiend has brought thee here, and for what purpose art thou come? But, whatever has brought thee, *I have thee!*" and with that he seized her by the throat. The two women, when they heard what jeopardy they were in from such a wretch, had squatted among the underwood at a small distance from each other, so that he had never observed Mrs. Calvert; but no sooner had he seized her benefactress, than, like a wild cat, she sprung out of the thicket, and had both her hands fixed at his throat, one of them twisted in his stock, in a twinkling. She brought him back-over among the brush-wood, and the two, fixing on him like two harpies, mastered him with ease. Then indeed was he wofully beset. He deemed for a while that his friend was at his back, and turning his bloodshot eyes toward the path, he attempted to call; but there was no friend there, and the women cut short his cries by another twist of his stock. "Now, gallant and rightful Laird of Dalcastle," said Mrs. Logan, "what hast thou to say for thyself? Lay thy account to dree the weird thou hast so well earned. Now shalt thou suffer due penance for murdering thy brave and only brother."

"Thou liest, thou hag of the pit! I touched not my brother's life."

"I saw thee do it with these eyes that now look thee in the face; ay, when his back was to thee too, and when he was hotly engaged with thy friend," said Mrs. Calvert.

"I heard thee confess it again and again this same hour," said Mrs. Logan.

"Ay, and so did I," said her companion.—"Murder will out, though the Almighty should lend hearing to the ears of the willow, and speech to the seven tongues of the woodriff."

"You are liars, and witches!" said he, foaming with rage, "and creatures fitted from the beginning for eternal destruction. I'll have your bones and your blood sacrificed on your cursed altars! O, Gil-Martin! Gil-Martin! where art thou now? Here, here is the proper food for blessed vengeance!—Hilloa!"

There was no friend, no Gil-Martin there to hear or assist him: he was in the two women's mercy, but they used it with moderation. They mocked, they tormented, and they threatened him; but, finally, after putting him in great terror, they bound his hands behind his back, and his feet fast with long straps of garters which they chanced to have in their baskets, to prevent him from pursuing them till they were out of his reach. As they left him, which they did in the middle of the path, Mrs. Calvert said, "we could easily put an end to thy sinful life, but our hands shall be free of thy blood. Nevertheless thou art still in our power, and the vengeance of thy country shall overtake thee, thou mean and cowardly murderer, ay, and that more suddenly than thou art aware!"

The women posted to Edinburgh; and as they put themselves under the protection of an English merchant, who was journeying thither with twenty horses laden, and armed servants, so they had scarcely any conversation on the road. When they arrived at Mrs. Logan's house, then they spoke of what they had seen and heard, and agreed that they had sufficient proof to condemn young Wringhim, who they thought richly deserved the severest doom of the law.

"I never in my life saw any human being," said Mrs. Calvert, "whom I thought so like a fiend. If a demon could inherit flesh and blood, that youth is precisely such a being as I could conceive that demon to be. The depth and the malignity of his eye is hideous. His breath is like the airs from a char-

nel-house, and his flesh seems fading from his bones, as if the worm that never dies were gnawing it away already."

"He was always repulsive, and every way repulsive," said the other; "but he is now indeed altered greatly to the worse. While we were handfasting him, I felt his body to be feeble and emaciated; but yet I know him to be so puffed up with spiritual pride, that I believe he weens every one of his actions justified before God, and instead of having stings of conscience for these, he takes great merit to himself in having effected them. Still my thoughts are less about him than the extraordinary being who accompanies him. He does every thing with so much ease and indifference, so much velocity and effect, that all bespeak him an adept in wickedness. The likeness to my late hapless young master is so striking, that I can hardly believe it to be a chance model; and I think he imitates him in every thing, for some purpose, or some effect on his sinful associate. Do you know that he is so like in every lineament, look, and gesture, that, against the clearest light of reason, I cannot in my mind separate the one from the other, and have a certain indefinable impression on my mind, that they are one and the same being, or that the one was a prototype of the other."

"If there is an earthly crime," said Mrs. Calvert, "for the due punishment of which the Almighty may be supposed to subvert the order of nature, it is fratricide. But tell me, dear friend, did you remark to what the subtile and hellish villain was endeavouring to prompt the assassin?"

"No, I could not comprehend it. My senses were altogether so bewildered, that I thought they had combined to deceive me, and I gave them no credit."

"Then hear me: I am almost certain he was using every persuasion to induce him to make away with his mother; and I likewise conceive that I heard the incendiary give his consent."

"This is dreadful. Let us speak and think no more about it, till we see the issue. In the meantime, let us do that which is our bounden duty,—go and divulge all that we know relating to this foul murder."

Accordingly the two women went to Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, the Lord Justice Clerk (who was, I think, either uncle or grandfather to young Drummond, who was outlawed, and obliged to fly his country, on account of Colwan's death,) and to that gentleman they related every circumstance of what they had seen and heard. He examined Calvert very minutely, and seemed deeply interested in her evidence,—said he knew she was relating the truth, and in testimony of it, brought a letter of young Drummond's from his desk, wherein that young gentleman, after protesting his innocence in the most forcible terms, confessed having been seen with such a woman in such a house, after leaving the company of his friends; and that, on going home, Sir Thomas's servant had let him in, in the dark, and from these circumstances he found it impossible to prove an *alibi*. He begged of his relative, if ever an opportunity offered, to do his endeavour to clear up that mystery, and remove the horrid stigma from his name in his country, and among his kin, of having stabbed a friend behind his back.

Lord Craigie, therefore, directed the two women to the proper authorities, and after hearing their evidence there, it was judged proper to apprehend the present Laird of Dalcastle, and bring him to his trial. But before that, they sent the prisoner in the tolbooth, he who had seen the whole transaction along with Mrs. Calvert, to take a view of Wringhim privately; and his discrimination being so well known as to be proverbial all over the land, they determined secretly to be ruled by his report. They accordingly sent him on a pretended mission of legality to Dalcastle, with orders to see and speak with the proprietor, without giving him a hint what was wanted. On his return, they examined him, and he told them that he found all things at the place in utter confusion and dismay; that the lady of the place was missing, and could not be found, dead or alive. On being asked if he had ever seen the proprietor before, he looked astounded, and unwilling to answer. But it came

out that he had; and that he had once seen him kill a man on such a spot at such an hour.

Officers were then despatched, without delay, to apprehend the monster, and bring him to justice. On these going to the mansion, and inquiring for him, they were told he was at home; on which they stationed guards, and searched all the premises, but he was not to be found. It was in vain that they overturned beds, raised floors, and broke open closets: Robert Wringhim Colwan was lost once and for ever. His mother also was lost; and strong suspicions attached to some of the farmers and house servants, to whom she was obnoxious, relating to her disappearance. The Honourable Thomas Drummond became a distinguished officer in the Austrian service, and died in the memorable year for Scotland, 1715; and this is all with which history, justiciary records, and tradition, furnish me relating to these matters.

I have now the pleasure of presenting my readers with an original document of a most singular nature, and preserved for their perusal in a still more singular manner. I offer no remarks on it, and make as few additions to it, leaving every one to judge for himself. We have heard much of the rage of fanaticism in former days, but nothing to this.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF A FANATIC.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

My life has been a life of trouble and turmoil; of change and vicissitude; of anger and exultation; of sorrow and of vengeance. My sorrows have all been for a slighted gospel, and my vengeance has been wreaked on its adversaries. Therefore, in the might of heaven I will sit down and write: I will let the wicked of this world know what I have done in the faith of the promises, that they may read and tremble, and bless their gods of silver and of gold, that the minister of heaven was removed from their sphere before their blood was mingled with their sacrifices.

I was born an outcast in the world, in which I was destined to act so conspicuous a part. My mother was a burning and shining light, in the community of Scottish worthies, and in the days of her virginity had suffered much in the persecution of the saints. But it so pleased Heaven, that, as a trial of her faith, she was married to one of the wicked; a man all over spotted with the leprosy of sin. As well might they have conjoined fire and water together, in hopes that they would consort and amalgamate, as purity and corruption: she fled from his embraces the first night after their marriage, and from that time forth, his iniquities so galled her upright heart, that she quitted his society altogether, keeping her own apartments in the same house with him.

I was the second son of this unhappy marriage, and, long ere ever I was born, my father according to the flesh disclaimed all relation or connexion with me, and all interest in me, save what the law compelled him to take, which was to grant me a scanty maintenance; and had it not been for a faithful minister of the gospel, my mother's early instructor, I should have remained an outcast from the church visible. He took pity on me, admitting me not only into that, but into the bosom of his own household and ministry also, and to him am I indebted, under Heaven, for the high conceptions and glorious discernment between good and evil, right and wrong, which I attained even at an early age. It was he who directed my studies aright, both in the learnings of the ancient fathers, and the doctrines of the reformed church, and designed me for his assistant and successor in the holy office. I missed no opportunity of perfecting myself particularly in all the minute points of theology in which my reverend father and mother took great delight; but at length I acquired so much skill that I astonished my teachers,

and made them gaze at one another. I remember that it was the custom, in my patron's house, to ask the questions of the Single Catechism round every Sabbath night. He asked the first, my mother the second, and so on, every one saying the question asked, and then asking the next. It fell to my mother to ask Effectual Calling at me. I said the answer with propriety and emphasis. "Now, madam," added I, "my question to you is, What is *In*effectual Calling?"

"Ineffectual Calling? There is no such thing, Robert," said she.

"But there is, madam," said I; "and that answer proves how much you say these fundamental precepts by rote, and without any consideration. Ineffectual Calling is, *the outward call of the gospel* without any effect on the hearts of unregenerated and impenitent sinners. Have not all these the same calls, warnings, doctrines, and reproofs, that we have? and is not this Ineffectual Calling? Has not Ardinferry the same? Has not Patrick M'Lure the same? *Has not the Laird of Dalcastle and his reprobate heir* the same? And will any tell me, that *this is not In*effectual Calling?"

"What a wonderful boy he is!" said my mother.

"I'm feared he turn out to be a conceited gowk," said old Barnet, the minister's man.

"No," said my pastor, and *father*, (as I shall henceforth denominate him,) —"No, Barnet, he *is* a wonderful boy; and no marvel, for I have prayed for these talents to be bestowed on him from his infancy: and do you think that Heaven would refuse a prayer so disinterested? No, it is impossible. But my dread is, madam," continued he, turning to my mother, "that he is yet in the bond of iniquity."

"God forbid!" said my mother.

"I have struggled with the Almighty long and hard," continued he; "but have as yet had no certain token of acceptance in his behalf. How dreadful is it to think of our darling being still without the pale of the covenant! But I have vowed a vow, and in that there is hope."

My heart quaked with terror, when I thought of being still living in a state of reprobation, subjected to the awful issues of death, judgment, and eternal misery, by the slightest accident or casualty, and I set about the duty of prayer myself with the utmost earnestness. I prayed three times every day, and seven times on the Sabbath; but the more frequently and fervently that I prayed, I sinned still the more. About this time, and for a long period afterwards, amounting to several years, I lived in a hopeless and deplorable state of mind, for I said to myself, "If my name is not written in the book of life from all eternity, it is in vain for me to presume that either vows or prayers of mine, or those of all mankind combined, can ever procure its insertion now." I had come under many vows, most solemnly taken, every one of which I had broken; and I saw with the intensity of juvenile grief, that there was no hope for me. I went on sinning every hour, and all the while most strenuously warring against sin, and repenting of every one transgression, as soon after the commission of it as I got leisure to think. But O what a wretched state this unregenerated state is, in which every effort only aggravates our offences! I found it vanity to contend; for, after communing with my heart, the conclusion was as follows: "If I could repent me of all my sins, and shed tears of blood for them, still have I not a load of original transgression pressing on me, that is enough to crush me to the lowest hell. I may be angry with my first parents for having sinned, but how I shall repent me of their sin, is beyond what I am able to comprehend."

Still, in those days of depravity and corruption, I had some of those principles implanted in my mind, which were afterward to spring up with amazing fertility. In particular, I felt great indignation against all the wicked of this world, and often wished for the means of ridding it of such a noxious burden.

It was about this time that my reverend father preached a sermon, one sentence of which affected me most disagreeably: it was to the purport, that every unrepented sin was productive of a new sin with each breath that a man

drew ; and every one of these new sins added to the catalogue in the same manner. I was utterly confounded at the multitude of my transgressions ; for I was sensible that there were great numbers of sins of which I had never been able thoroughly to repent, and these momentary ones, by a moderate calculation, had, I saw, long ago amounted to a hundred and fifty thousand in the minute, and I saw no end to the series of repentances to which I had subjected myself. A lifetime was nothing to enable me to accomplish the sum, and then being, for any thing I was certain of, in my state of nature, and the grace of repentance withheld from me,—what was I to do, or what was to become of me? In the mean time, I went on sinning without measure; but I was still more troubled about the multitude than the magnitude of my transgressions, and the small minute ones puzzled me more than those that were more heinous, as the latter had generally some good effects in the way of punishing wicked men, froward boys, and deceitful women ; and I rejoiced even then in my early youth, at being used as a scourge in the hand of the Lord ; another Jehu, a Cyrus, or a Nebuchadnezzar.

On the whole, I remember that I got into great confusion relating to my sins and repentances. I could not help running into new sins continually ; but then I was mercifully dealt with, for I was often made to repent of them most heartily, by reason of bodily chastisements received on these delinquencies being discovered. I was particularly prone to lying, and I cannot but admire the mercy that has freely forgiven me all these juvenile sins. Now that I know them all to be blotted out, I may the more freely confess them : the truth is, that one lie always paved the way for another, from hour to hour, from day to day, and from year to year ; so that I found myself constantly involved in a labyrinth of deceit, from which it was impossible to extricate myself. If I knew a person to be a godly one, I could almost have kissed his feet ; but against the carnal portion of mankind, I set my face continually. I esteemed the true ministers of the gospel ; but the prelatic party, and the preachers up of good works I abhorred, and to this hour I account them the worst and most heinous of all transgressors.

There was only one boy at Mr. Wilson's class, who kept always the upper hand of me in every part of education. I strove against him from year to year, but it was all in vain ; for he was a very wicked boy, and I was convinced he had dealings with the devil. Indeed it was believed all over the country that his mother was a witch ; and I was at length convinced that it was no human ingenuity that beat me with so much ease in the Latin, after I had often sat up a whole night with my reverend father, studying my lesson in all its bearings. I often read as well and sometimes better than he ; but the moment Mr. Wilson began to examine us, my opponent popped up above me. I determined, (as I knew him for a wicked person, and one of the devil's hand-fasted children,) to be revenged on him, and to humble him by some means or other. Accordingly I lost no opportunity of setting the master against him, and succeeded several times in getting him severely beaten for faults of which he was innocent. I can hardly describe the joy that it gave to my heart to see a wicked creature suffering, for though he deserved it not for one thing, he richly deserved it for others. This may be by some people accounted a great sin in me ; but I deny it, for I did it as a duty, and what a man or boy does for the right, will never be put into the sum of his transgressions.

This boy, whose name was M'Gill, was at all his leisure hours engaged in drawing profane pictures of beasts, men, women, houses, and trees, and, in short, of all things that his eye encountered. These profane things the Master often smiled at, and admired ; therefore I began privately to try my hand likewise. I had scarcely tried above once to draw the figure of a man, ere I conceived that I had hit the very features of Mr. Wilson. They were so particular, that they could not be easily mistaken, and I was so tickled and pleased with the droll likeness that I had drawn, that I laughed immoderately at it. I tried no other figure but this ; and I tried it in every situation in which a man and a schoolmaster could be placed. I often wrought for hours

together at this likeness, nor was it long before I made myself so much master of the outline, that I could have drawn it in any situation whatever, almost off hand. I then took M'Gill's account book of algebra home with me, and at my leisure put down a number of gross caricatures of Mr. Wilson here and there, several of them in situations notoriously ludicrous. I waited the discovery of this treasure with great impatience; but the book, chancing to be one that M'Gill was not using, I saw it might be long enough before I enjoyed the consummation of my grand scheme; therefore, with all the ingenuity I was master of, I brought it before our dominie's eye. But never shall I forget the rage that gleamed in the tyrant's phiz! I was actually terrified to look at him, and trembled at his voice. M'Gill was called upon, and examined relating to the obnoxious figures. He denied flatly that any of them were of his doing. But the Master inquiring at him whose they were, he could not tell, but affirmed it to be some trick. Mr. Wilson at one time began, as I thought, to hesitate; but the evidence was so strong against M'Gill, that at length his solemn asseverations of innocence only proved an aggravation of his crime. There was not one in the school who had ever been known to draw a figure but himself, and on him fell the whole weight of the tyrant's vengeance. It was dreadful; and I was once in hopes that he would not leave life in the culprit. He, however, left the school for several months, refusing to return to be subjected to punishment for the faults of others, and I stood king of the class.

Matters were at last made up between M'Gill's parents and the schoolmaster; but by that time I had got the start of him, and never in my life did I exert myself so much to keep the mastery. It was in vain; the powers of enchantment prevailed, and I was again turned down with the tear in my eye. I could think of no amends but one, and being driven to desperation, I put it in practice. I told a lie of him. I came boldly up to the Master, and told him that M'Gill had in my hearing cursed him in a most shocking manner, and called him vile names. He called M'Gill and charged him with the crime, and the proud young coxcomb was so stunned at the atrocity of the charge, that his face grew as red as crimson, and the words stuck in his throat as he feebly denied it. His guilt was manifest, and he was again flogged most nobly, and dismissed the school for ever in disgrace, as a most incorrigible vagabond.

This was a great victory gained, and I rejoiced and exulted exceedingly in it. It had, however, very nigh cost me my life; for not long thereafter I encountered M'Gill in the fields, on which he came up and challenged me for a liar, daring me to fight him. I refused, and said that I looked on him as quite below my notice; but he would not quit me, and finally told me that he should either *lick me*, or I should *lick him*, as he had no other means of being revenged on such a scoundrel. I tried to intimidate him, but it would not do; and I believe I would have given all that I had in the world to be quit of him. He at length went so far as first to kick me, and then strike me on the face; and, being both older and stronger than he, I thought it scarcely became me to take such insults patiently. I was, nevertheless, well aware that the devilish powers of his mother would finally prevail; and either the dread of this, or the inward consciousness of having wronged him, certainly unnerved my arm, for I fought wretchedly, and was soon wholly overcome. I was so sore defeated that I kneeled, and was going to beg his pardon; but another thought struck me momentarily, and I threw myself on my face, and inwardly begged aid from heaven; at the same time I felt as if assured that my prayer was heard, and would be answered. While I was in this humble attitude, the villain kicked me with his foot and cursed me; and I being newly encouraged, arose and encountered him once more. We had not fought long at this second turn, before I saw a man hastening towards us; on which I uttered a shout of joy, and laid on valiantly; but my very next look assured me, that the man was old John Barnet, whom I had likewise wronged all that was in my power, and between these two wicked persons I expected any thing but

justice. My arm was again enfeebled, and that of my adversary prevailed. I was knocked down and mauled most grievously, and while the ruffian was kicking and cuffing me at his will and pleasure, up came old John Barnet, breathless with running, and at one blow with his open hand, levelled my opponent with the earth. "Tak ye that, maister!" says John, "to learn ye better breeding. Hout awa, man! an ye will fight, fight fair. Gude sauf us, ir ye a gentleman's brood, that ye will kick and cuff a lad when he's down?"

When I heard this kind and unexpected interference, I began once more to value myself on my courage, and springing up, I made at my adversary; but John, without saying a word, bit his lip, and seizing me by the neck, threw me down. M'Gill begged of him to stand and see fair play, and suffer us to finish the battle; for, added he, "he is a liar, and a scoundrel, and deserves ten ttmes more than I can give him."

"I ken he's a' that ye say, an' mair, my man," quoth John: "but am I sure that ye're no as bad, an' waur? It says nae muckle for ony o' ye to be tearing like tikes at ane anither here."

John cocked his cudgel and stood between us, threatening to knock the one dead who first offered to lift his hand against the other; but perceiving no disposition in any of us to separate, he drove me home before him like a bullock, keeping close guard behind me, lest M'Gill had followed. I felt greatly indebted to John, yet I complained of his interference to my mother, and the old officious sinner got no thanks for his pains.

As I am writing only from recollection, so I remember of nothing farther in these early days, in the least worthy of being recorded. That I was a great, a transcendant sinner, I confess. But still I had hopes of forgiveness, because I never sinned from principle, but accident; and then I always *tried* to repent of these sins by the slump, for individually it was impossible; and though not always successful in my endeavours, I could not help that; the grace of repentance being withheld from me, I regarded myself as in no degree accountable for the failure. Moreover, there were many of the most deadly sins into which I never fell, for I dreaded those mentioned in the Revelations as excluding sins, so that I guarded against them continually. In particular, I brought myself to despise, if not to abhor the beauty of women, looking on it as the greatest snare to which mankind are subjected, aud though young men and maidens, and even old women (my mother among the rest), taxed me with being an unnatural wretch, I gloried in my acquisition; and to this day am thankful for having escaped the most dangerous of all snares.

I kept myself also free of the sins of idolatry, and misbelief, both of a deadly nature; and, upon the whole, I think I had not then broken, that is, absolutely broken, above four out of the ten commandments; but for all that, I had more sense than to regard either my good works, or my evil deeds, as in the smallest degree influencing the eternal decrees of God concerning me, either with regard to my acceptance or reprobation. I depended entirely on the bounty of free grace, holding all the righteousness of man as filthy rags, and believing in the momentous and magnificent truth, that the more heavily laden with transgressions, the more welcome was the believer at the throne of grace. And I have reason to believe that it was this dependence and this belief that at last ensured my acceptance there.

I come now to the most important period of my existence,—the period that has modelled my character, and influenced every action of my life,—without which this detail of my actions would have been as a tale that hath been told —a monotonous *farrago*—an uninteresting harangue,—in short, a thing of nothing. Whereas, lo! it must now be a relation of great and terrible actions, done in the might, and by the commission of Heaven. *Amen.*

Like the sinful king of Israel, I had been walking softly before the Lord for a season. I had been humbled for my transgressions, and, as far as I recollect, sorry on account of their numbers and heinousness. My reverend father

had been, moreover, examining me every day regarding the state of my soul, and my answers sometimes appeared to give him satisfaction, and sometimes not. As for my mother, she would harp on the subject of my faith for ever; yet, though I knew her to be a Christian, I confess that I always despised her motley instruction, nor had I any great regard for her person. If this was a crime in me, I never could help it. I confess it freely, and believe it was a judgment from heaven inflicted on her for some sin of former days, and that I had no power to have acted otherwise toward her than I did.

In this frame of mind was I when my reverend father one morning arose from his seat, and, meeting me as I entered the room, he embraced me, and welcomed me into the community of the just upon earth. I was struck speechless, and could make no answer save by looks of surprise. My mother also came to me, kissed, and wept over me; and after showering unnumbered blessings on my head, she also welcomed me into the society of *the just made perfect*. Then each of them took me by a hand, and my reverend father explained to me how he had wrestled with God, as the patriarch of old had done, not for a night, but for days and years, and that in bitterness and anguish of spirit, on my account; but that *he* had at last prevailed, and had now gained the long and earnestly desired assurance of my acceptance with the Almighty, in and through the merits and sufferings of His Son.

I wept for joy to be assured of my freedom from all sin, and of the impossibility of my ever again falling away from my new state. I bounded away into the fields and the woods, to pour out my spirit in prayer before the Almighty for His kindness to me: my whole frame seemed to be renewed; every nerve was buoyant with new life; I felt as if I could have flown in the air, or leaped over the tops of the trees. An exaltation of spirit lifted me, as it were, far above the earth, and the sinful creatures crawling on its surface; and I deemed myself as an eagle among the children of men, soaring on high, and looking down with pity and contempt on the grovelling creatures below.

As I thus wended my way, I beheld a young man of a mysterious appearance coming towards me. I tried to shun him, being bent on my own contemplations; but he cast himself in my way, so that I could not well avoid him; and more than that, I felt a sort of invisible power that drew me towards him, something like the force of enchantment, which I could not resist. As we approached each other our eyes met, and I can never describe the strange sensations that thrilled through my whole frame at that impressive moment; a moment to me fraught with the most tremendous consequences; the beginning of a series of adventures which has puzzled myself, and will puzzle the world when I am no more in it. That time will soon arrive, sooner than any one can devise who knows not the tumult of my thoughts, and the labour of my spirit; and when it hath come and passed over—when my flesh and my bones are decayed, and my soul has passed to its everlasting home, then shall the sons of men ponder on the events of my life; wonder and tremble, and tremble and wonder how such things should be.

That stranger youth and I approached other in silence, and slowly, with our eyes fixed on each other's eyes. We approached till not more than a yard intervened between us, and then stood still and gazed, measuring each other from head to foot. What was my astonishment on perceiving that he was the same being as myself! The clothes were the same to the smallest item. The form was the same; the apparent age; the colour of the hair; the eyes; and, as far as recollection could serve me from viewing my own features in a glass, the features too were the very same. I conceived at first that I saw a vision, and that my guardian angel had appeared to me at this important era of my life; but this singular being read my thoughts in my looks, anticipating the very words that I was going to utter.

"You think I am your brother," said he; "or that I am your second self. I am indeed your brother, not according to the flesh, but in my belief of the same truths, and my assurance in the same mode of redemption, than which, I hold nothing so great or so glorious on earth."

"Then you are an associate well adapted to my present state," said I. "For this time is a time of great rejoicing in spirit to me. I am on my way to return thanks for my redemption from the bonds of sin and misery. If you will join with me heart and hand in youthful thanksgiving, then shall we two go and worship together, but if not, go your way, and I shall go mine."

"Ah, you little know with how much pleasure I will accompany you, and join with you in your elevated devotions," said he fervently. "Your state is a state to be envied indeed; but I have been advised of it, and am come to be a humble disciple of yours; to be initiated into the true way of salvation by conversing with you, and perhaps by being assisted by your prayers."

My spiritual pride being greatly elevated by this address, I began to assume the preceptor, and questioned this extraordinary youth with regard to his religious principles, telling him plainly, if he was one who expected acceptance with God at all, on account of good works, that I would hold no communion with him. We then went on to commune about all our points of belief; and in everything that I suggested, he acquiesced, and, as I thought that day, often carried them to extremes, so that I had a secret dread he was advancing blasphemies. Yet he had such a way with him, and paid such a deference to all my opinions, that I was quite captivated, and, at the same time, I stood in a sort of awe of him, which I could not account for, and several times was seized with an involuntary inclination to escape from his presence, by making a sudden retreat. But he seemed constantly to anticipate my thoughts, and was sure to divert my purpose by some turn in the conversation that particularly interested me.

We moved about from one place to another, until the day was wholly spent. My mind had all the while been kept in a state of agitation resembling the motion of a whirlpool, and when we came to separate, I then discovered that the purpose for which I had sought the fields had been neglected, and that I had been diverted from the worship of God, by attending to the quibbles and dogmas of this singular and unaccountable being, who seemed to have more knowledge and information than all the persons I had ever known put together.

We parted with expressions of mutual regret, and when I left him I felt a deliverance, but at the same time a certain consciousness that I was not thus to get free of him, but that he was like to be an acquaintance that was to stick to me for good or for evil. I was astonished at his acuteness and knowledge about everything; but as for his likeness to me, that was quite unaccountable. He was the same person in every respect, but yet he was not always so; for I observed several times, when we were speaking of certain divines and their tenets, that his face assumed something of the appearance of theirs; and it struck me, that by setting his features to the mould of other people's, he entered at once into their conceptions and feelings. I had been greatly flattered and greatly interested by his conversation; whether I had been the better for it or the worse, I could not tell. I had been diverted from returning thanks to my gracious Maker for his great kindness to me, and came home as I went away, but not with the same buoyancy and lightness of heart. Well may I remember that day in which I was first received into the number, and made an heir to all the privileges of the children of God, and on which I first met this mysterious associate, who from that day forth contrived to wind himself into all my affairs, both spiritual and temporal, to this day on which I am writing the account of it. It was on the 25th day of March, 1704, when I had just entered the eighteenth year of my age. Whether it behoves me to bless God for the events of that day, or to deplore them, has been hid from my discernment, though I have inquired into it with fear and trembling; and I have now lost all hopes of ever discovering the true import of these events until that day when my accounts are to make up and reckon for in another world.

When I came home, I went straight into the parlour, where my mother was sitting by herself. She started to her feet, and uttered a smothered scream. "What ails you, Robert?" cried she. "My dear son, what is the matter with you?"

"Do you see any thing the matter with me?" said I. "It appears that the ailment is with yourself, and either in your crazed head or your dim eyes, for there is nothing the matter with me."

"Ah, Robert, you are ill," cried she; "you are very ill, my dear boy; you are quite changed; your very voice and manner are changed. Ah, Jane, haste you up to the study, and tell Mr. Wringhim to come here on the instant and speak to Robert."

"I beseech you, woman, to restrain yourself," said I. "If you suffer your frenzy to run away with your judgment in this manner, I will leave the house. What do you mean? I tell you, there is nothing ails me: I never was better."

She screamed, and ran between me and the door, to bar my retreat: in the mean time my reverend father entered, and I have not forgot how he gazed, through his glasses, first at my mother, and then at me. I imagined that his eyes burnt like candles, and was afraid of him, which I suppose made my looks more unstable than they would otherwise have been.

"What is all this for?" said he. "Mistress! Robert! What is the matter here?"

"Oh, sir, our boy!" cried my mother; "our dear boy, Mr. Wringhim! Look at him, and speak to him: he is either dying or translated, sir!"

He looked at me with a countenance of great alarm; mumbling some sentences to himself, and then taking me by the arm, as if to feel my pulse, he said, with a faltering voice, "Something has indeed befallen you, either in body or mind, boy, for you are so transformed since the morning, that I could not have known you for the same person. Have you met with any accident?"

"No."

"Have you seen any thing out of the ordinary course of nature?"

"No."

"Then, Satan, I fear, has been busy with you, tempting you in no ordinary degree at this momentous crisis of your life?"

My mind turned on my associate for the day, and the idea that he might be an agent of the devil, had such an effect on me, that I could make no answer.

"I see how it is," said he; "you are troubled in spirit, and I have no doubt that the enemy of our salvation has been busy with you. Tell me this, has he overcome you, or has he not?"

"He has not, my dear father," said I. "In the strength of the Lord, I hope I have withstood him. But indeed, if he has been busy with me, I knew it not. I have been conversant this day with one stranger only, whom I took rather for an angel of light."

"It is one of the devil's most profound wiles to appear like one," said my mother.

"Woman, hold thy peace!" said my reverend father: "thou pretendest to teach what thou knowest not. Tell me this, boy. Did this stranger, with whom you met, adhere to the religious principles in which I have educated you?"

"Yes, to every one of them, in their fullest latitude," said I.

"Then he was no agent of the wicked one with whom you held converse," said he; "for that is the doctrine that was made to overturn the principalities and powers, the might and dominion of the kingdom of darkness.—Let us pray."

After spending about a quarter of an hour in solemn and sublime thanksgiving, this saintly man gave out that the day following should be kept by the family as a day of solemn thanksgiving, and spent in prayer and praise, on account of the calling and election of one of its members; or rather for the election of that individual being revealed on earth, as well as confirmed in heaven.

The next day was with me a day of holy exultation. It was begun by my reverend father laying his hands upon my head and blessing me, and then

dedicating me to the Lord in the most awful and impressive manner. It was no common way that he exercised this profound rite, for it was done with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a devotee to the true cause, and a champion on the side he had espoused. He used these remarkable words; "May he be a two-edged weapon in Thy hand, and a spear coming out of Thy mouth, to destroy, and overcome, and pass over; and may the enemies of Thy church fall down before him, and be as dung to fat the land!"

From that moment, I conceived it decreed, not that I should be a minister of the gospel, but a champion of it, to cut off the wicked from the face of the earth; and I rejoiced in the commission, finding it more congenial to my nature to be cutting sinners off with the sword, than to be haranguing them from the pulpit, striving to produce an effect, which God, by his act of absolute predestination, had for ever rendered impracticable. The more I pondered on these things, the more I saw of the folly and inconsistency of ministers, in spending their lives, striving and remonstrating with sinners, in order to induce them to do that which they had it not in their power to do. How much more wise would it be, thought I, to begin and cut sinners off with the sword! for till that is effected, the saints can never inherit the earth in peace. Should I be honoured as an instrument to begin this great work of purification, I should rejoice in it. But then, where had I the means, or under what direction was I to begin? There was one thing clear, I was now the Lord's, and it behoved me to bestir myself in his service. O that I had an host at my command, then would I be as a devouring fire among the workers of iniquity!

Full of these great ideas, I hurried through the city, and sought again the private path through the field and wood of Finnieston, in which my reverend preceptor had the privilege of walking for study, and to which he had a key that was always at my command. Near one of the stiles, I perceived a young man sitting in a devout posture, reading on a Bible. He rose, lifted his hat, and made an obeisance to me, which I returned and walked on. I had not well crossed the stile, till it struck me I knew the face of the youth, and that he was some intimate acquaintance, to whom I ought to have spoken. I walked on, and returned, and walked on again, trying to recollect who he was; but for my life I could not. There was, however, a fascination in his look and manner, that drew me back toward him in spite of myself, and I resolved to go to him, if it were merely to speak and see who he was.

"I came up to him and addressed him, but he was so intent on his book, that, though I spoke, he lifted not his eyes. I looked on the book also, and still it seemed a Bible, having columns, chapters, and verse; but it was in a language of which I was wholly ignorant, and all intersected with red lines and verses. A sensation resembling a stroke of electricity came over me, on first casting my eyes on that mysterious book, and I stood motionless. He looked up, smiled, closed his book, and put it in his bosom. "You seem strangely affected, dear sir, by looking on my book," said he mildly.

"What book is that?" said I: "is it a Bible?"

"It is *my* Bible, sir," said he; "but I will cease reading it, for I am glad to see you. Pray, is not this a day of holy festivity with you?"

I stared in his face, but made no answer, for my senses were bewildered.

"Do you not know me?" said he. "You appear to be somehow at a loss. Had not you and I some sweet communion and fellowship yesterday?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "But surely if you are the young gentleman with whom I spent the hours yesterday, you have the camelon art of changing your appearance; I never could have recognised you."

"My countenance changes with my studies and sensations," said he. "It is a natural peculiarity in me, over which I have not full control. If I contemplate a man's features seriously, mine own gradually assume the very same appearance and character. And what is more, by contemplating a face minutely, I not only attain the same likeness, but, with the likeness, attain the very same ideas as well as the same mode of arranging them, so that, you

see, by looking at a person attentively, I by degrees assume his likeness, and by assuming his likeness I attain to the possession of his most secret thoughts. This, I say, is a peculiarity in my nature, a gift of the God that made me; but whether or not given me for a blessing, he knows himself and so do I. At all events, I have this privilege,—I can never be mistaken of a character in whom I am interested."

"It is a rare qualification," replied I, "and I would give worlds to possess it. Then, it appears, that it is needless to dissemble with you, since you can at any time extract our most secret thoughts from our bosoms. You already know my natural character?"

"Yes," said he, "and it is that which attaches me to you. By assuming your likeness yesterday, I became acquainted with your character, and was no less astonished at the profundity and range of your thoughts, than at the heroic magnanimity with which these were combined. And now, in addition to these, you are dedicated to the great work of the Lord; for which reasons I have resolved to attach myself as closely to you as possible, and to render you all the service of which my poor abilities are capable."

I confess that I was greatly flattered by these compliments paid to my abilities by a youth of such superior qualifications; by one who, with a modesty, and affability rare at his age, combined a height of genius and knowledge almost above human comprehension. Nevertheless, I began to assume a certain superiority of demeanour toward him, as judging it incumbent on me to do so, in order to keep up his idea of my exalted character; but I soon felt, that, instead of being a humble disciple of mine, this new acquaintance was to be my guide and director, and all under the humble guise of one stooping at my feet to learn the right. He said that he saw I was ordained to perform some great action for the cause of Jesus and his church, and he earnestly coveted being a partaker with me; but he besought of me never to think it possible for me to fall from the truth, or the favour of him who had chosen me, else that misbelief would baulk every good work to which I set my face.

There was something so flattering in all this, that I could not resist it. Still, when he took leave of me, I felt it as a great relief; and yet, before the morrow, I wearied and was impatient to see him again. We carried on our fellowship from day to day, and all the while I knew not who he was, and still my mother and reverend father kept insisting that I was an altered youth, changed in my appearance, my manners, and my whole conduct; yet something always prevented me from telling them more about my new acquaintance than I had done on the first day we met. I rejoiced in him, was proud of him, and soon could not live without him; yet, though resolved every day to disclose the whole history of my connexion with him, I had it not in my power: something always prevented me, till at length I thought no more of it, but resolved to enjoy his fascinating company in private, and by all means to keep my own with him. The resolution was vain: I set a bold face to it, but my powers were inadequate to the task; my adherent, with all the suavity imaginable, was sure to carry his point. I sometimes fumed, and sometimes shed tears at being obliged to yield to proposals against which I had at first felt every reasoning power of my soul rise in opposition; but, for all that, he never failed in carrying conviction along with him in effect, for he either forced me to acquiesce in his measures, and assent to the truth of his positions, or he put me so completely down, that I had not a word left to advance against them.

After weeks, I may say months of intimacy, I observed, somewhat to my amazement, that we had never once prayed together; and more than that, that he had constantly led my attentions away from that duty, causing me to neglect it wholly. I thought this a bad mark of a man seemingly so much set on inculcating certain important points of religion, and resolved next day to put him to the test, and request of him to perform that sacred duty in name of us both. He objected boldly; saying there were very few people indeed, with whom he could join in prayer, and he made a point of never doing it, as

he was sure they were to ask many things of which he disapproved, and that if he were to officiate himself, he was as certain to allude to many things that came not within the range of their faith. He disapproved of prayer altogether in the manner it was generally gone about, he said. Man made it merely a selfish concern, and was constantly employed asking, asking for every thing. Whereas it became all God's creatures to be content with their lot, and only to kneel before him in order to thank him for such benefits as he saw meet to bestow. In short, he argued with such energy, that before we parted I acquiesced, as usual, in his position, and never mentioned prayer to him any more.

Having been so frequently seen in his company, several people happened to mention the circumstance to my mother and reverend father; but at the same time had all described him differently. At length they began to examine me with regard to the company I kept, as I absented myself from home day after day. I told them I kept company only with one young gentleman, whose whole manner of thinking on religious subjects, I found so congenial with my own, that I could not live out of his society. My mother began to lay down some of her old hackneyed rules of faith, but I turned from hearing her with disgust; for, after the energy of my new friend's reasoning, hers appeared so tame I could not endure it. And I confess with shame, that my reverend preceptor's religious dissertations began, about this time, to lose their relish very much, and by degrees became exceedingly tiresome to my ear. They were so inferior, in strength and sublimity, to the most common observations of my young friend, that in drawing a comparison the former appeared as nothing. He, however, examined me about many things relating to my companion, in all of which I satisfied him, save in one: I could neither tell him who my friend was, what was his name, nor of whom he was descended; and I wondered at myself how I had never once adverted to such a thing, for all the time we had been intimate.

I inquired the next day what his name was; as I said I was often at a loss for it, when talking with him. He replied, that there was no occasion for any one friend ever naming another, when their society was held in private, as ours was; for his part he had never once named me since we first met, and never intended to do so, unless by my own request. "But if you cannot converse without naming me, you may call me Gil for the present," added he; "and if I think proper to take another name at any future period, it shall be with your approbation."

"Gil!" said I; "have you no name but Gil? Or which of your names is it?—your Christian or surname?"

"O, you must have a surname too, must you!" replied he; "Very well, you may call me Gil-Martin. It is not my *Christian* name; but it *is* a name which may serve your turn."

"This is very strange!" said I. "Are you ashamed of your parents, that you refuse to give your real name?"

"I have no parents save one, whom I do not acknowledge," said he proudly; "therefore pray drop that subject, for it is a disagreeable one. I am a being of a very peculiar temper, for though I have servants and subjects more than I can number, yet, to gratify a certain whim, I have left them, and retired to this city, and for all the society it contains, you see I have attached myself only to you. This is a secret, and I tell it you only in friendship, therefore pray let it remain one, and say not another word about the matter."

I assented, and said no more concerning it; for it instantly struck me that this was no other than the Czar Peter of Russia, having heard that he had been travelling through Europe in disguise, and I cannot say that I had not thenceforward great and mighty hopes of high preferment, as a defender and avenger of the oppressed Christian Church, under the influence of this great potentate. He had hinted as much already, as that it was more honourable, and of more avail to put down the wicked with the sword, than try to reform

them, and I thought myself quite justified in supposing that he intended me for some great employment, that he had thus selected me for his companion out of all the rest in Scotland, and even pretended to learn the great truths of religion from my mouth. From that time I felt disposed to yield to such a great prince's suggestions without hesitation.

Nothing ever astonished me so much, as the uncommon powers with which he seemed invested. In our walk one day, we met with a Mr. Blanchard, who was reckoned a worthy, pious divine, but quite of the moral cast, who joined us; and we three walked on, and rested together in the fields. My companion did not seem to like him, but, nevertheless, regarded him frequently with deep attention, and there were several times, while he seemed contemplating him, and trying to find out his thoughts, that his face became so like Mr. Blanchard's, that it was impossible to have distinguished the one from the other. The antipathy between the two was mutual, and discovered itself quite palpably in a short time. When my companion the prince was gone, Mr. Blanchard asked me anent him, and I told him that he was a stranger in the city, but a very uncommon and great personage. Mr. Blanchard's answer to me was as follows: "I never saw any body I disliked so much in my life, Mr. Robert; and if it be true that he is a stranger here, which I doubt, believe me he is come for no good."

"Do you not perceive what mighty powers of mind he is possessed of?" said I, "and also how clear and unhesitating he is on some of the most interesting points of divinity?"

"It is for his great mental faculties that I dread him," said he. "It is incalculable what evil such a person as he may do, if so disposed. There is a sublimity in his ideas, with which there is to me a mixture of terror; and when he talks of religion, he does it as one that rather dreads its truths than reverences them. He, indeed, pretends great strictness of orthodoxy regarding some of the points of doctrine embraced by the reformed church; but you do not seem to perceive, that both you and he are carrying these points to a dangerous extremity. Religion is a sublime and glorious thing, the bond of society on earth, and the connector of humanity with the Divine nature; but there is nothing so dangerous to man as the wresting of any of its principles, or forcing them beyond their due bounds: this is of all others the readiest way to destruction. Neither is there anything so easily done. There is not an error into which a man can fall, of which he may not press Scripture into his service as proof of its probity, and though your boasted theologian shunned the full discussion of the subject before me, while you pressed it, I can easily see that both you and he are carrying your ideas of absolute predestination, and its concomitant appendages, to an extent that overthrows all religion and revelation together. Believe me, Mr. Robert, the less you associate with that illustrious stranger the better."

"I was rather stunned at this; but I pretended to smile with disdain, and said, it did not become youth to control age; and, as I knew our principles differed fundamentally, it behoved us to drop the subject. He, however, would not drop it, but took both my principles and me fearfully to task, for Blanchard was an eloquent and powerful-minded old man; and, before we parted, I believe I promised to drop my new acquaintance, and was *all but* resolved to do it.

As well might I have laid my account with shunning the light of day. He was constant to me as my shadow, and by degrees he acquired such an ascendency over me, that I never was happy out of his company, nor greatly so in it. When I repeated to him all that Mr. Blanchard had said, his countenance kindled with indignation and rage; and then by degrees his eyes sunk inward, his brow lowered, so that I was awed, and withdrew my eyes from looking at him. A while afterward, as I was addressing him, I chanced to look him again in the face, and the sight of him made me start violently. He had made himself so like Mr. Blanchard, that I actually believed I had been addressing that gentleman, and that I had done so in some absence of mind that I could

not account for. Instead of being amused at the quandary I was in, he seemed offended: indeed, he never was truly amused with anything. And he then asked me sullenly, if I conceived such personages as he to have no other endowments than common mortals!

I said I never conceived that princes or potentates had any greater share of endowments than other men, and frequently not so much. He shook his head, and bade me think over the subject again; and there was an end of it. I certainly felt every day the more disposed to acknowledge such a superiority in him, and from all that I could gather, I had now no doubt that he was Peter of Russia. Every thing combined to warrant the supposition, and, of course, I resolved to act in conformity with the discovery I had made.

For several days the subject of Mr. Blanchard's doubts and doctrines formed the theme of our discourse. My friend deprecated them most devoutly; and then again he would deplore them, and lament the great evil that such a man might do among the human race. I joined with him in allowing the evil in its fullest latitude; and, at length, after he thought he had fully prepared my nature for such a trial of its powers and abilities, he proposed calmly that we two should make away with Mr. Blanchard. I was so shocked, that my bosom became as it were a void, and the beatings of my heart sounded loud and hollow in it; my breath cut, and my tongue and palate became dry and speechless. He mocked at my cowardice, and began a-reasoning on the matter with such powerful eloquence, that before we parted, I felt fully convinced that it was my bounden duty to slay Mr. Blanchard; but my will was far, very far from consenting to the deed.

I spent the following night without sleep, or nearly so; and the next morning, by the time the sun arose, I was again abroad, and in the company of my illustrious friend. The same subject was resumed, and again he reasoned to the following purport:—That supposing me placed at the head of an army of Christian soldiers, all bent on putting down the enemies of the church, would I have any hesitation in destroying and rooting out these enemies?—None surely.—Well then, when I saw and was convinced, that here was an individual who was doing more detriment to the church of Christ on earth, than tens of thousand of such warriors were capable of doing, was it not my duty to cut him off? "He, who would be a champion in the cause of Christ and his Church, my brave young friend," added he, "must begin early, and no man can calculate to what an illustrious eminence small beginnings may lead. If the man Blanchard is worthy, he is only changing his situation for a better one; and if unworthy, it is better that one fall, than that a thousand souls perish. Let us be up and doing in our vocations. For me, my resolution is taken; I have but one great aim in this world, and I never for a moment lose sight of it."

I was obliged to admit the force of his reasoning; for though I cannot from memory repeat his words, his eloquence was of that overpowering nature, that the subtility of other men sunk before it; and there is also little doubt that the assurance I had that these words were spoken by a great potentate, who could raise me to the highest eminence (provided that I entered into his extensive and decisive measures), assisted mightily in dispelling my youthful scruples and qualms of conscience; and I thought, moreover, that having such a powerful back friend to support me, I hardly needed to be afraid of the consequences. I consented! But begged a little time to think of it. He said the less one thought of a duty the better; and we parted.

But the most singular instance of this wonderful man's power over my mind was, that he had as complete influence over me by night as by day. All my dreams corresponded exactly with his suggestions; and when he was absent from me, still his arguments sunk deeper in my heart than even when he was present. I dreamed that night of a great triumph obtained, and though the whole scene was but dimly and confusedly defined in my vision, yet the overthrow and death of Mr. Blanchard was the first step by

which I attained the eminent station I occupied. Thus, by dreaming of the event by night, and discoursing of it by day, it soon became so familiar to my mind, that I almost conceived it as done. It was resolved on: which was the first and greatest victory gained; for there was no difficulty in finding opportunities enow of cutting off a man, who, every good day, was to be found walking by himself in private grounds. I went and heard him preach for two days, and in fact I held his tenets scarcely short of blasphemy; they were such as I had never heard before, and his congregation, which was numerous, were turning up their ears, and drinking in his doctrines with the utmost delight; for O, they suited their carnal natures and self-sufficiency to a hair!

When I began to tell the prince about his false doctrines, to my astonishment I found that he had been in the church himself, and had every argument that the old divine had used *verbatim;* and he remarked on them with great concern, that these were not the tenets that corresponded with his views in society, and that he had agents in every city, and every land, exerting their powers to put them down. I asked, with great simplicity, "Are all your subjects Christians, prince?"

"All my European subjects are, or deem themselves so," returned he; "and they are the most faithful and true subjects I have."

Who could doubt, after this, that he was the Czar of Russia? I have nevertheless had reasons to doubt of his identity since that period, and which of my conjectures is right I believe heaven only knows, for I do not. I shall go on to write such things as I remember, and if any one shall ever take the trouble to read over these confessions, such a one will judge for himself. It will be observed, that ever since I fell in with this extraordinary person, I have written about him only, and I must continue to do so to the end of this memoir, as I have performed no great or interesting action in which he had not a principal share.

He came to me one day and said, "We must not linger thus in executing what we have resolved on. We have much before our hands to perform for the benefit of mankind, both civil as well as religious. Let us do what we have to do here, and then we must wend our way to other cities, and perhaps to other countries. Mr. Blanchard is to hold forth in the high church of Paisley on Sunday next, on some particular great occasion: this must be defeated; he must not go there. As he will be busy arranging his discourses, we may expect him to be walking by himself in Finnieston Dell the greater part of Friday and Saturday. Let us go and cut him off. What is the life of a man more than the life of a lamb, or any guiltless animal? It is not half so much, especially when we consider the immensity of the mischief this old fellow is working among our fellow-creatures. Can there be any doubt that it is the duty of one consecrated to God, to cut off such a mildew?"

"I fear me, great sovereign," said I, "that your ideas of retribution are too sanguine, and too arbitrary for the laws of this country. I dispute not that your motives are great and high; but have you debated the consequences, and settled the result?"

"I have," returned he, "and hold myself amenable for the action, to the laws of God and of equity; as to the enactments of men, I despise them. Fain would I see the weapon of providence begin the work of vengeance that awaits it to do!"

I could not help thinking, that I perceived a little derision of countenance on his face as he said this, nevertheless I sunk dumb before such a man, and aroused myself to the task, seeing he would not have it deferred. I approved of it in theory, but my spirit stood aloof from the practice. I saw and was convinced that the elect would be happier, and purer, were the wicked and unbelievers all cut off from troubling and misleading them, but if it had not been the instigations of this illustrious stranger, I should never have presumed to begin so great a work myself. Yet, though he often aroused my zeal to the

highest pitch, still my heart at times shrank from the shedding of life-blood, and it was only at the earnest and unceasing instigations of my enlightened and voluntary patron, that I at length put my hand to the conclusive work. After I said all that I could say, and all had been overborne (I remember my actions and words as well as it had been yesterday), I turned round hesitatingly, and looked up to Heaven for direction ; but there was a dimness came over my eyes that I could not see. The appearance was as if there had been a veil drawn over me, so nigh that I put up my hand to feel it ; and then Gil-Martin (as this great sovereign was pleased to have himself called), frowned, and asked me what I was grasping at? I knew not what to say, but answered, with fear and shame, "I have no weapons, not one ; nor know I where any are to be found."

"The God whom thou servest will provide these," said he, "if thou provest worthy of the trust committed to thee."

I looked again up into the cloudy veil that covered us, and thought I beheld golden weapons of every description let down in it, but all with their points towards me. I kneeled, and was going to stretch out my hand to take one, when my patron seized me, as I thought, by the clothes, and dragged me away with as much ease as I had been a lamb, saying, with a joyful and elevated voice,—Come, my friend, let us depart : thou art dreaming—thou art dreaming. Rouse up all the energies of thy exalted mind, for thou art an highly-favoured one ; and doubt thou not, that he whom *thou* servest will be ever at thy right and left hand, to direct and assist thee."

These words, but particularly the vision I had seen, of the golden weapons descending out of Heaven, inflamed my zeal to that height that I was as one beside himself ; which my parents perceived that night, and made some motions toward confining me to my room. I joined in the family prayers, and then I afterwards sung a psalm, and prayed by myself ; and I had good reasons for believing that that small oblation of praise and prayer was not turned to sin.

I felt greatly strengthened and encouraged that night, and the next morning I ran to meet my companion, out of whose eye I had now no life. He rejoiced at seeing me so forward in the great work of reformation by blood, and said many things to raise my hopes of future fame and glory ; and then, producing two pistols of pure beaten gold, he held them out and proffered me the choice of one, saying, "See what thy master hath provided thee !" I took one of them eagerly, for I perceived at once that they were two of the very weapons that were let down from Heaven in the cloudy veil, the dim tapestry of the firmament ; and I said to myself, "Surely this is the will of the Lord."

The little splendid and enchanting piece was so perfect, so complete, and so ready for executing the will of the donor, that I now longed to use it in his service. I loaded it with my own hand, as Gil-Martin did the other, and we took our stations behind a bush of hawthorn and bramble on the verge of the wood, and almost close to the walk. My patron was so acute in all his calculations that he never mistook an event. We had not taken our stand above a minute and a half, till old Mr. Blanchard appeared, coming slowly on the path. When we saw this, we cowered down, and leaned each of us a knee upon the ground, pointing the pistols through the bush, with an aim so steady, that it was impossible to miss our victim.

He came deliberately on, pausing at times so long, that we dreaded he was going to turn. Gil-Martin dreaded it, and I said I did, but wished in my heart that he might. He, however, came onward, and I will never forget the manner in which he came ! No,—I don't believe I ever can forget it, either in the narrow bounds of time or the ages of eternity ! He was a boardly ill-shaped man, of a rude exterior, and a little bent with age ; his hands were clasped behind his back, and below his coat, and he walked with a slow swinging air that was very peculiar. When he paused and looked abroad on nature, the act was highly impressive : he seemed conscious of being all alone, and conversant only with God and the elements of his creation. Never

was there such a picture of human inadvertency! a man approaching step by step to the one that was to hurl him out of one existence into another, with as much ease and indifference as the ox goeth to the stall. Hideous vision, wilt thou not be gone from my mental sight! If not, let me bear with thee as I can!

When he came straight opposite to the muzzles of our pieces, Gil-Martin called out "Eh!" with a short quick sound. The old man, without starting, turned his face and breast toward us, and looked into the wood, but looked over our heads. "Now!" whispered my companion, and fired. But my hand refused the office, for I was not at that moment sure about becoming an assassin in the cause of Christ and his Church. I thought I heard a sweet voice behind me, whispering me to beware, and I was going to look round, when my companion exclaimed, "Coward, we are ruined!"

I had no time for an alternative: Gil-Martin's ball had not taken effect, which was altogether wonderful, as the old man's breast was within a few yards of him. "Hilloa!" cried Blanchard; "what is that for, you dog!" and with that he came forward to look over the bush. I hesitated, as I said, and attempted to look behind me; but there was no time: the next step discovered two assassins lying in covert, waiting for blood. "Coward, we are ruined!" cried my indignant friend; and that moment my piece was discharged. The effect was as might have been expected: the old man first stumbled to one side, and then fell on his back. We kept our places, and I perceived my companion's eyes gleaming with an unnatural joy. The wounded man raised himself from the bank to a sitting posture, and I beheld his eyes swimming; he, however, appeared sensible, for we heard him saying in a low and rattling voice, "Alas, alas! whom have I offended, that they should have been driven to an act like this! Come forth and show yourselves, that I may either forgive you before I die, or curse you in the name of the Lord." He then fell a groping with both hands on the ground, as if feeling for something he had lost, manifestly in the agonies of death; and, with a solemn and interrupted prayer for forgiveness, he breathed his last.

I had become rigid as a statue, whereas my associate appeared to be elevated above measure. "Arise, thou faint-hearted one, and let us be going," said he. "Thou hast done well for once; but wherefore hesitate in such a cause? This is but a small beginning of so great a work as that of purging the Christian world. But the first victim is a worthy one, and more of such lights must be extinguished immediately."

We touched not our victim, nor any thing pertaining to him, for fear of staining our hands with his blood; and the firing having brought three men within view, who were hasting towards the spot, my undaunted companion took both the pistols, and went forward as with intent to meet them, bidding me shift for myself. I ran off in a contrary direction, till I came to the foot of the Pearman Sike, and then, running up the hollow of that I appeared on the top of the bank as if I had been another man brought in view by hearing the shots in such a place. I had a full view of a part of what passed, though not of all. I saw my companion going straight to meet the men, apparently with a pistol in every hand, waving in a careless manner. They seemed not quite clear of meeting with him, and so he went straight on, and passed between them. They looked after him, and came onward; but when they came to the old man lying stretched in his blood, then they turned and pursued my companion, though not so quickly as they might have done; and I understood that from the first they saw no more of him.

Great was the confusion that day in Glasgow. The most popular of all their preachers of morality was (what they called) murdered in cold blood, and a strict and extensive search was made for the assassin. Neither of the accomplices was found, however, that is certain, nor was either of them so much as suspected; but another man was apprehended under circumstances that warranted suspicion.—This was one of the things that I witnessed in my life, which I never understood, and it surely was one of my patron's most

dexterous tricks, for I must still say, what I have thought from the beginning, that like him there never was a man created. The young man who was taken up was a preacher; and it was proved that he had purchased fire-arms in town, and gone out with them that morning. But the far greatest mystery of the whole was, that two of the men, out of the three who met my companion, swore, that that unfortunate preacher was the man whom they met with a pistol in each hand, fresh from the death of the old divine. The poor fellow made a confused speech himself, which there is not the least doubt was quite true; but it was laughed to scorn, and an expression of horror ran through both the hearers and jury. I heard the whole trial, and so did Gil-Martin; but we left the journeyman preacher to his fate, and from that time forth I have had no faith in the justice of criminal trials. If once a man is prejudiced on one side, he will swear any thing in support of such prejudice. I tried to expostulate with my mysterious friend on the horrid injustice of suffering this young man to die for our act, but the prince exulted in it more than the other, and said the latter was the more dangerous man of the two.

The alarm in and about Glasgow was prodigious. The country being divided into two political parties, the court and the country party, the former held meetings, issued proclamations, and offered rewards, ascribing all to the violence of party spirit, and deprecating the infernal measures of their opponents. I did not understand their political differences; but it was easy to see that the true Gospel preachers joined all on one side, and the upholders of pure morality and a blameless life on the other, so that this division proved a test to us, and it was forthwith resolved, that we two should pick out some of the leading men of this unsaintly and heterodox cabal, and cut them off one by one, as occasion should suit.

Now the ice being broke, I felt considerable zeal in our great work, but pretended much more; and we might soon have kidnapped them all through the ingenuity of my patron, had not our next attempt miscarried, by some awkwardness or mistake of mine. The consequence was, that he was discovered fairly, and very nigh seized. I also was seen, and suspected so far, that my reverend father, my mother, and myself were examined privately. I denied all knowledge of the matter; and they held it in such a ridiculous light, and their conviction of the complete groundlessness of the suspicion was so perfect, that their testimony prevailed, and the affair was hushed. I was obliged, however, to walk circumspectly, and saw my companion the prince very seldom, who was prowling about every day, quite unconcerned about his safety. He was every day a new man, however, and needed not to be alarmed at any danger; for such a facility had he in disguising himself, that if it had not been for a password which we had between us, for the purposes of recognition, I never could have known him myself.

It so happened that my reverend father was called to Edinburgh about this time, to assist with his counsel in settling the national affairs. At my earnest request I was permitted to accompany him, at which both my associate and I rejoiced, as we were now about to move in a new and extensive field. All this time I never knew where my illustrious friend resided. He never once invited me to call on him at his lodgings, nor did he ever come to our house, which made me sometimes to suspect, that if any of our great efforts in the cause of true religion were discovered he intended leaving me in the lurch. Consequently, when we met in Edinburgh (for we travelled not in company) I proposed to go with him to look for lodgings, telling him at the same time what a blessed and religious family my reverend instructor and I were settled in. He said he rejoiced at it, but he made a rule of never lodging in any particular house, but took these daily, or hourly, as he found it convenient, and that he never was at a loss in any circumstance.

"What a mighty trouble you put yourself to, great sovereign!" said I, "and all, it would appear, for the purpose of seeing and knowing more and more of the human race."

"I never go but where I have some great purpose to serve," returned he,

"either in the advancement of my own power and dominion, or in thwarting my enemies."

"With all due deference to your great comprehension, my illustrious friend," said I, "it strikes me that you can accomplish very little either the one way or the other here, in the humble and private capacity you are pleased to occupy."

"It is your own innate modesty that prompts such a remark," said he. "Do you think the gaining of you to my service, is not an attainment worthy of being envied by the greatest potentate in Christendom? Before I had missed such a prize as the attainment of your services, I would have travelled over one half of the habitable globe."—I bowed with great humility, but at the same time how could I but feel proud and highly flattered? He continued. "Believe me, my dear friend, for such a prize I account no effort too high. For a man who is not only dedicated to Heaven, in the most solemn manner, soul, body, and spirit, but also justified, sanctified, and received into a communion that never shall be broken, and from which no act of his shall ever remove him,—the possession of such a man, I tell you, is worth kingdoms; because every deed that he performs, he does it with perfect safety to himself and honour to me."—I bowed again, lifting my hat, and he went on.—"I am now going to put his courage in the cause he has espoused, to a severe test—to a trial at which common nature would revolt, but he who is dedicated to be the sword of the Lord, must raise himself above common humanity. You have a father and a brother according to the flesh, what do you know of them?"

"I am sorry to say I know nothing good," said I. "They are reprobates, castaways, beings devoted to the wicked one, and, like him, workers of every species of iniquity with greediness."

"They must both fall" said he, with a sigh and melancholy look; it is decreed in the councils above, that they must both fall by your hand."

"Heaven forbid it!" said I. "They are enemies to Christ and his church, that I know and believe; but they shall live and die in their iniquity for me, and reap their guerdon when their time cometh. There my hand shall not strike."

"The feeling is natural, and amiable," said he; "but you must think again. Whether are the bonds of carnal nature, or the bonds and vows of the Lord strongest."

"I will not reason with you on this head, mighty potentate," said I, "for whenever I do so it is but to be put down. I shall only express my determination not to take vengeance out of the Lord's hand in this instance. It availeth not. These are men that have the mark of the beast in their foreheads and right hands; they are lost beings themselves, but have no influence over others. Let them perish in their sins; for they shall not be meddled with by me."

"How preposterously you talk, my dear friend!" said he. "These people are your greatest enemies; they would rejoice to see you annihilated. And now that you have taken up the Lord's cause of being avenged on his enemies, wherefore spare those that are your own as well as his? Besides, you ought to consider what great advantages would be derived to the cause of righteousness and truth, were the estate and riches of that opulent house in your possession, rather than in that of such as oppose the truth and all manner of holiness."

This was a portion of the consequence of following my illustrious adviser's summary mode of procedure, that had never entered into my calculation.—I disclaimed all idea of being influenced by it; however, I cannot but say that the desire of being able to do so much good, by the possession of these bad men's riches, made some impression on my heart, and I said I would consider of the matter. I did consider it, and that right seriously as well as frequently; and there was scarcely an hour in the day on which my resolves were not animated by my great friend, till at length I began to have a longing desire

to kill my brother, in particular. Should any man ever read this scroll, he will wonder at this confession, and deem it savage and unnatural. So it appeared to me at first, but a constant thinking of an event changes every one of its features. I have done all for the best, and as I was prompted, by one who knew right and wrong much better than I did. I had a desire to slay him, it is true, and such a desire too as a thirsty man has to drink; but at the same time this longing desire was mingled with a certain terror, as if I I had dreaded that the drink for which I longed was mixed with deadly poison.

My illustrious friend still continuing to sound in my ears the imperious duty to which I was called, of making away with my sinful relations, I was obliged to acquiesce in his measures, though with certain limitations. It was not easy to answer his arguments, and yet I was afraid that he soon perceived a leaning to his will on my part. "If the acts of Jehu, in rooting out the whole house of his master, were ordered and approved of by the Lord," said he, "would it not have been more praiseworthy if one of Ahab's own sons had stood up for the cause of Israel, and rooted out the sinners and their idols out of the land?"

"It would certainly," said I. "To our duty to God all other duties must yield."

"Go thou then and do likewise," said he. "Thou art called to a high vocation; go thou forth then like a ruling energy, a master spirit of desolation in the dwellings of the wicked, and high shall be your reward both here and hereafter."

My heart now panted with eagerness to look my brother in the face: on which my companion, who was never out of the way, conducted me to a small square in the suburbs of the city, where there were a number of young noblemen and gentlemen playing at a vain, idle, and sinful game, at which there was much of the language of the accursed going on; and among these blasphemers he instantly pointed out my brother to me. I was fired with indignation at seeing him in such company, and so employed; and I placed myself close beside him to watch all his motions, listen to his words, and draw inferences from what I saw and heard. In what a sink of sin was he wallowing! I resolved to take him to task, and if he refused to be admonished, to inflict on him some condign punishment; and knowing that my illustrious friend and director was looking on, I resolved to show some spirit. Accordingly, I waited until I heard him profane his Maker's name three times, and then, my spiritual indignation being roused above all restraint, I went up and kicked him. Yes, I went boldly up and struck him with my foot, and meant to have given him a more severe blow than it was my fortune to inflict. It had, however, the effect of rousing up his corrupt nature to quarrelling and strife, instead of taking the chastisement in humility and meekness. He ran furiously against me in the choler that is always inspired by the wicked one; but I overthrew him, by reason of impeding the natural and rapid progress of his unholy feet, running to destruction. I also fell slightly; but his fall proving a severe one, he arose in wrath, and struck me with the mall which he held in his hand, until my blood flowed copiously; and from that moment I vowed his destruction in my heart. But I happened to have no weapon at that time, nor any means of inflicting due punishment on the caitiff, which would not have been returned double on my head, by him and his graceless associates. I mixed among them at the suggestion of my friend, and following them to their den of voluptuousness and sin, I strove to be admitted among them, in hopes of finding some means of accomplishing my great purpose, while I found myself moved by the spirit within me so to do. But I was not only debarred, but, by the machinations of my wicked brother and his associates, cast into prison.

I was not sorry at being thus honoured to suffer in the cause of righteousness, and at the hands of sinful men; and as soon as I was alone, I betook myself to prayer. My jailer came to me, and insulted me. He was a rude unprinci-

pled fellow, partaking much of the loose and carnal manners of the age; but I remembered of having read in the Cloud of Witnesses, of such men formerly having been converted by the imprisoned saints; so I set myself, with all my heart, to bring about this man's repentance and reformation.

"Fat the deil are ye yoolling an' praying that gate for, man?" said he, coming angrily in. "I thought the day o' praying prisoners had been a' ower. Gie up your crooning, or I'll pit you to an in-by place, where ye sall get plenty o't."

"Friend," said I, "I am making my appeal at that bar where all human actions are seen and judged, and where you shall not be forgot, sinful as you are."

I then opened up the mysteries of religion to him in a clear and perspicuous manner, but particularly the great doctrine of the election of grace; and then I added, "Now, friend, you must tell me if you pertain to this chosen number."

"An' fat the better wad you be for the kenning o' this, man?" said he.

"Because, if you are one of my brethren, I will take you into sweet communion and fellowship," returned I; "but if you belong to the unregenerate, I have a commission to slay you."

"Oo, foo, foo! I see how it is," said he; "yours is a very braw commission, but you will have the small opportunity of carrying it through here. Take my advising, and write a bit of letter to your friends, and I will send it, for this is no place for such a great man. If you cannot steady your hand to write, as I see you have been at your great work, a word of a mouth may do; for I do assure you this is not the place at all, of any in the world, for your operations."

The man apparently thought I was deranged in my intellect. He could not swallow such great truths at the first morsel. So I took his advice, and sent a line to my reverend father, who was not long in coming, and great was the jailer's wonderment when he saw all the great Christian noblemen of the land sign my bond of freedom.

My reverend father took this matter greatly to heart, and bestirred himself in the good cause till the transgressors were ashamed to show their faces. For my part I was greatly strengthened in my resolution by the anathemas of my reverend father, who, privately, (that is, in a family capacity,) in his prayers, gave up my father and brother, according to the flesh, to Satan, making it plain to all my senses of perception, that they were beings to be devoured by fiends or men, at their will and pleasure, and that *whosoever* should slay them, would do God good service.

The next morning my illustrious friend met me at an early hour, and he was greatly overjoyed at hearing my sentiments now chime so much in unison with his own. I said, "I longed for the day and the hour that I might look my brother in the face at Gilgal, and visit on him the iniquity of his father and himself, for that I was now strengthened and prepared for the deed."

"I have been watching the steps and movements of the profligate one," said he; "and lo, I will take you straight to his presence. Let your heart be as the heart of the lion, and your arms strong as the shekels of brass, and swift to avenge as the bolt that descendeth from Heaven, for the blood of the just and the good hath long flowed in Scotland. But already is the day of their avengement begun; the hero is at length arisen, who shall send all such as bear enmity to the true church, or trust in works of their own, to Tophet!"

Thus encouraged, I followed my friend, who led me directly to the same court in which I had chastised the miscreant on the foregoing day; and behold, there was the same group again assembled. They eyed me with terror in their looks, as I walked among them and eyed them with looks of disapprobation and rebuke; and I saw that the very eye of a chosen one lifted on these children of Belial, was sufficient to dismay and put them to flight. I walked aside to my friend, who stood at a distance looking on, and he said to me, "What thinkest thou now?" and I answered in the words of

the venal prophet, "Lo now, if I had a sword into mine hand, I would even kill him."

"Wherefore lackest thou it?" said he. "Dost thou not see that they tremble at thy presence, knowing that the avenger of blood is among them."

My heart was lifted up on hearing this, and again I strode into the midst of them, and eyeing them with threatening looks, they were so much confounded that they abandoned their sinful pastime, and fled every one to his house!

This was a palpable victory gained over the wicked, and I thereby knew that the hand of the Lord was with me. My companion also exulted, and said, "Did not I tell thee? Behold thou dost not know one half of thy might, or of the great things thou art destined to do. Come with me and I will show thee more than this, for these young men cannot subsist without the exercises of sin. I listened to their counsels, and I know where they will meet again."

Accordingly he led me a little farther to the south, and we walked aside till by degrees we saw some people begin to assemble; and in a short time we perceived the same group stripping off their clothes to make them more expert in the practice of madness and folly. Their game was begun before we approached, and so also were the oaths and cursing. I put my hands in my pockets, and walked with dignity and energy into the midst of them. It was enough: terror and astonishment seized them. A few of them cried out against me, but their voices were soon hushed amid the murmurs of fear. One of them, in the name of the rest, then came and besought of me to grant them liberty to amuse themselves; but I refused peremptorily, dared the whole multitude so much as to touch me with one of their fingers.

Again they all fled and dispersed at my eye, and I went home in triumph, escorted by my friend, and some well-meaning young Christians, who, however, had not learned to deport themselves with soberness and humility. But my ascendency over my enemies was great indeed; for wherever I appeared I was hailed with approbation, and wherever my guilty brother made his appearance, he was hooted and held in derision, till he was forced to hide his disgraceful head, and appear no more in public.

Immediately after this I was seized with a strange distemper, which neither my friends nor physicians could comprehend, and it confined me to my chamber for many days; but I knew myself that I was bewitched, and suspected my father's reputed concubine of the deed. I told my fears to my reverend protector, who hesitated concerning them, but I knew by his words and looks that he was conscious I was right. I generally conceived myself to be two people. When I lay in bed, I deemed there were two of us in it; when I sat up, I always beheld another person, and always in the same position from the place where I sat or stood, which was about three paces off me towards my left side. It mattered not how many or how few were present: this my second self was sure to be present in his place; and this occasioned a confusion in all my words and ideas that utterly astounded my friends, who all declared, that instead of being deranged in my intellect, they had never heard my conversation manifest so much energy or sublimity of conception; but for all that, over the singular delusion that I was two persons, my reasoning faculties had no power. The most perverse part of it was, that I rarely conceived *myself* to be any of the two persons. I thought for the most part that my companion was one of them, and my brother the other; and I found, that to be obliged to speak and answer in the character of another man, was a most awkward business at the long run.

Who can doubt, from this statement, that I was bewitched, and that my relatives were at the ground of it? The constant and unnatural persuasion that I was my brother, proved it to my own satisfaction, and must, I think, do so to every unprejudiced person. This victory of the wicked one over me kept me confined in my chamber, at Mr. Millar's house, for nearly a month, until the prayers of the faithful prevailed, and I was restored. I knew it was a chastisement for my pride, because my heart was lifted up at my superiority over the enemies of the church; nevertheless, I determined to make short

work of the aggressor, that the righteous might not be subjected to the effect of his diabolical arts again.

I say I was confined a month. I beg he that readeth to take note of this, that he may estimate how much the word, or even the oath, of a wicked man, is to depend on. For a month I saw no one but such as came into my room, and for all that, it will be seen, that there were plenty of the same set to attest upon oath that I saw my brother every day during that period; that I persecuted him with my presence day and night; while all the time I never saw his face, save in a delusive dream. I cannot comprehend what manœuvres my illustrious friend was playing off with them about this time; for he, having the art of personating whom he chose, had peradventure deceived them, else so many of them had never all attested the same thing. I never saw any man so steady in his friendships and attentions as he; but as he made a rule of never calling at private houses, for fear of some discovery being made of his person, so I never saw him while my malady lasted; but as soon as I grew better, I knew I had nothing ado but to attend at some of our places of meeting, to see him again. He was punctual, as usual, and I had not to wait.

My reception was precisely as I apprehended. There was no flaring, no flummery, nor bombastical pretensions, but a dignified return to my obeisance, and an immediate recurrence, in converse, to the important duties incumbent on us, in our stations, as reformers and purifiers of the Church.

"I have marked out a number of most dangerous characters in this city," said he, "all of whom must be cut off from encumbering the true vineyard before we leave this land. And if you bestir not yourself in the work to which you are called, I must raise up others who shall have the honour of it."

"I am, most illustrious prince, wholly at your service," said I. "Show but what ought to be done, and here is the heart to dare, and the hand to execute. You pointed out my relations, according to the flesh, as brands fitted to be thrown into the burning. I approved peremptorily of the award; nay, I thirst to accomplish it; for I myself have suffered severely from their diabolical arts. When once that trial of my devotion to the faith is accomplished, then be your future operations disclosed."

"You are free of your words and promises," said he.

"So will I be of my deeds in the service of my master, and that shalt thou see," said I. "I lack not the spirit, nor the will, but I lack experience wofully; and because of that shortcoming, must bow to your suggestions."

"Meet me here to-morrow betimes," said he, "and perhaps you may hear of some opportunity of displaying your zeal in the cause of righteousness."

I met him as he desired me; and he addressed me with a hurried and joyful expression, telling me that my brother was astir, and that a few minutes ago he had seen him pass on his way to the mountain. "The hill is wrapt in a cloud," added he, "and never was there such an opportunity of executing justice on a guilty sinner. You may trace him in the dew, and shall infallibly find him on the top of some precipice; for it is only in secret that he dare show his debased head to the sun."

"I have no arms, else assuredly I would pursue him and discomfit him," said I.

"Here is a small dagger," said he; "I have nothing of weapon-kind about me save that, but it is a potent one; and should you require it there is nothing more ready or sure."

"Will you not accompany me?" said I. "Sure you will?"

"I will be with you, or near you," said he. "Go you on before."

I hurried away as he directed me, and imprudently asked some of Queensberry's guards if such and such a young man passed by them going out from the city. I was answered in the affirmative, and till then had doubted of my friend's intelligence, it was so inconsistent with a profligate's life to be early astir. When I got the certain intelligence that my brother was before me, I fell a-running, scarcely knowing what I did; and looking several times behind me, I perceived nothing of my zealous and arbitrary friend. The consequence

of this was, that by the time I reached St. Anthony's well, my resolution began to give way. It was not my courage, for now that I had once shed blood in the cause of the true faith, I was exceedingly bold and ardent ; but whenever I was left to myself, I was subject to sinful doubtings.

In this desponding state, I sat myself down on a stone, and bethought me of the rashness of my undertaking. I tried to ascertain, to my own satisfaction, whether or not I really had been commissioned of God to perpetrate these crimes in his behalf, for in the eyes, and by the laws of men, they were great and crying transgressions. While I sat pondering on these things, I was involved in a veil of white misty vapour, and looking up to heaven, I was just about to ask direction from above, when I heard as it were a still small voice, close by me, which uttered some words of derision and chiding. I looked intensely in the direction whence it seemed to come, and perceived a lady, robed in white, who hasted toward me. She regarded me with a severity of look and gesture that appalled me so much I could not address her ; but she waited not for that, but coming close to my side, said, without stopping, "Preposterous wretch ! how dare you lift your eyes to heaven with such purposes in your heart? Escape homeward, and save your soul, or farewell for ever !"

These were all the words that she uttered, as far as I could ever recollect, but my spirits were kept in such a tumult that morning, that something might have escaped me. I followed her eagerly with my eyes, but in a moment she glided over the rocks above the holy well, and vanished. I persuaded myself that I had seen a vision, and that the radiant being that had addressed me was one of the good angels, or guardian spirits, commissioned by the Almighty to watch over the steps of the just. My first impulse was to follow her advice, and make my escape home ; for I thought to myself, "How is this interested and mysterious foreigner, a proper judge of the actions of a free Christian ?"

The thought was hardly framed, nor had I moved in a retrograde direction six steps, when I saw my illustrious friend and great adviser descending the ridge towards me with hasty and impassioned strides. My heart fainted within me ; and when he came up and addressed me, I looked as one caught in a trespass. "What hath detained thee, thou desponding trifler ?" said he. "Verily now shall the golden opportunity be lost which may never be recalled. I have traced the reprobate to his sanctuary in the cloud, and lo he is perched on the pinnacle of a precipice an hundred fathoms high. One ketch with thy foot, or toss with thy finger, shall throw him from thy side into the foldings of the cloud, and he shall be no more seen, till found at the bottom of the clift dashed to pieces. Make haste, therefore, thou loiterer, if thou wouldst ever prosper and rise to eminence in the work of thy master."

"I go no further in this work," said I, "for I have seen a vision that has reprimanded the deed."

"A vision?" said he; "Was it that wench who descended from the hill ?"

"The being that spake to me, and warned me of my danger, was indeed the form of a lady," said I."

"She also approached me and said a few words," returned he ; "and I thought there was something mysterious in her manner. Pray, what did she say ? for the words of such a singular message, and from such a messenger, ought to be attended to. If I understood her aright, she was chiding us for our misbelief and preposterous delay."

"I recited her words, but he answered that I had been in a state of sinful doubting at the time, and it was to these doubtings she had adverted. In short, this wonderful and clear-sighted stranger soon banished all my doubts and despondency, making me utterly ashamed of them, and again I set out with him in the pursuit of my brother. He showed me the traces of his footsteps in the dew, and pointed out the spot where I should find him. "You have nothing more to do than go softly down behind him," said he ; "which you can do to within an ell of him, without being seen : then rush upon him,

and throw him from his seat, where there is neither footing nor hold. I will go, meanwhile, and amuse his sight by some exhibition in the contrary direction, and he shall neither know nor perceive who has done him this *kind office;* for, exclusive of more weighty concerns, be assured of this, that the sooner he falls, the fewer crimes will he have to answer for, and his estate in the other world will be proportionally more tolerable, than if he spent a long unregenerate life steeped in iniquity to the loathing of the soul."

"Nothing can be more plain or more pertinent," said I; "therefore I fly to perform that which is both a duty toward God and toward man!"

"You shall yet rise to great honour and preferment," said he.

"I value it not, provided I do honour and justice to the cause of my master here," said I.

"You shall be lord of your father's riches and demesnes," added he.

"I disclaim and deride every selfish motive thereto relating," said I, "farther than as it enables me to do good."

"Ay, but that is a great and heavenly consideration, that *longing for ability to do good*," said he;—and as he said so, I could not help remarking a certain derisive exultation of expression which I could not comprehend; and indeed I have noted this very often in my illustrious friend, and sometimes mentioned it civilly to him, but he has never failed to disclaim it. On this occasion I said nothing, but, concealing his poniard in my clothes, I hasted up the mountain, determined to execute my purpose before any misgivings should again visit me; and I never had more ado than in keeping firm my resolution. I could not help my thoughts, and there are certain trains and classes of thoughts that have great power in enervating the mind. I thought of the awful thing of plunging a fellow-creature from the top of a cliff into the dark and misty void below—of his being dashed to pieces on the protruding rocks, and of hearing his shrieks as he descended the cloud, and beheld the shagged points on which he was to alight. Then I thought of plunging a soul so abruptly into hell, or, at the best, sending it to hover on the confines of that burning abyss—of its appearance at the bar of the Almighty to receive its sentence. And then I thought, "Will there not be a sentence pronounced against me there, by a jury of the just made perfect, and written down in the registers of heaven?"

These thoughts, I say, came upon me unasked, and instead of being able to dispel them, they mustered, upon the summit of my imagination, in thicker and stronger array; and there was another that impressed me in a very particular manner, though, I have reason to believe, not so strongly as those above written. It was this: What if I should fail in my first effort? Will the consequences not be that I am tumbled from the top of the rock myself?" and then all the feelings anticipated, with regard to both body and soul, must happen to me. This was a spine-breaking reflection; and yet, though the probability was rather on that side, my zeal in the cause of godliness was such that carried me on, maugre all danger and dismay.

I soon came close upon my brother sitting on the dizzy pinnacle, with his eyes fixed stedfastly in the direction opposite to me. I descended the little green ravine behind him with my feet foremost, and every now and then raised my head, and watched his motions. His posture continued the same, until at last I came so near him I could have heard him breathe, if his face had been towards me. I laid my cap aside, and made me ready to spring upon him, and push him over. I could not for my life accomplish it! I do not think it was that I *durst not*, for I have always felt my courage equal to anything in a good cause. But I had not the heart, or something that I ought to have had. In short, it was not done in time, as it easily might have been. These THOUGHTS are hard enemies wherewith to combat! And I was so grieved that I could not effect my righteous purpose, that I laid me down on my face and shed tears. Then, again, I thought of what my great enlightened friend and patron would say to me, and again my resolution rose indignant, and indissoluble save by blood. I arose on my right knee and left foot, and

had just begun to advance the latter forward : the next step my great purpose had been accomplished, and the culprit had suffered the punishment due to his crimes. But what moved him I know not : in the critical moment he sprung to his feet, and dashing himself furiously against me, he overthrew me, at the imminent peril of my life. I disencumbered myself by main force, and fled, but he overhied me, knocked me down, and threatened, with dreadful oaths, to throw me from the cliff. After I was a little recovered from the stunning blow, I aroused myself to the combat ; and though I do not recollect the circumstances of that deadly scuffle very minutely, I know that I vanquished him so far as to force him to ask my pardon, and crave a reconciliation. I spurned at both, and left him to the chastisements of his own wicked and corrupt heart.

My friend met me again on the hill, and derided me, in a haughty and stern manner, for my imbecility and want of decision. I told him how nearly I had effected my purpose, and excused myself as well as I was able. On this, seeing me bleeding, he advised me to swear the peace against my brother, and have him punished in the mean time, he being the first aggressor. I promised compliance, and we parted, for I was somewhat ashamed of my failure, and was glad to be quit for the present of one of whom I stood so much in awe.

When my reverend father beheld me bleeding a second time by the hand of a brother, he was moved to the highest point of displeasure ; and relying on his high interest and the justice of his cause, he brought the matter at once before the courts. My brother and I were first examined face to face. His declaration was a mere romance : mine was not the truth ; but as it was by the advice of my reverend father, and that of my illustrious friend, that I gave it, I conceived myself completely justified on that score. I said, I had gone up into the mountain early on the morning to pray, and had withdrawn myself, for entire privacy, into a little sequestered dell—had laid aside my cap, and was in the act of kneeling, when I was rudely attacked by my brother, knocked over, and nearly slain. They asked my brother if this was true. He acknowledged that it was ; that I was bare-headed and in the act of kneeling when he ran foul of me without any intent of doing so. But the judge took him to task on the improbability of this, and put the profligate sore out of countenance. The rest of his tale told still worse, insomuch that he was laughed at by all present, for the judge remarked to him, that granting it was true that he had at first run against me on an open mountain, and overthrown me by accident, how was it, that after I had extricated myself and fled, that he had pursued, overtaken, and knocked me down a second time? Would he pretend that all that was likewise by chance? The culprit had nothing to say for himself on this head, and I shall not forget my exultation, and that of my reverend father, when the sentence of the judge was delivered. It was, that my wicked brother should be thrown into prison, and tried on a criminal charge of assault and battery, with the intent of committing murder. This was a just and righteous judge, and saw things in their proper bearings, that is, he could discern between a righteous and a wicked man, and then there could be no doubt as to which of the two were acting right, and which wrong.

My time was now much occupied, along with my reverend preceptor, in making ready for the approaching trial as the prosecutors. Our counsel assured us of a complete victory, and that banishment would be the mildest award of the law on the offender. Mark how different was the result ! From the shifts and ambiguities of a wicked Bench, who had a fellow-feeling of iniquity with the defenders,—my suit was cast, the graceless libertine was absolved, and I was incarcerated, and bound over to keep the peace, with heavy penalties, before I was set at liberty.

I was exceedingly disgusted at this issue, and blamed the counsel of my friend to his face. He expressed great grief, and expatiated on the wickedness of our judicatories, adding, " I see I cannot depend on you for quick and

summary measures, but for your sake I shall be revenged on that wicked judge, and that you shall see in a few days." The Lord Justice Clerk died that same week! But he died in his own house and his own bed, and by what means my friend effected it, I do not know. He would not tell me a single word of the matter, but the judge's sudden death made a great noise, and I made so many curious inquiries regarding the particulars of it, that some suspicions were like to attach to our family, of some unfair means used. For my part I know nothing, and rather think he died by the visitation of Heaven, and that my friend had foreseen it, by symptoms, and soothed me by promises of complete revenge.

It was some days before he mentioned my brother's meditated death to me again, and certainly he then found me exasperated against him personally to the highest degree. But I told him that I could not now think any more of it, owing to the late judgment of the court, by which, if my brother were missing or found dead, I would not only forfeit my life, but my friends would be ruined by the penalties.

"I suppose you know and believe in the perfect safety of your soul," said he.

"I believe in it thoroughly and perfectly," said I; "and whenever I entertain doubts of it, I am sensible of sin and weakness."

"Very well, so then am I," said he. "I think I can now divine, with all manner of certainty, what will be the high and merited guerdon of your immortal part. Hear me then farther: I give you my solemn assurance, and bond of blood, that no human hand shall ever henceforth be able to injure your life, or shed one drop of your precious blood, but it is on the condition that you walk always by my directions."

"I will do so with cheerfulness," said I; "for without your enlightened counsel, I feel that I can do nothing. But as to your power of protecting my life, you must excuse me for doubting of it. Nay, were we in your own proper dominions, you could not ensure that."

"In whatever dominion or land I am, my power accompanies me," said he; "and it is only against human might and human weapon that I ensure your life; on that will I keep an eye, and on that you may depend. I have never broken word or promise with you. Do you credit me?"

"Yes, I do," said I; "for I see you are in earnest. I believe, though I do not comprehend you."

"Then why do you not at once challenge your brother to the field of honour? Seeing you now act without danger, cannot you also act without fear?"

"It is not fear," returned I; "believe me, I hardly know what fear is. It is a doubt, that on all these emergencies constantly haunts my mind, that in performing such and such actions I may fall from my upright state. This makes fratricide a fearful task."

"This is imbecility itself," said he. "We have settled, and agreed on that point an hundred times. I would therefore advise that you challenge your brother to single combat. I shall ensure your safety, and he cannot refuse giving you satisfaction."

"But then the penalties?" said I.

"We will try to evade these," said he; "and supposing you should be caught, if once you are Laird of Dalcastle and Balgrennan, what are the penalties to you?"

"Might we not rather pop him off in private and quietness, as we did the deistical divine?" said I.

"The deed would be alike meritorious, either way," said he. "But may we not wait for years before we find an opportunity? My advice is to challenge him, as privately as you will, and there cut him off."

"So be it then," said I. "When the moon is at the full, I will send for him forth to speak with one, and there will I smite him and slay him, and he shall trouble the righteous no more."

"Then this is the very night," said he. "The moon is nigh to the full, and this night your brother and his sinful mates hold carousal; for there is an intended journey to-morrow. The exulting profligate leaves town, where he must remain till the time of my departure hence; and then he is safe, and must live to dishonour God, and not only destroy his own soul, but those of many others. Alack, and wo is me! The sins that he and his friends will commit this very night, will cry to heaven against us for our shameful delay! When shall our great work of cleansing the sanctuary be finished, if we proceed at this puny rate?"

"I see the deed *must* be done, then," said I; "and since it is so, it shall be done. I will arm myself forthwith, and from the midst of his wine and debauchery you shall call him forth to me, and there will I smite him with the edge of the sword, that our great work be not retarded."

"If thy execution were equal to thy intent, how great a man you soon might be!" said he. "We shall make the attempt once more; and if it fail again, why, I must use other means to bring about my high purposes relating to mankind.—Home and make ready. I will go and procure what information I can regarding their motions, and will meet you in disguise twenty minutes hence, at the first turn of Hewie's lane beyond the loch."

"I have nothing to make ready," said I; "for I do not choose to go home. Bring me a sword, that we may consecrate it with prayer and vows, and if I use it not to the bringing down of the wicked and profane, then may the Lord do so to me, and more also!"

We parted, and there was I left again to the multiplicity of my own thoughts for the space of twenty minutes, a thing my friend never failed in subjecting me to, and these were worse to contend with than hosts of sinful men. I prayed inwardly, that these deeds of mine might never be brought to the knowledge of men who were incapable of appreciating the high motives that led to them; and then I sung part of the 10th Psalm, likewise in spirit; but for all these efforts, my sinful doubts returned, so that when my illustrious friend joined me, and proffered me the choice of two gilded rapiers, I declined accepting any of them, and began, in a very bold and energetic manner, to express my doubts regarding the justification of all the deeds of perfect men. He chided me severely, and branded me with cowardice, a thing that my nature never was subject to; and then he branded me with falsehood, and breach of the most solemn engagements.

I was compelled to take the rapier, much against my inclination; but for all the arguments, threats, and promises that he could use, I would not consent to send a challenge to my brother by his mouth. There was one argument only that he made use of which had some weight with me, but yet it would not preponderate. He told me my brother was gone to a notorious and scandalous habitation of women, and that if I left him to himself for ever so short a space longer, it might embitter his state through ages to come. This was a trying concern to me; but I resisted it, and reverted to my doubts. On this he said that he had meant to do me honour, but since I had put it out of his power, he would do the deed, and the responsibility on himself. "I have with sore travail procured a guardship of your life," added he. "For my own, I have not; but, be that as it will, I shall not be baffled in my attempts to benefit my friends without a trial. You will at all events accompany me, and see that I get justice?"

"Certes, I will do thus much," said I; "and wo be to him if his arm prevail against my friend and patron!"

His lip curled with a smile of contempt, which I could hardly brook; and I began to be afraid that the eminence to which I had been destined by him was already fading from my view. And I thought what I should then do to ingratiate myself again with him, for without his countenance I had no life. "I will be a man in act," thought I, "but in sentiment I will not yield, and for this he must surely admire me the more."

As we emerged from the shadowy lane into the fair moonshine, I started

so that my whole frame underwent the most chilling vibrations of surprise. I again thought I had been taken at unawares, and was conversing with another person. My friend was equipped in the Highland garb, and so completely translated into another being, that, save by his speech, all the senses of mankind could not have recognized him. I blessed myself, and asked whom it was his pleasure to personify to-night? He answered me carelessly, that it was a spark whom he meant should bear the blame of whatever might fall out to-night: and that was all that passed on the subject.

We proceeded by some stone steps at the foot of the North Loch, in hot argument all the way. I was afraid that our conversation might be overheard, for the night was calm and almost as light as day, and we saw sundry people crossing us as we advanced. But the zeal of my friend was so high, that he disregarded all danger, and continued to argue fiercely and loudly on my delinquency, as he was pleased to call it. I stood on one argument alone, which was, "that I did not think the Scripture promises to the elect, taken in their utmost latitude, warranted the assurance that they could do no wrong; and that, therefore, it behoved every man to look well to his steps."

There was no religious scruple that irritated my enlightened friend and master so much as this. He could not endure it. He lost all patience on hearing what I advanced on this matter, and taking hold of me, he led me into a darksome booth in a confined entry; and, after a friendly but cutting reproach, he bade me remain there in secret and watch the event; "and if I fall," said he, "you will not fail to avenge my death."

I was so entirely overcome with vexation that I could make no answer, on which he left me abruptly, a prey to despair; and I saw or heard no more, till he came down to the moonlight green followed by my brother. They had quarrelled before they came within my hearing, for the first words I heard were those of my brother, who was in a state of intoxication, and he was urging a reconciliation, as was his wont on such occasions. My friend spurned at the suggestion, and dared him to the combat; and after a good deal of boastful altercation, which the turmoil of my spirits prevented me from remembering, my brother was compelled to draw his sword and stand on the defensive. It was a desperate and terrible engagement. I at first thought that the royal stranger and great champion of the faith would overcome his opponent with ease, for I considered heaven as on his side, and nothing but the arm of sinful flesh against him. But I was deceived: the sinner stood firm as a rock, while the assailant flitted about like a shadow, or rather like a spirit. I smiled inwardly, conceiving that these lightsome manœuvres were all a sham to show off his art and mastership in the exercise, and that whenever they came to close fairly, that instant my brother would be overcome. Still I was deceived: my brother's arm seemed invincible, so that the closer they fought the more palpably did it prevail. They fought round the green to the very edge of the water, and so round, till they came close up to the covert where I stood. There being no more room to shift ground, my brother then forced him to come to close quarters, on which, the former still having the decided advantage, my friend quitted his sword, and called out. I could resist no longer; so, springing from my concealment, I rushed between them with my sword drawn, and parted them as if they had been two schoolboys; then turning to my brother, I addressed him as follows:—"Wretch! miscreant! knowest thou what thou are attempting? Turn thee to me, that I may chastise thee for all thy wickedness, and not for the many injuries thou hast done to me!" To it we went, with full thirst of vengeance on every side. The duel was fierce; but the might of heaven prevailed, and not my might. The ungodly and reprobate young man fell, covered with wounds, and with curses and blasphemy in his mouth, while I escaped uninjured. Thereto his power extended not.

I will not deny, that my own immediate impressions of this affair in some degree differed from this statement. But this is precisely as my illustrious friend described it to me afterwards, and I can rely implicitly on his informa-

tion, as he was at that time a looker-on, and my senses all in a state of agitation, and he could have no motive for saying what was not the positive truth.

Never till my brother was down did we perceive that there had been witnesses to the whole business. Our ears were then astounded by rude challenges of unfair play, which were quite appalling to me; but my friend laughed at them, and conducted me off in perfect safety. As to the unfairness of the transaction, I can say thus much, that my royal friend's sword was down ere ever mine was presented. But if it still be accounted unfair to take up a conqueror, and punish him in his own way, I answer: that if a man is sent on a positive mission by his master, and hath laid himself under vows to do his work, he ought not to be too nice in the means of accomplishing it.

I was greatly disturbed in my mind for many days, knowing that the transaction had been witnessed, and sensible also of the perilous situation I occupied, owing to the late judgment of the court against me. But, on the contrary, I never saw my enlightened friend in such high spirits. He assured me there was no danger; and again repeated, that he warranted my life against the power of man. I thought proper, however, to remain in hiding for a week; but as he said, to my utter amazement, the blame fell on another, who was not only accused, but pronounced guilty by the general voice, and outlawed for non-appearance! how could I doubt, after this, that the hand of heaven was aiding and abetting me? The matter was beyond my comprehension; and as for my friend, he never explained any thing that was past, but his activity and art were without a parallel.

He enjoyed our success mightily; and for his sake I enjoyed it somewhat, but it was on account of his comfort only, for I could not for my life perceive in what degree the church was better or purer than before these deeds were done. He continued to flatter me with great things, as to honours, fame, and emolument: and above all, with the blessing and protection of him to whom my soul and body were dedicated. But after these high promises, I got no longer peace; for he began to urge the death of my father with such an unremitting earnestness, that I found I had nothing for it but to comply. I did so; and cannot express his enthusiasm of approbation. So much did he hurry and press me in this, that I was forced to devise some of the most openly violent measures, having no alternative. Heaven spared me the deed, taking, in that instance, the vengeance in its own hand; for before my arm could effect the sanguine but meritorious act, the old man followed his son to the grave. My illustrious and zealous friend seemed to regret this somewhat; but he comforted himself with the reflection, that still I had the merit of it, having not only consented to it, but in fact effected it, for by doing the one action I had brought about both.

No sooner were the obsequies of the funeral over, than my friend and I went to Dalcastle, and took undisputed possession of the houses, lands, and effects that had been my father's; but his plate, and vast treasures of ready money, he had bestowed on a voluptuous and unworthy creature, who had lived long with him as a mistress. Fain would I have sent her after her lover, and gave my friend some hints on the occasion; but he only shook his head, and said that we must lay all selfish and interested motives out of the question.

For a long time when I awaked in the morning, I could not believe my senses, that I was indeed the undisputed and sole proprietor of so much wealth and grandeur; and I felt so much gratified, that I immediately set about doing all the good I was able, hoping to meet with all approbation and encouragement from my friend. I was mistaken: he checked the very first impulses towards such a procedure, questioned my motives, and uniformly made them out to be wrong. There was one morning that a servant said to me, there was a lady in the back chamber who wanted to speak with me, but he could not tell me who it was, for all the old servants had left the mansion, every one on hearing of the death of the late laird, and those who had come knew none of the people in the neighbourhood. From several circumstances I had suspicions

of private confabulations with women, and refused to go to her, but bid the servant inquire what she wanted. She would not tell; she could only state the circumstance to me; so I, being sensible that a little dignity of manner became me in my elevated situation, returned for answer, that if it was business that could not be transacted by my steward, it must remain untransacted. The answer which the servant brought back was of a threatening nature. She stated that she must see me, and if I refused her satisfaction there, she would compel it where I should not evite her.

My friend and director appeared pleased with my dilemma, and rather advised that I should hear what the woman had to say; on which I consented, provided she would deliver her mission in his presence. She came in with manifest signs of anger and indignation, and began with a bold and direct charge against me of a shameful assault on one of her daughters; of having used the basest of means in order to lead her aside from the paths of rectitude; and on the failure of these, of having resorted to the most unqualified measures.

I denied the charge in all its bearings, assuring the dame that I had never so much as seen either of her daughters to my knowledge, far less wronged them; on which she got into great wrath, and abused me to my face as an accomplished vagabond, hypocrite, and sensualist; and she went so far as to tell me roundly, that if I did not marry her daughter, she would bring me to the gallows, and that in a very short time.

"Marry your daughter, honest woman!" said I, "on the faith of a Christian, I never saw your daughter; and you may rest assured in this, that I will neither marry you nor her. Do you consider how short a time I have been in this place? How much that time has been occupied? And how there was even a possibility that I could have accomplished such villanies?"

"And how long does your Christian reverence suppose you have remained in this place since the late laird's death?" said she.

"That is too well known to need recapitulation," said I; "only a very few days, though I cannot at present specify the exact number; perhaps from thirty to forty, or so. But in all that time, certes, I have never seen either you or any of your two daughters that you talk of. You must be quite sensible of that."

My friend shook his head three times during this short sentence, while the woman held up her hands in amazement and disgust, exclaiming, "There goes the self-righteous one? There goes the consecrated youth, who cannot err! You, sir, know, and the world shall know of the faith that is in this most just, devout, and religious miscreant! Can you deny that you have already been in this place four months and seven days? Or that in that time you have been forbid my house twenty times? Or that you have persevered in your endeavours to effect the basest and most ungenerous of purposes? Or that you *have* attained them? hypocrite and deceiver as you are! Yes, sir; I say, dare you deny that you *have* attained your vile, selfish, and degrading purposes towards a young, innocent, and unsuspecting creature, and thereby ruined a poor widow's only hope in this world? No, you cannot look in my face, and deny aught of this."

"The woman is raving mad!" said I. "You, illustrious sir, know, that in the first instance, I have not yet been in this place *one* month." My friend shook his head again, and answered me, "You are wrong, my dear friend; you are wrong. It is indeed the space of time that the lady hath stated, to a day, since you came here, and I came with you; and I am sorry that I know for certain that you have been frequently haunting her house, and have often had private correspondence with one of the young ladies too. Of the nature of it I presume not to know."

"You are mocking me," said I. "But as well may you try to reason me out of my existence, as to convince me that I have been here even one month, or that any of those things you allege against me has the shadow of truth or evidence to support it. I will swear to you by——"

"Hold, you most abandoned profligate!" cried she violently, "and do not add perjury to your other detestable crimes. But tell me what reparation you propose offering to my injured child?"

"I again declare, before heaven, woman, that to the best of my knowledge and recollection, I never saw your daughter. I now think I have some faint recollection of having seen your face, but where, or in what place, puzzles me quite."

"And, why?" said she. "Because for months and days you have been in such a state of extreme inebriety, that your time has gone over like a dream that has been forgotten. I believe, that from the day you came first to my house, you have been in a state of utter delirium, and that principally from the fumes of wine and ardent spirits."

"It is a manifest falsehood!" said I; "I have never, since I entered on the possession of Dalcastle, tasted wine or spirits, saving once, a few evenings ago; and, I confess to my shame, that I was led too far; but I have craved forgiveness and obtained it. I take my noble and distinguished friend there for a witness to the truth of what I assert; a man who has done more, and sacrificed more for the sake of genuine Christianity, than any this world contains. Him you will believe."

"I hope you have attained forgiveness," said he, seriously. "Indeed it would be next to blasphemy to doubt it. But, of late, you have been very much addicted to intemperance. I doubt it, from the first night you tasted the delights of drunkenness, that you have ever again been in your right mind till Monday last. Doubtless you have been for a good while most diligent in your addresses to this lady's daughter."

"This is unaccountable," said I. "It is impossible that I can have been doing a thing, and not doing it at the same time. But indeed, honest woman, there have several incidents occurred to me in the course of my life which persuade me I have a second self: or that there is some other being who appears in my likeness."

Here my friend interrupted me with a sneer, and a hint that I was talking insanely; and then he added, turning to the lady, "I know my friend Mr. Colwan will do what is just and right. Go and bring the young lady to him, that he may see her, and he will then recollect all his former amours with her."

"I humbly beg your pardon sir," said I. "But the mention of such a thing as *amours* with any woman existing, to me, is really so absurd, so far from my principle, so far from the purity of nature and frame to which I was born and consecrated, that I hold it an insult, and regard it with contempt."

I would have said more in reprobation of such an idea, had not my servant entered, and said, that a gentleman wanted to see me on business. Being glad of an opportunity of getting quit of my lady visitor, I ordered the servant to show him in; and forthwith a little lean gentleman, with a long aquiline nose, and a bald head, daubbed all over with powder and pomatum, entered. I thought I recollected having seen him too, but could not remember his name, though he spoke to me with the greatest familiarity; at least, that sort of familiarity that an official person generally assumes. He bustled about and about, speaking to every one, but declined listening for a single moment to any. The lady offered to withdraw, but he stopped her.

"No, no, Mrs. Keeler, you need not go; you need not go; you *must* not go, madam. The business I came about, concerns you—yes, that it does—Bad business yon of Walker's? Eh? Could not help it—did all I could, Mr. Wringhim. Done your business. Have it all cut and dry here, sir—No, this is not it—Have it among them though,—I'm at a little loss for your name, sir, (addressing my friend),—seen you very often though—exceedingly often—quite well acquainted with you."

"No, sir, you are not," said my friend, sternly.—The intruder never regarded him; never so much as lifted his eyes from his bundle of law papers, among which he was bustling with great hurry and importance, but went on—

"*Im*possible! Have seen a face very like it, then—what did you say your name was, sir?—very like it indeed. Is it not the young laird who was murdered whom you resemble so much?"

Here Mrs. Keeler uttered a scream, which so much startled me, that it seems I grew pale. And on looking at my friend's face, there was something struck me so forcibly in the likeness between him and my late brother, that I had very nearly fainted. The woman exclaimed, that it was my brother's spirit that stood beside me.

Im*poss*ible!" exclaimed the attorney: "at least I hope not, else his signature is not worth a pin. There is some balance due on your business, madam. Do you wish your account? because I have it here, ready discharged, and it does not suit letting such things lie over. This business of Mr. Colwan's will be a severe one on you, madam,—*ra*ther a severe one."

"What business of mine, if it be your will, sir," said I. "For my part I never engaged you in business of any sort, less or more." He never regarded me, but went on. "You may appeal, though: Yes, yes, there are such things as appeals for the refractory. Here it is, gentlemen,—here they are altogether—Here is, in the first place, sir, your power of attorney, regularly warranted, sealed, and signed with your own hand."

"I declare solemnly that I never signed that document," said I.

"Ay, ay, the system of denial is not a bad one in general," said my attorney; but at present there is no occasion for it. You do not deny your own hand!"

"I deny everything connected with the business cried I; "I disclaim it *in toto*, and declare that I know no more about it than the child unborn."

"That is exceedingly good!" exclaimed he; "I like your pertinacity vastly! I have three of your letters, and three of your signatures; that part is settled, and I hope so is the whole affair; for here is the original grant to your father, which he has never thought proper to put in requisition. Simple gentleman! But here have I, Lawyer Linkum, in one hundredth part of the time that any other notary, writer, attorney, or writer to the signet in Britain, would have done it, procured the signature of His Majesty's commissioner, and thereby confirmed the charter to you and your house, sir, for ever and ever,—begging your pardon, madam." The lady, as well as myself, tried several times to interrupt the loquacity of Linkum, but in vain: he only raised his hand with a quick flourish, and went on:—

"Here it is:—'JAMES, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, to his right trusty cousin, sendeth greeting: And whereas his right leal and trust-worthy cousin, George Colwan of Dalcastle and Balgrennan, hath suffered great losses, and undergone much hardship, on behalf of his Majesty's rights and titles; he therefore, for himself, and as prince and steward of Scotland, and by the consent of his right trusty cousins and councillors, hereby grants to the said George Colwan, his heirs and assignees whatsomever, heritably and irrevocably, all and haill the lands and others underwritten. *To wit*, All and haill, the five merk land of Kipplerig; the five pound land of Easter Knockward, with all the towers, fortalices, manor-places, houses, biggings, yards, orchards, tofts, crofts, mills, woods, fishings, mosses, muirs, meadows, commonties, pasturages, coals, coal-heughs, tenants, tenantries, services of free tenants, annexes, connexes, dependencies, parts, pendicles, and pertinents of the same whatsomever; to be peaceably brooked, joysed, set, used, and disposed of by him and his aboves, as specified, heritably and irrevocably, in all time coming: And, in testimony thereof, His Majesty, for himself, and as prince and steward of Scotland, with the advice and consent of his foresaids, knowledge, proper motive, and kingly power, makes, erects, creates, unites, annexes, and incorporates, the whole lands above mentioned in an haill and free barony, by all the rights, miethes, and marches thereof, old and divided, as the same lies, in length and breadth, in houses, biggings, mills, multures, hawking, hunting, fishing; with court, plaint herezeld, fock, fork, sack, sock, thole, thame, vert, wraik, waith, wair, venison,

outfang, thief, infang, thief, pit and gallows, and all and sundry, other commodities. Given at our Court of Whitehall, &c., &c. God save the King.

Compositio 5 *lib.* 13. 8.
'Registrate 26th September, 1687.'

"See, madam, here are ten signatures of privy councillors of that year, and here are other ten of the present year, with his Grace the Duke of Queensberry at the head. All right;—See here it is, sir,—all right—done your work. So you see, madam, this gentleman is the true and sole heritor of all the land that your father possesses, with all the rents thereof for the last twenty years, and upwards.—Fine job for my employers!—sorry on your account, madam—can't help it."

I was again going to disclaim all interest or connexion in the matter, but my friend stopped me; and the plaints and lamentations of the dame became so overpowering, that they put an end to all farther colloquy; but Lawyer Linkum followed me, and stated his great outlay, and the important services he had rendered me, until I was obliged to subscribe an order to him for £100 on my banker.

I was now glad to retire with my friend, and ask seriously for some explanation of all this. It was in the highest degree unsatisfactory. He confirmed all that had been stated to me; assuring me, that I had not only been assiduous in my endeavours to seduce a young lady of great beauty, which it seemed I had effected, but that I had taken counsel, and got this supposed, old, false, and forged grant, raked up and new signed, to ruin the young lady's family quite, so as to throw her entirely on myself for protection, and be wholly at my will.

This was to me wholly incomprehensible. I could have freely made oath to the contrary of every particular. Yet the evidences were against me, and of a nature not to be denied. Here I must confess, that, highly as I disapproved of the love of women, and all intimacies and connexions with the sex, I felt a sort of indefinite pleasure, an ungracious delight in having a beautiful woman solely at my disposal. But I thought of her spiritual good in the meantime. My friend spoke of my backslidings with concern; requesting me to make sure of my forgiveness, and to forsake them; and then he added some words of sweet comfort. But from this time forth I began to be sick at times of my existence. I had heart-burnings, longings, and yearnings, that would not be satisfied; and I seemed hardly to be an accountable creature; being thus in the habit of executing transactions of the utmost moment, without being sensible that I did them. I was a being incomprehensible to myself. Either I had a second self, who transacted business in my likeness, or else my body was at times possessed by a spirit over which it had no control, and of whose actions my own soul was wholly unconscious. This was an anomaly not to be accounted for by any philosophy of mine; and I was many times, in contemplating it, excited to terrors and mental torments hardly describable. To be in a state of consciousness and unconsciousness, at the same time, in the same body and same spirit, was impossible. I was under the greatest anxiety, dreading some change would take place momently in my nature; for of dates I could make nothing: one-half, or two-thirds of my time, seemed to me to be totally lost. I often, about this time, prayed with great fervour, and lamented my hopeless condition, especially in being liable to the commission of crimes, which I was not sensible of, and could not eschew. And I confess, notwithstanding the promises on which I had been taught to rely, I began to have secret terrors, that the great enemy of man's salvation was exercising powers over me, that might eventually lead to my ruin. These were but temporary and sinful fears, but they added greatly to my unhappiness.

The worst thing of all was, what hitherto I had never felt, and, as yet, durst not confess to myself, that the presence of my illustrious and devoted friend was becoming irksome to me. When I was by myself, I breathed

freer, and my step was lighter; but, when he approached, a pang went to my heart; and, in his company, I moved and acted as if under a load that I could hardly endure. What a state to be in! And yet to shake him off was impossible,—we were incorporated together—identified with one another, as it were, and the power was not in me to separate myself from him. I still knew nothing who he was, farther than that he was a potentate of some foreign land, bent on establishing some pure and genuine doctrines of Christianity, hitherto only half understood, and less than half exercised. Of this I could have no doubts, after all that he had said, done, and suffered in the cause. But, alongst with this, I was also certain, that he was possessed of some supernatural power, of the source of which I was wholly ignorant. That a man could be a Christian, and at the same time a powerful necromancer, appeared inconsistent, and adverse to every principle taught in our church; and from this I was led to believe, that he inherited his powers from on high, for I could not doubt either of the soundness of his principles, or that he accomplished things impossible to account for.

Thus was I sojourning in the midst of a chaos of confusion. I looked back on my bypast life with pain, as one looks back on a perilous journey, in which he has attained his end, without gaining any advantage either to himself or others; and I looked forward, as on a darksome waste, full of repulsive and terrific shapes, pitfalls, and precipices, to which there was no definite bourne, and from which I turned with disgust. With my riches, my unhappiness was increased tenfold: and here, with another great acquisition of property, for which I had pleaded, and which I had gained in a dream, my miseries and difficulties were increasing. My principal feeling, about this time, was an insatiable longing for something that I cannot describe or denominate properly, unless I say it was for *utter oblivion* that I longed. I desired to sleep; but it was for a deeper and longer sleep, than that in which the senses were nightly steeped. I longed to be at rest and quiet, and close my eyes on the past and the future alike, as far as this frail life was concerned. But what had been formerly and finally settled in the councils above, I presumed not to call in question.

In this state of irritation and misery, was I dragging on an existence, disgusted with all around me, and in particular with my mother, who, with all her love and anxiety, had such an insufferable mode of manifesting them, that she had by this time rendered herself exceedingly obnoxious to me. The very sound of her voice at a distance, went to my heart like an arrow, and made all my nerves to shrink; and as for the beautiful young lady of whom they told me I had been so much enamoured, I shunned all intercourse with her or hers. I read some of their letters and burnt them, but refused to see either the young lady or her mother, on any account.

About this time it was, that my worthy and reverend parent came with one of his elders to see my mother and myself. His presence always brought joy with it into our family, for my mother was uplifted, and I had so few who cared for me, or for whom I cared, that I felt rather gratified at seeing him. My illustrious friend was also much more attached to him than any other person, (except myself,) for their religious principles tallied in every point, and their conversation was interesting, serious, and sublime. Being anxious to entertain well and highly the man to whom I had been so much indebted, and knowing that with all his integrity and righteousness, he disdained not the good things of this life, I brought from the late laird's well-stored cellars, various fragrant and salubrious wines, and we drank and became merry, and I found that my miseries and overpowering calamities passed away over my head like a shower that is driven by the wind. I became elevated and happy, and welcomed my guests an hundred times; and then I joined them in religious conversation, with a zeal and enthusiasm which I had not often experienced, and which made all their hearts rejoice, so that I said to myself, "Surely every gift of God is a blessing, and ought to be used with liberality and thankfulness."

The next day I waked from a profound and feverish sleep, and called for something to drink. There was a servant answered whom I had never seen before, and he was clad in my servant's clothes and livery. I asked for Andrew Handyside, the servant who had waited at table the night before; but the man answered with a stare and a smile.

"What do you mean, sirrah," said I. "Pray what do you here? or what are you pleased to laugh at? I desire you to go about your business, and send me up Handyside. I want him to bring me something to drink."

"Ye sanna want a drink, maister," said the fellow. "Tak a hearty ane, and see if it will wauken ye up something, sae that ye dinna ca' for ghaists through your sleep. Surely you haena forgotten that Andrew Handyside has been in his grave these six months?"

This was a stunning blow to me. I could not answer further, but sunk back on my pillow as if I had been a lump of lead, refusing to take a drink or any thing else at the fellow's hand, who seemed thus mocking me with so grave a face. The man seemed sorry, and grieved at my being offended, but I ordered him away, and continued sullen and thoughtful. Could I have again been for a season in utter oblivion to myself and transacting business which I neither approved of, nor had any connexion with! I tried to recollect something in which I might have been engaged, but nothing was portrayed on my mind subsequent to the parting with my friends at a late hour the evening before. The evening before it certainly was; but if so, how came it, that Andrew Handyside, who served at table that evening, should have been in his grave six months! This was a circumstance somewhat equivocal; therefore, being afraid to arise lest accusations of I knew not what might come against me, I was obliged to call once more in order to come at what intelligence I could. The same fellow appeared to receive my orders as before, and I set about examining him with regard to particulars. He told me his name was Scrape; that I hired him myself; of whom I hired him; and at whose recommendation. I smiled, and nodded so as to let the knave see I understood he was telling me a chain of falsehoods, but did not choose to begin with any violent asseverations to the contrary.

"And where is my noble friend and companion?" said I. "How has he been engaged in the interim?"

"I dinna ken him, sir," said Scrape; "but have heard it said, that the strange mysterious person that attended you, him that the maist part of the folks countit uncanny, had gane awa wi' a Mr. Ringan o' Glasgow last year, and had never returned."

I was pleased in my heart at this intelligence, hoping that the illustrious stranger had returned to his own land and people, and that I should thenceforth be rid of his controlling and appalling presence. "And where is my mother?" said I.—The man's breath cut short, and he looked at me without returning any answer.—"I ask you where my mother is?" said I.

"God only knows, and not I, where she is," returned he. "He knows where her soul is, and as for her body, if you dinna ken something o' it, I suppose nae man alive does."

"What do you mean, you knave?" said I; "what dark hints are these you are throwing out? Tell me precisely and distinctly what you know of my mother?"

"It is unco queer o' ye to forget, or pretend to forget every thing that gate, the day, sir," said he. "I'm sure you heard enough about it yestreen; an' I can tell you, there are some gayan ill-faured stories gaun about that business. But as the thing is to be tried afore the circuit lords, it wad be far wrang to say either this or that to influence the public mind; it is best just to let justice tak its swee. I hae naething to say, sir. Ye hae been a good enough maister to me, and paid my wages regularly, but ye hae muckle need to be innocent, for there are some heavy accusations rising against you."

"I fear no accusations of man," said I, "as long as I can justify my cause in the sight of heaven; and that I can do this I am well aware. Go you and

bring me some wine and water, and some other clothes than these gaudy and glaring ones."

I took a cup of wine and water; put on my black clothes and walked out. For all the perplexity that surrounded me, I felt my spirits considerably buoyant. It appeared that I was rid of the two greatest bars to my happiness, by what agency I knew not. My mother, it seemed, was gone, who had become a grievous thorn in my side of late, and my great companion and counsellor, who tyrannized over every spontaneous movement of my heart, had likewise taken himself off. This last was an unspeakable relief; for I found that for a long season I had only been able to act by the motions of his mysterious mind and spirit. I therefore strode through my woods with a daring and heroic step; with independence in my eye, and freedom swinging in my right hand.

At the extremity of the Colwan wood, I perceived a figure approaching me with slow and dignified motion. The moment that I beheld it, my whole frame received a shock as if the ground on which I walked had sunk suddenly below me. Yet, at that moment, I knew not who it was; it was the air and motion of some one that I dreaded, and from whom I would gladly have escaped; but this I even had not power to attempt. It came slowly onward, and I advanced as slowly to meet it; yet when we came within speech, I still knew not who it was. It bore the figure, air, and features of my late brother, I thought, exactly; yet in all these there were traits so forbidding, so mixed with an appearance of misery, chagrin, and despair, that I still shrunk from the view, not knowing on whose face I looked. But when the being spoke, both my mental and bodily frame received another shock more terrible than the first, for it was the voice of the great personage I had so long denominated my friend, of whom I had deemed myself for ever freed, and whose presence and counsels I now dreaded. It was his voice, but so altered—I shall never forget it till my dying day. Nay, I can scarce conceive it possible that any earthly sounds could be so discordant, so repulsive to every feeling of a human soul, as the tones of the voice that grated on my ear at that moment. They were the sounds of the pit, wheezed through a grated cranny, or seemed so to my distempered imagination.

"So! thou shudderest at my approach now, dost thou?" said he. "Is this all the gratitude that you deign for an attachment of which the annals of the world furnishes no parallel? An attachment which has caused me to forego power and dominion, might, homage, conquest, and adulation, all that I might gain one highly valued and sanctified spirit to my great and true principles of reformation among mankind. Wherein have I offended? What have I done for evil, or what have I not done for your good, that you would thus shun my presence?"

"Great and magnificent prince," said I humbly, "let me request of you to abandon a poor worthless wight to his own wayward fortune, and return to the dominion of your people. I am unworthy of the sacrifices you have made for my sake; and after all your efforts, I do not feel that you have rendered me either more virtuous or more happy. For the sake of that which is estimable in human nature depart from me to your own home, before you render me a being altogether above, or below the rest of my fellow-creatures. Let me plod on towards heaven and happiness in my own way, like those that have gone before me, and I promise to stick fast by the great principles which you have so strenuously inculcated, on condition that you depart and leave me for ever."

"Sooner shall you make the mother abandon the child of her bosom; nay, sooner cause the shadow to relinquish the substance, than separate me from your side. Our beings are amalgamated, as it were, and consociated in one, and never shall I depart from this country until I can carry you in triumph with me."

I can in nowise describe the effect this appalling speech had on me. It was like the announcement of death to one who had of late deemed himself

free, if not of something worse than death, and of longer continuance. There was I doomed to remain in misery, subjugated, soul and body, to one whose presence was become more intolerable to me than ought on earth could compensate. And at that moment, when he beheld the anguish of my soul, he could not conceal that he enjoyed it. I was troubled for an answer, for which he was waiting: it became incumbent on me to say something after such a protestation of attachment; and, in some degree to shake the validity of it, I asked, with great simplicity, where he had been all this while?

"Your crimes and your extravagances forced me from your side for a season," said he; "but now that I hope the day of grace is returned, I am again drawn towards you by an affection that has neither bounds nor interest; an affection for which I receive not even the poor return of gratitude, and which seems to have its radical sources in fascination. I have been far, far abroad, and have seen much, and transacted much, since I last spoke with you. During that space, I grievously suspect that you have been guilty of great crimes and misdemeanours; but as I knew it to be only a temporary falling off, I closed my eyes on the wilful debasement of our principles, knowing that in good time you would come to your senses."

"What crimes?" said I; "what misdemeanours and transgressions do you talk about! For my part, I am conscious of none, and am utterly amazed at insinuations which I do not comprehend."

"You have certainly been left to yourself for a season," returned he, "having gone on rather like a person in a delirium, than a Christian in his sober senses. You are accused of having made away with your mother privately; as also of the death of a beautiful young lady, whose affections you had seduced."

"It is an intolerable and monstrous falsehood!" cried I, interrupting him; "I never laid a hand on a woman to take away her life, and have even shunned their society from my childhood; I know nothing of my mother's exit, nor of that young lady's whom you mention,—Nothing whatever."

"I hope it is so," said he. "But it seems there are some strong presumptuous proofs against you, and I came to warn you this day that a precognition is in progress, and that unless you are perfectly convinced, not only of your innocence, but of your ability to prove it, it will be the safest course for you to abscond, and let the trial go on without you."

"Never shall it be said that I shrunk from such a trial as this," said I. "It would give grounds for suspicions of guilt that never had existence, even in thought. I will go and show myself in every public place, that no slanderous tongue may wag against me. I have shed the blood of sinners, but of these deaths I am guiltless; therefore, I will face every tribunal, and put all my accusers down."

"Asseverations will avail you but little," answered he composedly. "It is, however, justifiable in its place, although to me it signifies nothing, who know too well that you did commit both crimes, in your own person, and with your own hands. Far be it from me to betray you; indeed, I would rather endeavour to palliate the offences."

"If this that you tell me be true," said I, "then is it as true that I have two souls, which take possession of my bodily frame by turns, the one being all unconscious of what the other performs; for as sure as I have at this moment a spirit within me, so sure am I utterly ignorant of the crimes you now lay to my charge."

"Your supposition may be true in effect," said he. "We are all subjected to two distinct natures in the same person. I myself have suffered grievously in that way. The spirit that now directs my energies is not that with which I was endowed at my creation. It is changed within me, and so is my whole nature. My former days were those of grandeur and felicity. But, would you believe it? *I was not then a Christian.* Now I am. I have been converted to its truths by passing through the fire, and since my final conversion, my misery has been extreme. You complain that I have not been able to render

you more happy than you were. Alas! do you expect it in the difficult and exterminating career which you have begun. I, however, promise you this—a portion of the only happiness which I enjoy, sublime in its motions, and splendid in its attainments—I will place you on the right hand of my throne, and show you the grandeur of my domains, and the felicity of my millions of true professors."

I was once more humbled before this mighty potentate, and promised to be ruled wholly by his directions, although at that moment my nature shrunk from the concessions, and my soul longed rather to be inclosed in the depths of the sea, or involved once more in utter oblivion. I was like Daniel in the den of lions, without his faith in divine support, and wholly at their mercy. I felt as one round whose body a deadly snake is twisted, which continues to hold him in his fangs, without injuring him, farther than in moving its scaly infernal folds with exulting delight, to let its victim feel to whose power he has subjected himself; and thus did I for a space drag an existence from day to day, in utter weariness and helplessness; at one time worshipping with great fervour of spirit, and at other times so wholly left to myself as to work all manner of vices and follies with greediness. In these, my enlightened friend never accompanied me, but I always observed that he was the first to lead me to every one of them, and then leave me in the lurch.

But of all my troubles, this was the chief. I was every day and every hour assailed with accusations of deeds of which I was wholly ignorant; of acts of cruelty, injustice, defamation, and deceit; of pieces of business which I could not be made to comprehend; with law-suits, details, arrestments of judgment, and a thousand interminable quibbles from the mouth of my loquacious and conceited attorney. So miserable was my life rendered by these continued attacks, that I was often obliged to lock myself up for days together, never seeing any person save my man Samuel Scrape, who was a very honest blunt fellow, a staunch Cameronian, but withal very little conversant in religious matters. He said he came from a place called Penpunt, which I thought a name so ridiculous, that I called him by the name of his native village, an appellation of which he was very proud, and answered everything with more civility and perspicuity when I denominated him Penpunt, than Samuel, his own Christian name. Of this peasant was I obliged to make a companion on sundry occasions, and strange indeed were the details which he gave me concerning myself, and the ideas of the country people concerning me. I took down a few of these in writing, to put off the time, and here leave them on record to show how the best and greatest actions are misconstrued among sinful and ignorant men.

"You say, Samuel, that I hired you myself—that I have been a good enough master to you, and have paid you your weekly wages punctually. Now, how is it that you say this, knowing, as you do, that I never hired you, and never paid you a sixpence of wages in the whole course of my life, excepting this last month?"

"Ye may as weel say, master, that water's no water, or that stanes are no stanes. But that's just your gate, an' it is a great pity aye to do a thing an' profess the clean contrair. Weel then, since you havena paid me ony wages, an' I can prove day and date when I was hired, an' came hame to your service, will you be sae kind as to pay me now? That's the best way o' curing a man o' the mortal disease o' leasing-making that I ken o'"

"I should think that Penpunt and Cameronian principles would not admit of a man taking twice payment for the same article."

"In sic a case as this, sir, it disna hinge upon principles, but a piece o' good manners; as I canna bide to make you out a leear, I'll thank you for my wages."

"Well, you shall have them, Samuel, if you declare to me that I hired you myself in this same person, and bargained with you with this same tongue, and voice, with which I speak to you just now."

"That I do declare, unless ye hae twa persons o' the same appearance, and

twa tongues to the same voice. But, 'od saif us, sir, do you ken what the auld wives o' the clachan say about you?"

"How should I when no one repeats it to me?"

"Oo, I trow it's a' stuff;—folk shouldna heed what's said by auld crazy kimmers. But there are some o' them weel kend for witches too; an' they say,—Lord have a care o' us!—they say the deil's often seen gaun sidie for sidie w'ye, whiles in ae shape, an' whiles in anither. An' they say that he whiles takes your ain shape, or else enters into you, and then you turn deil yoursel."

I was so astounded at this terrible idea that had gone abroad, regarding my fellowship with the prince of darkness, that I could make no answer to the fellow's information, but sat like one in a stupor; and if it had not been for my well-founded faith, I should at that moment have given into the popular belief, and fallen into the sin of despondency; but I was preserved from such a fatal error by an inward and unseen supporter. Still the insinuation was so like what I felt myself, that I was greatly awed and confounded.

The poor fellow observed this, and tried to do away the impression by some farther sage remarks of his own.

"Hout, dear sir, it is balderdash, there's nae doubt o't. It is the crown-head o' absurdity to tak in the havers o' auld wives for gospel. I told them that my master was a peeous man, an' a sensible man; an' for praying, that he could ding auld Macmillan himsel. 'Sae could the deil,' they said, 'when he liket, either at preaching or praying, if these war to answer his ain ends.' 'Na, na,' says I, 'but he's a strick believer in a' the truths o' Christianity, my master.' They said, sae was Satan, for that he was the firmest believer in a' the truths of Christianity that was out o' heaven; an' that, sin' the Revolution, that the gospel had turned sae rife, he had been often driven to the shift o' preaching it himsel', for the purpose o' getting some wrang tenets introduced into it, and thereby turning it into blasphemy and ridicule."

I confess, to my shame, that I was so overcome by this jumble of nonsense, that a chillness came over me, and in spite of all my efforts to shake off the impression it had made, I fell into a faint. Samuel soon brought me to myself, and after a deep draught of wine and water, I was greatly revived, and felt my spirit rise above the sphere of vulgar conceptions. The shrewd but loquacious fellow, perceiving this, tried to make some amends for the pain he had occasioned to me, by the following story, which I noted down, and which was brought on by a conversation to the following purport:—

"Now, Penpunt, you may tell me all that passed between you and the wives of the clachan. I am better of that stomach qualm, with which I am sometimes seized, and shall be much amused by hearing the sentiments of noted witches regarding myself and my connexions."

"Weel, you see, sir, I says to them, 'It will be lang afore the deil intermeddle wi' as serious a professor, and as fervent a prayer as my master, for gin he gets the hand o' sickan men, wha's to be safe!' An, what think ye they said, sir? There was ane Lucky Shaw set up her lang lantern chafts, an' answered me, and a' the rest shanned and noddit, in assent an' approbation: 'Ye silly, sauchless, Cameronian cuif!' quo she, 'is that a' that ye ken about the wiles and doings o' the prince o' the air, that rules an' works in the bairns o' disobedience? Gin ever he observes a proud professor, wha has mae than ordinary pretensions to a divine calling, and that reads and prays till the very howlets learn his preambles, that's the man Auld Simmie fixes on to mak a dishclout o'. He canna get rest if he sees a man, or a set of men o' this stamp, an' when he sets fairly to wark, it is seldom that he disna bring them round till his ain measures by hook or by crook. Then, O it is a grand priz: for him, an' a proud deil he is, when he gangs hame to his ain ha', wi' a batch o' the souls o' sic strenuous professors on his back. Ay, I trow, auld Ingleby, the Liverpool packman, never came up Glasgow street wi' prouder pomp, when he had ten horse-laids afore him o' Flanders lace, an' Hollin lawn, an' silks an' satins frae the eastern Indians, than Satan wad strodge wi' a pack-lade o' the

souls o' proud professors on his braid shoulders. Ha, ha, ha! I think I see how the auld thief wad be gaun through his gizened dominions, crying his wares, in derision, 'Wha will buy a fresh, cauler divine, a bouzy bishop, a fasting zealot, or a piping priest? For a' their prayers an' their praises, their aumuses, an' their penances, their whinings, their howlings, their rantings, an' their ravings, here they come at last! Behold the end! Here go the rare and precious wares! A fat professor for a bodle, an' a lean ane for half a merk!' I declare, I tremble at the auld hag's ravings, but the lave o' the kimmers applauded the sayings as sacred truths. An' then Lucky went on: 'There are many wolves in sheep's claithing, among us, my man; mony deils aneath the masks o' zealous professors, roaming about in kirks and meeting-houses o' the land. An' whenever you are doubtfu' o' a man, take auld Robin Ruthven's plan, an' look for the cloven foot, for it's a thing that winna weel hide; an' it appears whiles where ane wadna think o't. It will keek out frae aneath the parson's gown, the lawyer's wig, and the Cameronian's blue bannet; but still there is a gouden rule whereby to detect it, an' that never, never fails.'—The auld witch didna gie me the rule, an' though I hae heard tell o't often an' often, shame fa' me an I ken what it is! But ye will ken it well, an' it would be nane the waur of a trial on some o' your friends, maybe; for they say there's a certain gentleman seen walking wi' you whiles, that wherever he sets his foot, the grass withers as gin it war scoudered wi' a het ern. His presence be about us! What's the matter wi' you, master? Are ye gaun to take the calm o' the stamock again?"

The truth is, that the clown's absurd gossip made me sick at heart a second time. It was not because I thought my illustrious friend was the devil, but it gave me a view of my own state, at which I shuddered, as indeed I now always did, when the image of my devoted friend and ruler presented itself to my mind. I often communed with my heart on this, and wondered how a connexion, that had the well-being of mankind solely in view, could be productive of fruits so bitter. I then went to try my works by the Saviour's golden rule, as my servant had put it into my head to do; and, behold, not one of them would stand the test. I had shed blood on a ground on which I could not admit that any man had a right to shed mine; and I began to doubt the motives of my adviser once more, not that they were intentionally bad, but that his was some great mind led astray by enthusiasm, or some overpowering passion.

He seemed to comprehend every one of these motions of my heart, for his manner towards me altered every day. It first became anything but agreeable, then supercilious, and finally, intolerable; so that I resolved to shake him off, cost what it would, even though I should be reduced to beg my bread in a foreign land. To do it at home was impossible as he held my life in his hands, to sell it whenever he had a mind; and besides, his ascendancy over me was as complete as that of a huntsman over his dogs. I was even so weak, as, the next time I met with him, to look stedfastly at his foot, to see if it was cloven into two hoofs. It was the foot of a gentleman, in every respect, so far as appearances went, but the form of his counsels was somewhat equivocal, and if not double, they were amazingly crooked.

But, if I had taken my measures to abscond and fly from my native place, in order to free myself of this tormenting, intolerant, and bloody reformer, he had likewise taken his to expel me, or throw me into the hands of justice. It seems, that about this time, I was haunted by some spies connected with my late father and brother, of whom the mistress of the former was one. My brother's death had been witnessed by two individuals; indeed, I always had an impression that it was witnessed by more than one, having some faint recollection of hearing voices and challenges close beside me; and this woman had searched about until she found these people; but, as I shrewdly suspected, not without the assistance of the only person in my secret,—my own warm and devoted friend. I say this, because I found that he had them

concealed in the neighbourhood, and then took me again and again where I was fully exposed to their view, without being aware. One time in particular, on pretence of gratifying my revenge on that base woman, he knew so well where she lay concealed, that he led me to her, and left me to the mercy of two viragos, who had very nigh taken my life. My time of residence at Dalcastle was wearing to a crisis. I could no longer live with my tyrant, who haunted me like my shadow; and besides, it seems there were proofs of murder leading against me from all quarters. Of part of these I deemed myself quite free: but the world deemed otherwise; and how the matter would have ended, had the case undergone a judicial trial, I cannot say. It perhaps, however, behoves me here to relate all that I know of it, and it is simply this.

On the 1st of June 1712, (well may I remember the day,) I was sitting locked in my secret chamber, in a state of the utmost despondency, revolving in my mind what I ought to do to be free of my persecutors, and wishing myself a worm, or a moth, that I might be crushed and at rest, when behold Samuel entered, with eyes like to start out of his head, exclaiming, "For God's sake, master, fly and hide yourself for your mother's found; an' as sure as you're a living soul, the blame is gaun to fa' on you!"

"My mother found!" said I. "And pray, where has she been all this while?" In the mean time, I was terribly discomposed at the thoughts of her return.

"Been, sir? Been? Why, she has been where ye pat her, it seems,—lying buried in the sands o' the linn. I can tell you, ye will see her a frightsome figure, sic as I never wish to see again. An' the young lady is found too, sir: an' it is said the devil—I beg pardon, sir, your friend, I mean,—it is said your friend has made the discovery, an' the folk are away to raise officers, an' they will be here in an hour or two at the farthest, sir; an' sae you hae not a minute to lose, for there's proof, sir, strong proof, an' sworn proof, that ye were last seen wi' them baith; sae, unless ye can gie a' the better an account o' baith yoursel' an' them, either hide, or flee for your bare life."

"I will neither hide nor fly," said I; "for I am as guiltless of the blood of these women as the child unborn."

"The country disna think sae, master; an' I can assure you, that should evidence fail, you run a risk o' being torn limb frae limb. They are bringing the corpses here, to gar ye touch them baith afore witnesses, an' plenty o' witnesses there will be!"

"They shall not bring them here," cried I, shocked beyond measure at the experiment about to be made: "Go, instantly, and debar them from entering my gate with their bloated and mangled carcasses."

"The body of your own mother, sir!" said the fellow emphatically. I was in terrible agitation; and, being driven to my wit's end, I got up and strode furiously round and round the room. Samuel wist not what to do, but I saw by his staring he deemed me doubly guilty. A tap came to the chamber door: we both started like guilty creatures; and as for Samuel, his hairs stood all on end with alarm, so that when I motioned to him, he could scarcely advance to open the door. He did so at length, and who should enter but my illustrious friend, manifestly in the utmost state of alarm. The moment that Samuel admitted him, the former made his escape by the prince's side as he entered, seemingly in a state of distraction. I was little better, when I saw this dreaded personage enter my chamber, which he had never before attempted; and being unable to ask his errand, I suppose I stood and gazed on him like a statue.

"I come with sad and tormenting tidings to you, my beloved and ungrateful friend," said he; "but having only a minute left to save your life, I have come to attempt it. There is a mob coming towards you with two dead bodies, which will place you in circumstances disagreeable enough; but that is not the worse, for of that you may be able to clear yourself. At this moment there is a party of officers, with a Justiciary warrant from Edinburgh,

surrounding the house, and about to begin the search of it, for you. If you fall into their hands, you are inevitably lost; for I have been making earnest inquiries, and find that every thing is in train for your ruin."

"Ay, and who has been the cause of all this?" said I, with great bitterness. But he stopped me short, adding, "there is no time for such reflections at present; I gave you my word of honour that your life should be safe from the hand of man. So it shall, if the power remain with me to save it. I am come to redeem my pledge, and to save your life by the sacrifice of my own. Here,—not one word of expostulation; change habits with me, and you may then pass by the officers, and guards, and even through the approaching mob, with the most perfect temerity. There is a virtue in this garb, and instead of offering to detain you, they shall pay you obeisance. Make haste, and leave this place for the present, flying where you best may, and if I escape from these dangers that surround me, I will endeavour to find you out, and bring you what intelligence I am able."

I put on his green frock coat, buff belt, and a sort of a turban that he always wore on his head, somewhat resembling a bishop's mitre; he drew his hand thrice across my face, and I withdrew as he continued to urge me. My hall door and postern gate were both strongly guarded, and there were sundry armed people within, searching the closets; but all of them made way for me, and lifted their caps as I passed by them. Only one superior officer accosted me, asking if I had seen the culprit? I knew not what answer to make, but chanced to say, with great truth and propriety, "He is safe enough." The man beckoned with a smile, as much as to say, "Thank you, sir, that is quite sufficient;" and I walked deliberately away.

I had not well left the gate, till, hearing a great noise coming from the deep glen towards the east, I turned that way, deeming myself quite secure in this my new disguise, to see what it was, and if matters were as had been described to me. There I met a great mob, sure enough, coming with two dead bodies stretched on boards, and decently covered with white sheets. I would fain have examined their appearance, had I not perceived the apparent fury in the looks of the men, and judged from that how much more safe it was for me not to intermeddle in the affray. I cannot tell how it was, but I felt a strange and unwonted delight in viewing this scene, and a certain pride of heart in being supposed the perpetrator of the unnatural crimes laid to my charge. This was a feeling quite new to me; and if there were virtues in the robes of the illustrious foreigner, who had without all dispute preserved my life at this time; I say, if there was any inherent virtue in these robes of his, as he had suggested, this was one of their effects, that they turned my heart towards that which was evil, horrible and disgustful.

I mixed with the mob to hear what they were saying. Every tongue was engaged in loading me with the most opprobrious epithets! One called me a monster of nature; another an incarnate devil; and another a creature made to be cursed in time and eternity. I retired from them, and winded my way southward, comforting myself with the assurance, that so mankind had used and persecuted the greatest fathers and apostles of the Christian church, and that their vile opprobrium could not alter the counsels of heaven concerning me.

On going over that rising ground called Dorington Moor, I could not help turning round and taking a look of Dalcastle. I had little doubt that it would be my last look, and nearly as little ambition that it should not. I thought how high my hopes of happiness and advancement had been on entering that mansion, and taking possession of its rich and extensive domains, and how miserably I had been disappointed. On the contrary, I had experienced nothing but chagrin, disgust, and terror; and I now consoled myself with the hope that I should henceforth shake myself free of the chains of my great tormentor, and for that privilege was I willing to encounter any earthly distress. I could not help perceiving, that I was now on a path which was likely to lead me into a species of distress hitherto unknown, and hardly dreamed

of by me, and that was total destitution. For all the riches I had been possessed of a few hours previous to this, I found that here I was turned out of my lordly possessions without a single merk, or the power of lifting and commanding the smallest sum, without being thereby discovered and seized. Had it been possible for me to have escaped in my own clothes, I had a considerable sum secreted in these, but by the sudden change, I was left without a coin for present necessity. But I had hope in heaven, knowing that the just man would not be left destitute; and that though many troubles surrounded him, he would at last be set free from them all. I was possessed of strong and brilliant parts, and a liberal education; and though I had somehow unaccountably suffered my theological qualifications to fall into desuetude, since my acquaintance with the ablest and most rigid of all theologians, I had nevertheless hopes that, I should yet be enabled to benefit mankind in some country, and rise to high distinction.

These were some of the thoughts by which I consoled myself as I passed on my way southward, avoiding the towns and villages, and falling into the cross ways that led from each of the great roads passing east and west, to another. I lodged the first night in the house of a country weaver, into which I stepped at a late hour, quite overcome with hunger and fatigue, having travelled not less than thirty miles from my late home. The man received me ungraciously, telling me of a gentleman's house at no great distance, and of an inn a little farther away; but I said I delighted more in the society of a man like him, than that of any gentleman of the land, for my concerns were with the poor of this world, it being easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. The weaver's wife, who sat with a child on her knee, and had not hitherto opened her mouth, hearing me speak in that serious and religious style, stirred up the fire, with her one hand; then drawing a chair near it, she said, "Come awa, honest lad, in by here, sin' it be sae that you belong to Him wha gies us a' that we hae, it is but right that you should share a part. You are a stranger, it is true, but them that winna entertain a stranger will never entertain an angel unawares."

I never was apt to be taken with the simplicity of nature; in general I despised it; but, owing to my circumstances at the time, I was deeply affected by the manner of this poor woman's welcome. The weaver continued in a churlish mood throughout the evening, apparently dissatisfied with what his wife had done in entertaining me, and spoke to her in a manner so crusty that I thought proper to rebuke him, for the woman was comely in her person and virtuous in her conversation; but the weaver her husband was large of make, ill-favoured, and pestilent; therefore did I take him severely to task for the tenor of his conduct; but the man was froward, and answered me rudely, with sneering and derision, and, in the height of his caprice, he said to his wife, "Whan focks are sae keen of a chance o' entertaining angels, gudewife, it wad maybe be worth their while to tak tent what kind o' angels they are. It wadna wonder me vera muckle an ye had entertained your friend the deil the night, for I thought I fand a saur o' reek an' brimstane about him. *He's* nane o' the best o' angels, and focks winna hae muckle credit by entertaining him."

Certainly, in the assured state I was in, I had as little reason to be alarmed at mention being made of the devil as any person on earth: of late, however, I felt that the reverse was the case, and that any allusion to my great enemy, moved me exceedingly. The weaver's speech had such an effect on me, that both he and his wife were alarmed at my looks. The latter thought I was angry, and chided her husband gently for his rudeness; but the weaver himself rather seemed to be confirmed in his opinion that I was the devil, for he looked round like a startled roebuck, and immediately betook him to the family Bible.

I know not whether it was on purpose to prove my identity or not, but I think he was going to desire me either to read a certain portion of Scripture that he had sought out, or to make family worship, had not the conversation

at that instant taken another turn ; for the weaver, not knowing how to address me, abruptly asked my name, as he was about to put the Bible into my hands. Never having considered myself in the light of a malefactor, but rather as a champion in the cause of truth, and finding myself perfectly safe under my disguise, I had never once thought of the utility of changing my name, and when the man asked me, I hesitated ; but being compelled to say something, I said my name was Cowan. The man stared at me, and then at his wife, with a look that spoke a knowledge of something alarming or mysterious.

"Ha ! Cowan ?" said he. "That's most extrordinar ! Not Colwan, I hope ?"

"No : Cowan is my sirname," said I. "But why not Colwan, there being so little difference in the sound ?"

"I was feared ye might be that waratch that the deil has taen the possession o', an' eggit him on to kill baith his father an' his mother, his only brother, an' his sweetheart," said he ; "an' to say the truth, I'm no that sure about you yet, for I see you're gaun wi' arms on ye."

"Not I, honest man," said I ; "I carry no arms ; a man conscious of his innocence and uprightness of heart, needs not to carry arms in his defence now."

"Ay, ay, maister," said he ; "an' pray what div ye ca' this bit windlestrae that's appearing here ?" With that he pointed to something on the inside of the breast of my frock-coat. I looked at it, and there certainly was the gilded haft of a poniard, the same weapon I had seen and handled before, and which I knew my illustrious companion always carried about with him ; but till that moment I knew not that I was in possession of it. I drew it out : a more dangerous or insidious looking weapon could not be conceived. The weaver and his wife were both frightened, the latter in particular ; and she being my friend, and I dependent on their hospitality, for that night, I said, "I declare I knew not that I carried this small rapier, which has been in my coat by chance, and not by any design of mine. But lest you should think that I meditate any mischief to any under this roof, I give it into your hands, requesting of you to lock it by till to-morrow, or when I shall next want it."

The woman seemed rather glad to get hold of it ; and taking it from me, she went into a kind of pantry out of my sight, and locked the weapon up ; and then the discourse went on.

"There cannot be such a thing in reality," said I, "as the story you were mentioning just now, of a man whose name resembles mine."

"It's likely that you ken a wee better about the story than I do, maister," said he, "suppose you do leave the *L* out of your name. An' yet I think sic a waratch, an' a murderer, wad hae taen a name wi' some gritter difference in the sound. But the story is just that true, that there were twa o' the Queen's officers here nae mair than an hour ago, in pursuit o' the vagabond, for they gat some intelligence that he had fled this gate ; yet they said he had been last seen wi' black claes on, an' they supposed he was clad in black. His ain servant is wi' them, for the purpose o' kennin the scoundrel, an' they're galloping through the country like madmen. I hope they'll get him, and rack his neck for him !"

I could not say *Amen* to the weaver's prayer, and therefore tried to compose myself as well as I could, and made some religious comment on the causes of the nation's depravity. But suspecting that my potent friend had betrayed my flight and disguise, to save his life, I was very uneasy, and gave myself up for lost. I said prayers in the family, with the tenor of which the wife was delighted, but the weaver still dissatisfied ; and, after a supper of the most homely fare, he tried to start an argument with me, proving, that every thing for which I had interceded in my prayer, was irrelevant to man's present state. But I, being weary and distressed in mind, shunned the contest, and requested a couch whereon to repose.

I was conducted into the other end of the house, among looms, treadles, pirns, and confusion without end ; and there, in a sort of box, was I shut up

for my night's repose, for the weaver, as he left me, cautiously turned the key of my apartment, and left me to shift for myself among the looms, determined that I should escape from the house with nothing. After he and his wife and children were crowded into their den, I heard the two mates contending furiously about me in suppressed voices, the one maintaining the probability that I was the murderer, and the other proving the impossibility of it. The husband, however, said as much as let me understand, that he had locked me up on purpose to bring the military, or officers of justice, to seize me. I was in the utmost perplexity, yet, for all that, and the imminent danger I was in, I fell asleep, and a more troubled and tormenting sleep never enchained a mortal frame. I had such dreams that they will not bear repetition, and early in the morning I awaked, feverish, and parched with thirst.

I went to call mine host, that he might let me out to the open air, but before doing so, I thought it necessary to put on some clothes. In attempting to do this, a circumstance arrested my attention, (for which I could in no wise account, which to this day I cannot unriddle, nor shall I ever be able to comprehend it while I live,) the frock and turban, which had furnished my disguise on the preceding day, were both removed, and my own black coat and cocked hat laid down in their place. At first I thought I was in a dream, and felt the weaver's beam, web, and treadle-strings with my hands, to convince myself that I was awake. I was certainly awake; and there was the door locked firm and fast as it was the evening before. I carried my own black coat to the small window, and examined it. It was my own in verity; and the sums of money, that I had concealed in case of any emergency, remained untouched. I trembled with astonishment; and on my return from the small window, went dotting in amongst the weaver's looms, till I entangled myself, and could not get out again without working great deray amongst the coarse linen threads that stood in warp from one end of the apartment unto the other. I had no knife whereby to cut the cords of this wicked man, and therefore was obliged to call out lustily for assistance. The weaver came half naked, unlocked the door, and, setting in his head and long neck, accosted me thus:

"What now, Mr. Satan? What for are ye roaring that gate? Deil be in your reistit trams! What for have ye abscondit yoursel into ma leddy's wab for?"

"Friend, I beg your pardon," said I; "I wanted to be at the light, and have somehow unfortunately involved myself in the intricacies of your web, from which I cannot get clear without doing you a great injury. Pray do, lend your experienced hand to extricate me."

"Ye ditit, donnart, deil's burd that ye be! what made ye gang howkin in there to be a poor man's ruin? Come out, ye vile rag-of-o-muffin, or I will gar ye come out wi' mair shame and disgrace, an' fewer haill banes in your body."

My feet had slipped down through the double warpings of a web, and not being able to reach the ground with them (there being a small pit below), I rode upon a number of yielding threads, and there being nothing else that I could reach, to extricate myself was impossible. I was utterly powerless: and besides, the yarn and cords hurt me very much. For all that, the destructive weaver seized a loomspoke, and began a-beating me most unmercifully, while, entangled as I was, I could do nothing but shout aloud for mercy, or assistance, whichever chanced to be within hearing. The latter, at length, made its appearance, in the form of the weaver's wife, in the same state of deshabille with himself, who instantly interfered, and that most strenuously, on my behalf. Before her arrival, however, I had made a desperate effort to throw myself out of the entanglement I was in; for the weaver continued repeating his blows and cursing me so, that I determined to get out of his meshes at any risk. This effort made my case worse; for my feet being wrapt among the nether threads, as I threw myself from my saddle on the upper ones, my feet brought the others up through these, and I hung with my

head down, and my feet as firm as if they had been in a vice. The predicament of the web being thereby increased, the weaver's wrath was doubled in proportion, and he laid on without mercy.

At this critical juncture the wife arrived, and without hesitation rushed before her offended lord, withholding his hand from injuring me farther, although then it was uplifted along with the loomspoke in overbearing ire. "Dear Johnny! I think ye be gaen dementit this morning. Be quiet, my dear, an' dinna begin a Boddel Brigg business in your ain house. What for ir ye persecutin' a servant o' the Lord's that gate, an' pitting the life out o' him wi' his head down an' his heels up?"

"Had you said a servant o' the deil's, Nans, ye wad hae been nearer the nail, for gin he binna the auld ane himsel, he's gayan sib till him. There didna I lock him in on purpose to bring the military on him; an' in place o' that, hasna he keepit me in a sleep a' this while as deep as death? An' here do I find him abscondit like a speeder i' the mids o' my leddy's wab, an' me dreamin' a' the night that I had the deil i' my house, an' that he was clapperclawin me ayont the loom. Have at you, ye brunstane thief!" and, in spite of the good woman's struggles, he lent me another severe blow.

"Now, Johnny Dods, my man! O Johnny Dods, think if that be like a Christian, and ane o' the heroes o' Boddel Brigg, to entertain a stranger, an' then bind him in a web wi' his head down, an' mell him to death! O Johnny Dods, think what you are about! Slack a pin, an' let the good honest religious lad out."

The weaver was rather overcome, but still stood to his point that I was the deil, though in better temper; and as he slackened the web to release me, he remarked, half laughing, "Wha wad hae thought that John Dods should hae escapit a' the snares an' dangers that circumfauldit him, an' at last should hae weaved a net to catch the deil."

The wife released me soon, and carefully whispered me, at the same time, that it would be as well for me to dress and be going. I was not long in obeying, and dressed myself in my black clothes, hardly knowing what I did, what to think, or whither to betake myself. I was sore hurt by the blows of the desperate ruffian; and, what was worse, my ankle was so much strained, that I could hardly set my foot to the ground. I was obliged to apply to the weaver once more, to see if I could learn any thing about my clothes, or how the change was effected. "Sir," said I, "how comes it that you have robbed me of my clothes, and put these down in their place over night?"

"Ha! thae claes? Me pit down thae claes!" said he, gaping with astonishment, and touching the clothes with the point of his fore-finger; "I never saw them afore, as I have death to meet wi'."

He strode into the work-house where I slept, to satisfy himself that my clothes were not there, and returned perfectly aghast with consternation. "The doors were baith fast lockit," said he. "I could hae defied a rat either to hae gotten out or in. My dream has been true! My dream has been true! I charge you to depart out o' this house; an', gin it be your will, dinna tak the braidside o't w'ye, but gang quietly out at the door wi' your face foremost. Wife, let nought o' this enchanter's remain i' the house, to be a curse an' a snare to us; gang an' bring him his gildit weapon."

The wife went to seek my poniard, trembling so excessively that she could hardly walk, and shortly after, we heard a feeble scream from the pantry. The weapon had disappeared with the clothes, though under double lock and key; and the terror of the good people having now reached a disgusting extremity, I thought proper to make a sudden retreat, followed by the weaver's anathemas.

My state both of body and mind was now truly deplorable. I was hungry, wounded, and lame; an outcast and a vagabond in society; my life sought after with avidity. I knew not whither to betake me. I had proposed going into England, and there making some use of the classical education I had received, but my lameness rendered this impracticable for the present. I was

therefore obliged to turn my face towards Edinburgh, where I was little known—where concealment was more practicable than by skulking in the country, and where I might turn my mind to something that was great and good. I had a little money, both Scots and English, now in my possession, but not one friend in the whole world on whom I could rely. One devoted friend, it is true, I had, but he was become my greatest terror. To escape from him, I now felt that I would willingly travel to the farthest corners of the world, and be subjected to every deprivation; but after the certainty of what had taken place last night, after I had travelled thirty miles by secret and bye-ways, I saw not how escape from him was possible.

Miserable, forlorn, and dreading every person that I saw, either behind or before me, I hasted on towards Edinburgh, taking all the bye and unfrequented paths; and the third night after I left the weaver's house, I reached the West Port, without meeting with any thing remarkable. Being exceedingly fatigued and lame, I took lodgings in the first house I entered, and for these I was to pay two groats a-week, and to board and sleep with a young man who wanted a companion to make his rent easier. I liked this; having found from experience, that the great personage who had attached himself to me, and was now becoming my greatest terror among many surrounding evils, generally haunted me when I was alone, keeping aloof from all other society.

My fellow lodger came home in the evening, and was glad at my coming. His name was Linton, and I changed mine to Elliot. He was a flippant unstable being, one to whom nothing appeared a difficulty, in his own estimation, but who could effect very little, after all. He was what is called by some a compositor, in the Queen's printing house, then conducted by a Mr. James Watson. In the course of our conversation that night, I told him that I was a first-rate classical scholar, and would gladly turn my attention to some business wherein my education might avail me something; and that there was nothing would delight me so much as an engagement in the Queen's printing office. Linton made no difficulty in bringing about that arrangement. His answer was, "Oo, gud sir, you are the very man we want. Gud bless your breast and your buttons, sir! Ay, that's neither here nor there—That's all very well—Ha-ha-ha—A byeword in the house, sir. But, as I was saying, you are the very man we want—You will get any money you like to ask, sir—Any money you like, sir.—That's settled—All done—Settled, settled—I'll do it, I'll do it—No more about it; no more about it. Settled, settled."

The next day I went with him to the office, and he presented me to Mr. Watson as the most wonderful genius and scholar ever known. His recommendation had little sway with Mr. Watson, who only smiled at Linton's extravagances, as one does at the prattle of an infant. I sauntered about the printing office for the space of two or three hours, during which time Watson bustled about with green spectacles on his nose, and took no heed of me. But seeing that I still lingered, he addressed me at length, in a civil gentlemanly way, and inquired concerning my views. I satisfied him with all my answers, in particular those to his questions about the Latin and Greek languages; but when he came to ask testimonials of my character and acquirements, and found that I could produce none, he viewed me with a jealous eye, and said he dreaded I was some ne'er-do-weel, run from my parents or guardians, and he did not choose to employ any such. I said my parents were both dead; and that being thereby deprived of the means of following out my education, it behoved me to apply to some business in which my education might be of some use to me. He said he would take me into the office, and pay me according to the business I performed, and the manner in which I deported myself; but he could take no one into her Majesty's printing office upon a regular engagement, who could not produce the most respectable references with regard to morals.

I could not but despise the man in my heart who laid such a stress upon morals, leaving grace out of the question; and viewed it as a deplorable

instance of human depravity and self-conceit; but for all that, I was obliged to accept of his terms, for I had an inward thirst and longing to distinguish myself in the great cause of religion, and I thought if once I could print my own works, how I would astonish mankind, and confound their self-wisdom and their esteemed morality. And I weened that I might thus get me a name even higher than if I had been made a general of the Czar Peter's troops against the infidels.

I attended the office some hours every day, but got not much encouragement, though I was eager to learn every thing, and could soon have set types considerably well. It was here that I first conceived the idea of writing this journal, and having it printed, and applied to Mr. Watson to print it for me, telling him it was a religious parable such as the Pilgrim's Progress. He advised me to print it close, and make it a pamphlet, and then if it did not sell, it would not cost me much; but that religious pamphlets, especially if they had a shade of allegory in them, were the very rage of the day. I put my work to the press, and wrote early and late; and encouraging my companion to work at odd hours, and on Sundays. Before the press-work of the second sheet was begun, we had the work all in types, corrected, and a clean copy thrown off for farther revisal. The first sheet was wrought off; and I never shall forget how my heart exulted when at the printing house this day, I saw what numbers of my works were to go abroad among mankind, and I determined with myself that I would not put the Border name of Elliot, which I had assumed, to the work.

Thus far have my History and Confessions been carried.

I must now furnish my Christian readers with a key to the process, management, and winding up of the whole matter; which I propose to limit to a very few pages.

Chesters, July 27, 1712.—My hopes and prospects are a wreck. My precious journal is lost! consigned to the flames! My enemy hath found me out, and there is no hope of peace or rest for me on this side the grave.

In the beginning of the last week, my fellow lodger came home running in a great panic, and told me a story of the devil having appeared twice in the printing house, assisting the workmen at the printing of my book, and that some of them had been frightened out of their wits. That the story was told to Mr. Watson, who till that time had never paid any attention to the treatise, but who, out of curiosity, began and read a part of it, and thereupon flew into a great rage, called my work a medley of lies and blasphemy, and ordered the whole to be consigned to the flames, blaming his foreman, and all connected with the press, for letting a work go so far, that was enough to bring down the vengeance of heaven on the concern.

If ever I shed tears through perfect bitterness of spirit it was at that time, but I hope it was more for the ignorance and folly of my countrymen than the overthrow of my own hopes. But my attention was suddenly aroused to other matters, by Linton mentioning that it was said by some in the office the devil had inquired for me.

"Surely you are not such a fool," said I, "as to believe that the devil really was in the printing office?"

"Oo, gude bless you, sir! saw him myself, gave him a nod, and good-day. Rather a gentlemanly personage—Green Circassian hunting coat and turban—Like a foreigner—Has the power of vanishing in one moment though—Rather a suspicious circumstance that. Otherwise, his appearance not much against him."

If the former intelligence thrilled me with grief, this did so with terror. I perceived who the personage was that had visited the printing house in order to further the progress of my work; and at the approach of every person to our lodgings, I from that instant trembled every bone, lest it should be my elevated and dreaded friend. I could not say I had ever received an office

at his hand that was not friendly, yet these offices had been of a strange tendency; and the horror with which I now regarded him was unaccountable to myself. It was beyond description, conception, or the soul of man to bear. I took my printed sheets, the only copy of my unfinished work existing; and, on pretence of going straight to Mr. Watson's office, decamped from my lodgings at Portsburgh a little before the fall of evening, and took the road towards England.

As soon as I got clear of the city, I ran with a velocity I knew not before I had been capable of. I flew out the way towards Dalkeith so swiftly, that I often lost sight of the ground, and I said to myself, "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly to the farthest corners of the earth, to hide me from those against whom I have no power to stand!"

"I travelled all that night and the next morning, exerting myself beyond my power; and about noon the following day I went into a yeoman's house the name of which was Ellanshaws, and requested of the people a couch of any sort to lie down on, for I was ill, and could not proceed on my journey. They showed me to a stable-loft where there were two beds, on one of which I laid me down; and, falling into a sound sleep, I did not awake till the evening, that other three men came from the fields to sleep in the same place, one of whom lay down beside me, at which I was exceedingly glad. They fell all sound asleep, and I was terribly alarmed at a conversation I overheard somewhere outside the stable. I could not make out a sentence, but trembled to think I knew one of the voices at least, and rather than not be mistaken, I would that any man had run me through with a sword. I fell into a cold sweat, and once thought of instantly putting hand to my own life, as my only means of relief, (May the rash and sinful thought be in mercy forgiven!) when I heard as it were two persons at the door contending, as I thought, about their right and interest in me. That the one was forcibly preventing the admission of the other, I could hear distinctly, and their language was mixed with something dreadful and mysterious. In an agony of terror, I awakened my snoring companion with great difficulty, and asked him, in a low whisper, who these were at the door? The man lay silent, and listening, till fairly awake, and then asked if I had heard any thing? I said I had heard strange voices contending at the door.

"Then I can tell you, lad, it has been something neither good nor canny," said he: "it's no for naething that our horses are snorking that gate."

For the first time, I remarked that the animals were snorting and rearing as if they wished to break through the house. The man called to them by their names, and ordered them to be quiet; but they raged still the more furiously. He then roused his drowsy companions, who were alike alarmed at the panic of the horses, all of them declaring that they had never seen either Mause or Jolly start in their lives before. My bed-fellow and another then ventured down the ladder, and I heard one of them saying, "Lord be wi' us! What can be i' the house? The sweat's rinning off the poor beasts like water."

They agreed to sally out together, and if possible to reach the kitchen and bring a light. I was glad at this, but not so much so when I heard the one man saying to the other, in a whisper, "I wish that stranger man may be canny enough."

"Gude kens!" said the other: "It doesnae look unco weel."

The lad in the other bed, hearing this, set up his head in manifest affright as the other two departed for the kitchen; and, I believe, he would have been glad to have been in their company. This lad was next the ladder, at which I was extremely glad, for had he not been there, the world should not have induced me to wait the return of these two men. They were not well gone, before I heard another distinctly enter the stable, and come towards the ladder. The lad who was sitting up in his bed, intent on the watch, called out, "Wha's that there? Walker, is that you? Purdie, I say, is it you?"

The darkling intruder paused for a few moments, and then came towards the foot of the ladder. The horses broke loose, and snorting and neighing for

terror, raged through the house. In all my life I never heard so frightful a commotion. The being that occasioned it all, now began to mount the ladder toward our loft, on which the lad in the bed next the ladder sprung from his couch, crying out, "Preserve us! what can it be?" With that he sped across the loft, and by my bed, praying lustily all the way; and, throwing himself from the other end of the loft into a manger, he darted, naked as he was, through among the furious horses, and making the door, that stood open, in a moment he vanished and left me in the lurch. Powerless with terror, and calling out fearfully I tried to follow his example; but not knowing the situation of the places with regard to one another, I missed the manger, and fell on the pavement in one of the stalls. I was both stunned and lamed on the knee; but terror prevailing, I got up and tried to escape. It was out of my power; for there were divisions and cross divisions in the house, and mad horses smashing every thing before them, so that I knew not so much as on what side of the house the door was. Two or three times was I knocked down by the animals, but all the while I never stinted crying out with all my power. At length, I was seized by the throat and hair of the head, and dragged away, I wist not whither. My voice was now laid, and all my powers, both mental and bodily, totally overcome; and I remember no more till I found myself lying naked on the kitchen table of the farm house, and something like a horse's rug thrown over me. The only hint that I got from the people of the house on coming to myself was, that my absence would be good company; and that they had got me in a woful state, one which they did not choose to describe, or hear described.

As soon as day-light appeared, I was packed about my business, with the hisses and execrations of the yeoman's family, who viewed me as a being to be shunned, ascribing to me the visitations of that unholy night. Again was I on my way southward, as lonely, hopeless, and degraded a being as was to be found on life's weary round.

My case was indeed a pitiable one. I was lame, hungry, fatigued, and my resources on the very eve of being exhausted. Yet these were but secondary miseries, and hardly worthy of a thought, compared with those I suffered inwardly. I not only looked around me with terror at every one that approached, but I was become a terror to myself; or rather, my body and soul were become terrors to each other; and, had it been possible, I felt as if they would have gone to war. I dared not look at my face in a glass, for I shuddered at my own image and likeness. I dreaded the dawning and trembled at the approach of night, nor was there one thing in nature that afforded me the least delight.

In this deplorable state of body and mind, was I jogging on towards the Tweed, by the side of the small river called Ellan; when, just at the narrowest part of the glen, whom should I meet full in the face, but the very being in all the universe I would the most gladly have shunned. I had no power to fly from him, neither durst I, for the spirit within me, accuse him of falsehood, and renounce his fellowship. I stood before him like a condemned criminal, staring him in the face, ready to be winded, twisted, and tormented as he pleased. He regarded me with a sad and solemn look. How changed was now that majestic countenance, to one of haggard despair—changed in all save the extraordinary likeness to my late brother, a resemblance which misfortune and despair tended only to heighten. There were no kind greetings passed between us at meeting, like those which pass between the men of the world; he looked on me with eyes that froze the currents of my blood, but spoke not, till I assumed as much courage as to articulate—"You here! I hope you have brought me tidings of comfort?"

"Tidings of despair!" said he. "But such tidings as the timid and the ungrateful deserve, and have reason to expect. You are an outlaw, and a vagabond in your country, and a high reward is offered for your apprehension. The enraged populace have burnt your house, and all that is within it; and the farmers on the land bless themselves at being rid of you. So fare it with

every one who puts his hand to the great work of man's restoration to freedom and draweth back, contemning the light that is within him! Your enormities caused me to leave you to yourself for a season, and you see what the issue has been. You have given some evil ones power over you, who longed to devour you, both soul and body, and it has required all my power and influence to save you. Had it not been for my hand, you had been torn in pieces last night; but for once I prevailed. We must leave this land forthwith, for here there is neither peace, safety, nor comfort for us. Do you now, and here pledge yourself to one who has so often saved your life, and has put his own at stake to do so? Do you pledge yourself that you will henceforth be guided by my counsel, and follow me whithersoever I choose to lead?"

"I have always been swayed by your counsel," said I, "and for your sake, principally, am I sorry that all our measures have proved abortive. But I hope still to be useful in my native isle, therefore let me plead that your highness will abandon a poor despised and outcast wretch to his fate, and betake you to your realms, where your presence cannot but be greatly wanted."

"Would that I could do so!" said he, woefully. "But to talk of that is to talk of an impossibility. I am wedded to you so closely, that I feel as if I were the same person. Our essences are one, and our bodies and spirits being united, so that I am drawn towards you as by magnetism, and wherever you are, there must my presence be with you."

Perceiving how this assurance affected me, he began to chide me most bitterly for my ingratitude; and then he assumed such looks, that it was impossible for me longer to bear them; therefore, I staggered out the way, begging and beseeching of him to give me up to my fate, and hardly knowing what I said; for it struck me, that with all his assumed appearance of misery and wretchedness there were traits of exultation in his hideous countenance, manifesting a secret and inward joy at my utter despair.

It was long before I durst look over my shoulder, but when I did so, I perceived this ruined and debased potentate coming slowly on the same path, and I prayed that the Lord would hide me in the bowels of the earth, or depths of the sea. When I crossed the Tweed, I perceived him still a little behind me; and my despair being then at its height, I cursed the time I first met with such a tormentor.

After crossing the Tweed, I saw no more of my persecutor that day, and had hopes that he had left me for a season; but, alas, what hope was there of my relief after the declaration I had so lately heard! I took up my lodgings that night in a small miserable inn in the village of Ancrum, of which the people seemed alike poor and ignorant. Before going to bed, I asked if it was customary with them to have family worship of evenings? The man answered, that they were so hard set with the world, they often could not get time, but if I would be so kind as officiate they would be much obliged to me. I accepted the invitation, being afraid to go to rest lest the commotions of the foregoing night might be renewed, and continued the worship as long as in decency I could. The poor people thanked me, hoped my prayers would be heard both on their account and my own, seemed much taken with my abilities, and wondered how a man of my powerful eloquence chanced to be wandering about in a condition so forlorn. I said I was a poor student of theology, on my way to Oxford. They stared at one another with expressions of wonder, disappointment, and fear. I afterwards came to learn that the term *theology* was by them quite misunderstood, and that they had some crude conceptions that nothing was taught at Oxford but the *black arts*, which ridiculous idea prevailed over all the south of Scotland. For the present I could not understand what the people meant, and less so when the man asked me, with deep concern, if I was serious in my intentions of going to Oxford? He hoped not, and that I would be better guided.

I said my education wanted finishing!—but he remarked, that the Oxford arts were a bad finish for a religious man's education.—Finally, I requested him to sleep with me, or in my room all the night, as I wanted some serious and

religious conversation with him, and likewise to convince him that the study of the fine arts, though not absolutely necessary, were not incompatible with the character of a Christian divine. He shook his head and wondered how I could call them *fine arts*—hoped I did not mean to convince him by any ocular demonstration, and at length reluctantly condescended to sleep with me, and let the lass and wife sleep together for one night. I believe he would have declined it, had it not been some hints from his wife, stating, that it was a good arrangement, by which I understood there were only two beds in the house, and that when I was preferred to the lass's bed, she had one to shift for.

The landlord and I accordingly retired to our homely bed, and conversed for some time about indifferent matters, till he fell sound asleep. Not so with me. I had that within which would not suffer me to close my eyes: and about the dead of night, I again heard the same noises and contention begin outside the house, as I had heard the night before; and again I heard it was about a sovereign and peculiar right in me. At one time the noise was on the top of the house, straight above our bed, as if the one party were breaking through the roof, and the other forcibly preventing it; at another time it was at the door, and at a third time at the window; but still mine host lay sound by my side, and did not waken. I was seized with terrors indefinable, and prayed fervently, but did not attempt rousing my sleeping companion until I saw if no better could be done. The women, however, were alarmed, and, rushing into our apartment, exclaimed that fiends were besieging the house. Then, indeed, the landlord awoke, and it was time for him, for the tumult had increased to such a degree, that it shook the house to its foundations, being louder and more furious than I could have conceived the heat of battle to be when the volleys of artillery are mixed with groans, shouts, and blasphemous cursing. It thundered and lightened: and there were screams, groans, laughter, and execrations, all intermingled.

I lay trembling and bathed in a cold perspiration, but was soon obliged to bestir myself, the inmates attacking me one after the other.

"O, Tam Douglas! Tam Douglas! haste ye an' rise out fra-yont that incarnal devil!" cried the wife; "Ye are in ayont the auld ane himsel, for our lass Tibbie saw his cloven cloots last night."

"Lord forbid!" roared Tam Douglas, and darted over the bed like a flying fish. Then, hearing the unearthly tumult with which he was surrounded, he returned to the side of the bed, and addressed me thus, with long and fearful intervals:—

"If ye be the deil, rise up, an' depart in peace out o' this house—afore the bedstrae take kindling about ye, an' than it'll maybe be the waur for ye.—Get up—an' gang awa out amang your cronies, like a good—lad—There's nae body here wishes you ony ill—D'ye hear me?"

"Friend," said I, "no Christian would turn out a fellow-creature on such a night as this, and in the midst of such a commotion of the villagers."

"Na, if ye be a mortal man," said he, "which I rather think, from the use you made of the holy book—Nane o' your practical jokes on strangers an' honest folks. These are some o' your Oxford tricks, an' I'll thank you to be over wi' them.—Gracious heavens, they are brikkin through the house at a' the four corners at the same time!"

The lass Tibby, seeing the innkeeper was not going to prevail with me to rise, flew toward the bed in desperation, and seizing me by the waist, soon landed me on the floor, saying: "Be ye deil, or be ye chiel, ye's no lie there till baith the house an' us be swallowed up!"

Her master and mistress applauding the deed, I was obliged to attempt dressing myself, a task to which my powers were quite inadequate in the state I was in, but I was readily assisted by every one of the three; and as soon as they got my clothes thrust on in a loose way, they shut their eyes lest they should see what might drive them distracted, and thrust me out to the street, cursing me, and calling on the fiends to take their prey and begone.

The scene that ensued is neither to be described, nor believed, if it were. I was momently surrounded by a number of hideous fiends, who gnashed on me with their teeth, and clenched their crimson paws in my face; and at the same instant I was seized by the collar of my coat behind, by my dreaded and devoted friend, who pushed me on, and with his gilded rapier waving and brandishing around me, defended me against all their united attacks. Horrible as my assailants were in appearance (and they had all monstrous shapes), I felt that I would rather have fallen into their hands, than be thus led away captive by my defender at his will and pleasure, without having the right or power to say my life, or any part of my will as my own. I could not even thank him for his potent guardianship, but hung down my head, and moved on I knew not whither, like a criminal led to the execution, and still the infernal combat continued, till about the dawning, at which time I looked up, and all the fiends were expelled but one, who kept at a distance; and still my persecutor and defender pushed me by the neck before him.

At length he desired me to sit down and take some rest, with which I complied, for I had great need of it, and wanted the power to withstand what he desired. There, for a whole morning did he detain me, tormenting me with reflections, on the past, and pointing out the horrors of the future, until a thousand times I wished myself non-existent. "I have attached myself to your wayward fortune," said he; "and it has been my ruin as well as thine. Ungrateful as you are, I cannot give you up to be devoured; but this is a life that it is impossible to brook longer. Since our hopes are blasted in this world, and all our schemes of grandeur overthrown; let us fall by our own hands, or by the hands of each other; die like heroes; and, throwing off this frame of dross and corruption, mingle with the pure ethereal essence of existence, from which we derived our being."

I shuddered at a view of the dreadful alternative, yet was obliged to confess that, in my present circumstances, existence was not to be borne. It was in vain that I reasoned on the sinfulness of the deed, and on its damning nature; he said, self-destruction was the act of a hero, and none but a coward would shrink from it, to suffer a hundred times more every day and night that passed over his head.

I said I was still contented to be that coward; and all that I begged of him was, to leave me to my fortune for a season, and to the just judgment of my Creator; but he said his word and honour were engaged on my behoof, and these, in such a case, were not to be violated. "If you will not pity yourself, have pity on me," added he; "turn your eyes on me, and behold to what I am reduced."

Involuntarily did I turn round at the request, and caught a half glance of his features. May no eye destined to reflect the beauties of the New Jerusalem inward upon the beatific soul, behold such a sight as mine then beheld! My immortal spirit, blood, and bones were all withered at the blasting sight; and I arose and withdrew, with groanings which the pangs of death shall never wring from me.

Not daring to look behind me, I crept on my way, and that night reached this hamlet on the Scottish border; and being grown reckless of danger, and hardened to scenes of horror, I took up my lodgings with a poor hind, who is a widower, and who could only accommodate me with a bed of rushes at his fireside. At midnight I heard some strange sounds, too much resembling those to which I had of late been inured; but they kept at a distance, and I was soon persuaded that there was a power protected that house superior to those that contended for, or had the mastery over me. Overjoyed at finding such an asylum, I remained in the humble cot. This is the third day I have lived under the roof, freed of my hellish assailants, spending my time in prayer, and writing out this my journal, which I have fashioned to stick in with my printed work, and to which I intend to add portions while I remain in this pilgrimage state which, I find too well, cannot be long.

August 3, 1712.—This morning the hind has brought me word from

Redesdale, whither he had been for coals, that a stranger gentleman had been traversing that country, making the most earnest inquiries after me, or one of the same appearance; and from the description that he brought of this stranger, I could easily perceive who it was. Rejoicing that my tormentor has lost traces of me for once, I am making haste to leave my asylum, on pretence of following this stranger, but in reality to conceal myself still more completely from his search. Perhaps this may be the last sentence ever I am destined to write. If so, farewell Christian reader! may God grant to thee a happier destiny than has been allotted to me here on earth, and the same assurance of acceptance above! *Amen.*

Ault-Righ, August 24, 1712.—Here am I, set down on the open moor to add one sentence more to my woful journal; and then, farewell all beneath the sun!

On leaving the hind's cottage on the Border, I hasted to the north-west, because in that quarter I perceived the highest and wildest hills before me. As I crossed the mountains above Hawick, I exchanged clothes with a poor homely shepherd, whom I found lying on a hillside, singing to himself some woful love ditty. He was glad of the change, and proud of his saintly apparel; and I was no less delighted with mine, by which I now supposed myself completely disguised; and I found moreover that in this garb of a common shepherd I was made welcome in every house. I slept the first night in a farm-house nigh to the church of Roberton, without hearing or seeing aught extraordinary; yet I observed next morning that all the servants kept aloof from me, and regarded me with looks of aversion. The next night I came to this house, where the farmer engaged me as a shepherd; and finding him a kind, worthy, and religious man, I accepted of his terms with great gladness. I had not, however, gone many times to the sheep, before all the rest of the shepherds told my master, that I knew nothing about herding, and begged of him to dismiss me. He perceived too well the truth of their intelligence; but being much taken with my learning, and religious conversation, he would not put me away, but set me to herd his cattle.

It was lucky for me, that before I came here, a report had prevailed, perhaps for an age, that this farm-house was haunted at certain seasons by a ghost. I say it was lucky for me, for I had not been in it many days before the same appalling noises began to prevail around me about midnight, often continuing till near the dawning. Still, they kept aloof, and without-doors; for this gentleman's house, like the cottage I was in formerly, seemed to be a sanctuary from all demoniacal power. He appears to be a good man and a just, and mocks at the idea of supernatural agency, and he either does not hear these persecuting spirits, or will not acknowledge it, though of late he appears much perturbed.

The consternation of the menials has been extreme. They ascribe all to the ghosts, and tell frightful stories of murders having been committed there long ago. Of late, however, they are beginning to suspect that it is I that am haunted; and as I have never given them any satisfactory account of myself, they are whispering that I am a murderer, and haunted by the spirits of those I have slain.

August 30.—This day I have been informed, that I am to be banished the dwelling-house by night, and to sleep in an out-house by myself, to try if the family can get any rest when freed of my presence. I have peremptorily refused acquiescence, on which my master's brother struck me, and kicked me with his foot. My body being quite exhausted by suffering, I am grown weak and feeble both in mind and bodily frame, and actually unable to resent any insult or injury. I am the child of earthly misery and despair, if ever there was one existent. My master is still my friend; but there are so many masters here, and every one of them alike harsh to me, that I wish myself in my grave every hour of the day. If I am driven from the family sanctuary by night, I know I shall be torn in pieces before morning; and

then who will deign or dare to gather up my mangled limbs, and give them honoured burial.

My last hour is arrived. I see my tormentor once more approaching me in this wild. Oh, that the earth would swallow me up, or the hill fall and cover me! Farewell for ever!

September 7, 1712.—My devoted, princely, but sanguine friend, has been with me again and again. My time is expired, and I find a relief beyond measure, for he has fully convinced me that no act of mine can mar the eternal counsel, or in the smallest degree alter or extenuate one event which was decreed before the foundations of the world were laid. He said he had watched over me with the greatest anxiety, but perceiving my rooted aversion towards him he had forborne troubling me with his presence. But now, seeing that I was certainly to be driven from my sanctuary that night, and that there would be a number of infernals watching to make a prey of my body, he came to caution me not to despair, for that he would protect me at all risks, if the power remained with him. He then repeated an ejaculatory prayer, which I was to pronounce, if in great extremity. I objected to the words as equivocal, and susceptible of being rendered in a meaning perfectly dreadful; but he reasoned against this, and all reasoning with him is to no purpose. He said he did not ask me to repeat the words unless greatly straitened; and that I saw his strength and power giving way, and when perhaps nothing else could save me.

The dreaded hour of night arrived; and as he said, I was expelled from the family residence, and ordered to a byre or cow-house, that stood parallel with the dwelling-house behind, where, on a divot loft, my humble bedstead stood, and the cattle grunted and puffed below me. How unlike the splendid halls of Dalcastle? And to what I am now reduced, let the reflecting reader judge.

September 8.—My first night of trial in this place is overpast! Would that it were the last that I should ever see in this detested world! If the horrors of hell are equal to those I have suffered eternity will be of short duration there, for no created energy can support them for one single month, or week. I have been buffeted as never living creature was. My vitals have all been torn, and every faculty and feeling of my soul racked, and tormented into callous insensibility. I was even hung by the locks over a yawning chasm, to which I could perceive no bottom, and then—not till then, did I repeat the tremendous prayer!—I was instantly at liberty; and what I now am the Almighty knows! *Amen.*

September 18, 1712.—Still am I living, though liker to a vision than a human being; but this is my last day of mortal existence. Unable to resist any longer, I pledged myself to my devoted friend, that on this day we should die together, and trust to the charity of the children of men for a grave. I am solemnly pledged; and though I dare to repent, I am aware he will not be gainsaid, for he is raging with despair at his fallen and decayed majesty, and there is some miserable comfort in the idea that my tormentor shall fall with me.

Farewell, world, with all thy miseries; for comforts or enjoyments hast thou none! Farewell, woman, whom I have despised and shunned; and man, whom I have hated, whom, nevertheless, I desire to leave in charity! And thou, sun, bright emblem of a far brighter effulgence, I bid farewell to thee also! I do not now take my last look of the, for to thy glorious orb shall a poor suicide's last earthly look be raised. But, ah! who is yon that I see approaching furiously—his stern face blackened with horrid despair! My hour is at hand.—Almighty God, what is this that I am about to do! The hour of repentance is past, and now my fate is inevitable.—*Amen for ever!* I will now seal up my little book and conceal it; and cursed be he who trieth to alter or amend!

END OF THE MEMOIR.

WHAT can this work be? Sure, you will say, it must be an allegory; or (as the writer calls it) a religious PARABLE, showing the dreadful danger of self-righteousness? I cannot tell. Attend to the sequel; which is a thing so extraordinary, so unprecedented, and so far out of the common course of human events, that if there were not hundreds of living witnesses to attest the truth of it, I would not bid any rational being believe it.

In the first place take the following extract from an authentic letter, published in *Blackwood's Magazine for August*, 1823.

"On the top of a wild height called Faw-Law where the lands of three proprietors meet all at one point, there has been for long and many years the grave of a suicide marked out by a stone standing at the head, and another at the feet. Often have I stood musing over it myself, when a shepherd on one of the farms, of which it formed the extreme boundary, and thinking what could induce a young man, who had scarcely reached the prime of life, to brave his Maker, and rush into his presence by an act of his own erring hand, and one so unnatural and preposterous. But it never once occurred to me, as an object of curiosity, to dig up the mouldering bones of the culprit, which I considered as the most revolting of all objects. The thing was, however, done last month, and a discovery made of one of the greatest natural phenomena that I have heard of in this country.

"The little traditionary history that remains of this unfortunate youth, is altogether a singular one. He was not a native of the place, nor would he ever tell from what place he came; but he was remarkable for a deep, thoughtful, and sullen disposition. There was nothing against his character that any body knew of here, and he had been a considerable time in the place. The last service he was in was with a Mr. Anderson of Eltrive (Ault-Righ, *the King's burn*), who died about an hundred years ago, and who had hired him during the summer to herd a stock of young cattle in Eltrive Hope. It happened one day in the month of September, that James Anderson, his master's son, went with this young man to the Hope to divert himself. The herd had his dinner along with him, and about one o'clock, when the boy proposed going home, the former pressed him very hard to stay and take share of his dinner; but the boy refused, for fear his parents might be alarmed about him, and said he *would* go home; on which the herd said to him, 'Then, if ye winna stay with me, James, ye may depend on't I'll cut my throat afore ye come back again.'

"I have heard it likewise reported, but only by one person, that there had been some things stolen out of his master's house a good while before, and that the boy had discovered a silver knife and fork, that was a part of the stolen property, in the herd's possession that day, and that it was this discovery that drove him to despair.

"The boy did not return to the Hope that afternoon; and, before evening, a man coming in at the pass called *The Hart Loup*, with a drove of lambs, on the way for Edinburgh, perceived something like a man standing in a strange frightful position at the side of one of Eldinhope hay-ricks. The driver's attention was riveted on this strange uncouth figure, and as the drove road passed at no great distance from the spot, he first called, but received no answer, he went up to the spot, and behold it was the above-mentioned young man, who had hung himself in the hay rope that was tying down the rick.

"This was accounted a great wonder, and every one said, if the devil had not assisted him it was impossible the thing could have been done; for in general, these ropes are so brittle, being made of green hay, that they will scarcely bear to be bound over the rick. And the more to horrify the good people of this neighbourhood, the driver said, when he first came in view, *he could almost give his oath* that he saw two people busily engaged at the hay-rick, going round it and round it, and he thought they were dressing it.

"If this asseveration approximated at all to truth, it makes this evident at least, that the unfortunate young man had hanged himself after the man with

the lambs came in view. He was, however, quite dead when he cut him down. He had fastened two of the old hay-ropes at the bottom of the rick on one side, (indeed they are all fastened so when first laid on,) so that he had nothing to do but to loosen two of the ends on the other side. These he had tied in a knot round his neck, and then slackening his knees, and letting himself down gradually, till the hay-rope bore all his weight, he had contrived to put an end to his existence in that way. Now the fact is, that if you try all the ropes that are thrown over all the outfield hay-ricks in Scotland, there is not one among a thousand of them will hang a colley dog; so that the manner of this wretch's death was rather a singular circumstance.

"Early next morning, Mr. Anderson's servants went reluctantly away, and, taking an old blanket with them for a winding-sheet, they rolled up the body of the deceased, first in his own plaid, letting the hay-rope still remain about his neck, and then rolling the old blanket over all, they bore the loathed remains away to the distance of three miles or so, on spokes, to the top of Faw-Law, at the very point where the Duke of Buccleuch's land, the Laird of Drummelzier's, and Lord Napier's, meet, and there they buried him, with all that he had on and about him, silver knife and fork and altogether. Thus far went tradition, and no one ever disputed one jot of the disgusting oral tale.

"A nephew of that Mr. Anderson's who was with the hapless youth that day he died, says, that, as far as he can gather from the relations of friends that he remembers, and of that same uncle in particular, it is one hundred and five years next month (that is September, 1823,) since that event happened; and I think it likely that this gentleman's information is correct. But sundry other people, much older than he, whom I have consulted, pretend that it is six or seven years more. They say they have heard that Mr. James Anderson was then a boy ten years of age; that he lived to an old age, upwards of fourscore, and it is two-and-forty years since he died. Whichever way it may be, it was about that period some way, of that there is no doubt."

"It so happened, that two young men, William Shiel and William Sword, were out, on an adjoining height, this summer, casting peats, and it came into their heads to open this grave in the wilderness, and see if there were any of the bones of the suicide of former ages and centuries remaining. They did so, but opened only one half of the grave, beginning at the head and about the middle at the same time. It was not long till they came upon the old blanket—I think they said not much more than a foot from the surface. They tore that open, and there was the hay-rope lying stretched down alongst his breast, so fresh that they saw at first sight that it was made of risp, a sort of long sword-grass that grows about marshes and the sides of lakes. One of the young men seized the rope and pulled by it, but the old enchantment of the devil remained,—it would not break; and so he pulled and pulled at it, till behold the body came up into a sitting posture, with a blue bonnet on its head, and its plaid around it, all as fresh as that day it was laid in! I never heard of a preservation so wonderful, if it be true as was related to me, for still I have not had the curiosity to go and view the body myself. The features were all so plain, that an acquaintance might easily have known him. One of the lads gripped the face of the corpse with his finger and thumb, and the cheeks felt quite soft and fleshy, but the dimples remained and did not spring out again. He had fine yellow hair, about nine inches long: but not a hair of it could they pull out till they cut part of it off with a knife. They also cut off some portions of his clothes, which were all quite fresh, and distributed them among their acquaintances, sending a portion to me, among the rest, to keep as natural curiosities. Several gentlemen have in a manner forced me to give them fragments of these enchanted garments; I have, however, retained a small portion for you, which I send along with this, being a piece of his plaid, and another of his waistcoat breast, which you will see are still as fresh as that day they were laid in the grave.

"His blue bonnet was sent to Edinburgh several weeks ago, to the great

regret of some gentlemen connected with the land, who wished to have it for a keep-sake. For my part, fond as I am of blue bonnets, I declare I durst not have worn that one. There was nothing of the silver knife and fork discovered, that I heard of, nor was it very likely it should: but it would appear he had been very near run of cash, which I daresay had been the cause of his utter despair; for, on searching his pockets, nothing was found but three old Scots halfpennies. These young men meeting with another shepherd afterwards, his curiosity was so much excited that they went and digged up the curious remains a second time, which was a pity, as it is likely that by these exposures to the air, and from the impossibility of burying it up again as closely as it was before, the flesh will now fall to dust."

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The letter from which the above is an extract, bears the stamp of authenticity in every line; yet, so often had I been hoaxed by the ingenious fancies displayed in that Magazine, that when this relation met my eye, I did not believe it; but from the moment that I perused it, I half formed the resolution of investigating these wonderful remains personally, if any such existed; for, in the immediate vicinity of the scene, as I supposed, I knew of more attractive metal than the dilapidated remains of mouldering suicides.

Accordingly, having some business in Edinburgh in September last, and being obliged to wait a few days for the arrival of a friend from London, I took that opportunity to pay a visit to my townsman and fellow collegian, Mr. L——t of C——d, advocate. I mentioned to him the letter, asking him if the statement was founded at all on truth. His answer was, "I suppose so. For my part I never doubted the thing, having been told that there had been a deal of talking about it up in the Forest for some time past. But, God knows! Ebony has imposed as ingenious lies on the public ere now."

"I said, if it was within reach, I should like exceedingly to visit this Scots mummy so ingeniously described. Mr. L——t assented at the first proposal, saying he had no objections to take a ride that length with me, that we would have a delightful jaunt through a romantic and now classical country, and some good sport into the bargain, provided he could procure a horse for me, from his father-in-law, next day. He sent up to a Mr. L——w to inquire, who returned for answer, that there was an excellent pony at my service, and that he himself would accompany us, being obliged to attend a great sheep fair at Thirlestane.

At an early hour next morning we started for the ewe fair of Thirlestane, taking Blackwood's Magazine for August along with us. We rode through the ancient royal burgh of Selkirk,—halted and corned our horses at a romantic village, nigh to some deep linns on the Ettrick, and reached the market ground at Thirlestane-green a little before mid-day.

L——w soon found a guide to the suicide's grave, for he seemed acquainted with every person in the fair. We got a fine old shepherd, named W——m B——e, a great original, and a very obliging and civil man, who asked no conditions but that we should not speak of it, because he did not wish it to come to his master's ears, that he had been engaged in *sic a profane thing*. We promised strict secrecy; and, accompanied by another farmer, Mr. S——t, and old B——e, we proceeded to the grave, which B——e described as about a mile and a half distant from the market ground.

We soon reached the spot, and I confess I felt a singular sensation, when I saw the grey stone standing at the head, and another at the feet, and the one half of the grave manifestly new digged, and closed up again as had been described. I could still scarcely deem the thing to be a reality, for the ground did not appear to be wet, but a kind of dry rotten moss. On looking around, we found some fragments of clothes, some teeth, and part of a pocket-book, which had not been returned into the grave, when the body had been last raised, for it had been twice raised before this, but only from the loins upward.

To work we fell with two spades, and soon cleared away the whole of the covering. The part of the grave that had been opened before, was filled with mossy mortar, which impeded us exceedingly, and entirely prevented a proper investigation of the fore parts of the body. I will describe every thing as I saw it, before four respectable witnesses, whose names I shall publish at large if permitted. A number of the bones came up separately ; for with the constant flow of liquid stuff into the deep grave, we could not see to preserve them in their places. At length great loads of coarse clothes, blanketting, plaiding, &c., appeared ; we tried to lift these regularly up, and on doing so, part of a skeleton came up, but no flesh, save a little that was hanging in dark flitters about the spine, but which had no consistence ; it was merely the appearance of flesh without the substance. The head was wanting ; and I being very anxious to possess the skull, the search was renewed among the mortar and rags. We first found a part of the scalp, with the long hair firm on it ; which on being cleaned, is neither black nor fair, but of a darkish dusk, the most common of any other colour. Soon afterwards we found the skull, but it was not complete. A spade had damaged it, and one of the temple quarters was wanting. I am no phrenologist, not knowing one organ from another, but I thought the skull of that wretched man no study. If it was particular for any thing, it was for a smooth, almost perfect rotundity, with only a little protuberance above the vent of the ear.

When we came to that part of the grave that had never been opened before, the appearance of every thing was quite different. There the remains lay under a close vault of moss, and within a vacant space ; and I suppose, by the digging in the former part of the grave, that part had been deepened, and drawn the moisture away from this part, for here all was perfect. The breeches still suited the thigh, the stocking the leg, and the garters were wrapt as neatly and as firm below the knee as if they had been newly tied. The shoes were all opened in the seams, the hemp having decayed, but the soles, upper leathers, and wooden heels, which were made of birch, were all as fresh as any of those we wore. There was one thing I could not help remarking, that in the inside of one of the shoes there was a layer of cow's dung, about one eighth of an inch thick, and in the hollow of the sole fully one fourth of an inch. It was firm, green, and fresh ; and proved that he had been working in a byre. His clothes were all of a singular ancient cut, and no less singular in their texture. Their durability certainly would have been prodigious : for in thickness, coarseness, and strength, I never saw any cloth in the smallest degree to equal them. His coat was a frock coat, of a yellowish drab colour, with wide sleeves. It is tweeled, milled, and thicker than a carpet. I cut off two of the skirts and brought them with me. His vest was of striped serge, such as I have often seen worn by country people. It was lined and backed with white stuff. The breeches were a sort of striped plaiding, which I never saw worn, but which our guide assured us was very common in the country once, though, from the old clothes which he had seen remaining of it, he judged that it could not be less than two hundred years since it was in fashion. His garters were of worsted, and striped with black or blue ; his stockings gray, and wanting the feet. I brought samples of all along with me. I have likewise now got possession of the bonnet, which puzzles me most of all. It is not comformable with the rest of the dress. It is neither a broad bonnet, nor a Border bonnet ; for there is an open behind, for tying, which no genuine Border bonnet, I am told, ever had. It seems to have been a Highland bonnet, worn in a flat way like a scone on the crown, such as is sometimes still seen in the west of Scotland. All the limbs, from the loins to the toes, seemed perfect and entire, but they could not bear handling. Before we got them returned again into the grave, they were all shaken to pieces, except the thighs, which continued to retain a kind of flabby form.

All his clothes that were sewed with linen yarn were lying in separate portions, the thread having rotted ; but such as were sewed with worsted remained

perfectly firm and sound. Among such a confusion, we had hard work to find out all his pockets, and our guide supposed, that, after all, we did not find above the half of them. In his vest pocket was a long clasp knife, very sharp; the haft was thin, and the scales shone as if there had been silver inside. Mr. Sc—t took it with him, and presented it to his neghbour, Mr. R——n of W—n L—e, who still has it in his possession. We found a comb, a gimblet, a vial, a small neat square board, a pair of plated knee-buckles, and several samples of cloth of different kinds, rolled neatly up within one another. At length, while we were busy on the search, Mr. L——t picked up a leathern case, which seemed to have been wrapped round and round by some ribbon, or cord, that had been rotten from it, for the swaddling marks still remained. Both L——w and B——e called out that "it was the tobacco spleuchan, and a well-filled ane too;" but on opening it out, we found, to our great astonishment, that it contained a *printed pamphlet*. We were all curious to see what sort of a pamphlet such a person would read; what it could contain that he seemed to have had such a care about? for the slough in which it was rolled, was fine chamois leather; what colour it had been, could not be known. But the pamphlet was wrapped so close together, and so damp, rotten, and yellow, that it seemed one solid piece. We all concluded, from some words that we could make out, that it was a religious tract, but that it would be impossible to make any thing of it. Mr. L——w remarked that it was a great pity if a few sentences could not be made out, for that it was a question what might be contained in that little book; and then he requested Mr. L——t to give it to me, as he had so many things of literature and law to attend to, that he would never think more of it. He replied, that either of us were heartily welcome to it; for that he had thought of returning it into the grave, if he could have made out but a line or two, to have seen what was its tendency.

"Grave, man!" exclaimed L——w, who speaks excellent strong broad Scots: "My truly, but ye grave weel! I wad esteem the contents o' that spleuchan as the most precious treasure. I'll tell you what it is, sir: I hae often wondered how it was that this man's corpse has been miraculously preserved frae decay, a hunder times longer than ony other body's, or than even a tanner's. But now I could wager a guinea, it has been for the preservation o' that little book. And Lord kens what may be in't! It will maybe reveal some mystery that mankind disna ken naething about yet.

"If there be any mysteries in it," returned the other, "it is not for your handling, my dear friend, who are too much taken up about mysteries already." And with these words he presented the mysterious pamphlet to me. With very little trouble, save that of a thorough drying, I unrolled it all with ease, and found the very tract which I have ventured to lay before the public, part of it in small bad print, and the remainder in manuscript.

With regard to the work itself, I dare not venture a judgment, for I do not understand it. I believe no person, man or woman, will ever pursue it with the same attention that I have done, and yet I confess that I do not comprehend the writer's drift. It is certainly impossible that these scenes could ever have occurred, that he describes as having himself transacted. I think it may be possible that he had some hand in the death of his brother, and yet I am disposed greatly to doubt it; and the numerous distorted traditions, &c., which remain of that event, may be attributable to the work having been printed and burnt, and of course the story known to all the printers, with their families and gossips. That the young Laird of Dalcastle came by a violent death, there remains no doubt; but that this wretch slew him, there is to me a good deal. However, allowing this to have been the case, I account all the rest either dreaming or madness; or, as he says to Mr. Watson, a religious parable, on purpose to illustrate something scarcely tangible, but to which he seems to have attached great weight. Were the relation at all consistent with reason, it corresponds so minutely with traditionary facts, that it could scarcely have missed to have been received as authentic; but in this day, and with the present generation, it will not go down, that a man should be daily tempted

by the devil, in the semblance of a fellow-creature ; and at length lured to self-destruction, in the hopes that this same fiend and tormentor was to suffer and fall along with him. It was a bold theme for an allegory, and would have suited that age well had it been taken up by one fully qualified for the task, which this writer was not. In short, we must either conceive him not only the greatest fool, but the greatest wretch, on whom was ever stamped the form of humanity ; or, that he was a religious maniac, who wrote and wrote about a deluded creature, till he arrived at that height of madness, that he believed himself the very object whom he had been all along describing. And in order to escape from an ideal tormentor, committed that act for which, according to the tenets he embraced, there was no remission, and which consigned his memory and his name to everlasting detestation.

SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN EDINBURGH BAILIE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF :

A NARRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF THE COVENANT AND WARS OF MONTROSE.

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR.

[An Edinburgh Bailie, a notable person, often mentioned in Scottish history as the staunch friend of Reform and the constant friend and abettor of Argyle, was of northern descent, and the original name of his family is said to have been Sydeserf. The first who wrote his name Sydeserf was one always styled Clerk Michael, who was secretary, chamberlain, and steward to the Earl Marischal. His second son, Andrew, was made procurator of the Marischal College, where, it is presumed, he remained during his life, as it appears that our hero, Archibald, with eight other brothers and sisters, were born in that place. On the death of this Andrew, the family appears to have been all scattered abroad ; and about that period Archibald was translated to Edinburgh, as under-secretary to the governor of the castle. He was a learned youth as times then went, and so were his brethren, for one of them was afterwards made a bishop, and one of them a professor, not to mention the subject of this memoir, who arrived at the highest distinction of them all. Two or more of those brothers left written memoirs of their own times, as was the fashion of the age with all who could indite a page a-day, witness the number of voluminous tomes that lie piled in every college of the Continent as well as in some of the public libraries of Britain. Archibald's memoir, of which I have with much difficulty got possession, is insufferably tedious and egotistical ; but I have abridged it more than one half, retaining only the things that appeared to me the most curious ; for all relating to borough politics appeared to me so low and so despicable, that I cancelled them utterly, although they might have been amusing to some.

But the great and sanguine events in which the Bailie was so long engaged, —in which he took so deep an interest, and acted such a distinguished part, are well worth the keeping in record. Some of his personal adventures, certainly, bear tints of romance, but every part of his narrative relating to public events may implicitly be relied on. I have compared them with all the general as well as local histories of that period, and with sundry family

registers relating to marriages, &c., which one would often think were merely brought in for effect, yet which I have uniformly found correct; and his narrative throws a light on many events of that stirring age, hitherto but imperfectly known. These, with the simplicity of the narration, will recommend the memoir to every candid and judicious reader. I pass over the two long chapters relating to his family and education, and begin transcribing where he commences his difficult career of public life.]

The difficulties which I had to encounter on coming into Edinburgh Castle, were such as I could not have believed would have fallen to the lot of man: all which were occasioned by the absurdity of the deputy governor, Colonel Haggard. He was a tyrant of the first magnitude, and went about treating the various subordinate officers, as if they had been oxen or beasts of burthen. He was never sober, either night or day, and as for me, my heart quaked, and my loins trembled, whenever I came into his presence. I had what was called a writing chamber assigned to me.—But such a chamber!—it was a mere cell, a vile dungeon, in which I could not discern darkness from light—I was enclosed in a medium between them.

When I came first there, Haggard, who had great need of me, promised me this good thing and the other good thing, so that my heart was lifted up;—but, alas! soon was it sunk down again in gall and bitterness, for every thing was in utter confusion. In that dark abode I had the whole accounts of the expenditure of the fortress to keep, and the commissariat department to conduct. There were the State prisoners sending proudly for their allowances,—the soldiers cursing for their pay, and clerks every hour with long accounts of which they demanded payment. I had nothing to pay them with, and in the mean time our caterers in the city took the coercive measures with us of stopping all our supplies until their arrears were paid up. Haggard did no more than just order such and such things to be done, without considering in the least how they were to be done. Then every one came running on me, while I had for the most part little or nothing to give them, and all that I could do was to give them orders on this or the other fund, which orders never were executed, and of course matters grew worse and worse every day.

As for Colonel Haggard, he was a beast, a perfect bull of Bashan;—he came daily with open mouth upon me, roaring and swearing like a maniac. It was in vain to reason with him, that made him only worse, and had he held with cursing and damning me, although I abhorred that custom, it would not have been so bad. But he thought nothing of striking with whatever came to his hand, and that with such freedom, that it was evident he cared nothing at all for the lives of his fellow-creatures.

One day he came upon me fuming and raging as usual, and without either rhyme or reason inquired, "why I did not pay this debt?" and, "why I did not pay the other debt?" and was he to be dunned and plagued eternally by the carelessness and indifference of a beggarly clerk—a dirty pen-scraper, a college weazel, a northern rat?" and called me many other beastly names besides.

"Sir," says I, "if your honour will suffer the whole of the funds to come through my hands, I will be acountable for every fraction of them. But as you draw the largest share yourself, and spend that as you think fit, how am I to carry on my department? Let them all be paid to you if you choose, and make the payments through me, of which I shall keep a strict account; unless they come all through my hands I will neither receive nor remit any more."

He paid no attention, but went on as if he had not even heard the remonstrance. "If the onward detail of the business of the castle is to be interrupted in this manner by your obstinacy and awkwardness,—by the absurdity of such a contemptible urchin,—then it is evident, that all subordination and prerogative is at an end, and there must be a regular turn out. But before this shall

happen, you may depend on it, Mr. Puppy, that you shall suffer first. We are not all to lose our places for you."

"I have paid all that I have, your honour, I have not even obtained a merk for my own outlay; therefore, I will trouble your goodness for my own arrears, else I give the business up forthwith."

"You? You give the business up? You, the bound servant and slave of the State, as much as the meanest soldier under my command? Such another word out of your mouth, and I'll have you whipped. Hint but to go and leave your post, and I'll have you hung at the castle gate. You go and desert your post?—Let me see you attempt it. I would, indeed, like to see you run off like a a norland tike! Pah. You gimcrack!—You cat! Pay up the arrears of the garrison instantly, I say.—Are the State prisoners, the first men of the land, to lack their poor allowance, that you may lay up the king's money by you, and make a fortune? Are the military to starve, that a scratchpenny may thrive? Is this business to go to sixes and sevens for your pleasure? I will have you tried for your life, you dog, before a military tribunal."

There was no reasoning with such a beast, therefore I was obliged to hold my peace; I cared for no trial, for my books were open to any who chose to examine them, and I could account for every bodle that had been paid to me; and as for the superior of whom I was the substitute, he never showed face at all, nor was he even in Scotland. He merely enjoyed the post as a sinecure, while the toil and responsibility fell on me. From that time forth, I had a disgust at our king James, and his government, and considered him no better than an old wife, and from that time to this on which I write down the memorial of these things, I have never been reconciled to him or one of his race.

But to return to my business at the castle; I was very miserable, my state was deplorable, for I had not one of the comforts of life; and so jealous was the governor, that for the most part neither ingress nor egress was allowed. My bed was a mat in the corner of my chamber, and my bed-clothes consisted of a single covering not thicker than a wormweb. If I had worn it as a veil I could have seen all about me. It may be considered how grievous this was to me, who had all my life been used to a good rush or heather bed in my father's house, and a coverlet worked as thick as a divot. How I did long to be at home again!—Ay, many a salt tear did I shed when none out of Heaven saw but myself, and many an ardent prayer did I put up for the kind friends I left behind me. At the same time, I resolved every day and every night to have some revenge on my brutal tyrant. I cherished the feeling with delight, and was willing to undergo any hardship, so that I might see my desire fulfilled on mine enemy. An opportunity at length offered, which proved a hard trial for me.

Among many illustrious prisoners, we had no less a man than the Marquis of Huntly; and, as the Lord Chancellor was his great friend, his confinement was not severe. By the reforming party it was meant to be rigid but by the Catholic and high-church party, quite the reverse. With them it was merely a work of necessity, and they had resolved to bring the Marquess off with flying colours, but a little time was necessary to ripen their schemes. He was a great and powerful nobleman, and had struggled against the reformers all his life, plaguing them not a little, but ran many risks of his life, notwithstanding. And had our king, with all his logic, not been, as I said, merely an old wife in resolution, he never would have suffered that obstreperous nobleman to live so long as he did; for he thought nothing of defying the king and all his power; and once, in the Highlands, came against the king's forces and cut them all to pieces. He also opposed the good work of reformation so long and so bitterly that the General Assembly were obliged to excommunicate him.

My forefathers being men of piety, I was bred in the strictest principles of the Reformation; consequently the Marquess of Huntly was one whom I had always regarded with terror and abhorrence; so that when I found him, as it

were, under my jurisdiction. I was anything but grieved, and I thought to myself, that with God's help, we might keep him from doing more ill for a time.

But lo and behold, a commission of the lords was summoned to meet at Edinburgh, headed by young Argyle and Hamilton, and it being obvious that the interest of the reformers was to carry every thing before it, the malignant party grew terribly alarmed for the life of the old Marquess, their most powerful support, and determined on making a bold effort for his delivery. Accordingly, a deputation of noblemen came to our worthy deputy one evening, with a written order from the Lord Chancellor for Huntly's liberation. Haggard would not obey the order, but cursed and swore that it was a forgery, and put all the gentlemen in ward together, to stand a trial before the lords commissioners.

The Marquess's family had been allowed to visit him, for they lived in the Canongate, and were constantly coming and going; and that night Lady Huntly comes to me, and pretends great friendship for me, names me familiarly by name, and says that she has great respect for all the Sydeserfs. Then she says, "That deputy governor of yours is a great bear."

"We must take him for the present as he is, madam, for lack of a better," says I.

"That is very wisely and cautiously spoken by you, young gentleman," said the Marchioness. "But it *is* for lack of a better. How would you like to be Deputy Governor yourself, and to have the sole command here? I have the power to hang your scurvy master over a post before to-morrow night."

"That would be a very summary way of proceeding certainly, madam," said I."

"I can do it, and perhaps *will* do it," added she; "but in the mean time I must have a little assistance from you."

Aha! thinks I to myself, this is some popish plot. Now Bauldy Sydeserf, since ladies will have your name, take care of yourself; for well do you know that this old dame is a confirmed papist, and wide and wasteful has the scope of her malignancy been! Bauldy Sydeserf, take care of yourself.

"You do not answer me," continued she. "If you will grant me a small favour, I promise to you to have your tyrannical master made away with, and to better your fortune one way or another."

"You are not going to murder him, I hope, please your Highness?" said I.

"Make away with from his post, I mean only," said she, "in order that one better and younger, and more genteel than he, may be endowed with it."

"Oh! is that all, madam?" said I.

"Why?" said she, "would you wish to have him assassinated? I have a hundred resolute men in my husband's interest within the castle that will do it for one word."

Being horrified for papists, I thought she was come merely to entrap me, and get my head cut off likewise; and though I confess I should not have been very sorry to have seen the Catholics wreak their fury on my brutal tyrant, I thought it most safe to fight shy. "Pray in what can I serve you, madam?" said I: "If it is by betraying any trust committed to me, or bringing any person into danger but myself, do not ask it, for, young as I am, nothing shall induce me to comply."

"What a noble and heroic mind in one so very young! You were born to be a great man, Mr. Secretary!" said the cunning dame; "I see it, and cannot be mistaken. Pray tell me this, brave young gentleman—Is my lord's correspondence with Spain, and with the Catholic lords in 1606, in your custody?"

"They are both in my custody at present, madam," said I; "but I have no power to show you those letters, it being solely by chance that the keys happen to be in my possession. I got them to search for a certain warrant, and they have not been again demanded."

"I want to have those papers up altogether, that they may be destroyed,"

said she; "that is my great secret. If you will put them into my hands to-night, you have only to name the conditions."

"I put them into your hands, madam:" said I; "Good Lord! I would not abstract those documents for all the wealth of the realm."

"Pray of what value are they?" returned she. "Of none in the world to any one, save that they may bring ruin on my lord and his family, at his approaching trial. Your wretched governor will never miss them; and if he should, the blame of losing them will fall on him."

This last remark staggered me not a little, because it was perfectly true; but I held my integrity, and begged her not to mention the subject again, for no bribe should induce me to comply: she then tossed her head, and looked offended, and added, that she was sorry I was so blind to my own interest, though I was so to the very existence of the greatest family of my own country; and then, with an audible sigh, she left me, muttering a threat as she went out. I was so much affected by it, that I have never forgot her words or manner to this hour.

"Oh—oh—oh! and is it thus?" said she, drawing up her silken train; "Oh—oh—oh! and is it thus? Well, young man, you shall be the first that shall rue it;" and with that she shut the door fiercely behind her.

"Lord preserve me from these papists!" said I, most fervently. "What will become of me now? I would rather come under the power of the devil than under their power any time, when they have their own purposes to serve." I however repented me of this rash saying, and prayed for forgiveness that same night. This conversation with the Marchioness made so deep an impression on my mind, that I durst not lie down on my wretched bed, but bolted my door firmly, and sat up, thrilled with anxiety at having run my head into a noose, by offending the most potent family in the land, and one, for all its enemies, that had the greatest power. Had they been true Protestants and reformers, I would have risked my neck to have saved them; as it was, I had done my duty, and no more.

While I was sitting in this dilemma, reasoning with myself, behold a gentle tap—tap—tap came on the door. My heart leaped to my shoulder bone, and stuck so fast that I could not speak. Another attack of the papists, thought I, and that after the dead hour of midnight too! I am a gone man! Tap—tap—tap! "Come in," said I, that is, my lips said it, but my voice absolutely refused its office; for instead of the sound coming out, it went inwards. I tried it again like one labouring with the nightmare, and at last effected a broken sound of "Come in, come in."

"I cannot get in," said a sweet voice outside the door. "Pray are you in bed?"

"N—o—no," said I, "I am not in bed."

"Then open the door directly," said the same sweet voice; "I want to speak with you expressly."

"What do you wish to say?" said I.

"Open the door and you shall hear," said she.

"Jane, is that you?" said I.

"Yes, it is," said she. "You are right at last. It is indeed Jane."

"Then what the devil are you seeking here at this time of the morning?" said I, pulling back the bolts and opening the door, thinking it was our milk-woman's daughter, when behold there entered with a smile and a courtesy the most angelic being I ever saw below the sun. I at first thought she was an angel of light; a being of some purer and better world; and if I was bamboozled before, I was ten times worse now. I could not return her elegant courtesy, for my backbone had grown as rigid as a thorn, and my neck, instead of bending forward, in token of obeisance, actually cocked backward. I am an old man now, and still I cannot help laughing at my awkward predicament, for there I stood gaping and bending, and my eyes like to leap out of my face, and fly on that of the lovely object that stood smiling before me.

"I think you do not recollect Jane now when you see her," said she, playfully.

"N—n—no, ma'am," said I, utterly confounded. "I t—t—took you for the skudjie. I beg pardon, ma'am, but I am very muckle at a loss."—That was my disgusting phrase, I have not forgot it.—"I am very muckle at a loss, ma'am," says I.

"*Muckle* at a loss are you?" said she. "*Verra* muckle too? That's what you *maunna* be, honest lad." (She was mocking me.) "My name is Jeanie Gordon. You may, perhaps, have heard tell of Jeanie Gordon. I am the youngest daughter of the Marquis of Huntly, and your name is, I presume, Bauldy Sydeserf. Is that it?"

I bowed assent, on which she fell into such a fit of laughter, and seemed to enjoy the sport with such zest, that I was obliged to join her, and I soon saw she had that way with her that she could make any man do just what she pleased.

"It is a snug, comfortable, sort of name," said she; "I like the name exceedingly, and I like the young gentleman that wears it still better. My mother told me that you were exceedingly genteel, sensible, and well bred! She was right. I see it—I see it. Verra muckle in the right."

My face burned to the bone at the blunder I had made, for in general I spoke English very well, with haply a little of the Aberdeen accent, and there was a little bandying of words passed here that I do not perfectly recollect, but I know they were not greatly to my credit. As for Lady Jane, she went on like a lark, changing her note every sentence; but she had that art and that winning manner with her, that never woman in this world shall again inherit in such perfection. So I thought, and so I think to this day; for even when she was mocking me, and making me blush like crimson, I could have kissed the dust of her feet. She brought on the subject of the refusal I had given her mother, ridiculed it exceedingly, flew from it again, and chatted of something else, but still as if she had that and every thing else in the nation at her control. Heaven knows how she effected her purpose, but in the course of an hour's conversation, without ever letting me perceive that she was aiming at any object, she had thoroughly impressed me with the utter insufficiency of the king in all that concerned the affairs of the State, and the uncontrollable power of the House of Huntly. "My father is too potent not to have many enemies," said she, "and he has many, but it is not the king that he fears, but a cabal in the approaching committee of the estates. Not for himself, but for fear of the realm's peace, does he dread them; for there is not a canting hypocrite among them that dares lift his eye to Huntly. He can lead a young man to fortune, as many he has led, but how can the poor caballing lords do such a thing, when every one is scratch, scratching for some small pittance to himself. His enemies, as you know, have brought a miserable accusation against him, of hindering his vassals from hearing such ministers as they chose, and with former correspondence which was all abrogated in open court, they hope to ruin the best, the kindest, and the greatest man of the kingdom. The letters are already cancelled by law, but when subjects take the law into their own hand, right and justice are at an end. Do you give these papers to me. You will never again have such an opportunity of doing good, and no blame can ever attach to you."

"I would willingly lay down my life for you, madam," said I, "but my honour I can never."

"Fuss! honour!" said she, "your honour has no more concern in it than mine has, and not half so much. You say you would lay down your life for me, but if you would consider the venerable and valuable life which you are endangering! If you would consider the opulent and high born family which you are going to sacrifice out of mere caprice!" I could not help shedding some tears at this bitter reflection; she perceived my plight, and added, "Did you ever see the nobleman whose life and domains you now have it in your power to save from the most imminent risk?" I answered that I never had

had that honour. "Come with me, then, and I will introduce you to my father," said she.

"No—no—no—ma'am!" said I, mightily flustered. "No—no—no—I would rather be excused if you please."

"What?" said she, "refuse the first step to honour that ever was proffered to you? Refuse the highest honour that a commoner can hope for, an introduction to George, Marquess of Huntly?"

"But then, ma'am, I have nothing ado with his highness," said I; "I have no favour to ask of him, and none to grant."

"Hold your peace," said she, "and if you have any wish that you and I should ever be better acquainted, come with me."

That was a settler; I could make no answer to that, for my heart was already so much overcome by the divine perfections of the lady, that I viewed her as a being of a superior nature—a creature that was made to be adored and obeyed. She took my hand, and though, perhaps, I hung a little backward, which I think I did, I nevertheless followed on like a dog in a string! There were two guards in attendance, who, lifting their bonnets, let Lady Jane pass; but the second seized me by the breast, thrust me backward, and asked me whither I was going so fast? I was very willing to have turned, but in a moment Lady Jane had me again by the hand, and with one look she silenced the sentinel. "This is the secretary of the castle," said she, "who has some arrears to settle with my father before he leaves his confinement, which he does immediately."

I had now, as I thought, got my cue, and so brightening up I says, "Yes, sir, I am the secretary of the castle, and I have a right to come and go where and how I please, sir," says I.

"The devil you have, sir," says he.

"Yes, the devil I have, sir," says I; "and I will let you know, sir——."

"Hush," said Lady Jane, smiling, and laying her delicate hand on my mouth, "this is no place or time for altercation." I, however, gave the guardsman a proud look of defiance, and squeezed some words of the same import through the lady's fingers, to let him know whom he had to do with, for I was so proud of 'squiring Lady Jane Gordon down the stair, and along the trance, that I wanted to make the fellows believe I was no small beer.

In one second after that we were in the presence of the great Marquess of Huntly, and in one word, I never have yet seen a sight so venerable, so imposing and at the same time so commanding, as that old hero, surrounded by the ladies of his family and one of his sons whom he called Adam. I shall never forget the figure, eye, and countenance of the Marquess. He appeared to be about fourscore years of age, though I was told afterwards that he was not so much. His hair was of a dark, glittering, silver grey, and his eyes were dark, and as piercing, haughty, and independent as those of the blue hawk. They were like the eyes of a man in the fire and impatience of youth, and yet there appeared to be a sunny gleam of kindness and generosity, blended with all the sterner qualities of human nature. If ever I saw a figure and face that indicated a mind superior to his fellow-creatures, they were those of George the first Marquess of Huntly. And more than that, he seemed almost to be adored by his family, which I have found on long experience to be a good sign of a man. Those that are daily and hourly about him are the best judges of his qualifications, and if he is not possessed of such as are estimable he naturally loses the respect due to inherent worth. He wore a wide coat of a cinnamon colour, and he was ruffled round the shoulders and round the hands. He received me with perfect good nature, ease, and indifference, in much the same way any gentleman would receive a neighbour's boy that had popped in on him; and spoke of indifferent matters, sometimes to me and sometimes to his daughters. He spoke of my father and grandfather, and all the Sydeserfs that ever lived; but I remember little that passed, for to my astonishment I found that there were two Jeanie Gordons—two young ladies

so exactly the same that I thought I could have defied all the world to distinguish the one from the other. There was not a shade of difference that eye could discern, neither in stature nor complexion ; and as for their dresses, there was not a flower-knot, a flounce, nor a seam in the one that was not in the other. Every thing was precisely the same. Whenever I fixed my eyes on one, I became convinced that she was my own Lady Jane, to whom I looked for a sort of patronage in that high community ; but if ever by chance my look rested on the face of the other, my faith began to waver, and in a very short time again my direction centered on that one. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that I had ever seen or heard of. It seems that these two young ladies were twin sisters, and as they surpassed all their contemporaries of the kingdom in beauty, insomuch that they were the admiration of all that beheld them, so were they also admired by all for their singular likeness to each other. For the space of six months after they came from nursing, their parents could not distinguish them from each other, and it was suspected they had changed their names several times. But after they came home from Paris, where they were at their education for seven years, neither their father nor brothers ever knew them from each other again. They generally, at their father's request, wore favours of different colours on their breasts, but by changing these and some little peculiarities of dress, they could at any time have deceived the whole family, and many a merry bout they had at cross purposes on such occasions. It was often remarked that Huntly, when fairly mistaken, would never yield, but always persisted in calling Mary—Jane, and Jane—Mary till deceived into the right way again. So much beauty and elegance I have never seen, and never shall contemplate again ; and I found that I had lost my heart. Still it was to Lady Jane that I had lost it, although I could not distinguish the one from the other.

I must now return to my narrative, taking up the story where I can, as I really never did recollect almost ought of what passed in that august presence, where one would have thought I should have remembered every thing. The Marchioness, I noticed, showed no condescension to me, but appeared proud, haughty and offended ; and when she spoke of me to her lord, she called me *that person*. My angel Lady Jane (whichever was she) had now lost all her jocularity and flippancy of speech ; there was nothing but mimness and reserve in the Marquess's presence. At length, on my proposing to retire, the Marquess addressed me something to the following purport :—

"I believe, sir, Lady Huntly and one of my daughters have been teasing you for some old papers at present in your custody. I will not say that they might not have been of some import to me in the present crisis, but I commend your integrity and faith in the charge committed to you. You are doing what is right and proper, and whatever may be the consequences, take no more thought about the matter."

Here Lady Jane made some remark about the great consequence of these papers, on which he subjoined rather tartly, "I tell you, Jane, I don't regard the plots of my enemies. I can now leave this place when I please, and I shall soon, very soon, be beyond their reach."

The young lady shed a flood of tears, on which I said, that if I had the Deputy-Governor's permission, I would with pleasure put these papers into his Lordship's hand. "No," said he ; "I would not be obliged to such a bear for them, though certain that they were to save my head."

Lady Huntly said something bitterly about asking favours of low people, but he checked her with—"No, no, Henny ! not another word on the subject. You have acted quite right, young man. Good night."

I was then obliged to take myself off, which I did with one of my best bows, which was returned only by Lady Mary : all the rest remained stiff and upright in their positions. Lady Jane followed me saying, "I must conduct him through the guards again, else there will be bloodshed." My heart thrilled with joy. She went with me to my apartment, and then asked me, with tears

in her eyes, if I was going to let that worthy and venerable nobleman suffer on a scaffold for such a trifle. I tried to reason, but my heart was lost, and I had little chance of victory; so at length I said I durst not for my life give them up, unless I instantly made my escape out of the castle. She said that was easily effected, for I should go out in her father's livery to-morrow morning, and for that part, she could conceal me for the remainder of the night; she added, that once I was out, and under Huntly's protection and *her's*—I waited for no more;—"once you *are* out, and under Huntly's protection and *mine*," said she—I flew away to the register chest, where I had seen the papers but the day before, and soon found them in two triple sealed parcels, with these labels, HUNTLY'S TREASONABLE CORRESPONDENCE WITH SPAIN. DITTO WITH THE CATHOLICK LORDS, &C.,—and flying away with them I put them into the hands of Lady Jane Gordon.

That was the most exquisite moment of my life—true, I had played the villain; but no matter; I have never enjoyed so happy a moment since that time. Lady Jane seized the papers with an eagerness quite indescribable—she hugged them—she did not know where to hide them, but seemed to wish them within her breast. Gratitude beamed, nay it flashed from every angelic feature, till at length unable to contain herself, she burst into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me! Yes, I neither write down a falsehood, nor exaggerate in the least degree; I say the beauty of the world, the envy of courts, and the mistress of all hearts, once, and but once, kissed my lips! kissed the lips of the then young, vain, and simple Bauldy Sydeserf. It was a dear kiss to me! but no more of that at present.

After this rapturous display, Lady Jane looked me no more in the face, but flew from me with the prize she had obtained, bidding me good night without looking behind her. It was evident she deemed she had got a boon of her father's life. But there was I left in my dark, hateful chamber all alone, to reflect on what I had done.

May the Lord never visit any of his faithful servants with such a measure of affliction, as it was my lot that night to bear. I cannot describe it, but I think I was in a burning fever, and all for perfect terror. I had forfeited life and honour, and all to serve an old papist, the greatest enemy of the blessed work of Reformation in the whole kingdom; and what gratitude or protection was I to expect from the adherents to that cursed profession? Alas! not to the extent of a grain of mustard seed. Then I fell into a troubled slumber, and had such dreams of Haggard hanging me and cutting off my head, until waking I lay groaning like one about to expire until daylight entered. I then rose and began to cast about how I should make my escape; for I knew if I remained in my situation another day I was a gone man. The castle being a state prison at that time, there was no possibility of making an escape from it without a warrant from the authorities; and I had begun to patch up a speech in my defence, which I was going to deliver before my judge, as soon as the papers were missed. But then, on considering that there would as certainly be another speech to compose for the scaffold, full of confessions and prayers for my enemies, Haggard among the rest, I lost heart altogether, and fell to weeping and lamenting my hard fate.

While I was in the midst of this dilemma, behold there was a sharp, surly rap came on my door. I opened it in the most vehement perturbation of spirits, and saw there for certain an officer of justice, clad in his insignia of office. "Master," says he, "is your name Mr. Secretary Sidesark?"

"Yes, sir," says I, "that is no; my name is not Sidesark, although it sounds a little that way."

"Well, well, back or side, short or long, it makes little difference," says he; "I have a little business with you. You go with me."

"What! to prison?" says I.

"Yes to prison," says he; "to be sure, where else but to prison in the *mean* time?"

"Very well, sir," says I; "show me your warrant then," says I.

"Certainly," says he; "here is *my* warrant," and with that he turned into a corner of the trance, and lifted a large bundle—"there it is, master; you understand me now."

"No, on my faith and honour and conscience, I do not," said I. "What warrant is that?"

"Open and see, master, open and see," said he, wiping his brow; "pray have you anything in the house that will drink? Yes, open and see; ay, that way. Now you will soon get into the heart and midriff of the mystery."

On opening the parcel, I found a splendid livery complete, of green and gold, and my heart began to vibrate to the breathings of hope. "Now, sir, make haste," said my visitor; "make haste, make haste. You understand me; now dress yourself instantly in these habiliments, and go with me. The family waits for you. You are to walk behind Lady Jane, and carry her fardel, or mantle perhaps, or some trifle. We two shall likely be better acquainted. My name is David Peterkin, Mr. Peterkin, you know, of course, Mr. Peterkin. I am head butler in the family, steward's butler that is. You are to be gentleman usher to the young ladies, I presume!"

Thus his tongue went on without intermission, while I dressed myself, unable to speak many words, so uplifted was my heart. I left my clothes, linens, every thing—my key in my desk—and the key of the register-chest within the desk lying uppermost; and bringing all the public money that was in my possession away with me, as part of my arrears of wages, I followed Mr. David Peterkin to the apartments where I had been the night before.

Huntly's power and interest had been very great in the State at that time, notwithstanding his religious tenets, of which the popular party, his sworn enemies, made a mighty handle, in order to ruin him. They had got him seized and lodged in the castle, thinking to bring him to his trial, at which fair play was not intended, but he had the interest to procure the Lord Chancellor's warrant for the removal of himself and suite from the castle, without lett or hindrance, on condition that he confined himself three weeks to his own house in the Canongate, to wait the charges brought against him. Haggard, the deputy-governor, who was the tool of the other party, refused to act on this warrant, pretending it was forged; but the very next day, Huntly's interest again prevailed. He was not only liberated, but the outrageous Haggard was seized and lodged in gaol, on what grounds I never heard exactly explained. Indeed it was long ere I knew that such an event had taken place, and if I had, it would have saved me a world of terror and trouble.

I followed the family of Huntly to the Canongate, but to my grief found that I had nothing to do save to eat and drink. I was grieved exceedingly at this, weening that they had no trust to put in me; as how could they well, considering that I had come into their service by playing the rogue. I kept myself exceedingly close, for fear of being seized for the malversation committed in the castle, and never went out of doors, save when the young ladies did, which was but seldom. A great deal of company flocked to the house. It was never empty from morning to night; for my part I thought there had not been so many nobility and gentry in the whole kingdom, as came to pay court to the Marquis, his sons, his lady, and his daughters; for all of them had their suitors, and that without number. That house was truly like the court of a sovereign; and there were so many grooms, retainers, and attendants of one kind and another, that to this hour I never knew how many there were of us. We were an idle, dissipated, and loquacious set, talking without intermission, and never talking anything but nonsense, low conceits, ribaldry, and all manner of bad things; and there neither was man nor woman among them all that had half the education of myself. I would have left the family in a short time, had it not been for one extraordinary circumstance—I was in love with my mistress! Yes, as deeply in love with Lady Jane Gordon as ever man was with maid, from the days of Jacob and Rachel unto this day on

which I write. I had likewise strong hopes of reciprocal affection, and ultimate success; but an humble dependant as I then was, how could I declare my love, or how reward my mistress, if accepted? No matter. A man cannot help that strongest of all passions. For my part, I never attempted it; but finding myself too far gone in love to retreat, I resolved to give my passion full swing, and love with all my heart and soul, which I did. Strange as it may appear, I loved only Lady Jane,—she that embraced me and gave me a kiss,—but yet I never could learn to distinguish her from her sister; and I was almost sure that whenever I began to declare my passion, I was to do it to the wrong one. I hated Lord Gordon, her eldest brother, who was the proudest man that I had ever seen, and dreaded that he never would consent to an union between his sister and one of the Sydeserfs. I was sure he would shoot me, or try to do it, but thought there might be means found of keeping out of his way or of giving him as good as he gave. Lady Jane Gordon I was determined to attempt, and her I was determined to have.

All this time I heard no word from the castle, and began to be a little more at my ease; still I never ventured out of doors, save once or twice that I followed the young ladies, for I always attached myself to them, and to Lady Jane, as far as I could distinguish. Having saved a share of money in the castle, I ordered a suit of clothes befitting a gentleman, and whenever a great dinner occurred, I dressed myself in that, and took my station behind Lady Jane's chair, but without offering to put my hand to anything. Lord Gordon, or Enzie as they called him, noted me one day, and after I went out inquired who I was. This was told me by one of the valets. Neither the Marquess nor Lady Huntly answered a word, but both seemed a little in the fidgets at the query; but Lady Jane, after glancing round the whole apartment answered her brother, that I was a young gentleman, a man of education and good qualities, who had done *her* a signal piece of service. That I had since that time attached myself to the family, but they did not choose to put me to any menial employment. On this the proud spirit of Lord Enzie rose, and he first jeered his angelic sister spitefully for requiring secret pieces of service from young gentlemen and men of education; and then he cursed me and all such hangers-on.

I never was so proud of any speech in the world as that of Lady Jane's, which made my blood rise still the more at the pride and arrogance of Lord Gordon; and I hoped some time in my life to be able to chastise him in part for his insolence. Whether or not these hopes were realized, I leave to all who read this memoir to judge.

Shortly after that, Lady Jane went out to walk one fine day, with her brother Lord Adam Gordon; I followed, as I was wont, at a respectful distance, clad in my splendid livery. In the royal bounds east of the palace, Lord Adam had noted me, for I saw him and his sister talking and looking back to me alternately. He was the reverse of his elder brother, being an easy, good-natured, and gentlemanly being as ever was born, with no great headpiece as far as I ever could learn. Lady Jane called me up to her, and asked me if we could pass over to the chapel on the hill at the nearest. I saw Lord Adam eyeing me with the most intense curiosity, as I thought, which made me blush like crimson; but I answered her ladyship readily enough, and in proper English, without a bit of the Aberdeen brogue. I said, "I cannot tell, Lady Jane, as I never crossed there, but I suppose it is quite practicable."

"Humph!" exclaimed Lord Adam, rather surprised at so direct and proper an answer.

"Then will you be so good as carry this fur mantle for me, Mr. Archibald?" said she, "as I propose to climb the hill with Auchendoun." "Yes, Lady Jane," said I.

"But will it not warm you too much?" added she. "Because, if it will, I'll make my brother Adam carry it piece about with you."

I could make no answer, I was so overcome with delight at hearing that

she put me on an equality with her brother; but taking the splendid mantle from her, I folded it neatly, took it over my arm, and took my respectful distance again. It was not long before the two were stopped by the extreme wetness of the bog, on which Lady Jane turned back; Lord Adam took hold of her, and would not let her, but wanted to drag her into the bog. She struggled with him playfully, and then called on me. "This unreasonable man will insist on my wading through this mire," said she; "pray, Mr. Archibald, could you find me a few steps, or contrive any way of taking me over dry shod?"

"Yes, I can, Lady Jane," said I, throwing off my strong shoes, and setting them down at her ladyship's feet in one moment.

"Humph!" said Lord Adam, more surprised at my cleverness and good breeding than ever.

I believe she meant me to have carried her over in my arms, a practice very common in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh then. I believed so at the time, but I contrived a far more genteel and respectful method. She put on the shoes above her fine ones, smiling with approbation, and stepped over dry and clean, while I was obliged to wade over in my white stockings, which gave them an appearance as if I had on short boots. As soon as she got over to the dry hill, she returned me my shoes, thanked me, and said I was a much more gallant man than Auchendoun, who had so small a share of it, that she was sure he would live and die an old bachelor; but that *I would not.*

It is impossible at this time of life, when my blood is thin, and the fire of youth burning low, to describe the intensity of my love, my joy, and my delight after this auspicious adventure. I walked on springs—I moved in air—the earth was too vulgar for my foot to tread on, and I felt as if mounting to the clouds of heaven, and traversing the regions and spheres above the walks of mortality. Yea though clothed in a livery, and carrying her cloak over my arm, (vile badges of slavery!)—though walking all alone, and far behind the object of all my earthly hopes, I remember I went on repeating these words to myself, "She is mine! she is mine!" The flower of all the world is my own! She loves me, she adores me! I see it in her eyes, her smile, her every feature: that beam only foretastes of heaven and happiness! She shall yet be mine! to walk by my side! smile in my face when there is none to see! rest in my bosom, and be to me as a daughter! O that it were given me to do some great and marvellous action, to make me worthy of so much gentleness and beauty!"

In this strain did I go on till it came to my reflection that she was older than me and that I had no time for the performance of any of these great actions, as all the young noblemen of the three kingdoms were at cutting one another's throats about her and her sister already. This was a potion so bitter that I could not swallow it, nevertheless I was compelled to do it, and then I lifted up my voice and wept.

I was three weeks in the family before I knew that the whole of its members were confirmed papists, and Huntly himself an excommunicated person, given over to Satan; and grievously was I shocked and tormented about it; particularly to think of the beautiful, angelic, and immaculate Lady Jane being a proselyte to that creed. For my life, I could not think the less of her for this misfortune; for she was indeed all gentleness, kindness and humanity; but I deplored her calamity, and resolved to spend life and blood to effect her conversion to the truth, and then I knew the consolation she would experience would knit her inviolably to me for ever. Full of this great scheme, I set to the studying night and day how I might accomplish my purpose, but my plans were deranged for the present by an announcement that the family was to remove to the Highlands; in consequence of which all was bustle and confusion for several days.

The day of our departure at length arrived, and that was such a cavalcade as Scotland hath but rarely witnessed, when the Gordons rode out at the

west port of Edinburgh. The Marquess wanted to show a little of his power, and to crow over his enemies that day, for he had no less than forty noblemen in his company, including the sons of earls, every one of whom had numerous attendants, while he himself had five hundred gallant yeomen of Strathbogie as a guard. The gentlemen rode all in armour, and the ladies on palfreys, and without doubt it was a noble sight. As we rode through the Grass-market, the crowd was excessive, and there was some disposition manifested of an attack on the noble family, which was very unpopular among the true reformers of that period; but we appeared in such strength that they durst do nothing but stand and gaze, while the adherents of the old principle rent the air with shouts of applause.

I had for my steed a good black country nag, with a white girth round his neck. He was lean, but high spirited, and I made a considerable figure among the multitude. After we were fairly out of the town, the ladies did not keep all together, but rode in pairs or mixed with the gentlemen. I then formed the design of watching an opportunity and slipping a religious letter that I had penned into Lady Jane's hand; but I watched in vain, for she was the whole day surrounded by suitors, every one striving to get a word of her; so that I felt myself as nobody among that splendid group, and fell into great despondency. The more so, that I thought I discovered one who was a favourite above all others that day. He was tall, comely, and rode a French steed of uncommon beauty and dimensions, and being seldom or never from her side, I perceived a triumph in his eyes that was not to be borne; but I was obliged to contain my chagrin, not being able to accomplish any thing for the present.

[Mr. Sydeserf then goes on to relate every circumstance attending their journey, and the places at which they halted, which narrative is tedious enough, for he seems neither to have been in the confidence of masters nor servants. He complains greatly of want of accommodation and victuals by the way, and adds, that as for the troopers and common attendants, he could not discover what they subsisted on, for he neither perceived that they got any allowance, or that they had any victuals along with them. The only thing worth copying in the journal (and it is scarcely so) is his account of a dinner which appears to have been at Glamis Castle, and the pickle David Peterkin was in for meat and drink.

At Perth, we lodged at a palace of our own, (I am ignorant what palace this was,) but it was not stored with dainties, like our house in Edinburgh. All the establishments of the town were ransacked for viands, and a good deal of fish and oaten meal were procured; nevertheless the people were very hungry, and every thing vanished as fast as presented. Of the whole group there was not one so badly off as my old friend, Mr. David Peterkin, who could not live without a liberal supply of meat and drink, although, honest man, he was not very nice with regard to quality. The Marquess dined at one, the head-attendants at half-past one, and the lower servants at two, with David Peterkin at their head; but this day it was five before the first class sat down, and by the eager way in which the various portions were devoured, I saw there would not be much left for the second table, not looking so far forward as the third. At our table, every remnant of fish, fowl, meat, and venison vanished; the bones were picked as clean as peeled wood, and even the oatmeal soup went very low in the bickers. I could not help then noting the flabby and altered features of poor Peterkin, as he eyed the last fragment of every good bit reaved from his longing palate. His cadaverous looks were really pitiful, for he was so much overcome that his voice had actually forsaken him, and I have reason to believe, that, saving a little gruel, he and his associates got nothing.

The next night we were at the castle of old Lord Lyon, where I witnessed a curious scene, at least it was a curious scene to me. The dinner was served in a long dark hall, in which the one end could not be seen from the other, and the people took all their places, but nothing was set down. After the

nobility were placed, two orderly constables came down among us, and pulling and wheeling us rudely by the shoulders, pointed out to us our various places. Down we sat, hurryscurry, lords, ladies, servants, all in the same apartment, but all in due rank and subordination. Thinks I to myself, Lord Huntly will not like this arrangement, and Lady Huntly will like it still worse ; but casting my eyes toward him at the head of the board, I never saw the old hero in better humour, and the suavity or sternness of his countenance spread always like magic over all that came within its influence, consequently, I knew at once that that would be a pleasant party. It was the first time I had sat at table with my mistress, and I being among the uppermost retainers, my distance from her was not very great. I was so near as to hear many compliments paid to her beauty, but how poor they were compared with the idea that I had of her perfections.

To return to the dinner. The two officers with white sticks having returned back to our host, he inquired at them if all was ready, and then a chaplain arose, and said a homily in Latin. Still nothing was presented save a few platters set before the nobility, and David Peterkin being placed within my view, I looked at him, and never beheld a face of such hungry and ghastly astonishment. Presently, two strong men, with broad blue bonnets on their heads, came in, bearing an immense roasted side of an ox on a wooden server, like a baxter's board, and this they placed across the table at the head. Then there was such slashing and cutting and jingling of gullies, helping this and the other.

From the moment the side of beef made its appearance, David Peterkin's tongue began to wag. I looked to him again, and his countenance was changed from a cadaverous white into a healthy yellow, and he was speaking first to the one side then to the other, and following every observation of his own with a hearty laugh. The two men and the broad bonnets kept always heaving the board downward until it came by the broad part of the table, and then there were no more wooden plates or knives. At first I thought our board was sanded over as I had seen the floors in Edinburgh, which I thought would be very inconvenient, but on observing again, I found that it was strewed thickly over with coarse salt. Then a carver-general supplied every man with his piece, with a despatch that was almost inconceivable, and he always looked at every one before he cut off his morsel. When he eyed Peterkin, he cut him a half-kidney, fat and all, with a joint of the back. How I saw him kneading it on the salted board ! After the carver and beef, came one with a bent knife two feet in length, and cut every man's piece across, dividing it into four, then leaving him to make the best of it he could. A board of wedders, cut into quarters, was the next service, and the third course was one of venison and fowls, but that passed not by the broad table. After the first service, strong drink was handed round in large wooden dishes with two handles, and every man was allowed as much as he could take at a draught, but not to renew it ; the same the next service, and thus ended our dinner. The party was uncommonly facetious, owing, I was sure, to the Marquess's good humour, which never for an instant forsook him, and convinced me that he had often been in similar situations. I enjoyed it exceedingly ; but every thing came on me by surprise, and the last was the most disagreeable of all. No sooner had we taken our last sup above mentioned, than the two imperious constables with the long white staves came and turned us out with as little ceremony as they set us down, hitting such as were unmindful of their warning a yerk with their sticks. They actually drove us out before them like a herd of Highland cattle ; and then the nobility and gentry closed around the broad table for an evening's enjoyment.

I never felt the degrading shackles of servitude and dependency so much as I did at that instant. To be placed at table with my mistress, with her whom I loved above all the world ; to eat of the same food, and drink of the same cup, and then, when it suited the convenience of my superiors in rank, (though in nothing else,) and of my rivals, to be driven from her presence

like a Highland bullock, and struck on the shoulders with a peeled stick! Why sirs, it was more than the spirit within a Sydeserf could brook! and but for love—imperious love—but for the circumstance that I was utterly unable to tear myself away from the object of my devotion, I would never have submitted to such humiliation, or the chance of it, a second time.

[On the Marquess and his retinue reaching Huntly Castle, it appears from the narrative that by some mutual understanding, all the gentlemen visitors withdrew, and left the family at leisure for some great preparation, the purport of which Mr. Sydeserf was utterly at a loss to comprehend; but it freed him of his rivals in love, and afforded him numerous opportunities of divulging the hidden passion that devoured him. Every day he attempted something, and every attempt proved alike futile; so that to copy the narration of them all would be endless. But at length he accomplished his great masterstroke of getting his religious epistle into Lady Jane's hands by stratagem, which, he says, was filled with professions of the most ardent esteem and anxiety about her soul's well-being, and with every argument that ever had been used by man for her conversion from popery. While waiting, with the deepest anxiety, the effect of this epistle, things were fast drawing to a crisis with him, therefore a few of the final incidents must be given in his own words.]

Some days elapsed before I noted any difference in her manner and disposition; but then I saw a depth and solemnity of thought beginning to settle on her lovely countenance. I then knew the truth was beginning to work within her, and I rendered thanks to heaven for the bright and precious prospect before me, regretting that I had not subscribed my name to the momentous composition. She now began to retire every day to a little bower on the banks of the Deveron, for the purpose, as I was at first positively convinced, of pouring out her soul in prayer and supplication, at the footstool of Grace. As soon as I found out her retreat, I went and kissed the ground on which she had been kneeling, I know not how oft. I then prostrated myself on the same sanctified spot, and prayed for her conversion; and also, I must confess, that the flower of all the world might in time become my own. I then spent the afternoon in culling all the beautiful flowers of the wood, the heath, and the meadow, with which I bedded and garnished the spot in a most sumptuous manner, arranging all the purple flowers in the form of a cross, which I hung on the back of the bower, so as to front her as she entered, thinking to myself, that since the epistle had opened the gates of her heart, this device should scale its very citadel. I could not sleep on the following night; so arising early, I went to the bower, and found every thing as I had left it. My heart had nigh failed me at the greatness of the attempt, but not doubting its ultimate success, I let every thing remain.

Then a thought struck me how excellent a treat it would be to witness the effect of my stratagem unseen. This was easy to be done, as the bower was surrounded by an impervious thicket, so I set about it and formed myself a den close behind the bower, cutting a small opening through the leaves and branches, that without the possibility of being seen, I might see into the middle of her retreat. I thought the hour of her arrival would never come, and my situation and sufferings were dreadful. At length the entrance to the bower darkened, and on peeping through my opening, I saw the lovely vision standing in manifest astonishment. Her foot was so light that no sound for the listening ear escaped from the sward where that foot trode. She came like a heavenly vision, too beautiful and too pure for human hand to touch, or even for human eye to look on; and there she stood in the entrance to the bower, the emblem of holy amazement. My breast felt as it would rend at both my sides with the pangs of love, and my head as if a hive of bees had settled on it. As soon as her eye traced the purple cross, she instantly kneeled before it, and bowed her head to the ground in prayer; but her prayer was the effusion of the soul, few words being expressed audibly, and those at considerable intervals. In these intervals she appeared to be kissing

the cross of flowers; but I was not positive of this, for I saw but indistinctly: she then took a small picture of some favourite sweetheart from her bosom, looked at it with deep concern and affection, kissed it, and put it again in its place. This grieved me, but I took notice of the mounting of jewels round the miniature so as that I was certain of knowing it again, and curious I was to see it.

She then sat for a space in the most calm and beatific contemplation, and I shall never forget the comeliness of that face as she looked about on the beauties of nature. How fain I would have dashed through the thicket and embraced her feet and kissed them, but my modesty overcame me, and I durst not for my life so much as stir a finger; so she went away, and I emerged from my hole.

My head being full of my adventure, I dressed up the bower anew with flowers that night; and as I lay in my bed, I formed the bold resolution of breaking in upon her retirement, casting myself at her feet, and making known to her my woful state. I resolved also to ravish a kiss of her hand,—nay, I am not sure but I presumed further, for I once or twice thought, have not I as good a right to kiss her as she had to kiss me? So the next day I did not betake myself to my concealment, but waited till she was gone, and until I thought she had time to finish her devotions, and then I went boldly on the same track, to cast myself on her pity and learn my fate. Alas! before I reached the bower my knees refused to carry me, every joint grew feeble, my heart sunk into my loins, and instead of accomplishing my glorious feats of love, I walked by the entrance to the bower without so much as daring to cast my eyes into it.—I walked on, and in a short time I saw her leave it with a hurried step.

That evening, when I went to dress up the bower, behold I found the picture which I had before seen, and a small ebony cross which she had left in her perturbation at being discovered and having her sanctuary broken in upon. I seized the picture eagerly, to see if I could discover the name or features of my rival, but behold it was the image of the Virgin Mary, with these words attached to it—MOTHER OF GOD, REMEMBER ME! I almost fainted with horror at this downright idolatry in one of the most amiable of human beings, and for once thought within my heart, Is it possible that a God of mercy and love will cast away a masterpiece of his creation because she has been brought up in error, and knows no better? It was but a passing thought and a sinful one, for I knew that truth alone could be truth; yet though I deplored the lady's misfortune, I loved her rather the better than the worse for it, for my love was seasoned with a pity of the most tender and affectionate nature.

I put these sinful relics carefully up in my pocket, determined to have a fair bout with the conscience and good sense of their owner at the delivery of them. But the next day she cheated me, going to her bower by a circuitous route, and about an hour and a half earlier than she was wont, for she had missed her costly relics and been quite impatient about them. I discovered that she was there, and knew not how to do to come in contact with her. But I was always a man of fair and honourable shifts; so I went and turned a drove of the Marquess's fat bullocks into the side of the Deveron to get a drink, for the day was very warm. The animals were pampered and outrageous, but still more terrible in appearance than reality; and now Lady Jane could not return home in any other way than either by wading the stream, or coming through the middle of the herd, neither of which she durst do for her life. Now, thinks I, my dear lady, I shall make you blythe of my assistance once more. So I concealed myself, keeping in view the path by which she was necessitated to emerge from the wood; she appeared once or twice among the bushes, but durst not so much as come nigh the stile. I kept my station, but was harassed by Lady Jane's maid coming to look after her mistress, who had been longer than her usual time absent.

"Go away hame, you giglet," said I. "The lady is without doubt at her

devotions. I am watching lest she fall among these dangerous animals. A fine hand you would be to conduct her through them. Go away hame, and mind your broidery and your seam."

"Oh mee gracioso Monsieur Longshirte," said the French taupie, "how monstrouse crabeede you are dis day! Me do tink you be for de word of de pretty bride yourself. Ah you sly doag, is it not soa? Ha! come tell me all about it, cood Monsieur de Longshirte;" and with that she came and placed herself close down beside me. I was nettled to death, and knew not what way to get quit of her.

"Go away hame, I tell you, you foreign coquette," said I as good-naturedly as I could; "you mouse-trap, you gillie-gawkie, I say go away hame."

"How very droll you be, good Monsieur de Longshirte," said she; "but de very night before one you called me de sweet sweet rose, and de lily, and de beautiful Maamoselle Le Mebene; and now I am de giglet, and trap-de-moose, and gillygawky! And den it was come, come, come wid me sweet Le Mebene; but now it is go, go home vid you, de French coquette! How very droll you be, kind Monsieur Longshirte."

After a great deal of tattle of the same sort, and finding it impossible to get rid of her, I ran off and left her, ensconsing myself in the middle of the herd of bullocks. I did not want to hear any recapitulations of idle chit-chat. Domestics in high life have ways and manners not much to boast of, and my heart was set on higher game. So I fled from the allurements of a designing woman into the fellowship of the bulls of Bashan. They gathered round me, staring with their great goggle eyes, and made a humming noise as if to encourage one another to the attack, but none seemed to have courage to be the first beginner, but always as their choler rose to a height, they attacked one another either in sport or real earnest, and altogether they made a hideous uproar. Le Mebene fled towards the castle, and afraid that she would raise the affray, I was forced to proceed to the only entrance by which Lady Jane could emerge from the wood, and cutting myself a great kebir, I took my stand there, and whistled a spring with great glee to keep my courage up, and let my mistress hear that her protector was at hand.

She was not slack in taking the hint, for she came to me with a hurried step, and a certain wildness in her looks that shewed great trepidation. She commended me for my attention, blessed me, and took my hand in hers, which I felt to be trembling. This I took to be the manifestation of an ardent and concealed love, and seizing it in both mine, I kissed it, kneeling at her feet; at the same time beginning a speech which I choose not here to relate, till looking up I perceived a blush on her face. I believe to this day it was the blush of restrained affection, but at the moment it had the effect of sealing my lips, having taken it for the red frown of displeasure.

"Do not mar the high sentiments I entertain of you, Mr. Archibald," said she.

"My esteem for you is such, honoured lady," said I, "that it knows no boundaries either in time or eternity."

"I know it, I know it, young man," said she, interrupting me again: "you have put my faith sorely to the test; but, blessed be the Mother of our Lord, I have overcome."

My heart trembled within me with a mixture of grief and awe, love and disappointment, and I lost the only chance ever I had of working the conversion of that most angelic of women, by sinking into utter silence before her eye. She seized the opportunity by momently reverting to her critical and dangerous situation, and asking if I durst undertake to conduct her through the herd?

I shouldered my great stick, answered in the affirmative, and assured her it was only a sense of her imminent danger that had brought me there.

"There is nothing in this world for which I have such a horror as bulls," said she. "They are the most ferocious of all animals, and so many accidents

occur every season from their untameable fierceness, that I declare my blood runs cold to encounter their very looks."

The animals, as far as I understood, were oxen, not bulls, but I chose not to give the lie to a lady's discernment, and acquiesced with her in affirming that our country contained no animals so dangerous and terrible, and I added, "But what does the heart and arm of man fear, when put to the test in defence of beauty?"

"Bravo!" said she, "lead on, and God be our shield!"

I offered my protecting hand, but she declined it and took shelter behind me. She was covered with a tartan mantle, the prevailing colour of which was a bright scarlet, a colour which provokes the fury of these animals, but which circumstance was then unknown to me. They came on us with open mouths, bellowing and scraping with their fore feet on the earth, and always as they gazed at us the reflection of the mantle made their eyes as of a bloody red. I thought the animals were gone mad altogether, and never was so terrified from the day that I was born. Lady Jane clung to me, sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other, uttering every now and then a smothered scream, and looking as pale as if she had been wrapt in her winding sheet.

"No fear, no fear, madam," said I. "They had better keep their distance. Stand off, you ugly dog! stand off!" and I shouldered my tree. "Stand off, or I will teach you better manners." No, they would not stand off, but in place of that came nearer and nearer, until they had us so completely beleagured that we could neither advance nor retreat. "Collie choke a bull," cried I, trying every method to disperse our adversaries, but trying them all in vain. I gave us up for lost, and I fear Lady Jane beheld my changing cheer, for she actually grew frantic with terror, and screamed aloud for assistance, as from some other quarter.

It was now high time for me to repent of my stratagem of the bullocks, which I did in good sincerity, and made a vow to God in my heart, if he would but deliver me, thenceforward to act openly and candidly with all mankind, and womankind into the bargain. I made this experiment the more readily that Lady Jane was at the same time calling on the Holy Virgin, on whose intercession having no manner of reliance, but dreading the vengeance of Heaven for such palpable idolatry, I put up such a petition as a Christian ought, and sealed it with a vow. When lo! wonderful to relate! the outrageous animals fell a tossing their heads and tails in a wild and frantic manner, and in one minute they galloped off in every direction, as if under the influence of some charm. They cocked their heads, rolled their tails up in the air, and ran as if for a prize; some of them plunging into the Deveron, and others dashing into the woods. Our relief was instantaneous. I say nothing but the truth, and deny not that the phenomenon might have been accounted for in a natural way, therefore, as a humble sinner, I take no merit to myself, but describe things precisely as they occurred. Whether the animals only came to gaze on us for their amusement, and started off simultaneously in pursuit of some higher fun, or if an army of hornets was sent by heaven to our relief, I pretend not at this distance of time to determine. But sorry have I been a thousand times that I could not keep that vow made in my greatest extremity. The times in which I have lived rendered it impracticable. Every thing was to be done by plot and stratagem, and he that could not yield his mind to such expedients was left in the lurch. True, it was a sin to break my vow, nevertheless it was a sin of necessity, and one of which I was compelled to be guilty every day. May the Lord pardon the transgressions of his erring servant!

One would have thought that now, when our danger was clean gone, Lady Jane would have brightened up; but, in place of that, she grew quite faint and leaned on my arm without being able to speak. I bore her on for some time with great difficulty, and at last was obliged to let her sink to the earth, where for some time I had the ineffable delight of supporting her head on my bosom;

and so much was I overcome with violent emotion, that for a long time I could not stir to attempt any means for her recovery. At length I judged it necessary to my credit to attempt something, so I cut the lacings of her stays, and soon after that she recovered.

I had not well raised her up, and was still supporting her with both my arms, when on an instant her brother, the Lord Gordon, and the Marquess of Douglas, appeared close at our hands. I expected Lady Jane to faint again, but the surprise acted like electricity on her, and after an alternate blush of the rose and paleness of the lily, she quite recovered. Madam Mebene had raised the alarm in the family, and the two lords come on the look-out for her who was the darling of the whole house. But the proud eye of Enzie burnt with rage as he approached us. He had seen me rise first myself, raise the lady in my arms, and support her for a small space on the way, and it was manifest that his jealous nature was aroused, and that if had not been for the presence of Lord Douglas, he would have run me through the body. I'll never forget the look he gave me when he threw me from his sister's side, and took my place. As for the attack made on her by bulls, as she related it, and of her fainting away, I could perceive that he regarded it all as a made-up story, and thought more than he chose to express.

Ladie Enzie was not at Castle Huntly on our arrival there from Edinburgh; for the castle being then in ruins, and our residence only temporary barracks, we remained at our home till about this time of which I am writing, when she came on a visit. Her maiden name was Lady Anne Campbell, she being eldest sister to the good Earl of Argyle ; she had been married at an early age, and now looked like an old woman ; her health and heart being both broken. She had been compelled to marry into a Catholic family, in order to effect some mighty coalition in the Highlands which failed, and I fear she had little pleasure of her life, for her husband was the sworn enemy of her house, and a perfect demon in pride and irritability. She was a true Protestant, and had all the inherent good qualities of her noble lineage ;—she had learned to temporize with those of a different persuasion, and all her sisters-in-law loved her with great tenderness and affection.

Now it so fell out that my religious epistle to Lady Jane had troubled that lady a great deal, and put her Catholic principles sore to the rack ; therefore as a grateful present to her Protestant sister, she put the writing into her hands, at which she was greatly amazed, and not less delighted, testifying the strongest desire to forward the views of the writer. By what means this paper fell into her husband's hands, I do not know, but so it did, and I suspect its history along with it. He had been jealous of my attentions to his sister of late, and this bold attempt at her conversion raised that jealousy to an exorbitant pitch. So one evening when I was standing in a circle of an hundred men and women, listening to a band of music, out comes Lord Enzie with my identical paper in his hand. I had heard of his lady's high approbation, and judged that now the time was come for my advancement ; and though I would rather have taken it from any other nobleman in the kingdom, yet knowing my epistle afar off by its form, I resolved on acknowledging it. It was a holiday, and we were all clothed in our best robes, when out comes the haughty and redoubted George Gordon, Lord of Enzie and Badenoch, into the midst of us, and reading the address and superscription of the paper, he held it up and inquired if any in the circle could inform him who was the author of such a sublime production. Judging that to be my time, I stepped forward, kneeled on the green at my Lord Enzie's feet, and acknowledged myself the unworthy author, on which the proud aristocrat struck me unmercifully on the shoulders and head with his cane, accompanying his blows with a volley of the most opprobrious epithets. I was altogether unarmed, otherwise I would have made a corpse of the tyrant ; so I fled backward and said, " My Lord, you shall rue what you have now done the longest day you have to live. Do you know whom you have struck ? "

" Know whom I have struck ! Puppy ! vagabond !" exclaimed he, and break-

ing at me, he struck me with such violence that he knocked me down. I fell quite insensible ; but he had inflicted many kicks and blows on me after I was down, which I felt for many day ; and, I was informed, dashed my epistle in my face, and left me lying.

When I came to myself, I was lying in a bed in the house of a poor weaver in the village, and a surgeon was dressing my head, which was fractured. I was extremely ill, and the violence of my rage at Lord Enzie made my distemper a great deal the worse.

As soon as I was able, I wrote to the Marquess complaining of the usage I had received in recompense for all I had ventured for him. He was a man of the highest honour, and sent me a sum of money with an assurance that he would provide for me in a way that suited both my talents and inclination. He regretted what his son had done, whom no man could keep in bounds, but was willing to make me all the reparation that lay in his power, which I should soon see ; so I was obliged to keep my humble bed and wait the issue.

A few days subsequent to that, I was visited by Lady Enzie and Lady Jane Gordon, who both condoled with me in a most affectionate manner, and reprobated the outrage committed by Lord Enzie, who had the day before that set off for France on some military expedition. After a great deal of kind commiseration, Lady Enzie said, "The plain truth is, clerk Archimbald, that you can never rise to eminence either in my husband's family, or under the patronage of any of its members, for (begging my lovely sister's pardon) every one of that family are Catholics at heart, however they may have been compelled to disguise their sentiments, and they will never raise a man to wealth or power who is not confirmed in their own religious tenets. It is a part of their principle rather to retard him. But to my brother, the Lord Argyle, you will be quite a treasure. You will instruct his two noble sons in the principles of the reformed religion, for which no young man in the kingdom is so well fitted ; learn them the art of composition in the English tongue ; travel with them into foreign parts, and form their hearts and their minds to follow after truth. Or you can assist my brother in his great plans of furthering the Reformation. If you consent to this arrangement, as soon as you are able to travel, I will despatch you to my brother with a letter which will ensure your good reception."

I testified my obligation to her ladyship, but added that I loved my young mistress and her father so well, I had no heart to leave them.

"The old Marquess, my father-in-law, is one of the noblest characters that ever bore the image of his Maker," said she, "but he is necessarily on the verge of life ; and then, under my husband, your hopes are but small. As for Jane, she leaves her father's house immediately as bride to a young Catholic Lord, who would not have a Protestant in his family for half his estate."

Here my heart sank within me, and I could not answer a word.

Lady Enzie went on. "In order that you may not refuse my offer, I tell you some of the secrets of the family without leave, of which I know you will make no ill use. These two young dames, so far celebrated for their beauty ; as they were born on the same day, and christened on the same day, so they are to be wedded on the same day, and in the same church ; the one to a Scottish, the other to an Irish nobleman. Poor Lady Jane is destined for Ireland, to worship St. Patrick and the Virgin Mary, in a due preparation for purgatory as long as she lives."

"I'll go to the Earl of Argyle to-morrow or the next day at the furthest," said I.

The two ladies applauded my resolution, settling their plans between them, but seeing me unfit for further conversation they took their leave. Lady Jane gave me her hand and bade me farewell,—but I retained that dear hand in mine and could not part with it, neither did she attempt to force it away.—"Stay still with us a few moments, Lady Gordon," said I, "for I have something to give my young mistress before we part forever."

"What have you to give me, Archy?" said Lady Jane.

"I have to give you first my blessing," said I, "and afterwards something you will value more. Farewell, most lovely and fascinating of all thy race. May the Almighty God, who made thee so beautiful, make thee as eminently good, and endow thy mind with those beauties that shall never decay. And may he fit and prepare thee for whatever is his will concerning thee, for conjugal bliss or sorrow of heart:—for life, for death, for time, or for eternity."

"Amen!" said both ladies, bowing,—"and may thy blessings return double on thy own head."

"I will henceforth revere thy religion for thy own sake," continued I, "for the tenets that have formed such a mind must have something of heaven in them. May you be beloved through life as you are loving and sincere, and may your children grow up around you the ornaments of our nature, as you have yourself been its greatest. For me, bereaved as I hence must be of the light of your countenance,—I care no more what fortune betide me, for I must always be like a blind man, longing for the light of the sun he is never more to see. Of this be sure, that there is always one who will never forget you, and of whose good wishes and prayers you shall through life have a share. And now here are some relics, too precious in your sight, which I fain would have ground to powder, and stamped the residue with my feet, but seeing the line that Providence has marked out for you, I restore them, and trust you to the mercy of Him who was born of a virgin."

So saying, I gave into her hands the graven image of the Virgin, and the purple cross set with gold and diamonds, on which she gave me a last embrace, while tears of gratitude choked her utterance, on which Lady Enzie hurried her out, and left me a being as forlorn of heart as any that the light of heaven visited.

[Thus ended the Bailie's first love, which seems to have been most ardent and sincere, yet chastened by that respect due to one so much his superior. This he never seems to take into account; the reason of which appears to be, that when he acted these things, he was in a very different line of life than when he wrote of them, and felt that at this latter time he was very nigh to Lady Jane's rank in life.

We must now skip over more than a hundred pages of his memoirs, as affording little that is new or amusing. He was engaged by the Earl of Argyle as his secretary, and assisted that nobleman with all his power and cunning, in bringing about a reformation, both in Church and State. He was likewise tutor to his two sons, and went over to Holland with Lord Lorn, and afterwards to London with Lord Neil Campbell; but in the tedious details of these matters, although there is a portion of good sense, or sly speciousness in its place, yet there is very little of it so much better than the rest as to be worth extracting. There is one anecdote which he pretends to give from report, which appears not a little puzzling. He says:

"While at this place (Armaddie) there were strange reports from Huntly Castle reached mine ears. The two lovely twin Gordons were married on the same day to two widowers, but both young and gallant gentlemen, Lady Mary to the Marquess of Douglas, and Lady Jane to Lord Strathbane; (who in the world was this?) but on the evening of the wedding, the latter missed his bride, and following her out to her bower, he found her in company with a strange gentleman, who was kneeling and clasping her knees; on which Lord Strathbane rushed forward, and ran the aggressor through the body with his sword. The utmost confusion arose about the castle. Lady Jane fainted, and went out of one fit into another, but would never tell who that gentleman was, denying all knowledge of him. The body was likewise instantaneously removed, so that it was no more seen; but Lord Strathbane, supposing he had committed a murder, fled that night, and the marriage was not consummated for full seven weeks. The story was never rightly cleared up."

We do not much wonder at it, considering how quickly the body, or rather

the wounded gentleman, made his escape; but even at this distance of time, we have a shrewd suspicion that it might be the Bailie himself, especially as he says in another place—"The Marquess (of Argyle) would fain have had me putting on sword-armour that day, both for the protection of my own person, and for the encouragement of the covenanters. But by reason of a *wound in my right side*, which I got *by accident* more than a dozen of years before, I could never brook armour of any sort," &c.

The getting of this wound is never mentioned, and we find by his own confused dates, that the marriages he mentions took place about twelve years previous to this engagement of which he is speaking; so that, without much straining, I think we may set down the Bailie as the strange gentleman whom the jealous bridegroom ran through the body in the wood.

There is another incident he records which marks in no ordinary degree the aristocratic tyranny of that day.]

When I arrived at Edinburgh, says he, I still felt a little suspicion that the affair of the castle would come against me, and the first thing I did was to make inquiry who was deputy governor of the fortress at the time being, and what was become of the former one, my old tyrant, Haggard. I soon found out that Ludovico Gordon, one of the house of Huntly, occupied that station, so that there I was quite safe; but how was I amazed at finding that Huntly's influence had actually brought Haggard to the gallows,—at least, so far on the way that he then lay under condemnation. Whether it was through fear of the history of the papers that I stole being discovered, or merely out of revenge for some small indignity offered, I know not, but the Marquess and the rest of the Catholic party got him indicted. The other prevailing party did not think it worth their while to defend him, and so the fellow strapped. But the oddest circumstance of the matter was, that my disappearance from the castle was made one of the principal reasons for bringing on his condemnation. It was proved to the satisfaction of the judges, that he had frequently threatened me with his utmost vengeance, to have me whipped and hung at the flag-staff, &c.—and that I had disappeared all at once in the dead of the night, while all my clothes, even to my shirt and nightcap, were found lying in my chamber next day, so that there was no doubt I had been made away with, in order to cover his embezzlement of the public monies. Haggard was in great indignation at the charge, but not being able to prove aught to the contrary, the plea was admitted, and he was cast for execution,—a circumstance not much accounted of in those days.

I was greatly tickled with this piece of information, and he having been the man who, of all others, used me the worst, save Lord Gordon, or Enzie, as he was called, so I resolved never either to forgive the one or the other. Of course, I made no efforts towards a mitigation of the brute Haggard's sentence.

His execution had been fixed for the 26th of May, but before that period, I had been called express to Stirling on the Marquess's business, in order to further the correspondence on the Antrim expedition, of which Argyle, my patron, was in great terror. However, I took a horse on the 25th, and riding all night, reached the Grass Market in good time to see the ruffian pay kane for all his cruelties and acts of injustice; and from that day forth I was impressed with a notion that Providence would not suffer any man to escape with impunity who had wronged me, and inherited my curse and malison. I had done nothing against Haggard, saving that at one time I had wished ill to him in my heart, and now, behold, I saw even more than my heart's desire on mine enemy. I enjoyed the sight a good deal, nor was I to blame;—a man should always do that which is just and proper. I never saw such a woe-begone wretched being as he looked on the scaffold;—no man could have believed that a character so dissipated and outrageous could ever have been reduced to such a thing of despair. He harangued the multitude at great length, and, in my opinion, to very little purpose,—merely, I was persuaded, for the purpose of gaining a few more minutes of miserable existence.—Again

and again did he assert his innocence relating to the murder of the young man commonly called Clerk Archibald, wished well to the Marquess of Huntly, and prayed for his forgiveness.

During the time of this harangue, and when it drew nigh to a close, I chanced to come in contact with Mr. Alexander Hume, baker, with whom I had some settlements to make while I was in the castle. He was one whom I esteemed as an honourable man, and I could not help speaking to him, asking how he did?—and what he thought of this affair? He answered me in some confusion, so that I perceived he did not know me,—or was greatly at a loss to comprehend how I should be there. Judging it therefore as well to be quit of him, I made off a little, but he stuck by me, and the crowd being so great, I could not get away, for I was close to the foot of the gallows.

"Think of it, squire?" said he, "why, I suppose I think of it as others do, that the fellow was a rascal, and brought himself under the lash of the law, and is suffering justly the penalty of his iniquities. Our judges are just, you know, and our exactors righteous—do you not think the same?"

"You had a good deal of business with Haggard, Mr. Hume," says I, "and must know. Did you find him an arrant rascal in his dealings?"

"No—I do not say so, I was not called to give oath to that effect, and if I had, I could not have sworn he was."

"Then you knew that, as to the murder, he *must* have been innocent of that."

"How?—What?—How can you prove that? Good and blessed Virgin, is not this Clerk Archy himself?"

I nodded assent, when he seized my hand as if it had been in a vice, and went on without suffering me to rejoin a word—"How are you? Where have you been? You have been kidnapped, then? Come this way—this way, a wee bit. Colonel Haggard! Hilloa, Colonel, speak to me, will ye?"

The Colonel had taken farewell of the world, of the sun and moon, and the stars, and the spires of Edinburgh castle. The bedesman and executioner were both sick of his monotonous harangues, and waited with impatience the moment when he should give the signal. Still he had not power, and at that terrible crisis Hume fell a bawling out to him,—"Hilloa, Colonel, speak to me, will ye, speak to me just for a wee bit—hilloa, you there, Mr. Sheriff and Mr. Chaplain, loose the Colonel's een, will ye?

The sheriff shook his head, on which Hume saw there was not a moment to lose, and having resolved to save Haggard's life, merely, I dare say, for the novelty of the thing, he called aloud to the sheriff to stop the execution till he, Mr. Hume, spoke a word in his ear. With that he sprung to the ladder with an agility of which no man would have supposed him possessed,—the sheriff beckoned the sentinel to let him pass, on which he intimated something very shortly to that dignitary, and flew to the prisoner, who, poor man! stood with his eyes covered, the tow about his neck, his hands hanging pendulous, and the fingers of the right one closed on the signal with the grasp of death. The officious baker, who seemed to have lost his reason for a space, instantly fell to relieving the culprit, turned the napkin up from his eyes, and would also have loosed the tow from about his craig had he been permitted, and all the while he was speaking as fast as his tongue could deliver. I could not hear all he said, but these were some of the words:—"It's a fact that I tell you, sir, look to yoursel—he's stannin there at the fit of the gallows. You're a betrayed man, sir. See, there he is, sir, looking you in the face, and witnessing the whole affair.—Mind yoursel, sir, for, Holy Virgin! there's nae time to loose, ye ken."

The poor wretch tried to look and to find me out in the crowd, but he only stared, and I could easily perceive that he saw nothing, or at least distinguished no one object from another,—his eyes were like those of a dead person, casting no reflexion inwardly on the soul. Mr. Hume, as I said, in the height of his officiousness, had begun unloosing the cord from about the convict's neck,

but was withstood by the executioner. That was a droll scene, and contributed no little to the amusement of the tag-rag and bob-tail part of the citizens of Edinburgh. "Let abee, sir," said the executioner; "wha baud ye tak that trubble. Naebody's fingers touch tow here but mine, onest man. Stand back, an it be your wull. Who the muckle deevil are ye?"

"Wha im I, sir!" cried the baker,—"Wha im I, say ye?—My name, sir, is Alexander Hume, I'm one o' the auld bailies, and deacon convener o' the five trades o' the bee Calton, a better kind o' man than you, Mr. Hangie, or ony that ever belanged to you, an' never kend for ony ill yet,—mair than some folks can say! Wha im I, troth!—Cornel, look to yoursel, sir, or you're a murdered man.—I'll stand by you, I like to see a man get justice."

The poor colonel, judging it necessary to do or say something for himself in this extremity, appeared like a man struggling in a horrible dream, but his senses being quite benumbed, he could only take up the baker's hint, and a bad business he made of it, for he began with—

"O good Christian people, it is true, it is true. I am a murdered man! an innocent murdered man!—And as a proof of it, the man whom I murdered is standing here looking me in the face, and laughing at my calamity. And is not this, good Christians, such usage as flesh and blood cannot endure?—to be murdered by spiteful papists and enemies,—murdered in cold blood!—O murder!—murder?—*murder!*"

"What's all this for!" exclaimed the hangman, and turned the poor wretch off. The baker called out, "Stop, stop!" and caught wildly at the rope, but he was taken into custody, and the colonel, after a few wallops, expired. In an hour after I left the city to attend the Marquess's business, but the matter caused a great deal of speechification in Edinburgh for a season, the most part of the lieges trowing that it had been my ghost that the baker had seen at the foot of the gallows; for it was affirmed that my naked corpse had been taken from a well in the castle along with other two bodies, all murdered by Haggard. I did not believe that Haggard murdered one of them; me, I was sure, he did not murder, and I was very glad that it was so.

[Argyle, as the head and chief of the reformers, now carried everything before him; and we find that, principally for political purposes, he placed the Baille in Edinburgh as a great wine and brandy merchant, and by that means got him elected into the council of the city, where he seems to have had great influence both with ministers and magistrates. The king nominating the bailies then, Argyle or Huntly, precisely as their parties prevailed, had nothing further to do than go to the king, or the commissioners after the king's restraint, and bring down the list, in which case the honourable council seems never to have objected to any of those named; but if we take the Bailie's word for it, he seems to have been a conscientious man, for he says:]

From the time I entered the council, I considered myself as acting for others. Not for others, abstract from myself, but at all events, for others besides myself; and oftentimes was I greatly puzzled to forward the views of my party without injuring my own interest. I determined to support the reformers against all opposition, but the first time I was in the council and the magistracy, we were sorely kept in check by the great influence of the old Marquess of Huntly. The combined lords would gladly have brought him to the scaffold, for he was a bar in their progress which it was impossible to get over. I believe there was never a nobleman in Scotland who had so many enemies, and those so inveterate; but his friends being so much attached to him, on the other hand, the Protestant party could make little progress as long as he lived. I felt this, and though I had the offer of being made Lord Provost, and knighted in 1633, I declined the honour and retired from the Magistracy until I saw a more favourable season for furthering the views of the reformers, and of my own great and amiable patron in particular. Besides, I really had such a respect for the old Marquess, papist as I believed him to be at heart, that I could not join in the conspiracies against him which

I heard broached by one or other every day. I could not bear to see the noble old veteran dogged to death, which was the real cause why I left co-operating with the violent part of the reformers for several years. I never refused Argyle's suggestions, but those of all others I received with great caution.

In the beginning of the year 1635, the worthy old Marquess was again brought before the council, on a charge of harassing and wasting the lands of his Protestant neighbours. I attended the examinations of the witnesses, and was convinced in my mind that the Marquess had no hand in the depredations complained of. True, he had not punished the agressors, but that I considered no capital charge; and was grieved when I saw him shut up once more in close confinement in the castle, in the very same apartment from whence I had before been the means of delivering him. Then a fair trial by jury was instituted, and among all the forty-eight nominated by the sheriff, there was not one to my knowledge who was not of the party opposed to Huntly. Though ever so zealous in forwarding the reformation, I did not like to see it forwarded by unjust means; for in such cases, men can hardly expect the blessing of heaven to attend their labours. There were only four commoners named as jurymen, and I being chosen and sworn, as one of the most staunch reformers, yet I determined within myself to give my voice for nothing of which I was not fully convinced. Wariston's indictment represented the old Marquess as the most notorious tyrant and offender living. He was accused of murder, fire raising, and every breach of order,—and all the witnesses sworn, spoke to the same purpose; but there were two, Major Creighton and John Hay, whom, as a juryman, I took the liberty of questioning over again. The Marquess looked fiercely at me, quite mistaking my motive; nor did I at all explain myself then, but being chosen foreman of the jury, as I knew I would, I refused to retire till I heard three men of the Gordons shortly examined, and then I made it clear to the jurymen, on our retiring, that Major Creighton and Mr. John Hay had both man-sworn themselves, for that neither the Marquess nor one of his family had been proved in the foray; and as for Patrick Gordon, who had been proven there, it was *almost* proven that he could not possibly have had instructions from Huntly.

I then put the question, first to Sir William Dick, a just man and a good, who at once gave his voice—*not guilty*. My coadjutors were thunderstruck, for they all knew we were placed there to condemn the Marquess of Huntly, not to justify him. The next in order tried to reason the matter over again with Dick and me, but got into a passion, and at length voted guilty. Several followed on the same side, and it was merely the influence which Sir William and I possessed in the city, and with the reformers in particular, that caused some of those present to vote the Marquess not guilty,—now when they found they had their greatest opponent in their power. I was certain they thought there was some scheme or plot under it, which they did not comprehend, and that Sir William Dick and I were managing it, whereas we had nothing at heart but justice. Our point was for a while very doubtful, so much so, that I feared the Marquess was lost, which would have been a great stain on our court of justice; but everything was managed by intrigue, and the power or advantage of one party over another was the ruling cause that produced the effect.

When the vote came to Bailie Anderson, of Leith, I looked in his face. I saw he was going to vote guilty in support of our faction, but I gave him a look that staggered him, and I repeated it at every turn of his eye. He called the state of the vote to gain time; then I saw that Patie durst not vote against me, and accordingly his voice decided it by one.

I then returned joyfully into the court with the state of the vote in my hand, and said, "My lord, the jury by a plurality of voices find George Gordon, Marquess of Huntly—Not guilty." Never did I see a whole bench so astounded; the matter had been settled and over again settled with them all,

and the justice's clerk had composed, it was said, a condemning speech of so tremendous a nature, that it was to astonish all the nations of the world, and even convert the Pope of Rome; but I baulked them all for once, and my lord justice clerk's speech was lost.

The Marquess had had a powerful party in the house, all desponding; for when the sentence of the jury was heard, the voices of the audience rose gradually to a tumult of applause, at which the judges were highly offended; but the old hero, turning round, and bowing to the crowd with the tear in his eye, the thunders of approbation were redoubled. I never rejoiced more, nor was prouder of anything than of the brave old peer's acquittal, and I perceived that his feelings nearly overcame him. He looked at me with an unstable and palsied look, as if striving in vain to recognise me; but that very afternoon he sent his chariot to my house, with a kind request that I would visit him, which I did, and found himself surrounded by the chief men of his clan, all crazed with joy, and almost ready to worship me. He showed them the state of the vote with pride, proving that my two votes and influence saved his life. I did not deny it, but acknowledged that I had striven hard for it, and at one time had given him up for lost. I then told him the story of Patie Anderson, at which he laughed very heartily, but still he did not recognise me as his old attendant.

At length when we were going to part, he said, "You have indeed saved my life, Bailie, from a combination of my inveterate enemies, and if ever it lie in my power to confer a benefit on you or yours, you shall not need to ask it, but only find means of letting me know such a thing."

"I have saved your life before now, my lord," said I; "and though I got no reward then, or look for any now, yet if it lie in my power I would do the same again."

He looked unsteadily and anxiously at me, and bit his lips, as if struggling with former reminiscences; and I then noted with pain, for the first time, how much the old chief was altered. He seemed, both in body and mind, no more than the wreck of what he once was.

"I think I remember the name," said he; "but it is so long ago, and my memory is so often at fault now-a-days. Yet the name is a singular one. Are you not brother to the Bishop of Galloway?"

"I am, my lord," returned I; "and the same who risked his honour and his neck in saving your life from imminent danger, the last time you were a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle. You cannot have forgot that adventure?—at least I never shall."

"I remember every circumstance of it quite well," said he; "and I thought you were the man, or nearly connected with him; but I thought it degrading to you to allude to it. I could not believe that the young adventurer who escaped with me, and followed me to the North, could now be the first man in Edinburgh, both in influence and respectability. Well, I cannot help being struck at the singularity of this case. It is very remarkable that I should have been twice indebted for my life to one who had no interest in preserving it, and in whom I took no interest. I fear I requited you very indifferently, for as I remember nothing of our parting, I am sure I must have used you very ill."

"Your son used me very ill, my lord," said I; "yea, behaved to me in a most brutal manner; but I never attached any of the blame of that to your lordship. Be assured that I shall live to pay him back in his own coin; and that with interest. None have ever yet escaped me, either for a good turn or a bad one. As for you, my lord, I have always admired your character for bravery and for honour; and, dreaded as you are by the party whose principles I have espoused, yet I scorned to see you wronged and persecuted to the death. You and I are quits, my lord, but not so with your son Enzie."

"George is a hot-headed, obstinate fool," said he. "But no more of that. I leave him to take care of himself. In the mean time, you shall accompany me to the North once more, and I will let you see some little difference about

Castle Huntly since the last time you saw it. I want to introduce my deliverer to all my friends."

"I fear I shall lose credit with my own party if I attach myself thus closely to your lordship," said I. "I have already astounded them a good deal by my efforts for your acquittal, and must not kick at them altogether."

"I understand, I understand," said he, thoughtfully. "Well, that may alter the view I took of the matter. But I really wish it had been otherwise, and that you had gone. It might—it *should* have turned out for your good."

"Nay, my lord, I am not established here on a foundation so shallow as to fear any party for an act of justice. I will think of your invitation, and probably accept of it."

I then took my leave, for I saw the old man like to drop from his chair with frailty and fatigue of spirits. He squeezed my hand, and held it for a good while in his without speaking, and he could not so much as say good night when I went away. I saw now that he was fast waning away from this life; and judging from his manner, that he meant to do me some favour, I judged it prudent to put myself in the way, and accompany his lordship home. I was never a man greedy of substance, but I account every man to blame who keeps himself out of fortune's way; so the very next day I called on his lordship, but he was confined to bed, and engaged with two notaries; therefore I saw him not. He grew worse and worse, and I was afraid he never would see Castle Huntly again. It was in the spring of 1636 that the above mentioned trial and acquittal took place; and about the beginning of summer, the Marquess supposing himself better, requested the fulfilment of my promise, and again repeated that it should be for my good. I did not think him better, for I thought him fast descending to the grave, as he looked very ill, and had the lines of death deeply indented on his face; but judging that it might be requisite for my behoof that he should be home before his demise, to arrange and sign some documents, I urged his departure very much, and as an inducement, stated that unless he went immediately, I could not accompany him, nor see him in the North for the space of a whole year.

Accordingly we set out, as far as I remember, on the 3d of June; but we made poor speed, for the Marquess could not bear his chariot to go much faster than at a snail's pace, and only on the most level ways. So, after a wearisome course, we arrived at Dundee on the 10th, and the next day the Marquess could not be removed. There were none of his family but one son-in-law of our retinue, and I was applied to for every thing, so that I had a poor time of it. "Ask the bailie." "Enquire at the bailie." "The bailie must procure us this thing and the other thing;" was in every body's mouth. Had I been six bailies, not to say men, I could not have performed all that was expected of me.

I had now lost all hope of my legacy, and would gladly have been quit of my charge, but could not think to leave the old hero in so forlorn a state; for Lord Douglas having posted on to Castle Huntly, I had the sole charge, as it were, of the dying man. I rode with him in his chariot the last day he was on the road; after that, he took all his cordials from my hand, and on the afternoon of the 13th, he died in my arms in the house of Mr. Robert Murray, a gentleman of that place; for though his lady had arrived the day before, she was so ill, she could not sit up.

He was a hero to the last, and had no more dread of death than of a night's quiet repose; but I was convinced he died a true Catholic, for all so often as he had been compelled to renounce his religion by the Committee of Estates and the General Assembly.

Mr. Bannerman and Mr. Stewart, two notaries public, arrived from Edinburgh, and took charge of the papers and deeds which the deceased carried with him. I wanted to return home, but these gentlemen dissuaded me, and I confess that some distant hopes of emolument prevailed on me to await that splendid funeral, which certainly surpassed all I have ever yet beheld, and which I shall now attempt to describe as truly as a frail memory retains it.

[The Bailie's description of the funeral procession from Dundee to the cathedral at Elgin, is minute and tedious ; but if true, it is utterly astonishing in such an age of anarchy and confusion. Some part of the management of the charities having been assigned by appointment to the Bailie, his old friend Lord Gordon of Enzie, now the Marquess of Huntly, and he, came once more in contact. But honest Archy, now being head bailie and chief moving spring in the council and city of Edinburgh, and in the hope of being Lord Provost next year, all by the influence of Argyle, also a privileged man, went through his department without taking the least notice of the heir and chief of the family for whom he was acting ; but the Marquess discovered in the end who he was and all their former connection, and certainly treated him scurvily. I must copy his account of this.]

On the Tuesday following, the will and testament of the late Marquess was read in the great hall, and all the servants and officers were suffered to be present : but when the new Marquess cast his eyes on me, he asked "what was my business there?"

I answered "that his lordship would perceive that by and by ; and that at all events I had as good a right to be there as others of his father's old servants ;" and being a little nettled, I said what, perhaps, I should not have said, "for," added I, "it is possible that neither yourself nor any of them ever had the honour of twice saving your father's life as I have had."

"You saved my father's life, sir? you saved *my* father's life?" said he disdainfully. "You never had the power, sir, to save the life of one of my father's cats. Leave the mansion immediately. I know you well for a traitor and a spy of the house of Argyle."

A sign from Mr. Bannerman, the agent, now brought me up to him, before I ventured a reply. He gave me a hint of something that shall be nameless, and at the same time waved me toward the door, that the Marquess might think I was ordered out by the notary as well as himself. So I went toward the hall door, and before going out, I turned and said—

"This castle and hall are your own, my lord, and you must be obeyed. I am therefore compelled reluctantly to retire, but before going I order you, Mr. Robert Bannerman and Mr. Robert Stewart, again to close up these documents and proceed no further ; no, not so much as in reading another word until you do it in my house in Edinburgh, before a committee of the Lords of Session."

The Marquess laughed aloud, while his face burned with indignation ; but to his astonishment the men of law began folding up their papers at my behest.

"Gentlemen, pray go on with the business in hand," said he ; "sure you are not going to be silenced by this mad and self-important citizen?"

The men after some jangle of law terms, declared they could not go on but in my presence, as I was both a principal legatee, and a trustee on many charities and funds. The great man's intolerable pride was hurt ; he grew pale with displeasure ; and as far as I could judge, was within a hair's breadth of ordering his marshal to seize both the men and their papers, and myself into the bargain. The men thought so too, for they began enlarging on the will being registered and inviolable, save by a breach of all law and decorum ; and that same Dame Decorum at length came to the proud aristocrat's aid, and with a low bow, and a sneer of scorn upon his countenance, he pointed to one of the chairs of state, and requested me to be seated.

I did as I was desired, for in a great man's presence, I accounted it always the worst of manners to object to his request, and I saw by the faces of the assembly, that I had more friends at that moment than the new-made Marquess himself.

Well, the men went on with the disposal of lands, rents, and fees ; all of which seemed to give great satisfaction, till they came to the very last codicil, wherein the late worthy Marquess bequeathed to me his palace in the Canongate with all that it contained ; and all because I had, at two different times,

saved him from an immediate and disgraceful death. It has been alleged by some that I have been a proud and conceited man all my life; but it is well known to my friends that the reverse of this is the truth. I never was, however, so proud of worldly recommendation and worldly honours, as I was at that moment. Mr. Stewart, who was then reading, when he came to the clause, made a loud hem as if clearing his voice, and then went on in a louder tone :—

"I give, leave, and bequeath to the worthy and honourable Bailie Archibald Sydeserf, my house in the Canongate with all its appurtenances, entrances, and offices, and all within and without the houses that belongeth to me, save and except the two stables above the water gate, and the bed of state in the southern room, all of which were presents from the Duke of Chatelherault, my grandfather, to me and mine, and must therefore be retained in my family. The rest I bequeath, &c., &c., to the worthy Mr. Sydeserf, and all for having twice, of his own accord and free will, and without any hope of reward, further than the love of honour and the approbation of a good conscience, delivered me from immediate death by the hands of my implacable enemies."

I confess when I heard this read out in a strong, mellow, and affecting tone, I could not resist crying; the tears ran down my cheeks, and I was obliged to dight them with my sleeve, and snifter like a whipped boy. I at length ventured to lift my eyes through tears to the face of the new Marquess, sure of now spying symptoms of a congenial feeling; but instead of that, I perceived his face turned half aside, while he was literally gnawing his lip in pride and vexation; and when the clerk had finished, he said with a burst of breath, as if apostrophizing himself—"Never shall he inherit it, or ought that it contains."

Now, thought I, surely the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience hath taken full and free possession of his haughty mind, else he could never be so void of all respect both for the dead and living.

After this proud exclamation there was a pause. "Humph?" said the clerk; "humph," said a dozen and more of voices throughout the hall. "Humph?" said I, by way of winding up the growl, and gave my head a significant nod, as much as if I had said, "we'll see about that, my lord." My heart again burnt within me, and I resolved once more to be even with this haughty chief if ever it lay in my power.

I lodged that night in the town of Huntly, waiting on Messrs. Bannerman and Stewart, for we had conjointly hired a guard to attend us to Aberdeen; but in the middle of the night my landlord came in to me with a crazed look, and asked me if I was sleeping. I said, "Yes." "Then," said he, "you must waken yourself up as fast as you can, for there is a gentleman in the house who has called expressly to see you. For God's sake, sir, make haste and come to him."

"A gentleman called on me!" said I; "pray, sir, who takes it on him to disturb me, a stranger, at these untimeous hours? Tell him I'll see him to-morrow as early as he likes."

"Oh, God bless your honour, it is to-morrow already," said mine host, with apparent trepidation, "and therefore you must come to him without a moment's delay."

"What is the matter, sir?" said I. "Who is it?—what is the matter?'

"Oh, it is one of the chieftains of the Gordons," said he; "and that you will find. I know very well who it is, but as to what is the matter, there you puzzle me; for unless it be some duel business, I cannot conceive what it is. All that I can come at is, that your life is in danger—hope you have not offended any of the Gordons, sir?"

"I will not leave my room, sir, at this untimeous hour," said I, rather too much agitated. "It is my domicile for the present, and I debar all intrusions. If it is on an affair of duelling, you may tell the gentleman that I fight no duels. I am a magistrate, a Christian, and an elder of the

Reformed Church, and therefore it does not become such a man as me to fight duels."

"God bless your honour," said the fellow, laughing with the voice of a highland bull. "Come and tell all this to the gentleman himself, I am no judge of such matters. An elder of the Reformed Church, are you? What church is that? Are you for the king or the covenant? I should like to know, for all depends on that here."

I have forgot what answer I made to this, for while I was speaking, a furious rap came on my chamber door; I was so much alarmed that I could neither breathe nor speak for a short space, nevertheless I took the matter with that calm resolution that became a man and a magistrate.

"Yes, sir, yes; coming, sir," cried mine host. Then whispering me—"for mercy's sake get up and come away, sir," said he; and he actually took hold of my wrist, and began a-pulling to bring me over the bed. I resisted with the resolution of keeping my ground, but a voice of thunder called outside the door, "George, you dog, why don't you bring the gentleman away, as I ordered you?"

"He will not come, sir. He'll not stir a foot," said the landlord.

"But he must come, and that without a moment's delay," said the same tremendous voice.

"I told him so, sir," said the landlord; but for all that he will not stir. The gentleman, sir, is a magistrate, and an elder of the Reformed Kirk, and never fights any duels."

"G—d's curse!" cried the impatient monster, and burst open the door. He was a man of gigantic stature, between sixty and seventy years of age, and covered with a suit of heavy armour. "I'll tell you what it is, sir," said he; "you must either arise on the instant, and dress yourself and come along with me, else I will be under the disagreeable necessity of carrying you off as you are. Don't ask a single question, nor make a single remark, for there is not a moment to lose."

"Well, well, sir, since it must be so, it shall be as you desire," said I, rising and dressing myself with perfect coolness. I even joked about the Gordons, and their summary mode of proceeding with strangers; and hinted at some of the late decrees in council against them.

"The Gordons care very little about what is decreed against them in Edinburgh," replied he; "particularly by a set of paltry innovators."

"I fear they are much altered for the worse since I lived among them," said I.

"It is the times that are altered for the worse, and not we," said he. "The character of men must conform to their circumstances, Mr. Sydeserf. Of that you have had some experience, and you will have more ere long."

He said this in sullen and thoughtful mood, and I was confounded at thinking whereto all this tended, though I was certain it could not be towards good. The most probable conjecture I could form was, that the Marquess had sent for me, either to shut me up in one of the vaults of the old castle, or throw me off the bridge into the river, to let me know how to speak to a Gordon in the hows of Strathbogie. But there was no alternative for the present; so I marched down stairs before the venerable and majestic warrior, in perfect good humour; and lo, and behold! when I went to the door, there was a whole company of cavalry, well mounted, with drawn swords in their hands, and my horse standing saddled in the midst of them, held by a trooper standing on foot.

"Good morrow to you, gentlemen," said I heartily.

"Good morrow, sir," growled a few voices in return.

"Now mount, sir, mount," said the chief of this warlike horde; I did so, and away we rode I knew not whither.

It was about the darkest time of a summer night when we set out, but the night being quite short, it soon began to grow light, and I then could not but admire the figure of the old chieftain, who still kept by my left hand and at the

head of the cavalcade. He appeared sullen and thoughtful, was clad in complete heavy armour, rode with his drawn sword in his hand, a pair of pistols in his belt, and a pair of tremendous horse pistols slung at his saddle-bow. He appeared likewise to be constantly on the look-out, as if afraid of a surprise; but all this while I took matters so coolly, that I never so much as enquired where he was conveying me.

However, about the sun rising, to my great wonder, I came into the ancient town of Inverury, which I knew at first sight, and in which I had friends. This was the very way I wanted to go, and I could not comprehend to what fate I was destined. We halted behind a thicket on the right bank of the way, and a scout was sent into the town, who instantly returned with the information that it was occupied by a party of the rebels. How heartily I wished myself in the hands and power of these same rebels; but such a thing was not to be suffered. The veteran ordered his troop to make ready for a charge, and putting me from his right hand into the middle of the body, he made choice of some of his friends to support him, and went into the town at a sharp trot. No man meddled with us, but we saw there was a confusion in the town, and people running as if mad here and there. However, when we came to the old bridge over the Don, it was guarded, and a party of infantry were forming on the other side. To force the bridge was impossible, for scarcely could two troopers ride abreast on it, and they had scaffolds on each side, from which they could have killed every man of us. I was terrified lest our leader should have attempted it, for he hesitated; but, wheeling to the left, he took the ford. The party then opened a brisk fire on us, and several of the Gordons fell, one of them among my horse's feet to my great hazard. I thought the men were mad, for I could not at all see what reason they had for fighting, and am certain a simple explanation on either side would have prevented it. The Gordons rode out of the river full drive on the faces of their enemies, discharged their carbines and pistols, though not with much effect, as far as I could judge, for few of the party fell; however, they all fled toward a wood on a rising ground close by, and a few were cut down before they entered it. From that they fired in safety on the Gordons, who were terribly indignant, but were obliged to draw off, at which I was exceedingly glad, for I expected every moment for more than an hour to be shot, without having it in my power either to fight or flee.

We rode into Kintore, and the old veteran, placing a guard at each end of the town, led me to the hostel along with six of his chief men and friends, and entertained us graciously. The strong drink cheered up his grave and severe visage, and I thought I never saw a face of more interest. All men may judge of my utter amazement, when he addressed me in a set speech to the following purport.

"No wonder that my heart is heavy to-day, worthy sir; hem! I have had a most disagreeable part to perform."—I trembled.—"So I have, hem! I have lost my chief, who was as a brother, a father to me from my childhood,—Who was a bulwark around his friends, and the terror of his enemies. Scotland shall never again behold such a nobleman as my late brave kinsman and chief. You may then judge with what feelings I regard you, when I tell you that I have met you before, though you remember me not. I was in the mock court of justice that day when the old hero was tried by a jury of his sworn enemies, and when your unexampled energy, honour, and influence alone saved his life. I met you at his house that evening, and had the pleasure of embracing you once. I had nothing to bestow on you but my sword; but I vowed to myself that night, that if ever you needed it, it should be drawn in your defence. The usage you received yesterday cut me to the heart. I heard more than I will utter. Lord Gordon is now my chief, and I will fight for him while I have a drop of blood to spend; but he shall never be backed by old Alexander Gordon in any cause that is unjust. I neither say that your life was in imminent danger, nor that it was not; but I trembled for it, and resolved to make sure work. You are now out of the territory of the Gordons, and lose not a

moment's time until you are fairly in Edinburgh. You will find some there from Castle Huntly before you. It cuts me to the heart that I should ever have been obliged to do a deed in opposition to the inclinations and even the commands of my chief—but what I have done I have done. Farewell; and God be your speed. You and old Glen-bucket may haply meet again."

My heart was so full that I could not express myself, and it was probably as well that I did not make too great a palaver; for I merely said in return, that there was nothing in nature that I revered or admired, so much as a due respect for the memory of the good and the great that had been removed from this scene of things: and on that ground principally I took this act of his as the very highest compliment that could have been paid me.

[The Bailie then hasted to Edinburgh, where he found matters going grievously to his injury. His party had combined against him, in the full persuasion that he had joined the adverse side, and for all his former interest, he could never force himself forward again until Argyle's return from London. The Marquess of Huntly had moreover taken possession of his father's house, and shut the doors of it in the Bailie's face, and then a litigation ensued, which perhaps more than any thing renovated his influence once more in the city.

Argyle never lost sight of his dependant's interest, and appears to have paid a deference to him that really goes far to establish the position which the Bailie always takes in the estimation of himself. There is at all events, one thing for which he cannot be too much praised. The king had been accustomed to nominate the Provost and Bailie of Edinburgh each year. From this we may infer, that some favourite noblemen engaged in the administration of Scottish affairs, and who had some object to gain in and through the magistrates of Edinburgh, gave the king in such a list as he wanted, and then that his Majesty signed this list, and sent it to the council, with orders to choose their men. The Bailie was the first man to withstand this arbitrary procedure and he carried his point, not perhaps by the fairest and most open means, but he *did* gain it, which was a privilege of high moment to the city, if the inhabitants had made a good use of it; but the tricks of one party against another were not more prevalent nor more debasing, than it appears they are at this day of boasted freedom and enlargement; only the nobles had then to canvass for the magistrates, whereas the magistrates have to canvass for themselves. But in fact, some of the Bailie's narratives, if copied, would be regarded as satires on the proceedings of the present age.

We shall therefore pass over this part of the memoirs, and proceed to one of greater import, which commences with the beginning of the civil wars in Scotland. The Bailie had taken the covenant at an early period, and continued firm and true to that great bond of reformation. The great Montrose was, it seems, at one time, a strenuous covenanter; for the Bailie says he was present at St. Andrews when the said Montrose swore the covenant; and that there was a number of gentlemen and noblemen took it on the same day of April 1637, and that forthwith he began to raise men in his own country, all of whom he forced to take the covenant before they were embodied in his army.

The Marquis of Huntly, continued the Bailie, having raised an army in the North, for the avowed purpose of crushing the covenanters, I was very strenuous at that meeting that they should take him in time, and rather carry the war into his own country than suffer him to wreak his pride and vengeance on his covenanting neighbours. The thing being agreed to, the gentlemen of Fife and Angus instantly set about raising men, and I returned to Edinburgh, and engaging Sir William Dick, the Lord Provost, and all the Council in the same cause, in the course of nine days we raised a hundred and seventy-two men whom I undertook to lead to our colonel, which I did with the assistance of two good officers—but I had a captain that was worse than nobody.

If it had not been for Lieutenant Thorburn, who had served abroad, these men would never have been kept in subordination by me, for they were mostly ragamuffins of the lowest order; drinkers, swearers, and frequenters of brothels, and I having the purse a-keeping, never engaged in such a charge in my life.

Truly I thought shame of our city covenanters, for they were a very bad looking set of men. They had good arms, which they did not well know how to use, but save a cap they had no other uniform. Some had no shoes, and some had shoes without hose, while others had no clothing at all save a ragged coat and apron. We lodged a night at Inverkeithing, and there being no chaplain, I said prayers with them, and desired to see them all at worship again by six in the morning. I then paid them at the rate of half a merk a-piece for two days. But next morning at the appointed time, of my whole army only thirteen appeared at head-quarters to attend worship. I asked of these where all the rest were, and they replied that the greater part of them were mortal drunk. I asked if my officers were drunk likewise, and they told me that Thomas Wilson, the tallow-chandler, was the drunkest of any; but as for Thorburn, he was doing all that he could to muster the troop, to no purpose.

I then stood up and made a speech to the few men that I had, wherein I represented to them the enormous impropriety in men, who had risen up in defence of their religion and liberties, abandoning themselves to drunkenness, the mother of every vice. I then begged heaven for their forgiveness, in a short prayer, and forthwith dispatched my remnant to assist the lieutenant in rousing their inebriated associates.

"You must draw them together with the cords of men," said I; "and if necessary, you must even use the rod of moderate correction; I mean you must strip off their clothes, and scourge them with whips."

The men smiled at my order, and went away promising to use their endeavour. I followed, and found Thorburn in a back ground to the west of the town, having about half of the men collected, but keeping them together with the greatest difficulty. As for Wilson, he was sitting on an old dike laughing, and so drunk I could not know what he said; I went up and began to expostulate with him, but all the apology I could get was vacant and provoking laughter, and some such words as these—"It is really grand!" then "he, he, he, Bailie. I say, Bailie, it is really grand! What would Montrose say if he saw—if he saw this? Eh? O, I beg his pardon; I do, I do, I beg his pardon. But after all, it is really grand! he—he—he," &c.

Those that were at all sober continued to drag in their companions to the rendezvous; but some of them were so irritated at being torn from their cups, that they fought desperate battles with their conductors. One of them appeared so totally insubordinate, that I desired he might be punished, to which Thorburn assenting at once, he was tied to a tree, and his shirt tirled over his head. He exclaimed bitterly against this summary way of punishment, and appealed to the captain. I said to Thorburn I certainly thought it as well to have Wilson's consent; and then a scene occurred that passes all description. Thorburn went up to him, and says, "Captain, shall I or shall I not give John Hill a hundred lashes for rioting and insubordination?"

"For what?" says Wilson, without lifting his head that hung down near his knee—"some board in the nation? what's that?"

"He has refused to obey orders, sir, and rebelled."

"Lick him, lick him weel! thresh him soundly. Refused to obey orders and rebelled! he's no blate! Thorburn, I say, lick him weel; skelp him till the blood rins off at his heels."

The order was instantly obeyed, but the troop, instead of being impressed with awe, never got such sport before. They laughed till they held their sides, and some actually slid off at a corner to have a parting glass in the mean time.

"Thorburn, what shall be done to get these men once more embodied and set on the way?" said I.

"Faith, sir, there are just two ways of doing it, and no more," said he. "We must either wait patiently till their money is spent or set the town on fire; and on mine honour I would do the latter, for it is a cursed shabby place, and the people are even worse than ours."

"That would be a desperate resource, sir," says I. "It is not customary to sloken one fire by kindling another. Cause proclamation to be made at

the drum's head that every man who does not join the troop in marching order in a quarter of an hour, shall be taken up and punished as a deserter."

This brought together the greater part, but sundry remained, and I left a party to bring them up as deserters, unluckily the captain was one of them. Him I reprimanded very severely, for he was in the council, and being a poor spendthrift, had got this office for a little lucre, which I considered no great honour to our fraternity.

Nothing further occurred during the next two days, and the third we reached the army, which was drawing to a head about Brechin, Fettercairn, and Montrose. Our colonel, who was then only Earl of Montrose, met me at Brechin, and many were the kind things he said to me. I told him I was ashamed to meet him, for that I had brought him a set of the greatest reprobates that I believed ever breathed since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, and that I really was afraid they would entail a curse on the army of the church.

He smiled good naturedly, and said, "Keep your mind at ease about that, Bailie; if the Church and the land in general can both establish their rights and purge themselves at the same time, there are two great points gained. Are they able, well-bodied men?"

"Their bodies are not so much amiss, my lord," said I, "but as to their immortal part I tremble to think of that." He joked with me, and said something about soldiers' souls which I do not choose to repeat, as it had rather a tincture of flippancy and irreverence for divine things. He expressed himself perfectly well pleased with the men, saying, "he would soon make them excellent fellows, and begged that we would send him thrice as many greater ragamuffins if I could get them, for that he would reform them more in one year than all the preachers in Scotland would do in twenty." I said he did not yet know them, and gave him a hint of their horrid insubordination. My lord was not naturally a merry man, but mild, gentlemanly, and dignified, nevertheless, he laughed aloud at this, saying, "it was I that did not know them, for he would answer to me for their perfect subordination."

I then sounded him on his plans of carrying on the war, and tried all I could to induce him to an instant attack on the Marquess of Huntly. But I found him not so easily swayed as the town council of Edinburgh, for when I could not manage them by reason, I found it always possible to do so by intrigue and stratagem; but here my reasoning failed me, and I had no further resource. He assured me that Huntly was more afraid of us than we were of him, and though he was encouraging the Aberdonians to their own destruction, he would take care not to meddle with our levies; and, therefore, that these should not be led into his bounds until they were fairly drilled, so as to be a match for the best men in Strathbogie. "How could I lead these men into battle at present?" added he.

"If you could, my lord," said I, for I wanted to lose my arguments with as good a grace as I could: "If you could, my lord, you could do more than I could, for, notwithstanding all the influence I seemed to have possessed with our people, notwithstanding threats and scourges, I could not get them out of Inverkeithing, where there was some wretched drink, almost for a whole day; nay, not till Lieutenant Thorburn came to me with a grave face, and requested permission to fire the town about them."

He laughed exceedingly at this; nay, he even laughed until he was obliged to sit down and hold a silk napkin to his face. Thus were all my arguments for instant and imperious war with Huntly lost, in the hopes of which alone I had taken the charge of these recruits to the north, yea, even though I assured Montrose, from heaven, that in any engagement with Huntly in which I took a part there was a certainty of ample and absolute success, so perfectly assured was I of having day about with him. He answered me that there was no gentleman of whose counsel and assistance he would be happier to avail himself in such an emergency, but that the harvest was not yet ripe, nor the reapers duly prepared; but whenever these important circumstances fitted, I should be duly apprised, and have his right ear in the progress of the war.

I have dwelt rather longer on these reminiscences, because he turned out so great a man, and so great a scourge to the party he then espoused with so much zeal. Sorry was I when he deserted the good cause, and though some of our own side were the primary cause of his defect, yet I comforted myself with this, that he had not been chosen by the Almighty to effect the freedom of this land. But often did I think with deep regret that if the covenanting party had still been blessed with Argyle's political talents, and Montrose's warlike and heroic accomplishments, we had remained invincible to all sects, parties, and divisions. As for the great and supreme Marquess of Huntly, I despised him as much as I hated him, well knowing that his intolerable pride would never suffer him to co-operate with any other leader, and what could the greatest chief of the kingdom do by himself.

Montrose was as good as his word, for early in the spring, he wrote for some ammunition and mortars, and requested that I might be permitted to bring the supplies, as a siege of Aberdeen and a battle with Huntly could be no longer postponed; and he added in a postscript, "Inform my worthy friend the Bailie that Captain Thorburn and a detachment of the Edinburgh troop shall meet him at Inverkeithing, as a suitable escort to the fireworks."

Accordingly, on the 3d of February, 1639, I again took the road to the north, at the head of a good assortment of warlike stores, the most of which our new General Lesley had just taken out of the Castle of Dalkeith. Money was sorely awanting, but some of the leading men of the committee contrived to borrow a good round sum. My friend Sir William Dick lent them in one day no less than 40,000 marks, against my counsel and advice. They likewise applied to me, but I only shook my head; Argyle was even so ungenerous as to urge it, but I begged his lordship, who was at the head of the committee, to show me the example, and I would certainly follow it to the utmost of my power. This silenced his lordship, and pleased the rest of the committee well, for the truth is, that Argyle would never advance a farthing.

Well, north I goes with the supplies, and, as our colonel had promised, a detachment of my former rascals, under Thorburn, met me at Inverkeithing. Had all the committee of estates sworn it, I could not have believed that such a difference could have been wrought on men. They were not only perfect soldiers, but gentlemen soldiers; sober, regular, and subordinate, and I thenceforward concluded, that no one could calculate what such a man as Montrose was capable of performing.

He welcomed me with the same gentlemanly ease and affability as formerly, but I could not help having a sort of feeling that he was always making rather sport of me in his warlike consultations. He had a field-day at Old Montrose, on a fine green there, and at every evolution he asked my opinion with regard to the perfectness of the troops in the exercise. I knew not what to say sometimes, but I took the safe side; I always commended.

At our messes we spoke much of the approaching campaign. The men of Aberdeen had fortified their city in grand style, and depending on Huntly's co-operation without, they laughed at us, our army, and tenets, beyond measure. There was a young gentleman, a Captain Marshall, in our mess, who repeated their brags often for sport, and as he spoke in their broad dialect, he never failed setting the mess in a bray of laughter. Montrose always encouraged this fun, for it irritated the officers against the Aberdeen people and the Gordons, beyond measure. I positively began to weary for the attack myself, and resolved to have due vengeance on them for their despite and mockery of the covenant.

On the 27th of March, we set out on our march in the evening. The two regiments trained by Montrose took the van; men excellently appointed, most of them having guns, and the rest long poles with steel heads as sharp as lancets, most deadly weapons. Lord Douglas's regiment marched next, and the new-raised Fife and Mearns men brought up the rear. I went with the artillery and baggage. During our march, men were placed on all the roads that no passenger might pass into Aberdeen with the news of our

approach. Parties were also dispatched to the North roads, who got plenty to do; for the heroes of Aberdeen having got notice of our advance, sent messengers off full speed by every path, to apprise Huntly of their danger, and request his instant descent. Our men caught these fellows galloping in the most dreadful desperation, and took all their despatches from them. One after another they came, and no doubt some of them would find their way, but never one came from Huntly in return. I saw one of these heralds of dismay caught myself by our rear guard near a place called Banchary, for they were trying even that road, and I was a good deal diverted by the lad's running, which, had it not been for his manifest alarm, would have deceived some of us. They brought him to me in the dusk of the evening, no chief officer being nigh at the time. He was mounted on a grey pony, and both that and he were covered over with foam and mud. Something of the following dialogue ensued.

"Where may you be bound, my good lad, in such a hurry and so late?"

"Oo fath, sur, am jeest gaun a yurrant o mee muster's. That's a', sur: jeest a wee buttie yurrant o' mee muster's."

"Who is your master?"

"Oo he's a juntlemun o' the town, sur."

"The provost?"

"The previce! Him a previce! Nhaw."

"You are not a servant of the provost's, then?"

"Am nae a servunt to nee buddy."

"How far are you going?"

"Oo am jeest gaun up to the brugg o' Dee yunder."

"What to do?"

"Oo am jeest gaun to bring three or four horse lads o' bruggs and sheen that's needit for the wars. There will mawbe be some beets among them tee aw, cudna be saying for that, for they ca't them jeest bruggs and sheen. But aw think it's lukely there will be some beets. Me muster was varra feared that the rubels wud chuck them fra ma is aw cum down, but he was no feared for them tucking mysell."

This was a great stretch of low cunning. He perceived we needed the shoes, and thought we would let him pass, that we might catch him with them on his return, and some of our serjeants winked to me to let him go, but I suspected the drift.

"Have you no letters or dispatches about you, young man?" rejoined I; "for if you have you are in some danger at present, notwithstanding all your lies about the brogs and shoes and small mixture of boots."

"Oo aw wut weel, sur, I ha nee duspatches, nor naithing o' the kind, but jeest a wee buttie lattur to the sheemuker."

"Show it me."

"Fat have ye to dee wi' the peer sheemuker's buttie lattur?"

I ordered two officers to search him. But they that had seen his looks when a packet was taken from his bosom with this direction!

"TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

AND MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY."

I read out the direction in his hearing. "Ay, my lad!" added I, "this is a head shoemaker with whom your people deal for their *bruggs* and their *sheen*."

He scratched his head. "Dumm them!" said he; "they tulled mee that lutter was till a sheemuker."

What more could be said to the poor fellow? He was taken into custody, and the packet forwarded to our commander.

All the dispatches manifested the utmost trepidation in the good folks of Aberdeen. They urged the Marquess, by every motive they could suggest,

to come down on Montrose's rear while they defended their city against him; and that between two fires, he and his army would be easily annihilated, while if he (Huntly) suffered that single opportunity to pass, their city would be sacked and burnt, and then Montrose would turn his victorious arms against him, and root out him and his whole clan.

Montrose perceived from these the necessity of despatch, and accordingly on the morning of the 30th of March he invested the city at three points with a celerity of which I had no conception. There were likewise detachments put to guard the two ferries of the Don and Dee, so that none might escape. As I took no command on me in the battle, I went with the Laird of Cairn-Greig and a few others to the top of an old ruin to see the bombardment, and truly I never beheld such an uproar and confusion as there prevailed on the first opening of our mortars and guns. Their three entrances were all pallisaded and made very strong with redoubts, and without dispute they might have defended themselves against an army double our strength, and so perhaps they would, could they have depended on Huntly, which no man ever did who was not disappointed. But moreover the attack from within was more violent than that from without. There were thousands of women and children came rushing on the rear of the defenders of their city, screaming and crying to get out to throw themselves on the mercy of Montrose, rather than stay and be burnt to ashes. The provost, who stood at the post of honour, and commanded the strongest phalanx at the place of greatest danger, was so overpowered by ladies, apparently in a state of derangement, that he was driven perfectly stupid. Reasoning with them was out of the question, and the provost could not well order his garrison to put them to the sword.

Montrose led his own two regiments against the provost. Lord Douglas attacked the middle part, and the Fife and Strathmore regiments the north one, defended by the brave Colonel Gordon. All the points were attacked at once;—the agonized cries of the women rose to such an extent that I actually grew terrified; for I thought the uproar and confusion of hell could not be greater. It was impossible the provost could stand out, though he had been the bravest man on earth. I must say so much for him. Colonel Gordon withstood our men; boldly repelled them, and had even commenced a pursuit. Montrose either had some dread or some wit of this, for he pushed the provost with such force and vigour that in a very short time, maugre all his efforts, men and women in thousands were seen tearing down the fortifications, levelling them with the soil; and a deputation was sent to Montrose to invite him to enter. But first and foremost he had measures to take with Colonel Gordon, who in a little time would have turned the flank of our whole army, but that hero being now left to himself, was soon surrounded, and obliged to capitulate.

Our men were now drawn up in squares in all the principal streets, and stood to arms, while a council of war was held, in which the plurality of voices gave it for the city to be given up to plunder. The soldiers expected it, and truly the citizens, I believed, hoped for nothing better. I confess I voted for it, thinking my brave townsmen would have enjoyed it so much. I know it was reported to my prejudice, that I expected a principal share of the plunder myself; and that it was for that single purpose I went on the expedition. Whoever raised that report, had no further grounds for it than that I voted with the majority, several of them ministers and servants of the Lord. I did vote with them, but it was for an example to the other cities and towns of our country, who still stood out against emancipation.

Montrose would, however, listen to none of us. His bowels yearned over the city to spare it, and he did spare it; but to plague us, he made magistrates, ministers, and every principal man in the city, swear the covenant on their knees, at the point of the sword; and also fined them in a sum by way of war charges, of which he did not retain one mark to himself.

We now turned our face toward the Highlands, to take order with Huntly,

and with a light and exulting heart did I take the way, assured of victory. I missed no opportunity, by the way, of reprobating that chief's conduct in first stirring up the good Aberdonians to resist the measures of the Scottish parliament and the committee of estates, and then hanging back and suffering them to lie at our mercy, when, in truth, he might have come with the whole Highlands at his back to their relief; for at that time, save the Campbells and the Forbes's, there was not a clan in the whole Highlands sided with us.

Montrose could say nothing for Huntly, but neither would he say much against him, till he saw how he would behave. The honest man had, however, most valiantly collected his clansmen (who had long been ready at an hour's warning) for the relief of Aberdeen on the evening after it was taken! Ay, that he had! He had collected 1700 foot, and 400 gallant horsemen under the command of old Glen-bucket, and his son, Lord Gordon, and had even made a speech to them; and set out at their head a distance of full five miles, to create a stern diversion in favour of the gallant and loyal citizens of Aberdeen. At the head of this gallant array he marched forth, until, at a place called Cabrach, he was apprised by some flyers whom he met on the way, that the Earl of Montrose with a gallant army was in full march against him—that Aberdeen was taken and plundered, and all the magistrates, ministers, and chief men put to the sword.

I would have given a hundred pounds, (Scots I mean,) to have been there to have seen my old friend Enzie's plight, now the invincible Marquess of Huntly. He called a parley on the instant; ordered his puissant army to disappear, to vanish in the adjoining woods, and not a man of them to be seen in arms as the invaders marched on! and having given this annihilating order, he turned his horse's head about and never drew bridle till he was at the castle of Bogie in the upper district of the country. Thence he dispatched messengers to our commander, begging to know his terms of accommodation.

But these messengers would have been too late to have saved Huntly and the castle, had it not been for the valour and presence of mind of old Glen-bucket and his young chief, the Lord Gordon, who, venturing to infringe the Marquess's sudden orders, withstood Montrose, and hovering nigh his van, kept him in check for two whole days and a night. Montrose perceiving how detrimental this stay would be to his purpose of taking his redoubted opponent by surprise, sent off a party by night round the Buck, to come between the Gordons and the bridge. The party, led by one Patrick Shaw, who knew the country well, gained their point, and began to fire on the Gordon horse by the break of day. Glen-bucket, somewhat astounded at this circumstance, drew aside to the high ground, but perceiving Montrose coming briskly up on him from the south-east, he drew off at a sharp trot, and tried to gain the town, but there he was opposed by the foot that had crossed by the hill path. There was no time to lose. We were coming hard up behind them when Glen-bucket and Lord Gordon rushed upon our foot at the head of their close body of horse. They could not break them although they cut down a number of brave men, and the consequence was that all the men of the three first ranks were unhorsed, and either slain or taken prisoners; amongst the latter were both young Lord Gordon and old Glen-bucket; the rest scattered and fled, and easily made their escape. The conflict did not last above six minutes, yet short as it was, it was quite decisive.

I addressed old Glen-bucket with the greatest kindness and respect, but with a grave and solemn aspect regretted his having taken arms against so good a cause. He seemed offended at this, smiled grimly, and expressed his wonder how any good man could be engaged in so *bad* a cause as that of the Covenant. He seemed much disappointed at the coldness of my manner. I knew it would be so, but I had to take the measure of him and his whole clan ere I parted with them, and behaved as I did on a principle of consistency.

We took in the town of Huntly, and there we received Huntly's messengers. Montrose's conditions were absolute, namely, that the Gordon and all his clan should take the covenant, and acquiesce in every one of the measures of the committee : and the very next day Huntly came in person, with a few of his principal friends, and submitted. I was sorry for this, for I wanted to humble him effectually ; however, he and I had not done yet.

Montrose, anxious to deal with him in a manner suiting his high rank, did not oblige him to take the covenant on his knees like the burgesses of Aberdeen, but causing me to write out a paper, he told me he would be satisfied if the Marquess signed that on oath, in name of himself, his clan, and kinsmen. I made it as severe as I could, nevertheless he signed it, subscribing the oath.

Matters being now adjusted, and the two great men the greatest of friends, Huntly and his friends accompanied us to Aberdeen on our way home, every thing being now settled for which we took up arms : but when the Marquess came there and found that the city was *not* plundered nor the ladies outraged, nor the magistrates put to the sword, nor even so much as the tongues of the ministers cut out that preached against the covenant, why the Marquess began to recant, and rather to look two ways at one time. He expected to be at the lord provost's grand funeral. Lord help him ! the provost was as jolly, as fat, and as loquacious as ever. He expected to find all the ladies half deranged in their intellects, tearing their hair, and like Jephthah's daughter bewailing their fate on the mountains ; he never found the ladies of Aberdeen so gay, and every one of their mouths was filled with the praises of Montrose, his liberality, his kindness, and his gallantry ! This was a hard bone for the proud Marquess to chew—a jaw-breaker that he could not endure ; for the glory of a contemporary was his bane ; it drove all the solemn league and covenant in his galled mind to a thing little short of blasphemy. Moreover, he expected to have found all the college professors and ministers of the gospel running about the streets, squeaking and jabbering with their tongues cut out, and instead of which the men seemed to have had their tongues loosed, all for the purpose of lauding his adversary, and preaching up the benefits of the new covenant. Huntly saw that the reign of feudalism was at an end, and with that his over-balancing power in the realm ; and then reflecting how easily he might have prevented this, he was like to gnaw off his fingers with vexation : and perhaps the thing that irritated his haughty mind most of all, was his finding of that worship and reverence formerly paid to him in Aberdeen now turned into scorn, while the consciousness of having deserved it made his feelings still more acute.

In a word, the Marquess took the strunt, and would neither ratify some further engagements which he had come under, nor stand to those he had subscribed on oath, but begged of Montrose, as a last favour, that he would release him from the bond of the covenant, the tenor of which he did not understand and the principle of which he did not approve.

Montrose tried to reason calmly with him, but that made matters worse. Then he told him, that he would yield so far to him as to release him from his engagement for the present, but that indeed he feared he would repent it. Grahame then rose, and bringing him his bond in his hand, presented it to him with some regretful observations on his noble friend's vacillation.

Huntly began to express his thanks, but was unable, his face burnt to the bone, for he was so proud that he could never express thanks either to God or man, but he was mightily relieved from his dilemma when Montrose with a stern voice ordered him to be put in confinement, and conducted a close prisoner to Edinburgh ! I could hardly contain myself at the woeful change that this order made on his features. It was marrow to my bones to see him humbled thus far at the moment. I thought of his felling me down, and kicking me in the mud, when I was in a situation in which I durst not resist ; I argued likewise of the way he used me with regard to his worthy father's

bequest. So as Montrose was striding out with tokens of displeasure on his face, I called after him, "My Lord Montrose, as I lie under some old obligation to the noble Marquess, your prisoner, may I beg of you to be honoured with the charge of conducting him to the gaol of Edinburgh?"

"With all my heart, Bailie," returned he; "only remember to see him strictly guarded; for it is now manifest that he is a traitor to our cause."

Having till now shunned the Marquess's presence, he never knew till that moment that I was at his right hand amongst the number of his enemies; and then he cast such a look of startled amazement at me! It was as if one had shouted in the other ear, The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! I was cheated if at that moment the Marquess would not have signed ten solemn leagues and ten covenants of any sort, to have been fairly out of his friend the Bailie's clutches, and at the head of his clan again. But it would not do; he was obliged to draw himself up, and submit to his fate.

Lord Aboyne and the Lords Lewis and Charles, Gordon of Glen-livet, and other three of the name, took the oaths for themselves, and were set at liberty; but Lord Gordon and old Glen-bucket, having been taken in arms fighting against the army of the estates, were likewise conducted in bonds to Edinburgh.

[The Bailie's inveteracy against the Marquess of Huntly continues the string on which he delights to harp through the whole of these memoirs, and it is perhaps the most amusing theme he takes up. I hope the character of that nobleman is exaggerated; indeed, it must be so, drawn by one having such a deadly prejudice against him. For my part, having never, as far as I remember, learned any thing of that nobleman further than what is delineated in these manuscripts, I confess they have given me an idea of him as unfavourable as that of his father is exalted. It is a pity the Bailie should have been a man possessed of such bitter remembrances, and a spirit of such lasting revenge, for otherwise he seems rather to have been a good man, if measured with the times. An acute and clear-headed man he certainly was in many respects, but of all men the worst fitted for that which he appears to have valued himself most on, *the conductiug of a campaign against the enemies of the covenant.* Indeed I cannot be sure, for all that I have seen, for what purpose the leaders took him always to be of their council on such occasions, but there can be no doubt of the fact. We must give one further little relation in his own words, before we have done with him at this time, and then we shall accompany him into actions of greater moment.]

I had settled every thing with my Lord Montrose how I was to act when I came to Edinburgh; accordingly I committed Huntly and his gallant son to the castle, where they were put into close confinement as state prisoners. Glen-bucket besought me to suffer him to accompany them, but I informed him that my strict orders were to take him to a common gaol in the high street. He said it was but a small request that he might be suffered to accompany his chief, which he knew my interest could easily procure for him, and he again intreated me to use it. I promised that I would, but in the mean time he must be content to go as directed, to which he was obliged to submit, but with his accustomed gravity and gloominess.

When we came to the gate of the castle, I perceived Sir William Dick, our provost, and Bailie Edgar, whom I had appointed to meet us, so I turned and said to my prisoner, "Sir Alexander, I do not choose to expose you in bonds in Edinburgh street at noon-day."

"It does not signify, sir," said he; "I am quite indifferent."

"I cannot yield to have it so," said I. "Soldiers, take off his chains! and do you walk on before us as a guard of honour. Yes, as a guard of honour, for honour is a sufficient guard for the person of Sir Alexander Gordon, of Glen-bucket."

Morose and sullen as he was, he could not help being pleased with this; he rose as it were a foot higher, and as soon as the soldiers removed his bonds

I returned him his sword. At that moment the Lord Provost accosted him, but his mind being confused he made a slight obeisance, and was going to pass on.

"Sir Alexander," said I, "this is my friend, the honourable Sir William Dick, Lord Provost of Edinburgh?"

Glen-bucket started, and then, with the politeness of two courtiers, the two old knights saluted one another. I then introduced Bailie Edgar and Mr. Henderson, and after that we walked away, two on each side of Glen-bucket. He did not well understand this apparent courtesy, for I perceived by his face that he thought it a species of mockery. He spake little. I only remember of one expression that dropped from him as it were spontaneously. It was an exclamation, and came with a burst of breath—"Hah! on my honour, this is a guard of *honour* indeed!"

As we approached the Tolbooth he cast a look at the iron gratings, and was going to stop at the principal entrance, but I desired him to walk on, for his apartment was a little farther this way. When we came to my house, which was one short stair above the street, I went before him to lead the way, and on opening the house door, the trance (passage) was completely dark by chance, none of the doors leading from it being open. "Come this way, sir," said I, "follow me, and take care of the *steps*." I looked behind me, and saw, between me and the light, his tall athletic form, stooping as if aware of some danger by a quick descent: he had an arm stretched out and a hand impressed against each wall, and was shovelling his feet along the trance for fear of precipitating himself down some abyss or dungeon. I could hardly help bursting out into a fit of laughter, but I stood at the inner door till his great hands came upon my head grasping his way, I then threw open my dining-room door and announced my prisoner by name, Sir Alexander Gordon of Glen-bucket, and he walked in.

Nothing could equal the old warrior's surprise, when he was welcomed by nine of the most elegant and most respectable ladies of the land. Some of them even took him in their arms and embraced him, for none present were ignorant of the noble part he had acted with regard to me. All were alike kind and attentive to him. I introduced several of them to him by name. "This, Sir Alexander, is my sister, Lady Sydeserf; this, sir, is Lady Campbell, younger, of Glenorchy; this is Lady Dick," &c., &c. His bow to each was the most solemn and profound imaginable, at length he bolted straight up as with a jerk, and turning to me said in what he meant for a very sprightly manner, "On mine honour, Sir Bailie, but you have a good assortment of state prisoners at present. Are these, sir, all rebels against this new government, called the 'committee of estates?' Hey? If so, sir, I am proud to be of the number."

"These are all my prisoners for the day and the night, and all happy to see you are of their number, Sir Alexander."

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than the hilarity of the old warrior that night. He was placed next to my sister-in-law at the head of the table, the company consisted of twenty-three, the wine circulated freely, and Glen-bucket fairly forgot for that evening the present cloud under which the Gordons lay, and that there were such things as covenanters and anti-covenanters in the realm.

After the ladies retired, he took fits of upright thoughtfulness; (these are the Bailie's own words,) as still not knowing how he was to act, or what state he occupied. I perceived it, and taking him aside into a private room told him that he was free and at liberty to go and come as he chose, either to his chief or to his home, or to remain at large in Edinburgh, where my house and all my servants should be his own.

He thanked me most politely, but refused to accept of his freedom, save on the condition that he should be at liberty to fight for his king and his chief whenever called upon. This was rather above my commission, but seeing that good manners compelled me, I conceded, without hesitation taking the

responsibility on myself, and we then joined our jovial friends, and spent the evening in the utmost hilarity.

[It is well known that the annals of that day are of a sanguine description. The Bailie took a deep interest in the struggle, and often describes the incidents manifestly as he felt them. The amazement of the country on learning that the king was coming with a powerful army to invade it; the arrival of his navy in the Firth of Forth, and the wiles made use of to draw the king's commander-in-chief, the Marquess of Hamilton, over to the covenanting party, in which they seem to have succeeded; for there seems to have been no faith kept in that age, and less with the king than any other person; these are all described by the Bailie with his usual simplicity. He describes two meetings that he and some others had with the Marquess, one on board his ship, and one at midnight on shore, and these disclosures show how the poor king's confidence was abused. He had 3,000 soldiers on board, and twenty large ships well manned, yet the Marquess would not suffer one of them to stir a foot in support of the king. The Lord Aboyne hearing of this strong armament, and grieved that his father and elder brother should still be kept in bonds by the covenanters, raised the Gordons once more, and sent word to Hamilton to join him, and they could then get such conditions for the king as he should require of the covenanters. But the latter worthies had made sure of Hamilton before. He sent evasive answers to Aboyne, suffering him to raise his clan and advance southward in hopes of support, till lo! he was met by his late adversary Montrose, at the bridge of Dee, with a great army, though not very well appointed."

The Bailie was not personally in this battle, for the best of reasons, because the Marquess of Huntly was not there in person to oppose him. The Bailie had his great enemy safely under lock and key, else there is little doubt that the former would have been at the battle, which he however describes as taken from the mouth of his friend Captain Thorburn.

He says, the army of the Gordons amounted to about 2,500 men, among whom were two strong bodies of horse. Montrose had 4,000, but all new raised men, though many of them inured to battle in former times. The Gordons were well posted on the two sides of the river Dee, but Montrose took them somewhat by surprise, which he seldom failed to do with his enemies. The battle was exceedingly fierce. Three times did the body of the Gordons on the south side of the river repel the attack of Montrose's squadrons, and defend the bridge; and the third time, if the Gordons durst have left their station, they had so far disordered the main or middle column of the covenanters, that without all doubt they might have put them to the rout. Montrose was terribly alarmed at that instant, for a general attack of the Gordons which he half confessed would have been ruin. But the young Lord Aboyne, with all the bravery of a hero, wanted experience; he lost that opportunity, and with it the battle. For Montrose being left at leisure, new-modelled his army; and some field-pieces which he had formerly left at Brechin Castle arriving at that instant, he advanced once more, won the bridge of Dee, and in a short time gained possession of the field of battle. Still the young lord drew off his troops to the high grounds with such skill, that the conquerors could make no impression on them. The carnage was nearly equal on both sides.

The Bailie never speaks favourably of the king. He says, in one place, they were more plagued with him than any thing else. They never derived good from his plans, which tended always much more to derange their measures than cement them. But of the jealousies and heartburnings of the covenanting lords, he expresses himself with real concern.]

The falling off of Montrose from our party, (says he,) was a great grief of mind to me, though some of our leaders seemed to rejoice at it. Lesley and Argyle bore all the blame, for they were jealous of his warrior fame and brilliant successes, and took every opportunity that occurred to slight him. Yea, and as I loved the man, I was not more sorry at his loss to us than for the

loss of his soul; for he had now broken his most solemn oaths and engagements, and lifted up the heel against the Most High, setting him as it were at defiance, after all the zeal he had shown in his cause. I had great fears that a curse was gone forth against us, because of the leaguing of men together, whom I knew to be of very different principles; and, among other things, it was matter of great grief when Hamilton and General Ruthven, leaguing together, set the Marquess of Huntly and his son the Lord Gordon both at liberty; whereas it was manifest to every well-disposed Christian, that the good cause would have been much better served by cutting off both their heads. Argyle might have hindered this, but chose not to intermeddle, Huntly being his brother-in-law, but it was all sham, for he both dreaded him and hated him as much as I did. Indeed I was so much displeased with my Lord Argyle's carriage at this time, that I at one time resolved to decline his patronage for the future, and also to cease supporting him in his political views, which I had uniformly done hitherto. He cheated the men of Athol, and falsifying his honour, took their leaders prisoners, and then marching a whole army of hungry Highlanders down among the peaceable inhabitants, plundered and laid waste the whole country, burnt Castle Farquhar belonging to the Earl of Airly, and also sacked Airly Castle, spoiling some even of Montrose's own kin. Was it any wonder that the latter was disgusted at such behaviour? But the country was now getting into a state of perfect anarchy and confusion, so that after Montrose's imprisonment and hard trial about signing the Cumbernauld bond, I perceived that we had for ever done with him."

[We must now pass over several years, the history of which is entirely made up of plot and counterplot, raising and disbanding of armies, projects of great import, all destroyed by the merest accidents,—truculent treaties, much parade, and small execution; and follow our redoubted Bailie once more to the field of honour, the place of all others for which he was least fitted, and on which he valued himself most. Indeed, if we except his account of the last parliament which the king held in Scotland, and the last dinner which he gave to his nobility, there is nothing very original in the memoir. The description of these is affecting, but as the writer was a professed opponent to the king's measures, it might not be fair to give such pictures as genuine.]

In April 1644, being then one of the commission of the general assembly, I was almost put beside myself, for we had the whole business of the nation to manage; and my zeal both for our religious and civil liberties was such that I may truly say I was eaten up with it. The committee of estates attempted nothing without us, *with* us they could do every thing. We had been employed the whole of the first day of our meeting in receiving the penitences and confessions of the Earl of Lanark, who had taken a decided part against the covenant. We dreaded him for a spy sent by the king, and dealt very severely with him; but at length he expressed himself against the king with so much rancour, that we knew he was a true man, and received him into the covenant with many prayers and supplications.

On retiring to my own house, I sat down all alone to ponder on the occurrences of the day, and wondered not a little when a chariot came to my door, and softly and gently one tapped thereat. I heard some whispering at the door, as with my servant maid, and then the chariot drove off again. I sat cocking up my ears, wondering who this could be, until a gentleman entered wrapped in an ample cloak. He saluted me familiarly, but I did not know him till he had laid aside his mantle and taken me by the hand. It was my lord the Marquess of Argyle; I was astonished, and my cogitations troubled me greatly. "My lord," said I, "God bless you! Is it yourself?"

"Did you not know me, my dear Bailie?"

"How could I, not knowing you to be in this country? I took you to be in London, watching over our affairs there in parliament, and I was very loath to believe it was your ghost."

"Well, here I am, Bailie, post from thence, and on an affair that much concerns every friend to the covenant and the reformed religion. Our affairs

with his majesty are all blown up. This we expected and foresaw, and we must now arm in good earnest for our country and religion. Our affairs go on well in general; but, O Bailie! I have received heavy news since my arrival. Montrose has set up the king's standard on the Border, and is appointed governor and commander-in-chief in Scotland, and my brother-in-law Huntly, that most turbulent and factious of human beings, is appointed lieutenant-general for the whole realm under him; and while the former is raising all the malignants on the two sides the Border, the latter is raising the whole north against us. What think you of these news, Bailie? Have we not great reason to bestir ourselves, and unite all our chief men together, in interest as well as principle, and that without loss of time?"

"I tremble at the news, my lord," returned I, "but merely for the blood that I see must be shed in Scotland; for I am no more afraid of the triumph of our cause than I am of a second deluge, having the same faith in the promises relating to them both. Besides, my lord, the danger is not so great as you imagine from the coalition. The Marquess of Huntly, friend as he is of yours, will never act in subordination with any created being, for his pride and his jealousy will not let him. He may well mar the enterprises of the other, but never will further them. The other is a dangerous man, I acknowledge it. His equal is not in the kingdom; but he is a forsworn man, and how can such a man prosper? I blame you much, my lord, for the loss of him. Your behaviour there has been so impolitic, that I could never trust you with the whole weight of our concerns so well again."

"Why, Bailie," returned he, impatiently, "that man wanted to be every thing. I made all the concessions I could ultimately, but they would not do; the time was past. He was a traitor to the cause at heart, so let that pass. Let us now work for the best. To-morrow the danger must all be disclosed, both in the committee and the Assembly's commission, and I desired this private conference with you, that what I propose in the one, you may propose in the other."

"It was prudently and wisely considered, my lord," said I; "for our only safeguard in this perilous time, is a right understanding with one another. That which either of us proposes will not be put off without a fair trial; and when it turns out that we have both proposed the same thing and the same measures, these must appear to our coadjutors as founded in reason and experience."

"Exactly my feelings," added he; "and neither of us must give up our points, but bring to a fair trial by vote, should there be any opposition. There must be two armies raised, or embodied, rather, without delay. Who are to be the commanders?"

"Your lordship is without doubt entitled to be the commander of one," said I.

"Granting this, whom are we to propose for the other?" said he.

"Not having previously thought of the matter, I am rather at a loss," said I.

"It rests between the Earls of Callander and Lothian," said he.

"Then I should think the latter the most eligible," returned I; "Callander has already refused a command under our auspices."

"We *must not* lose that nobleman, Bailie, make what sacrifice we will. Besides, he has the king's confidence, and the circumstance of his being our general will be an excellent blind to those who are still wavering. Do you take me, Bailie? Did your clear, long-winded comprehension never take that view of the matter?"

"You are quite right, my lord," said I. "The justice of your remark is perfectly apparent. I shall then propose you for the northern army, and Livingstone for the southern."

"Very well," said his lordship, "and I shall propose Livingstone, as you call him, for the south, and Lothian for the north; for I'll rather give up my privilege to him than lose his interest. It is most *probable* I will be nominated

in his place. On this, then, we are agreed. But there is another thing, my dear Bailie, which I want done without delay, and I beg you will have the kindness to propose and use it to-morrow. We must loose all the thunders of the church against our enemies. I have already seen how it weakens their hands. We must have the great excommunication pronounced on them all without delay; and as the proposal will come better from you than me, I entrust you with it."

"It is a dreadful affair that, my lord," said I; "I am not very fond of the honour. It leaves no room for repentance. Neither do I as yet know on whom to have it executed."

"The church is at liberty to take it off again on the amendment of the parties," said he; "and as I have full intelligence of all, I will give you a list of the leading malignants, against whom to issue the curse."

I was obliged to acquiesce rather against my inclination, and he gave me the list from his pocket. "Now, be sure to fix on a divine that will execute it in the most resolute manner," added he. "It will mar their levies for once."

"It is a terrible affair," said I, "to be gone deliberately about for any sinister purpose."

"It is what they justly deserve," said he. "They are renegades and reprobates, every man of them; liars and covenant-breakers; let the curse be poured out on them. And now, my dear friend, if it turns out that I must lead the covenanting army against my brother-in-law, I will not proceed a foot without your company. You shall be my chief counsellor, and next to myself both in honour and emolument. In short, you shall command both the army and me. Give me your promise."

"I think I can serve you more at home, my lord," said I.

"No you cannot," said he. "You have an indefinable power over Huntly. I have seen extraordinary instances of it. He has no more power to stand before you than before a thunder-bolt. Your very name has a charm over him. I was in his company last year when your name chanced to be mentioned. To my astonishment, every lineament of his frame and feature of his countenance underwent a sudden alteration, becoming truly diabolical. 'Wretch! poltroon! dog that he is!' exclaimed he furiously; 'I'll crush the varlet with my foot, as I would do the meanest reptile!'"

"I will go with you, my lord," said I. "There shall be nothing more of it. We will let him see who can crush best. Crush me with his foot! The proud obstreporous changeling! I will let him see who will take the door of the parliament-house first, ere long! They would not cut off his head when they had him, though I brought him in chains to them like a wild beast, and told them what he was."

"That's right," said the Marquess; "I like to see you show a proper spirit. Now remember to push home the excommunication. The great one let it be. Give them it soundly."

"It shall be done, my lord," said I, "if my influence and exertion can bear it through. And, moreover, I will lead the van of your army in the northern expedition myself in person. I shall command the wing or centre against Huntly, wherever he is. It is not proper that two brothers command against each other."

We then conversed about many things in a secret and confidential manner till a late hour, when I likewise muffled myself up in a cloak and conveyed his lordship home.

The very next day, as soon as the prayer was ended, I arose in my seat, and announced the news of the two risings in opposition to the covenant, and all our flourishing measures; and proposed that we should, without a moment's delay, come to a conclusion how the danger might be averted. I was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Blair, who confirmed my statement as far as related to the north. Of Montrose none of them had heard. I assured them of the fact, and proposed the Earl of Callander to levy and lead the army of the south,

and Argyle that of the north; at the same time stating my reasons for my choice, which I deemed unanswerable. There was not one dissentient voice, provided the convention of estates acquiesced in the choice.

I then made a speech of half an hour's length, recommending that the sword of the Spirit should likewise be unsheathed against them, and that, as a terror to others, these rebels against the true reformed religion should be consigned over to the spirit of disobedience, under whose influence they had thus raised the bloody banner of civil war. I was seconded by Mr. Robert Douglas, a great leader of our church; but we were both opposed by Sir William Campbell, another ruling elder like myself, and that with such energy that I was afraid the day was lost, the moderator, Mr. David Dickson, a silly man, being on his side. We carried it, however, by a majority, and Mr. John Adamson was chosen for the important work.

The crowd that day at the high church was truly terrific, and certainly Mr. Adamson went through the work in a most imposing and masterly manner. My heart quaked, and all the hairs of my head rose on end; and I repented me of having been the moving cause of consigning so many precious souls to endless perdition. I could sleep none all the following night, and had resolved to absent myself from the commission the next day, and spend it in fasting and humiliation, but at eleven o'clock I was sent for on express to attend, and on going I found new cause for grief and repentance.

I had given in a list of eight for excommunication, precisely as Argyle gave them to me. I did not so much as know some of them, but took them on my great patron's word. They were the Marquess of Huntly, of course he was the first; the two Irvines, of Drum; the Laird of Haddo, and his steward; the Lairds of Skeen and Tipperty; and Mr. James Kennedy, secretary to Huntly. Judge then of my grief and confusion, when on going into my place I found Mr. Robert Skeen there, entering a protest against our proceedings, in as far as related to his brother, the Laird of Skeen, whom he assured us was as true to the cause as any present; and he gave us, as I thought, indubitable proofs of it.

I was overcome with confusion and astonishment, and wist not what to say for myself, for I could not with honour disclose the private communication between Argyle and me. I got up to address the meeting, but my feelings and my conscience were so much overcome, that I could not come to any point that bore properly on the subject. Whereon Sir William Campbell, who had opposed the motion from the beginning, rose and said, "Mr. Moderator, it is evident the gentleman is nonplussed, and cannot give any proper explanation. I'll do it for him; the gentleman, sir, is like ourselves, he acts by commission; yes, sir, I say like us, he acts by commission. We do so with our eyes open, in the name and by the appointment of all our brethren; but he acts, sir, with his eyes shut; he acts, sir, blindfolded, and solely by the direction of another. Is it any wonder, sir, that such a man should run into blunders? But since the thing hath happened why let it pass. What is a man's soul to us? Let him go to the devil with the rest, I see very little difference it makes."

This raised a laugh in the court at my expense, so loud, and so much out of reason, that the moderator reprimanded the court at large, and called Sir William to order. But I stood corrected, humbled, and abashed, never having got such a rub before. After all, the gentleman turned out a rank malignant, and was as active against the covenanting principles as any man of the day.

Argyle, whose influence with the churchmen was without a parallel, and almost without bounds, soon raised three strong regiments, and could have raised as many more. The ministers of Fife and Angus preached all the Sunday on the glory of standing up for the good work of the heart, and whosoever did not rise for the work of the Lord and contribute less or more according to his means, would be blotted out of the book of life; they likewise, every one of them, announced the eternal curse laid on their

enemies. It was a time of awe and dread, and fearful workings of the spirits of men.

The consequence of these preachings and anathemas was, that on the Monday whole multitudes of the people came to the ministers to enrol themselves for the war, so that the latter had nothing ado but to pick and choose. Many came with forty's and fifty's, one or two with a hundred, and the minister of Cameron, honest man, came with three. Accordingly, some day early in May, I have forgot the day, we proceeded once more to the north, against the Marquess of Huntly. We had 3,000 foot, and nearly 500 horse, and I believe every man's blood in the army, as well as my own, was boiling with indignation and resentment against the disturber of the public peace.

I went in the character of Argyle's friend and counsellor, but he was so kind, that he frequently caused me to issue the general orders myself, and all his servants were at my command. We had three companies of the black coats with us, raised by the church, and dressed in her uniform; and, though the malignant part of the country laughed exceedingly at them, my opinion was, that they were a very valuable corps;—mostly the sons of poor gentlemen and farmers, well educated, fearless, resolute fellows, excellent takers of meat, and good prayers. I looked on their presence as a great safeguard for the army.

Well, as soon as we crossed the Tay, I took one of these fellows, named Lawrence Hay, a shrewd clever fellow, and dressing him smartly up as an officiating clergyman, with cloak, cocked hat, and bands, I despatched him away secretly, into the middle of the country of the Gordons, to bring me intelligence of all that was going on there, knowing that he would meet with nothing but respect and reverence in his route. I likewise gave him letters to two covenanting clergymen of my acquaintance, but told to none of them the purport of my black cavalier's mission, which he executed to a wonder. He had even had the assurance to go into the midst of Huntly's host, as a licentiate for the episcopal church, and converse with his officers. After an absence of three nights and days, he returned to me at the fords of the Dee, and very opportunely did he arrive.

It will easily be conceived, that I had not that full confidence in my present commander that I had in my former one; and for one main reason—I saw that he had not that full confidence in himself; so that I was obliged to venture a little on my own bottom. Well, when we came the length of the Dee, Argyle was at a stand, not having heard aught of Huntly's motions or strength, and we proposed that we should turn to the east, to take in Aberdeen and the populous districts, and prevent Huntly's levies there.

At that very important nick of time my private messenger arrived, and gave me the following account.—Huntly's officers were loading us with the most horrid curses and invectives, on account of the excommunication. The people in the villages, instead of enlisting, fled from the faces of the officers, as from demons; and that even of the force they had collected, there were few whose hearts and hands were not weakened; and that Huntly's sole dependance lay on getting reasonable terms of accommodation, and for that only he with difficulty kept his forces together. This was the substance of all he had gathered, principally from the country people, and he assured me I might rely on it. This was blithe news to me. He told me, likewise, that he was called in before Huntly, who examined him regarding all the news of the south. At length he came to this.

"Know you aught of the covenanter's army?"

"I was in St. Johnston when they were there, my lord; saw all their array, and heard the names of the leaders, some of which I have forgot."

"What may be the amount of their army?"

"The numbers are considerable. I think Mr. Norris, with whom I lodged, said they amounted to 5,000, but they are badly equipped, badly trained, and far worse commanded. Your troops may venture to encounter them one to two."

"Why, I heard that Argyle had the command."

"Not at all, my lord, he has the least command in the army; he only commands the horse. Lord Kinghorn has a regiment, he is no great head you know; Lord Elcho has another. But the commander-in-chief is, I assure you, a ridiculous body, a bailie of Edinburgh."

"Thank you kindly for the character, Mr. Hay," said I; "thank you kindly." I was, however, highly pleased with the fellow's ingenuity. "Thank you kindly, Mr. Lawrence," said I. "Well, what did the Marquess say to that?"

"Say to that!" exclaimed he. "Why, the man went out of his reason the moment I mentioned your name. I never beheld anything equal to it! I cannot comprehend it. His countenance altered; his eyes turned out, and his tongue swelled in his mouth, so that he could hardly pronounce the words. Then he began and cursed you for a dog of hell, and cursed, and cursed you, till he fell into a sort of convulsion, and his officers carried him away. What in this world is the meaning of it?"

"The meaning of it is, sir," said I,—and I said it with a holy sublimity of manner—"The meaning of it is, sir, that he knows I am born to chastise him in this world, and to be his bane in a world to come."

The poor fellow gaped and stared at me in dumb amazement. I made him a present of 100 merks, and the horse that he had rode on, which he accepted of without again moving his tongue.

This was at midnight, and the next morning early, Argyle called a council of war, and proposed turning aside from the direct route, and strengthening ourselves to the eastward. The rest of the officers acquiesced, but I held my peace and shook my head.

"What! does our worthy friend the Bailie not approve of this measure," said Argyle.

"I disapprove of it mainly and decidedly," said I. "Or, if you will lead the army to the eastward, give me but Freeland's Perth dragoons, and as many chosen men foot soldiers, and I will engage with these few to push straight onward, brave the wild beast in his den, scatter his army of hellish malignants like chaff; and if I don't bring you Huntly, bound head and foot, his horse will be swifter than mine. I know the power that is given me, and I will do this, or never trust my word again."

"My lords and right trusty friends," said Argyle, "you have all heard our honoured friend the Bailie's proposal. You have likewise witnessed the energy with which it has been made,—so different from his accustomed modest, mild, and diffident manner,—a sure pledge to me that he is moved to the undertaking by the Spirit of the Most High; I therefore propose that we should grant him the force he requests, and trust him with the bold adventure."

"If my cavalry are to be engaged," said the Laird of Freeland, "I must necessarily fight at their head."

"That you shall, and I will ride by your side, sir," said I. "But remember you are to fight when I bid you, and pursue when I bid you; as to the flying part, I leave that to your own discretion."

"Well said, Bailie!" cried Argyle: "you are actually grown a hero of the first order." The officers wondered at me, and the common men were seized with a holy ardour, and strove who should have the honour of going on the bold expedition. I was impatient to be gone, having taken my measures, and accordingly I got 400 cavalry, among whom were the three companies of black dragoons, and mounting 400 foot soldiers behind them, I took the road at their head, telling them that, save to feed the horses, we halted no more till we drew up before the enemy. The Laird of Freeland led the horse, and young Charteris of Elcho, the foot. We rode straight on to the north, and at even crossed the Don at a place called the Old Ford, or Auldford,—a place subsequently rendered famous for the triumph of iniquity.

The weather was fine, and the waters very low; and I proposed, after feeding our horses, that we should travel all night, and surprise the Gordons early

in the morning. Accordingly we set out, but on leaving the Dee, we got into a wild mountain path, and there being a thick dry haze on the hills, we lost our way altogether, and knew not whither we were journeying, north or south. At length we arrived at a poor village, having a Highland name, which I could not pronounce, and there asked a guide for the town of Huntly. The men were in great consternation, running from one house to another ; for our array through the haze appeared, even to my own eyes, to increase sevenfold.

We at length procured a guide by sheer compulsion ; I placed him on a horse before a dragoon, with orders to kill him if he attempted to make his escape, and I assured him, that on the return of day, if I found that he had not led us by the direct path, I would cut him all into small pieces. Finding out that the hamlet belonged to the Gordons, I was very jealous of the fellow, and kept always beside him myself. "Now are you sure, you rascal, that you are leading us in a straight line for Huntly?"

"Huhay ; and tat she pe. She pe leading you as straight, sir, as a very tree, as straight as a whery rhope, sir."

"Had we deviated much ere we arrived at your village?"

"I dhont knhow, sir. Far did you pe casting them?"

"Casting what?"

"Why, them divots you speaked of."

"I mean, had we gone far astray?"

"Hu, very far indheed, sir, you could not have ghone as far astray in te whoule world."

One of my black dragoons, a great scholar and astronomer, now came riding up and says, "I can tell your honour that I got a glimpse of the heavens through the mist, just now, and saw the polar star ; this fellow is leading you straight to the north-west, in among the mountains, and very near in a direct line from Huntly."

"Fats te mahn saying?" cried the guide.

I seized him by the throat, and taking a naked sword in my hand, I said, "Swear to me by the great God, sirrah, that you are conducting me straight to Huntly, else I run you through the body this instant."

"Huhay, she will swear py te muckle Cot as lhong as you lhike."

I then put the oath to him, making him repeat it after me, which he did till I came to the words *straight to Huntly.* To these he objected, and refused to repeat them ; I asked the reason, and he said, "Cot pless you, sir, no man can go straight here py rheason of the woots, and te rhocks, and te hills, and te mhountains. We must just go or we can find an opening."

"The man speaks good sense," said I, "and we are all fools ; lead on, my good fellow."

When he found that he was out of danger for the present, his natural antipathy against us soon began again to show itself, and he asked at me sneeringly,—

"And pe tat your *swear* in te sassenach? Tat is your creat pig oath, I mean."

I answered in the affirmative.

"Phoo, phoo!" cried he, "Ten I would nhot kiv a podle for an hundred tousand of tem. You will nhot pe tat bittie stick in my hand te petter of it. Put you will soon pe an fhine rhoats nhow, and haxellent speed you will pe."

He was laughing when he said this, and the trooper who was behind him, perceiving that he was leading straight on a thicket, asked him what he meant by that, but all that he said was, "Huhay, you shall soon be on haxellent rhoats now ;" so saying, he plunged his horse into a bog, where it floundered and fell. The dragoon that guarded the guide threw himself off, and tumbled heels-over-head ; but the guide, who was free of the stirrups, flung himself off more nimbly, and the next moment dived into the thicket. Sundry pieces were let off after him, but they might as well have shot against a brazen wall. He laughed aloud, and called out, "Huhay, fire away, fire away ; you pe te

fery coot shotters, and you pe an haxellent rhoats now ; ha, ha, ha, you pe an ta haxellent rhoats nhow."

We saw no more of our guide, and knew not what to do ; but finding a fine green recess in the wood, we alighted and baited our horses, the men refreshed themselves, and at day-break I sung the six last verses of the 74th psalm, in which the whole army joined me, making most grand and heavenly music in that wild Highland wood. I then prayed fervently for direction and success against our enemies, while all the army kneeled around me on the grass. After that the men rose greatly encouraged and in high spirits.

We rushed from the hills straight upon Huntly before noon, but met no army there. We got intelligence that the army of the Gordons had divided ; that Sir George Gordon had led one of the divisions to the eastward, into the braes of the Ithan, and had fortified the castle of Haddo, and that the ministers were raising the whole country around him to join Argyle, for the sentence of excommunication had broken the arms of the Gordons. That the Marquess of Huntly had retired up the country with the rest, and had stationed them in fastness, while himself lay in the castle of Auchendoun. We rode straight on for Auchendoun, in hopes still to take him by surprise, although our friends assured us that our approach was known last night through all the rows of Strathbogie, for it seemed the men of the village we came to among the hills had run and raised the alarm.

About noon we came in sight of the Gordons, drawn up on a hill to the south of the river, but owing to the inequalities of the ground, we could form no right estimate of their numbers. Young Elcho was for an immediate attack, but that I protested against as a thing impracticable, owing to the situation of the ground. The hill was full of shelves, lying all one above another, so that they served as natural bulwarks, and to surmount them with troops of horse was impossible ; therefore, I proposed to march straight on to the castle, to take order with the Marquess himself, for the whole bent and bias of my inclination led me to that. Charteris grumbled, and would fain have been at handicuffs, but the laird of Freeland agreeing with me, we rode on, and the army of Gordons kept its station, only saluting us with a few volleys of musquetry as we passed, which did not wound above five men, and killed not one.

The castle of Auchendoun being difficult of access by a regular army, we formed our men at a little distance to the north east, and I sent Major Ramsay with a trumpet to summon the Gordons to surrender. The constable asked in whose name he was thus summoned,—Ramsay replied, "In the name of the king, and the committee of estates." The constable said, "That as to the latter he had not yet learned to acknowledge its power, but he had no orders from his lord to hold out the castle against the king, whose true and loyal subject he ever professed to be. After a good deal of reasoning, the gentleman, on having Ramsay's word, came over to me and conversed with all freedom. I remember little of what passed, for there was only one thing that struck me to the heart ; *the Marquess had left the castle that morning, with six horsemen only in his company ! !*

There was a stunning blow for me ! I thought I had him in the lurch, but behold he was gone, I wist not whither. I instantly chose out twenty of my black dragoons, and leaving the officers to settle with the Gordons as best they could, I set off in pursuit of their chief. I soon got traces of him, and pursued hotly on his track till the fall of evening, when I lost him in this wise.

He had quitted his horse, and crossed the Spey in a boat, while two of the gentlemen who rode with him led off the rest of the horses down the south side of the river. I followed in the same direction, but could never discover at what place these horses crossed the river, for no ford we could find, the banks being all alike precipitous, and the river tumbling and roaring through one continuous gullet. We passed the night most uncomfortably, in an old barn, and the next morning, getting a ford, we proceeded on the road, to

Elgin, but lost all traces of the object of our pursuit. My troopers tried to persuade me to return, but I would not listen to them, and therefore I turned westward again, until I came to the very boatmen who had ferried Huntly over the water the evening before. They told me that he left them on foot with four attendants, and that they were all so laden with gold and silver, that if their horses did not not come round in a circuit and meet them, they could not travel two miles further.

This sharpened our stomachs exceedingly, and we set out after the enemy at a bold gallop. We had not ridden far, till we were informed by a hind, that the Marquess and his friends were lodged in a farmer's house straight before us, occupied by a gentleman named John Gordon; that the Marquess had changed his name, but several there knew him, and that it was reported that they were laden with treasure, which they were unable to carry with them. In an instant we were at the house, which we surrounded and took by assault, there being none in it but John Gordon and a lad, and two maidens, all of whom we took prisoners. We searched the house but and ben, outside and inside, but no Marquess nor Lord found we, but we found two bags, in which were contained a thousand crowns of gold. I then examined all the prisoners on oath, and released them; but Mr. Gordon was very sore displeased at the loss of the gold which I carried with me. "Sir, that gold is neither yours nor mine," said he; "it was left me in charge; I swore to hide it, and return it to the owner when called for, and it shows no gentleman nor good Christian to come and take away other people's gold without either ceremony or leave."

"This money, Mr. Gordon, belongs to a traitor to the state," said I,—"to one that with the help of it was going to kindle up the flames of rebellion and civil war, and in taking it, I do good service both to God and man; and therefore, do you take care, Mr. Gordon, that I do not cause your head to be chopped off, for thus lodging and furthering a malignant and intercommuned traitor. For the money, I will answer to a higher power than is vested in you, or him that deputed you the charge; and will cause you in a few days, if I return in peace, to be taken up and tried by the legal authorities."

In the mean time one of my black dragoons had been busy kissing one of John Gordon's maidens and from her he had learned many particulars that came not out on oath. She told him the colours of all the horses and the dresses of the men. The Marquess was dressed in tartan trews of the Mackintosh stripes, had a black bonnet on his head, and was entitled the Major. She told the way the men went, and much of their conversation over-night which she heard. The man they called the Major acknowledged that he was bewitched, and the rest joined with him, marvelling exceedingly at a power some hellish burgess of Edinburgh exercised over him; and sundry other things did this maiden disclose.

But from one particular set down here, it was evident the Marquess was impressed with a horrid idea that I was to work his destruction, and feared to look me in the face more than he feared the spirits of the infernal regions. I had the same impressions. I knew I would some time or other vanquish him and have my full revenge for all his base and unworthy dealings toward me. A good lesson to all men in power to do that which is just and right. As it was, my very name unmanned him, and made him desert his whole clan,—who, amid their native fastness, might have worn us out, or cut us in pieces,—bundle up his treasures, and gallop for his life.

Had I ridden straight for Forres that morning, I would have been there long before him; but suspecting that he had fled westward into the Highlands, I returned to Gordon's house, and was now quite behind him. On we rode, without stop or stay, to the town of Forres, having speerings of the party all the way; but when we came there, they were still a-head of us, having ridden briskly through the town without calling. We pushed on to the town of Finran, but there our evil luck predominated, no such people having been seen there. We wist not then where to turn, but thought of pursuing up the coast; and as we were again setting out, whom should we meet but

my worthy friend Master John Monro, minister of Inverallen, who was abroad on the business of the Estates. From him we learned, that five gentlemen at the village on the other side of the bay were making a mighty stir about getting a boat,—that they seemed pursued men, and that two of the party who arrived first were so much alarmed, that they took to the boat provided for the whole, and had left their friends to their shift.

As there were only five of the party we were pursuing, I now suspected that two had been despatched the night before to procure this boat, and knowing the Marquess to be of the latter party, I was sure he was left behind. We made all the speed to the place that our horses were able, but they were sore forespent, and just as we arrived we saw a great bustle about the quay, and a small boat with four oars left it. I immediately discovered the Marquess, with his tartan trews and black bonnet, and hailing the boat, I desired her to return. The helmsman and rowers seemed disposed to obey, but a great bustle arose in the boat, and one of the rowers who leaned on his oar was knocked down, a gentleman took his place, and away shot the boat before the wind. I ordered my party to fire into her, but then a scene of riot and confusion took place. The men and all the women of the village flew on us like people distracted, seized on our guns, took my black dragoons by the throats, scratched their faces, tore their hair, and dared them for the souls that were within them, to fire one shot at the boat manned by their own dear and honest men.

It was vain to contend: the boat was soon out of reach, so I was obliged to yield to these rude villagers and make matters up with them as well as I could; but I was indeed a grieved man for having taken so much trouble in vain, and letting the great disturber of the country's peace escape again and again, as it were, from under my nose.

We took some rest and refreshment at the village, and after communing long with myself, I determined still to keep on the pursuit; to ride westward, cross the Firth to Rothiemay, and ride towards Sutherland, to intercept the Marquess on his landing. Accordingly, we set out once more, much against the opinion of my men, who contended that we were too small a party to penetrate into those distant regions; but nothing could divert me from my purpose, knowing as I did that Inverness, and all those bounds, were in favour with our party and true men. But behold that very night we were all surprised and taken prisoners in the town of Nairn, by Captain Logie and a full troop of the Gordons, who, getting some intelligence of their chief's danger, had been on the alert for his rescue.

When I was brought before this young officer to be examined, I found him a very impertinent and forward fellow, although I answered all his questions civilly. When I told him I was pursuing the Marquess of Huntly, to bring him to suffer for all his crimes, he cursed me for a dog, and said the times were come to a sad pass indeed when such a cur as I dared to pursue after the Marquess of Huntly, a nobleman whose shoes I was not entitled to wipe. He called me a puny burgess, a canting worthless hypocrite, and every opprobrious title that he could invent: took all my hoard of gold, tied my feet and the feet of my black dragoons below the bellies of our horses, and led us away captives into the country of the Gordons. I gave the young gentleman several hints to beware how he maltreated me, for that I was a dangerous personage, and never missed setting my foot on the necks of my enemies; but all my good advice tended only to make him worse. He used us very ill, and at length brought us prisoners to the castle of Haddo, commanded by Sir George Gordon, and fully provided for a siege.

We lay for some days without knowing what was going on, often hearing the din of muskets and some cannonry, whereby we understood that Argyle or some of his officers had come before the castle, and sorely did we regret that we had it not in our power to let our state be known to our friends.

But there was one thing that I discovered which could scarcely have been kept from our ears; I perceived there were divisions within the castle, and

that the other chieftains of the Gordon race were disgusted with Haddo's procedure. On this subject I kept my mind to myself, and the third day after we were immured, we had a little more liberty granted us, and were rather more civilly treated, then I knew the besieged were afraid, and wished to make their peace. I was right. Argyle had heard from our friends in Morayshire of our capture, and insisted on our release before he would enter into any accommodation with the besieged. We were accordingly liberated, and all my gold restored to me, and joyfully was I received by Argyle and his friends, who lauded my zeal exceedingly, although they did make some sport of the expedition of my black dragoons and me, which they denominated "*the black raid.*"

By this time, Master John Gordon was brought in a prisoner, as also two of the boatmen who carried the Marquess over to Caithness, where they had left him, still posting his way to the north. Such a violent fright did that great and proud person get from a man whom he had bitterly wronged, and his few black dragoons, that he never looked over his shoulder till he was concealed among the rocks, on the shores of the northern ocean.

Finding that Lord Gordon, the Marquess's eldest son, had, either through choice or compulsion, joined his uncle Argyle, I got John Gordon and before his face, Argyle's, and several others, consigned to the young lord his father's treasure that I had captured, for which I got great praise. I knew well enough Argyle would not suffer any part of it to revert to the Huntlys again. The brave young lord looked much dissatisfied ; I was rather sorry for him, for our troops had wasted his father's lands very much.

It is only necessary to note here, that the 800 men whom I left at Auchendoun met with little opposition in those parts. They entered the castle and plundered it of a good deal of stores, and then marched rank and file on the army that was encamped on the shelvy hill, but that melted away before them, for the men saw they had nothing for which to fight.

As soon as I got private talk with Argyle, I informed him of the strength of the castle, and the likelihood there was that we would lose many lives before it ; but I added, "I am convinced that Sir George's violent measures, are any thing but agreeable to the greater part of the gentlemen within, for he is a boisterous and turbulent person, and they cannot brook his rule. My advice therefore, is, that you offer all within the castle free quarter, providing they will deliver up the laird, and the insolent captain Logie, to answer for their share in this insurrection."

Argyle returned for answer, "that he approved of my pacific measures, having no wish to shed his countrymen's blood, but that surely the soldiers would never be so base as to give up their leaders."

I said, "that I conceived the matter deserved a trial, as the sparing of human blood was always meritorious in the sight both of God and man."

Accordingly Argyle, who never in his life rejected my counsel but once, which he afterwards repented,—he, I say, came before the castle, and by proclamation offered the terms suggested by me. The proffer was no sooner made than the gates were thrown open, Argyle and his friends were admitted, and Sir George Gordon and Captain Logie delivered into our hands, well bound with ropes. I asked the captain how he did ; but he would not speak, and afterwards, when he did speak, he answered me as proudly and as insolently as ever. My kind friend and patron did me the honour that day to say, before sundry noblemen and gentlemen, that he esteemed my advice as if one inquired at the oracles of God.

And now the rebels being wholly either reduced or scattered, we returned straight to Edinburgh, with our two prisoners, and had their heads chopped off, publicly, on the 19th of July, at the Market-Cross.

[This was summary work with a vengeance ! If this narrative of the honest Bailie's detail be, as it professes, nothing but simple literal facts, it is certainly an extraordinary story, and may well be denominated a remarkable passage in his life. But without all doubt, his stories of the Marquess of Huntly must

be swallowed with caution; for such a rooted hatred and opposition could not fail to produce exaggeration. The idea which the writer entertains of having a power over the destiny of that nobleman, invested in him by the Almighty, as a reward for former injuries, is among the most curious superstitions of the age.

In the following parliament, a Sir John Smith, and our friend the Bailie, represent the city of Edinburgh; on which occasion, the latter has the honour of knighthood conferred on him. We must, notwithstanding, still denominate him by our old familiar title, *the Bailie*, as it sounds best in our ears, and gives a novelty to the great events in which he was engaged.

His details of parliamentary business are jumbles of confusion and absurdity, and contain many decrees unworthy the councils of a nation struggling for their liberties, civil and religious; we must therefore follow the Bailie to his next great exploit in the field, and leave his civic and parliamentary annals to those curious in such matters.]

Some day about the close of the year, [this must have been A.D. 1644,] I received a letter from Argyle, entreating me to attend him in the West Highlands, as he never stood more in need of my council and assistance, than at that instant; he being about to set out on an expedition against a powerful army, commanded by dangerous and experienced leaders.

I answered that I liked not having any thing to do with Montrose, for I knew his decision, and stood in dread of him, therefore I judged my assistance would rather be prejudicial to the good cause and my noble friend, than otherwise; and that moreover, I had no liberty of absence from the council of the nation; but I would never lose sight of furthering his supplies and interests where I was.

But all this would not serve, I got another letter express from Dumbarton, adjuring me to come to him without any loss of time, for in my absence he found a blank in his counsels and resolutions which could not otherwise be supplied; and to bring my reverend friend Mr. Mungo Law with me, to assist us with his prayers. To whet me on a little more he added, that Huntly had again issued from his concealment, and had crossed Glen-Roy at the head of a regiment of the Gordons, to urge on and further Montrose's devastations.

This kindled my ardour to a flame, and without this instigation I would not have gone: for I felt assured, even in the most inward habitation of my heart, that I was decreed and directed from above, to be a scourge to Huntly, and an adder in his path, until I should bring his haughty brow to the dust. Accordingly, Mr. Law and I set out, in the very depth of winter, and after a difficult journey we arrived at Dumbarton Castle, where we found our principal covenanting leaders assembled in council, and a powerful army in attendance.

Argyle's plan was to march straight into Mid-Lorn, which the royal army then wasted without mercy; and in this proposal he was joined by General Baillie. At this momentous crisis, Mr. Law and I arrived, and were welcomed by Argyle with open arms.—"Now, my Lords," said he, good-naturedly, "we have had *one Baillie's* opinion, let me now request that *of another;* and if he gives the same verdict, my resolution is fixed, for this has been always an Achitophel to me."

"My lord, said I, "the counsel of Achitophel was at last turned to foolishness, so may that of mine, or of any man, however eminent for wisdom; for we are all erring and fallible creatures, vain of our endowments, and wise in our own conceits; but we can do nothing but what is given us to do. Nevertheless, my lord, my advice shall be given in sincerity, and may the Lord direct the issue."

My lord of Argyle was well pleased with this prelude, for besides that he loved a simple speech, he strove always to exalt me in the eyes of his compeers; and so, bowing and beckoning me to proceed, he took his seat, while I spoke as follows:

"My lords, and most worthy committee of directors of this inspired expedition: it appears to me quite unmethodical to transport the whole of this brave army into the West Highlands, at this inclement season, and leave the whole of the populous districts to the eastward exposed and unprotected. You will see that no sooner have we penetrated those snowy regions, and reached the shores of the western sea, than Montrose and his army of wild Highlanders, who account nothing of seasons, will instantly stretch off like a herd of deer, and fall on the towns and fertile districts to the eastward; leaving us entangled among the fortresses of the mountains, from whence we may not be able to extricate ourselves before the approach of summer. My advice therefore is, that all the army, save the 500 ordained by the committee to assist Argyle, do return with their leaders, and defend the populous and rich districts of the east; and no sooner shall Argyle appear in his own country than his own brave clan will flock to him in such numbers, that Montrose and his ragamuffins will never dare to face them, and then shall we have them between two fires that shall enclose and hem them in, and destroy them root and branch."

Lord Balcarras spake next, and approved of my plan without hesitation. Crawford Lindsay doing the same, it was approven and adopted without delay, though not much, as I thought, to Argyle's satisfaction. Three regiments returned to Angus, and 500 men went with Argyle. We lingered about Rosneath for three days, until a messenger arrived with the news of Colonel Campbell, of Auchinbreck, having arrived from Ireland, with twenty other experienced officers, who were raising the country of Kintyre. We then hasted away, and after a most dreadful march, came in upon the shores of Lochfine. What a woful scene was there presented to us of devastation and blood! the hamlets smoked in every direction; beasts lay houghed and dying in the field by hundreds; whole troops of men were found lying slain and stripped, while women and children were cowering about the rocky shores, and dying of cold and want. Cursed be the man that promotes a civil war in his country, and among his kindred; and may the hand of the Lord be on him for evil and not for good!

The Lauchlans and Gregors were still hanging over the remnants of that desolated place, but they fled to the snowy hills, and loaden as they were with spoil, we were not able to follow them. At Ouchter we met with the brave Sir Duncan Campbell, of Auchinbreck, who had already raised 400 gallant men, so that we were now above 1000 strong, and with these we marched to Inveraray. The frost continued exceedingly sharp, but the snow not being so deep as on the hills to the east, the people flocked in to us from all directions, every one craving to be led against the devourers of their country. The complaints were grievous, and not without cause; it was a shame that the plundering of that fine and populous country had not been put a stop to sooner. Suspected the Marquess greatly to blame. As for Sir Duncan, he was out of all temper on perceiving the desolation wrought in the country, and breathed nothing but vengeance against the northern clans. I verily believe, if arms could have been had, that Argyle might have raised six, if not ten thousand men! but, the greatest part of the arms was carried off or destroyed. As it was, he had his choice of men, and selected none but the stoutest and bravest of the clan, many of them sons of gentlemen; so that when the army separated at Loch-Awe we had not fewer than 3,400 fighting men.

Our greatest loss of all was the want of information relating to the state of the country. Notwithstanding the turmoil that was in the land, we knew nothing of what was passing beyond the distance of a few miles; but all accounts agreed that Montrose was flying rapidly before us, his clans being loaded with booty, and eager to deposit that at their homes. Of course, we knew that a dispersion of his army must take place in the first instance, and eager we were to harass him before he could again collect them.

As to the affairs of the east, we knew nothing with certainty, save that we

had *one* good army in that quarter, though whereabouts we did not know. We heard the Gordons were up, but knew nothing of their motions or whether they had joined with Montrose. The Frazers and M'Kenzies were also in arms, but whether for the king or the covenant we did not know, as some said the one way and some the other. All we knew for certain was that Montrose was flying, that his Highlanders must disperse for awhile, and that it was our duty to keep up with him, and do him all the evil we could. This was also the desire of the whole army, for never were men marched against an enemy held in more perfect detestation.

I went with the western division of the army, which passed next to the sea and the provision ships; so also did Argyle, Niddery, and Provost Campbell; but the bold Sir Duncan led the other division by wilds almost impervious, through the country of the M'Keans. We plundered the country of the Stuarts of Appin, and our drivers brought in sundry small preys. When we came to Kinloch-Leven, we learned that Sir Duncan of Auchenbreck had crossed over into Lochaber before us, and was laying the country of the Camerons altogether waste. We followed on in his track, and overtook him at even, lying by the side of a frith awaiting our arrival. He had been withstood by the Camerons of Glen-Nevis, who beat in his drivers, killed several of them, and still hung over his array in the recesses of the hills above.

On the 30th of January, at noon, we reached a fine old fortress, where we pitched our camp, and here we were at a great loss how to proceed. Our water-carriage failing us here, we could not transport our necessary baggage farther. The wind had turned round to the north-east, straight in our faces, and therefore to pursue Montrose in that direction any further, seemed impracticable for the present. A council of war was called; Auchenbreck urged a speedy pursuit, as did sundry other gentlemen of his kindred; but he was an impetuous man, and therefore I took the opposite side, more to be a check on his rashness than from a disapproval of his measures, and Argyle instantly leaned to my counsel.

But we were now in an enemy's country to all intents, and every precaution was necessary. Accordingly, Argyle and Auchenbreck stationed the army in divisions, in the most secure and warlike manner. This was on the Friday evening, and on the Saturday Auchenbreck pushed on our advanced guard about seven or eight miles forward on Montrose's track, for his desire was either to overtake Montrose by the way, while his troops were scattered with the spoil, or reach Inverness and join the army there in garrison. But now the strangest event fell out to us that ever happened to men.

On the Saturday, about noon, two men were brought in prisoners that had escaped from Montrose's army, and were returning to Moidart; and from them we learned that Montrose had reached Loch-Nigs—that his army was reduced more than one-half by desertions and leaves of absence—that the remainder was greatly dispirited, as he meditated a march into Badenoch and from that to Buchan, a dreadful march in such weather. We swallowed all this for truth, and I believe the men told the truth as far as they knew. But behold at the very time Argyle was questioning them in my presence, there comes news that the advanced guard of Montrose's army and ours had had a sharp encounter at the ford of the river Spean; that the latter had been defeated with a severe loss, and was in full retreat on the camp.

"Secure the two traitors," cried Sir Duncan, and mounting he galloped through the camp, marshalling the troops under their several officers in gallant style. Argyle, Kilmere, and myself remained questioning the deserters. They declared the thing impossible, as they had come in the very line of march, and neither saw nor heard of a retrograde motion, and offered to answer with their lives for the truth of their statement.

Argyle was convinced, so was I; so were all who heard the men's asseverations, and the simplicity with which they were delivered. The captain of the advanced guard was sent for, and strictly examined. He could not tell whether the army of Montrose had returned, and came against us or not.

"I had led my men over the river Spean, on the ice," said he, "lest it should break up, as a thaw seemed to be coming on. They went sliding over in some irregularity, and all the while I perceived the bare heads of a few fellows peeping over the ridge, immediately before us. I took them for boys, or country people; yet still, as the men came over, I drew them up on the opposite side to this. When about two-thirds were over, a whole regiment of armed men came rushing down on us at once, running with all their force, and uttering the most terrible shouts. We had firm footing, and I thought might have repelled them, but some of our men who were scrambling on the ice at the time returned, and began a making for this side. Flight of all things is the most contagious. I have often seen it, and on seeing this I lost hope. In five minutes after this my regiment broke, and ran for it; and many were killed, or taken floundering on the ice. We, however, drew up on the near bank, and retreated in order. I there got a full view of the men, and knew them for a regiment of the M'Donalds; but whether Keppoch's men of the braes, or M'Ranald's, I could not distinguish."

We were all convinced that this check was nothing more than the Lochaber clans trying to impede our march, till Montrose got out of the fastnesses of the mountains, but Auchenbreck was doubtful, and caused our army to rest on their arms all night, sure of this, that if Montrose had returned, he would try to surprise us by a night attack. The night passed in quietness, save the commotion of the elements, which became truly awful. The evening had been light; for the sky, though troubled like, was clear, and the moon at the full. But at midnight the thaw commenced; the winds howled, and the black clouds hung over the pale mountains, and whirled in eddies so terrific, that my heart was chilled within me! and my spirit shrunk at the madness of mankind, to be thus seeking one another's lives amid the terrors of the storm and the commotion of conflicting tempests. I spent the night in fasting and prayer, fervently committing us and our cause to the protection of the Almighty.

My noble friend had no more rest than myself. He lodged in the same house with me down on the shore, but in a different apartment; messengers arrived every half hour, and still he was impatient for the return of the next. About four in the morning he sent for me, and on hasting to his apartment, I was grieved to the heart at seeing him so much agitated. He was lying on his field couch with all his clothes on, save his coat, and his head swathed with flannel above his tasselled night cap. When I went in, he was complaining to his attendants of the uncertainty in which Sir Duncan kept him, and saying it was most strange that it could not be ascertained whether an army withstood us or only an adverse clan. I saw he wished it the latter, and that with an earnestness that greatly discomposed him; his attendants seemed even shy of communicating their true sentiments, and sided with their lord in conjecturing that the troops that opposed our march was only a party raised by some of the chieftains of Lochaber, to impede and harass us in the pursuit.

When the Marquess perceived me, he called me to him, and addressed me with his wonted courtesy, asking how I did, and how I had rested, but without giving me time to answer, began a complaining of headache and fever; said it was most unfortunate in our present circumstances, but that it behoved not him to complain, seeing it was the Lord's will to lay that affliction on his unworthy servant. My heart failed me when I heard him speak in this guise. I could not answer him, but taking his hand, I felt his pulse, and found both from that, and the heat on his skin, that he was fevered to a considerable degree. I knew it arose sheerly from agitation and want of rest, but I had not the face to tell him so, only I desired him to compose himself until the morning, and that then the fresh air and the exercise of the muster would invigorate his spirits; and that in the mean time I would go out and see that all was safe, and the martial lines in proper order.

I took my cloak, mounted my horse, and with a heavy heart rode out to the

plain on which our army lay in close files, flanked by the old fortress and a bay of the Firth on the left, and an abrupt steep on the right. The morning was dismally dark, and the rain and sleet pouring in torrents, but the wind was somewhat abated. I rode about for some time among the lines, and was several times challenged in Gaelic, for in the hurry at head quarters I had neglected to bring a guide with me. I tried to find my way back again, but could not make it out, for not a man could I find who could speak English, until at length I was brought to the young laird of Kilrennan, and he spake it but right indifferently. I asked him to lead me to Auchenbreck. He replied as well as he could, that it might not be easily done, for he had been moving about all night from line to line, keeping every one on the alert.

I asked him Sir Duncan's opinion of this army that seemed to have risen out of the earth.—

"Sir Duncan is shy of giving his opinion," said he, "but from the concern that he manifests, it is apparent that he dreads danger."

"What is your own opinion?" said I.

"I would not give a rush for the danger," said he. "It is merely caused by Keppoch's men, and the tail of the Camerons, collected to harass us a little. I will undertake with my Glenorchy regiment alone, to drive them like a herd of deer. If Montrose have come from Lochness since Friday morning, across the Braes of Lochaber, he and his army must have come on wings."

Not knowing the country I had nothing to say; but in searching for Sir Duncan, we came among the Lowland regiment, which we brought with us from Dumbarton. A group of these were in warm discussion on the present state of affairs. Campbell addressed them in Gaelic; but I held my peace, eager to hear their sentiments.

"Wha is they?" whispered one.

"Hout, hout,—twa o' our heeland offisher's,—they dinna ken a word we're speakin."

"Then, David, what have you to say to my argument?"

"I have to say, John Tod, that nane kens what Montrose will do but them that hae foughten under him, as I hae doon. His plans are aboon a' our capacities: for let me tell ye, John, if ye be gaun to calculate on ony o' Montrose's measures, ye maun fix on the ane that's maist unlikely to a' others that could be contrived be mortal men."

"But dear Davie, man, the thing's impossible."

"It's a grit lee, man. I tell ye, John Tod, he does a thing the better that it's impossible."

"Hout, hout! there's nae arguifying wi' you ava gin ye say that. But Davie, ye see, if the way be that lang, an' that rough, that a single man couldna' travel it in a black-weather day, how could a hale army traverse it through snaw and ice?"

"It's a' that ye ken about the matter, John Tod. Do ye no ken that Montrose's army's a' cavalry?"

"What? his fit sodgers an' a'? Are a' his bare-hurdied clans muntit on horses?"

"Ay, that they ir, John. Fit an' horse an' a' is turned cavalry. Have nae they ta'en awa near three thoosand o' the pick o' the horses in a' Argyle? Ay, when they came down the deel's stairs, every man had a pony to ride, an' ane to carry his wallet: and let me tell you, Jock Tod, thae ponies can travel a hundir mile i' the day; an' for roads, they like an ill ane far better nor a good ane. I'm neither a prophet, nor a prophet's son, but I venture to predict that Montrose, an' a' his clans at his back, will rise out o' the stomach of that glen the morn, an' like a flood frae the mountains, bear the red-haired Campbells, an' us wi' them, into the waves o' the sea."

"Fat pe te Sassenach tog saying?" said young Kilrennan.

"He is threatening to drive his enemies into the waves of the sea," said I.

"He will drive them to the rocks in te first place," said Campbell. Shortly

after that we found Sir Duncan of Auchenbreck, whose care and concern for his kinsmen could not be equalled, and with him I had a conference of considerable length. He had been able to discover nothing. If there was an army, it was kept in close concealment, but he was disposed to think there was one, else the flying parties would not have been so bold and forward. "They are at this moment," said he, "hovering so nigh our columns there on the right, as to be frequently exchanging volleys with them by way of salutation. A band of caterans would scarcely dare to do so. But if God spare us to see the light of day, our doubts shall soon be at an end."

"Do you mean to begin the attack, or to await it," said I.

"I never wait an attack," returned he; "for my kinsmen have not experience in military tactics enough to repel one, by awaiting it firmly, or forming and wheeling at the word of command, in which one single mistake would throw all into irremediable confusion. I *must* begin the attack, and then I can depend on my Campbells for breaking a front line to pieces with the best clans among them."

I then took him aside, and in his ear told him of the state in which I left the Marquess; that he really *was ill*, and, as I judged, somewhat delirious.

He sighed deeply, and said a sight of him mounted at the head of his men, was better than a thousand spears; that he never could understand his chief, for he had seen instances in which he showed the most determined courage, but that, most unaccountably, he had not the command of it at all times, and never when most required. "As it is," continued he, "we must never expose him in his present nervous state, to set a ruinous example to the men, who adore him. Do you, therefore, detain him till the battle is fairly begun, and then, when the first step of the race is taken, you shall see him the bravest of the brave."

I applauded the wisdom of Sir Duncan, and said it was the very step I was anxious for him to take, being certain that the Marquess, in his present state of trepidation, would only derange his measures; and, at all events, I was sure he would not suffer the army to be moved out of their present strong position to be led to the attack.

"In the name of God keep him to yourself,—keep him to yourself," said he vehemently. "Do you call that a strong position? It is the very reverse for a Highland army. We are too closely crammed together, and an attack of an hundred horse from that ridge would ruin our fine array in one instant. That a strong position! I would not give yon ridge of rock for a thousand of such positions. Good morrow. My kindest respect to my chief, and tell him all is safe. I must be going, and see what is going on yonder;" for at that time some volleys of musketry echoed fearfully among the rocks up towards the bottom of Ben-Nevis.

I called Sir Duncan back for a moment, and intreated him not to engage in battle till the Sabbath was over, if it lay in his power to avoid it; for I dreaded that the hand of God would be laid in a visible manner on the first who broke that holy day by shedding the blood of their brethren and countrymen. But he only shook his head, and said with his back towards me, "We warriors are often compelled to that which we would most gladly shun."

The day began to break as I left him, and I could not help contemplating once more the awful scene that hung impending over these ireful and kindred armies. The cliffs of the towering hills that overhung them were spotted by the thaw, which gave them a wild speckled appearance in the grey light of the morning, and all their summits were wrapped in clouds of the deepest sable, as if clothed in mourning for the madness of the sons of men. The thought, too, that it was a Sabbath morning, when we ought all to have been conjoined in praising and blessing the name of our Maker, and the Redeemer of our souls;—while, instead of that, we were all longing and yearning to mangle and deface the forms that bore his image, and send their souls to their great account out of the midst of a heinous transgression. The impres-

sions of that Sabbath morning will never depart from my heart; and since that day, February the 2nd, 1645, I have held gloomy impressions as a sure foretoken of bad fortune.

There were 500 Glenorchy men, commanded by my late acquaintance young Archibald Campbell, of Kilrennan, son to Campbell, of Bein-More, with whom he had lately threatened to annihilate the whole host that beleaguered us. These at day-break, were advanced toward the right, to take possession of a ridge that commanded the last entrance from an hundred glens, and ravines behind. They were attacked in a tumultuous and irregular manner, apparently by a body of men squatted here and there on the height, which, as soon as the Campbells gained, they quitted retreating toward the hills, and calling in Gaelic to one another. I saw this movement and retreat, and never beheld aught more conclusive, I was convinced they were a herd of caterans, sent to harass us and retreat to their inaccessible fastnesses on the approach of danger. With this impression fixed on my mind, I went in again to my noble friend, in excellent spirits. I found him equipped for the field, but looking even worse than before, though pretending that he was a great deal better. I assured him of what I believed to be the truth, that the opposing army was nothing more than some remnants of the malignant clans collected after depositing their spoil, to attend us on our march, and impede it as much as lay in their power; for that I myself had seen them put to flight by the Glenorchy regiment, and chased to the hills like so many wild goats or ragged kyloes.

The spirits of the Marquess brightened up a little, but there either was a lurking disease, or a lurking tremor, that had overcome him. He lifted his hand to his brow, and gave thanks to God that we were thus allowed to enjoy his holy day in peace and quietness; he then asked for Mr. Law, and being told that he was on board the galley, he proposed that we should go to him, and join in our morning devotions.

The Marquess's splendid galley, THE FAITH, lay within half a bowshot of the shore, immediately behind the house where we quartered, but the store-ship lay farther away behind the mouth of the river. A little gilded boat with pennant and streamers, and having THE HOPE painted in golden letters on her stern, bore us on board, and we had not well put off from the shore till the thunders of musketry and field-pieces began anew to echo among the rocks. The Marquess lifted his eyes to Ben Nevis, and remarked what a tumultuous sound was produced by the storm and the rushing torrents; for by this time the floods of melted snow that poured from the mountains were truly terrific;) he made no allusion at all to the sounds of the battle that mingled in the uproar, which were then quite audible, although it was but partially commenced.

He was the first conducted on board. There were eight or nine of us, and I was about the last, or rather I think the very last. Every one having something to take on board with him, I had a good while to sit astern, and I observed the Marquess lift his eyes to the hill, and instantly his countenance changed from dark to a deadly paleness, and from that to a livid blue. My very hairs rose on my head, for I had bad forebodings, and I dreaded that his fine army was broken. I hasted on board, and soon was aware of the cause of his alarm It was the bray of trumpets audibly mixing with the roar of the elements, producing an effect awfully sublime, but appalling to those who but now hoped to spend a Sabbath in the exercises of devotion.

"Is not that the sound of trumpets I hear?" said Argyle.

"It is, my lord," said I.

"In the name of God, what does it portend?" said he.

"It portends, my lord, that Montrose is leading a regiment of horse on to the onset."

"Then God prosper and shield the right," cried he emphatically; "Mr. Law, let us to our devotions shortly, and commit our cause to the Lord

of Hosts. Then to the battle-field, where our presence may be much wanted."

Mr. Law led the way to the cabin. I did not go down. I could not; for with all the desire to join in prayer that a poor dependent creature could inherit, I wanted the ability; so much were my thoughts and eyes riveted on the scene before me.

The Marquess had a curious gilded tube on board, with glass in it, which brought distant objects close to the eye. I got possession of this, and saw the battle with perfect accuracy. Auchenbreck had put his troops in motion to the right, in order to begin the attack; he had also taken a position on a broken rising ground behind the valley. The Glenorchy regiment of 500 men still kept their position in advance to the right, and it was there the battle began. They were attacked by a regiment of Irish, headed by some brave officers, and as they out-numbered ours, the Glenorchy men lost ground reluctantly, and were beaten from their commanding station. They were forced to give way, but were in nowise broken. There appeared to be no horses in this part of the battle, but the three regiments of Macdonalds, who were all on the right, were flanked on both sides by strong bodies of horse. The Camerons, Stewarts, and some other inland clans, formed the centre, and the other two Irish regiments were behind. Our lowland regiment was on the left, the rest being all Campbells. I cannot now distinguish them by the names of their colonels; but, to give them justice, they appeared all alike eager and keen on the engagement; and there is not a doubt but their too great intensity on revenge ruined the fortune of the day.

The Glenorchy regiment, as I said, was beaten back, and this being in view of the whole army, there was an instant call, from rank to rank, for support to brave young Bein-More. Auchenbreck ordered off the third line to reinforce the Glenorchy regiment, and then such a rush took place towards that point, that it appeared like utter madness and insubordination. But so eager were the Campbells to make up the first appearance of a breach in their line, that they left both their centre and left wing uncovered and weakened. Montrose lost not a moment on beholding this: he galloped across in front of the M'Donalds, and shouted to them to charge. They were not slack; pouring down into the valley, in three columns, they attacked the Campbells with loud shouts. The latter received them bravely; their lines bowed and waved, but did not break; and I could not distinguish that very many fell on either side. But Montrose now, at the head of a large body of horse, made a dash off at the right, with a terrible clang of trumpets and other noisy and sinful instruments, as if he meant to place himself in the rear of our army.

The pangs that I felt at this moment are unutterable. When the Campbells made the rush to the right, they quickly repelled the Irish, and drove them out of my sight; but when Montrose and the M'Donalds came with such force on our left, then quite weakened, little as I knew of military tactics, I trembled for the fate of the day. Auchenbreck was as brave an officer as lived, but he had been used to command troops regularly trained, and he tried to manœuvre this army in the same manner. It would not do. In bringing his force round to support the left, now in such jeopardy, the whole body of the troops got into most inextricable confusion, very much occasioned by the clamour and appearance of the horse. Alack! if they had known how little they had to fear! The greater part of the horses were merely an appearance, and no more; they were new listed, and sufficiently awkward, as were also the men who rode them. I saw them capering and wheeling, and throwing their riders, affrighted almost to madness at the trumpets and shots; yet with these ragged colts did that mighty renegade amaze the hearts of the army of the Covenant.

If Auchenbreck had but called out—"See, yonder are the M'Donalds beating our brethren, run down the slope, and cut them all to pieces," I am sure they would have done it or fallen in the attempt; but, in place of that,

he tried to manœuvre the army by square and rule, till the whole went wrong, and then every man saw he was wrong without the power of putting himself right. The whole army was, for the space of an hour, no otherwise than an immense drove of highland kyloes all in a stir, running hither and thither; sometimes with a swing the one way and sometimes the other, as if driven by blasts of wind. All this while, they never thought of giving way, although the Camerons were in the midst of them, slaughtering them like sheep; the fierce M'Donalds breaking through and through their irregular line, and the horse flanking them on the side next the sea.

For a long time I could distinguish Montrose's front in regular columns bearing onwards through a mass of confusion, but at length the two armies appeared to mingle in one, and to move southward with a slow and troubled motion. Still the army of the Campbells did not break up and run. Every man seemed resolved to stand and fight it out, could he have known how to have done it, or found support on one side or the other. They knew not the art of flight; they reeled, they staggered, and waved like a troubled sea, but no man turned his back and fled. To rally the front was impossible, for the clans were through and through it; but I saw several officers attempting to rally lines in the rear, and so glad were the Campbells of anything like a rallying-point, that they rushed towards these embryo files with an eagerness that in a few minutes annihilated them.

The lowland regiment, commanded by Colonel Cobron, behaved exceedingly well. It was never broken; when the retreat began, I saw that regiment defile to its left, lean its left wing on the southwest turret of the huge old castle, and sustain for a space the whole power of Montrose's right wing. The horse never attempted to break them, but a strong regiment of the M'Donalds, by some styled the Ranald regiment, drew up in front of the lowlanders. These either did not like their appearance, or liked better to smite the Campbells, for they passed on to the general carnage, and the lowlanders kept their ground, and took quiet possession of the castle.

The only other thing that I noted in the general confusion was a last attempt of Auchenbreck to turn the left of Montrose's line up nigh to the bottom of the steep. A Highland regiment was pushing onward there, said by some to be the Stewarts, whether of Athol or Appin I wot not, as if with intent to gain the glen and cut off the retreat. Against these Sir Duncan went up at the head of a small number of gentlemen, but the gallant hero was the very first man that fell, and the rest fought over him till they were all cut down. The rout by degrees became general, and the brave and high-spirited Campbells were slaughtered down without the power of resistance.

However much was said to mitigate the loss sustained that day, it was very great; for in fact that goodly army was almost annihilated. When the flyers came to the river of Glen-Leven, it was roaring like a sea, and covered with floating snow and ice. It was utterly impassable by man or beast. The Campbells had no alternative, for they chose rather to trust the God of the elements than the swords of their inveterate foes. They plunged in like sheep into the washing-pool. Scarcely a man of them escaped! They were borne by the irresistible torrent into the ocean in a few moments, where we saw their bodies floating in hundreds as we sailed along. And moreover, in endeavouring to drag a large body on board, the rope broke, and they were all drowned likewise.

This is a true description of that fatal engagement, which need not be doubted, for though I write from memory, the impressions made on my mind that day were not such as to be ever obliterated. I cannot state the loss, for I never knew it, nor do I believe the Marquess ever knew it or enquired after it. As far as I could judge from a distant view, there was not a man escaped, save a few hundreds that forced their way to the steep, and scattered among the rocks on the south and west sides of Ben-Nevis.

I must now return back to where I left off; namely at the commencement of prayers on board of Argyle's meteor galley The Faith.

Mr. Mungo Law, instead of making the prayers short that morning, as the Marquess had ordered him, made them as long again as usual, for which he was sharply reproved afterwards; but after my lord the Marquess had kneeled down and joined in the homily, he could not with any degree of decency leave it.

When he came up, two pages were waiting orders. They had been sent express from the army. I heard him saying—"Tell Sir Duncan *not* to attack, but keep his strong position in which I placed him. But I will go with the orders myself."

"No no, my lord, do not mention it now," said I. "It is too late. The battle will be won or lost before you can reach it and give an order."

"I will go; I must go;" said he vehemently. "No man shall hinder me, to go and either conquer or die at the head of my people."

I held him by the robe. The two henchmen waited in the boat. "Speak to him, Mr. Law," cried I. "Speak to my lord. Would it not be madness in him to go ashore now, and perhaps derange Sir Duncan's plan of fight, and then, whatever evil betides, my lord will be blamed."

Mr. Law, who was a powerful man—though not so tall as the Marquess, yet twice as thick,—came forward, and clasped his brawny arms round above the Marquess's, at the same time addressing him in the words of Scripture—"Nay, thou shalt not depart; neither shalt thou go hence; for if these thy people fly, they will not care for them, and if half of them die they will not care for them, for lo! art thou not worth ten thousand of them; therefore, is it not better that thou succour them out of the ship?"

The Marquess, thus compelled, was obliged reluctantly to give up his resolution, which he did with many groans and grievous complaints. I was resolved he should not go, for I knew Sir Duncan dreaded him, and so did I; therefore I carried my point half by wiles.

It has been reported all over this country that he was in the battle, and fled whenever he saw his rival Montrose and the royal standard. No such thing; he never was in the field that morning. He arranged all the corps the evening before, and gave out general orders; slept at head-quarters, and only went on board when he believed Montrose to be a hundred miles off, and the army of the Campbells to be in no danger. He was afterwards restrained by main force from going ashore, which would only have been selling his life for nothing, as the day was, in effect, irrecoverably lost at an early hour. The lowland regiment defended themselves in the old fortress against the whole of Montrose's conquering army till he was obliged to grant them honourable terms, and they all returned to their homes in peace. The strength of the mighty, the brave, and the Christian clan Campbell, was by that grievous blow broken for ever. The Faith and Hope sailed disconsolate down Lochaber. Argyle and I, and seven others, bore straight to the Clyde, and from thence hasted to Edinburgh, where we were the first to lay the matter before the Committee of Estates, and received the nation's thanks for our good behaviour.

[I had great doubts of the Bailie's sincerity in this, till I found the following register in Sir James Balfour's Annals, vol. ii. p. 272—3:

"Wedenesday, 12 Feb. Sessio I.

"This day the Marquese of Argyle came to the housse and maide a fulle relatione of all hes praceidingis sence his last going away from this.

"The housse war fully satisfied with my lord Marquese of Argylis relatione and desyred the pressydent in their names to rander him hartly thankis for his grit painis and trauellis takin for the publicke weille and withall intreated to continew in so ladable a coursse of doing for the goode peace of the countrey."

The battle was on the 2nd; this was on the 12th; so that before they sailed round the Mull of Kintyre they must have lost very little time in examining the loss sustained or the state of that ruined country.

These are the most notable passages in the life of this extraordinary person;

and it is with regret that I must draw them to a close. He was a magistrate; a ruling elder of the church; sat in three Scottish parliaments, and lived to see many wonderful changes and revolutions. He at length triumphed over his old inveterate foe the Marquess of Huntly, receiving him at the Water Gate as a state prisoner, and conducting him to that gaol from which he never again emerged till taken to the block. But the lively interest that the Bailie took in this bloody affair, both with the church and state, I am rather inclined to let drop into oblivion; while, on the other hand, the manner in which he speaks of the death of his old friend and benefactor, does honour to his heart and the steadiness of his principles. I shall copy only a few sentences here, and no more.]

"From the first day that Charles resumed the sceptre of his fathers, nay from the hour that Argyle placed the crown on the young monarch's head, the fortunes of my noble friend began to decline. He soon perceived that the king was jealous of him, and therefore he parted from his company, and left him to his fate. He had for twenty years been at the head of Scottish affairs, both in church and state; and much labour and toil did he undergo for the good of his country, but now the summer of his earthly glory was past, and he was left like a withered oak standing aloof from the forest he had so long shielded from the blast.

"When General Dean brought him prisoner to Edinburgh, I got liberty to attend him in his confinement, and not a day passed over my head in which I did not visit him. I had always regarded him both as a good and a great man, with some few constitutional failings; but his character never rose so high as when he was plunged in the depth of adversity.

"When he and I were in private, and spoke our sentiments freely, he did not think highly of the principles or capacities of Charles the Second; for his principles, both civil and religious, inclined him to a commonwealth, or a monarchy greatly restricted. It was said the young king soon discovered something so contracted and selfish in his character, that he was glad to be rid of his company; but I knew his character better than the profligate monarch did, and such a discovery never was made by me. There was no man truer to his friends or more generous to his dependants, and from the support of the Protestant religion he never once swerved. I was twice examined on his trial, and could have told more than I did regarding him and Cromwell. One could not say that his trial was unfair, admitting the principle on which he was tried to have been relative. But during a long life I learned to view our state trials of Scotland as a mere farce; for what was a man's greatest glory and honour this year, was very like to bring him to the block the next. What could be a surer test of this than to see the good Marquess of Argyle's grey head set upon the same pole on which his rival's, the Marquess of Montrose, had so lately stood."

[The other circumstances mentioned by the Bailie are recorded in every history of that period. But he prayed with and for his patron night and day during his last trial; dined with him on the day of his execution, took farewell of him at the foot of the scaffold, and running home betook him to his bed, from which he did not rise for a month. He could not believe that the country would suffer a deed so enormous to be committed as the sacrificing such a man as Argyle, nor would he credit the account of his death for many days. From that time forth he had no more heart for business; and his political interest in the city being at an end, he retired from society and traffic, and pined in secret over the miserable and degraded state of his country, and the terrors that seemed once more to hang over the reformed religion. He could not go to his door without seeing the noblest head in the realm set up as a beacon of disgrace; the lips that had so often flowed with the words of truth and righteousness falling from their hold, the eye of majesty decaying in the socket, and the dark grey hairs bleaching in the winds of heaven. This was a sight his wounded spirit could not brook, and his bodily health and strength decayed beneath the pressure. But he lived to remove that honoured head from the

gaol where it had so long stood a beacon of disgrace to a whole country; to carry it with all funeral honours into the land which it had ruled, and deposit it in the tomb where the bones of the noble martyr were reposing. Then returning home the worthy Bailie survived only a few days. He followed his noble and beloved patron into the land of peace and forgetfulness. His body was carried to Elgin, the original burial place of his fathers, and by a singular casualty, his head laid precisely at the Marquess of Huntly's feet.]

JULIA M'KENZIE:

A HIGHLAND TALE.

THE following extraordinary story was told to me by Lady Brewster, a Highland lady herself, the sole daughter of the celebrated Ossian M'Pherson; and she assured me that every sentence of it was literally and substantially true. If the leading events should then be at all doubted, to that amiable lady I appeal for the truth of them, and there are many in the north of Scotland, who from their family traditions can substantiate the same.

It was never till the time of the wars of Montrose, that the chiefs and chieftainships of the Highlands came to be much disputed, and held in estimation. The efficiency of the clans had been fairly proven, and every proprietor was valued according to the number of vassals that acknowledged him as their lord and rose at his command, and in proportion with these was his interest with the rulers of the realm.

It was at that time, however, that the following horrible circumstances occurred in a great northern family, now for a long time on the wane, and therefore, for the sake of its numerous dependants and relatives, to all of whom the story is well known, I must alter the designations in a small degree, but shall describe the scene so that it cannot be mistaken.

Castle-Garnet, as we shall call the residence of the great chief to whom I allude, stands near to the junction of two notable rivers in the north Highlands of Scotland, having tremendous mountains behind it towards the west, and a fine river and estuary towards the east. The castle overhangs the principal branch of the river, which appears here and there through the ancient trees, foaming and boiling far below. It is a terrible but grand situation, and a striking emblem of the stormy age in which it had been reared. Below it, at a short distance, a wooden bridge crossed the river at its narrowest and roughest part. The precipitous banks on each side were at least twenty fathoms deep, so that a more tremendous passage cannot be conceived. That bridge was standing in my own remembrance, and though in a very dilapidated state, I have crossed it a little more than forty years ago. It was reared of oak rough and unhewn as it had come from the forest, but the planks were of prodigious dimensions. They rested on the rocks at each end, and met on a strange sort of scaffolding in the middle, that branched out from one row of beams. It had neither buttress nor balustrade; yet, narrow as it was, troops of horse were known to have crossed on it, there being no passable ford near.

But the ancient glory of Castle-Garnet had sunk into decay during the turbulent reigns of the Stuarts, whose policy it was to break the strength of the too powerful noblemen, chiefs, and barons by the arm of one another. The ancient and head title of that powerful family had passed away, but a stem of nobility still remained to the present chief, in the more modern title of Lord Edirdale. He was moreover the sole remaining branch of the house, and his influence was prodigious; the chief of a powerful clan. But on his demise.

the estate and chieftainship were likely to devolve on the man whom, above all others in the world, he and his people hated; to the man who had deprived him and them of wealth and honours; and who, though a near blood relation, was, at the very time I am treating of, endeavouring to undermine and ruin him.

This being a hard pill to swallow, Edirdale, by the advice of his chieftains, married Julia, the flower of all the M'Kenzies, while both were yet very young. She was lovely as an angel, kind, virtuous, and compliant, the darling of her husband and his whole clan; but, alas! years came and passed by, and no child appeared to heir the estate of Glen-Garnet and lordship of Edirdale. What was to be done? The clan was all in commotion, and the chieftains held meeting after meeting, in all of which it was unanimously agreed that it were better that ten of the chief ladies of the clan should perish than that the whole clan itself, and all that it possessed, should fall under the control of the hated Nagarre.

When the seventh year of the marriage had elapsed, a deputation of the chief men, headed by the veteran Carnoch, the next in power to the chief, waited on Lord Edirdale, and boldly represented to him the absolute necessity of parting with his lady, either by divorce or death. He answered them with fury and disdain, and dared them ever to mention such a thing to him again. But old Carnoch told him flatly that without them he was nothing, and they were determined that not only his lady, but all the chief ladies of the clan should rather perish, than that his people should become bond slaves to the hateful tyrant Nagarre. Their lord hearing them assume this high and decisive tone, was obliged to succumb. He said it was indeed a hard case, but if the Governor of the universe saw meet that their ancient line should end in him, the decree could not be reversed; and to endeavour to do so by a crime of such magnitude, would only bring a tenfold curse upon them. He said, moreover, that he and his lady were still both very young, not yet at the prime of life, and there was every probability that she might yet be the mother of many children; but that, at all events, she was the jewel of his heart, and that he was determined much rather to part with all his land, and with all his people, than to part with her.

Carnoch shook his grey locks and said, the latter part of his speech was a very imprudent and cruel answer to his people's request, and which they little deserved at his hand. But for that part of it which regarded his lady's youth, it bore some show of reason, and on that score alone, they would postpone compulsion for three years, and then, for the sake of thousands who looked up to him as their earthly father, their protector, and only hope, it behoved him to part with her and take another; for on that effort the very existence of the clan and the name depended.

Three years present a long vista of existence to any one, and who knows what events may intervene to avert a dreaded catastrophe. Lord Edirdale accepted the conditions, and the leading cadets of the family returned to their homes in peace. The third year came, being the tenth from the chief's marriage, and still there was no appearance of a family. The Lady Julia remained courteous and beautiful as ever, and quite unconscious of any discontent or combination against her. But alas! her doom had been resolved on by the whole clan, male and female, for their dissatisfaction now raged like a hurricane, and every tongue among them denounced her death or removal. Several of the old dames had combined to take her off by poison, but their agent, as soon as she saw Lady Julia's lovely face, relented and destroyed the potion. They then tried enchantment, which also failed; and there was nothing for it but another deputation, which, on the very day that the stipulated three years expired, arrived at the castle, with old Carnoch once more at their head.

The chief now knew not what to do. He had given his word to his clan, their part had been fulfilled—his behoved to be so. He had not a word to say. A splendid dinner was prepared and spread; such a dinner as had

never graced the halls of Castle-Garnet. Lady Julia took her seat at the head of the table, shining in the silken tartan of the clan, and dazzling with gold and jewels. She seemed never before so lovely, so affable, and so perfectly bewitching, so that when she rose and left them there was hardly a dry eye in the hall; nor had one of them a word to say,—all sat silent and gazed at one another.

The chief seized that moment of feeling and keen impression, to implore his kinsmen for a further reprieve. He said he found that to part with that darling of his heart and of all hearts, was out of his power; death and oblivion were nothing to it; that his life was bound up in her, and, therefore, consent to her death he never could, and to divorce and banish her from his side would be to her a still worse death than the other, for that she lived but in his affections, and he was certain that any violence done to her would drive him distracted, and he should never more lead his clan to the field; he spoke very feelingly too of her courtesy and affectionate interest in him and his whole clan. The gentlemen wept, but they made no reply; they entered into no stipulations, but parted from their lord as they met with him, in a state of reckless despair; but as they were already summoned to the field to fight the enemies of the king, they thought it prudent to preserve the peace and equanimity of the clan for the present, and afterwards to be ruled by circumstances, but ultimately to have their own way.

Shortly after this, the perturbation of Lord Edirdale's mind threw him into a violent fever, and his whole clan into the last degree of consternation. They thought not then of shedding their lady's blood, for in the event of their chief's demise, she was their only rallying point to preserve them from the control of Nagarre, the next of blood; and as all the cadets of the family manifested so much kindness and attention both to himself and lady, he became impressed with the idea that his Julia's beauty and virtue had subdued all their hearts as well as his own, and that his kinsmen felt incapable of doing her any injury, or even of proposing such a thing. This fond conceit, working upon his fancy, was the great mean of restoring him to health after his life had been despaired of, so that in the course of five months he was quite well.

But news of dreadful import arrived from the south, and the chief was again summoned to march southward with his whole strength to the assistance of Montrose, who was in great jeopardy, with enemies before and behind. The chief obeyed, but could only procure arms for 300 men, and with these he marched by night, and after a sharp scuffle with the clans of Monro and Forbes, reached Montrose's camp just in time to bear a part in the bloody battle of the Don, fought on the 2nd of July, 1645, and in which they did great execution on the left wing of the army of the Parliament, pursued with great inveteracy, and returned to their glens loaden with spoil, without losing a man, save two whom they left wounded; and as the royal army then left the highlands, our old friends, the chieftains of the clan, began to mutiny in private against their chieftain with more intensity than ever. They had now seen several instances of the great power and influence of an acknowledged patriarchal chief, and felt that without such the clan would be annihilated; and they saw, from the face of the times, that theirs must rally so as to preserve the balance of power in the north. Something behoved to be done—any thing but falling under Nagarre, and the clan losing its power and name in his. Prophets, sybils, and second-sighters were consulted, and a fearful doom read, which could not be thoroughly comprehended.

A deputation once more waited on the chief, but it was not to crave the dismission of his lady, but only a solemn pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Bothan, on Christmas; for that they had learned from a combination of predictions, that from such a pilgrimage alone, and the nature and value of the offering bequeathed, an heir was to arise to the great house of Glen-Garnet and Edirdale; and that from the same predictions they had also been assured, that the clan was never to fall under the sway of the cursed Nagarre.

Lord Edirdale was delighted. His beloved, his darling Julia, was now to

be his own for ever. He invited all the cadets of the family and all their ladies to assist in the grand procession. But Christmas brought such a storm with it, that scarcely a human being could look out of doors ; it was dreadful. Though the weather at that season throughout the Highlands is generally of the most boisterous description, this winter exceeded them all. The snow fell to an unprecedented depth, and on Christmas eve, such a tempest of wind and rain commenced as the oldest inhabitant of that clime had never witnessed. The country became waist-deep of lapper or half melted snow; impassable torrents poured from every steep ; so that when the morning of Christmas appeared, all hopes of the grand procession were given up, for the rivers were flooded to an enormous degree, and instead of the whole gentlemen and ladies of the clan, only four chieftains, the most interested and nearest of kin, appeared at the castle, and these at the risk of their lives. All of them declared that the procession must take place that very day, at whatever toil or trouble, for that no other subsequent one to the end of the world could have the desired effect. A part of the way was perilous, but the distance to walk was short ; so Julia, who was prepared for the event, with her usual sweet complaisance, wrapped herself well up, and away they went on their gloomy pilgrimage. At their very first outset they had to cross the river by Drochaidmaide, (the wooden-bridge, I suppose.) Never was there such a scene witnessed in Scotland. The river was more than half way up the linn, roaring and thundering on with a deafening noise, while many yawning chasms between the planks, showed to the eye of the passenger its dazzling swiftness, and all the while the frail fabric was tottering like a cradle. Lady Julia's resolution failed her, a terror came over her heart, and she drew back from the dreadful scene ; but on seeing the resolute looks of all the rest, she surmounted her terror, and closing her eyes she laid fast hold of her husband's arm, and they two led the way. Carnoch and his nephew, Barvoolin, were next to them, and Auchnasheen and Monar last ; and just a little after passing the crown of the bridge, Carnoch and Barvoolin seized Lady Julia, and in one moment plunged her into the abyss below. The act was so sudden, that she had not time to utter a scream nor even to open her eyes, but descending like a swan in placid silence, she alighted on the middle of the surface of the fleet torrent. Such was its density and velocity, that iron, lead, or a feather bore all the same weight there. The lady fell on her back, in a half sitting posture. She did not dip an inch, but shot down on the torrent as swift as an arrow out of a bow ; and at the turn of the river round a rocky promontory, she vanished from their view.

The moment that the lady was tossed from Droichaidmaide, the four chieftains seized on her husband and bore him back to the castle in their arms. He was raving mad :—he only knew that he had lost his lady, by what means he did not comprehend. At first he cursed Barvoolin, and swore that he saw his hand touching her ; but the other assuring him that he only did so to prevent the dizzy and distracted leap, and the rest all averring the same thing, before night they had persuaded him that the terror of the scene had produced a momentary madness, and that the Lady Julia in a fit had flung herself over.

Men on horseback were despatched on the instant to the meeting of the tide with the river, where all the boats were put in requisition ; but in that unparallelled flood both of tide and stream, the body of Lady Julia could not be found. This was a second grievous distress to her lord ; but so anxious were the clansmen for his safety, that they would not suffer him to assist in the search. He had loved his lady with the deepest, purest affection of which the heart of man is capable ; for his pathetic lamentations over her loss often affected the old devotees of clanship to the heart, and they began to repent them of the atrocious deed they had committed ; particularly when,—after representing to him that he lived and acted not only for himself but for thousands beside, and that since it had pleased the Almighty, in his overruling, to take from his side in a terrific way the benign creature who alone stood between them and all their hopes, it behoved him by all means to take

another wife without delay, in order to preserve the houses of their fathers from utter oblivion, and themselves, their sons, and daughters, from becoming the vassals and slaves of an abhorred house.—"These are indeed powerful reasons, my friends," said he: "I have always acknowledged with deep regret that Heaven should have decreed it. But man has not these things in his power, and though there are some hearts so much swayed by self-interest that it becomes the motive of all their actions and modulates all their feelings, such heart is not mine, for there are certain lengths it can go and no farther. As soon as it forgets my Julia, I shall take to myself another wife, but when that may be I have no mode of calculation. How can I woo another bride? I could only woo her as Julia; I could only exchange love and marriage-vows with her as Julia; and when I awoke in the morning and found that another than Julia had slept in my bosom, I should go distracted, and murder both her and myself. Believe me, my dear and brave kinsmen, when I assure you, that the impression of my lost Julia is so deeply engraven on my heart that it can take no other. Whenever I feel that possible, I will yield to your intreaties, but not till then."

This was a cutting speech to the old proud cadets of the family, and made them scowl and shake their heads in great indignation as well as sorrow. They had brought innocent blood on their heads, and made matters only worse. While Lady Julia was alive, there was some chance remaining for family heirs, for alas! she had been cut off in her twenty-ninth year; but now there was none, and they began to repent them heartily of what they had done.

While matters were in this state,—while the fate of Lady Julia was the sole topic of conversation up stairs at the castle, it was no less so down stairs, but in the latter, conviction appeared arrayed in different habiliments. The secrets and combinations of a clan are generally known through all its ramifications, except to the person combined against. It is, or rather was, a trait in the character of this patriarchal race, and rather a mean subservient one, that they only saw, heard, felt, and acted in conformity with their chiefs and superiors, and they never betrayed their secrets. In the present instance, perhaps Lady Julia was the only person of the whole clan who did not know of the dissatisfaction that prevailed, and the great danger she was in. The menials, of course, strongly suspected that their lady's death had been effected by stratagem, taking all things into view, yet they were so servile, that hearing their lord and his relatives thought otherwise and spoke otherwise, they did the same. But there was one little beautiful pestilent girl, named Ecky M'Kenzie, who was Lady Julia's foster-sister, and had come from her own country or district with her, who was loud and bitter against the subordinate chieftains,—and old Carnoch, as the head and leader of them, in particular,—asserting boldly that he had murdered their lady and deceived their lord, because he knew he was next of kin to the chief, and that he and his family would succeed him, as the clan would never submit to Nagarre, which he knew full well. The rest of the menials accused her of uttering falsehoods, and threatened to expose her; but they gathered around, and gaped and stared upon one another at her bold asseverations. "I know it all," she would add. "I know all how that angelic creature was hated, combined against, and murdered by your vile servile race, and particularly by that old serpent Carnoch, who has all this while acted as huntsman to a pack of blood-hounds. But vengeance will overtake him. There will a witness appear at the castle in a few days who shall convict him to the satisfaction of the whole world; and I know, for I have it from the country beyond the grave, that I shall soon see him lying a mangled corpse between the castle wall and the precipice which overhangs the river."

These asseverations were so unreserved and violent, that one Angus Seers went direct and told his lord every thing that Ecky had said, adding, that unless she was made to hold her tongue, she would bring disgrace on the whole clan. The chief judged for himself in that instance; happy had it been

for him if he had done so always ; but nothing in the world was now of interest to him save what related to his late lady. So after dinner, while seven of the duniwastles (or gentlemen) of the clan were present, he sent for Ecky M'Kenzie up stairs, after saying to his friends, "There is a little vixen of a maid here, who was related to my lost lady, her foster-sister and confidante, who is spreading such reports against you and me, and maintaining them with such audacity, that I must call her to account for it.

"Ecky come up here; stand before me, and look me in the face. What wicked and malicious reports are those that you have been spreading so broadly and asserting so confidently before my domestics?"

"I have asserted nothing but the truth, my lord, and nothing that I will not stand to before you and all your friends ; ay, and before the very man whom I have accused."

"Ecky, you cannot assert any thing for a truth of which you were not an eye-witness."

"Can I not! I know otherwise, however. Much is revealed to me that I never saw. So you think I do not know who murdered my dear lady? You might know, considering the former proposals which were made to you. But if you are really so blinded that you do not know, which I think you are, I shall tell you. It was by the hand of those two men who now sit on your right and left hand ; in particular, by that old fiend, Carnoch, who has for years been hatching a plot against your beloved Julia, and who at last executed it in a moment of terror and confusion. Ay, and not unassisted by his tremendous nephew there, the redoubted Barvoolin. You may scowl—I care not. I know the foundation of your devilish plot. My lord does not know the principal motive. And for a poor selfish consideration you have taken the life of a lady than whom a more pure, lovely, and affectionate creature never drew the breath of life. Ay, well may you start, and well may the tears drop from your dim remorseless eyes. You know I have told you the truth, and you are welcome to ruminate on it."

"What do I see? Why do you weep, cousin?" said the chief to Carnoch.

"It is, my lord, because in my researches into futurity, I discovered that the death of Lady Julia was to bring about my own. I had forgotten the prediction, unconscious how one life could hang upon another, until this minx's bold and false assertion reminded me of it, and convinced me that she herself would be the cause of it. My lord, shall such audacity and falsehood pass unpunished under your roof?"

"Nothing shall pass—but punishment must follow conviction, not antecede it. Now, Ecky they are all present who witnessed my lady's death? You did not, that we know of."

"Did I not? Let the murderers see to that. Do you think that I was going to let her cross the river that day with these hell-hounds without looking after her? *They* know well that I am telling the truth, and I will bring it home to them. Let them beware of their necks." And she made a circle with her finger round her own."

The chief was struck dumb with astonishment at hearing his kinsmen so boldly accused to their faces, and it is probable that at that moment he began to suspect their guilt and duplicity, but Carnoch, springing to his feet, drew his sword, and said fiercely, "My lord, this is not to be borne, nor shall it. That infatuated girl must die to-night."

"Not so fast, Carnoch!" cried the elfin, shaking her little white fist in his face. "No Carnoch, I must *not* die to-night, nor will I for your pleasure. I know that your relentless heart will seek my death to-night, knowing your danger from me ; but I will sleep far beyond the power of your cruel arm to-night, and have communication, too, with her whom that arm put down. And note well what I say: Take not my word for the certainty of these men's guilt. If a witness does not arrive at the castle, my lord, in less than three days, that shall convict them to your satisfaction,—ay, and a witness from another country too,—then I give you liberty to cut me all to pieces, and

feed the crows and the eagles with me. No, Carnoch, I must *not* die to-night, for I must live till I convince my too easy and confiding lord. As for you, murderers, you need no conviction; you know well that I am telling the truth. Carnoch, I had a dream that I found you lying a mangled corpse at the bottom of the castle wall, and I know it will be fulfilled. But, O, I hope you will be hung first! Good night, sir; and remember, I *wont* die to-night, but will live out of despite to you!"

"What does the baggage mean?" said the guilty compeers, staring at one another; "'she will give us liberty to cut her all in pieces, if a witness against us do not appear from another country; and that she will have communication with her late lady to-night.' What does the infernal little witch mean?"

"Her meaning is far beyond my comprehension," said Edirdale; "not so her assertion. Would to God that I did not suspect it this night as bearing on the truth. But it is easy for us to wait three days, and see the issue of this strange witness's intelligence. After that we shall bring the minx to judgment."

"She may have escaped beyond our power before that time," said Carnoch; "as I think she was threatening as much to-night. The reptile should be arrested at once. My advice, therefore, is, that she be put down this very night, or confined to the dungeon. I myself shall undertake to be her jailor."

"I stand her security that she shall be forthcoming at the end of three days, either dead or alive," said the chief.

There was no more to be said, not another word on that head; but on the girl's asseverations many words passed. Though the guiltiest of the associates pretended to hold the prediction light before the chief, it was manifest that it annoyed them in no ordinary degree; for they all sat with altered faces, dreading that a storm was brewing around them, which would burst upon their heads. Old Carnoch, in particular, had his visage changed to that of an unhappy ghost. He was a strange character, brave, cruel, and attached to his clan and his chief; but never was there a more superstitious being lived in that superstitious country. He believed in the second-sight, and was constantly tampering with the professors of it. He durst not go a voyage to Ireland to see or assist a body of his clansmen there, without first buying a fair wind from a weird woman who lived in Skye. He believed in apparitions, and in the existence of land and water spirits, all of which took cognizance of human affairs. Therefore Ecky's threatenings, corresponding with some previously conceived idea arising from enchantments and predictions, impressed him so deeply that he was rather like a man beside himself. An unearthly witness coming from beyond the grave to charge him with the crime of which he well knew he was guilty, was more than he could contemplate and retain his reason. He had no intention of remaining any longer there, and made preparations for going away; but his lord shamed him out of his cowardly resolution, and said that his flying from the castle in that manner was tantamount to a full confession. On that ground, he not only adjured but ordered him to remain, and await the issue of the extraordinary accusation. The evening following, it being the first after Ecky's examination, Carnoch took his nephew apart, and proposed a full confession, which the other opposed most strenuously, assuring his uncle that in the spirit of regret that preyed on the chief, he would hang them both without the least reluctance; "and moreover," added he, "a girl's word, who only saw from a distance, cannot overturn the testification of four gentlemen who were present. No, no, Carnoch, since we have laid our lives at stake for the good of our people, let us stand together till the last."

The dinner was late that evening, and the chief perceiving the depression of his kinsmen's spirits, plied them well with wine; but Carnoch continued quite nervous and excited in an extraordinary degree,—the wine made him worse. His looks were wild and unstable, and his voice loud and intermittent;

and whenever the late lady of the mansion was named, the tears blinded his eyes. In this distracted sort of way the wassail was proceeding, when just as the sand-glass was running the ninth hour, they were interrupted by the arrival of an extraordinary guest.

It was a dark night in January. The storm which had raged for many days had died away, and a still and awful calm succeeded. The sky was overspread with a pall of blackness. It was like the house of death after the last convulsions of nature; and the arrival of any guest at the castle in such a night, and by such paths, was enough to strike the whole party with consternation. The din of conversation in the chief's dining apartment had reached its acme for the evening, for just then a rap came to the grand entrance door, at which none but people of the highest quality presumed to approach. Surely there must have been something very equivocal in that tap, for never was there another made such an impression on the hearts and looks of so many brave and warlike men. The din of ebriety was hushed at once; a black and drumbly dismay was imprinted on every countenance, and every eye, afraid of meeting the gleams of terror from another, was fixed on the door. Light steps were heard approaching by the great staircase; they came close to the back of the door of the appartment, where they paused a considerable space—and an awful pause that was for those within. The door was at length opened slowly and hesitatingly, and in glided, scarcely moving, Ecky M'Kenzie, with a snow-white sheet around her, a face as pale as death, and a white napkin around her head. Well she knew the character of the man she hated; she fixed one death-like look on Carnoch, and raising her forefinger, pointed at him,—then, retreating, she introduced Lady Julia!

This is no falsehood—no wild illusion of a poet's brain. It is a fact as well authenticated as any event in the annals of any family in Britain. Yes; at that moment Lady Julia entered, in the very robes in which she had been precipitated from the bridge. Her face was pale, and her look to the chieftains severe; still she was the Lady Julia in every lineament. A shudder and a smothered expression of horror issued from the circle. Carnoch, in one moment, rushed to the casement at the further end of the apartment; it opened on hinges, and Ecky had intentionally neglected to bolt it. He pulled it open, and threw himself from it. Barvoolin followed his example, but none of the rest having actually imbrued their hands in their lady's blood, they waited the issue; but so terror-smitten were they all, that not one perceived the desperate exit of the two chieftains, save the apparition itself which uttered an eldrich scream as each of them disappeared. These yells astounded the kinsmen with double amazement, laying all their faculties asleep in a torpid numbness. But their souls were soon aroused by new excitations; for the incidents, as they came all rushing on one another, were quite beyond their comprehension. The apparition fixed its eyes, as if glistening with tears, on one of them only, then spreading forth its arms, and throwing its face towards heaven as if in agony, it exclaimed, "No one to welcome me back to my own home!" The chief assumed the same posture, but had not power to speak or move, till the apparition, flying to him with the swiftness of lightning, clasped him in her arms, laid her head upon his bosom, and wept. "God of my fathers! it is my Julia, my own Julia, as I live and breathe," cried he in an ecstacy. It was the Lady Julia herself.

"Pray, Mr. Shepherd, does not this require some explanation?"

"It does, Madam, which is forthcoming immediately, in as few sentences as I can make you understand it."

On the side of the river opposite to the castle, and consequently in another country, according to the idiomatic phrase constantly used in that land, there lived a bold native yeoman, called Mungo M'Craw, miller, of Clackmullin (I cannot help the alliteration, it is none of my making); but in those days mill-ponds and mill-lades, with their sluices and burns, to say nothing about the mill-stones and mill-wheels, were in a very rude ineffective state. Such a morning as that was about Clackmullin! Mungo was often heard to declare

—"Tat tere was not peing her equal from the flood of No till te tay of shudgement, however long she might be behind."

That great Christmas flood had been a prototype of the late floods in Morayshire so movingly described by the Hon. Noah Lauder Dick. For one thing, it levelled Mungo M'Craw's weirs and sluices as if no such things had existed; and what was worse, as the dam came off at the acute angle of the river, the flood followed on in that straightforward direction, and threatened instant destruction, not only to the mill and the kiln, but to the whole Mill town, which stood a little more elevated; and there was Mungo, with his son Quinten, his daughter Diana, and his stout old wife ycleped Mistress M'Craw, toiling between death and life, rearing a rampart of defence with wood, stones, divots, and loads of manure from the dunghill.

They were not trying to stop the mighty torrent, that was out of the power of man, but to give it a cast by their habitation; and there were they plunging and working at a terrible rate; Mungo scolding and calling for further exertion. "Ply, ply, you goslings of te Teal Mor, else we shall all be swept away out of te world wid tat roaring ocean of destruction tat pe coming roaring down from te hills and te corvies. Oh, Mistress M'Craw, cannot you be plying tese creat pig shenteel hands of yours. Haif you not te fears of Cot before your eyes, nor M'Tavish Mar, tat you will pe rolling your creat druim in tat ways. Go fill all te sacks in te mill with dung, and let us pe plunging tem into te preach. Diana, you mumping rosy chick, what are you thoughting upon? I teclare you pe not carrying creat above ten stones of dung at a time. You pe too small at te curp, and better for a dunnewastle's leman tan te miller's daughter of Clach-Mhuillian on a floody tay. Quintain, oh you great mastiff dog, you creat lazy puppy of a cucannech, do you not see tat we shall pe all carried away from te univarse of Cot, unless you ply as never man plied pefore?"

"Father, is Keppoch charged?"

"Malluchid! If I do not pe preaking your head for you. What does te creat bhaist want with te gun just now?"

"Because here is a swan coming on us full sail."

"Then damh palmahar! run and bring Keppoch. She is always charged, clean and dry, and let us have a pluff at te swan, come of te mill what will. Life of my soul! if she pe not a drowned lady instead of a swan! Mistress M'Craw, and you young witch, Diana, where pe your hearts and your souls now? Och now tere will pe such splashing and squalling, and hoo-hooing, tat I shall have more ado with te living tan te dead, for women's hearts pe all made of oladh-heighis. There now, I have lost my grand shot, and shall lose my good mill and all te gentle's corn, and te poor fears' likewise. Alas! dear soul, a warmer and a drier couch would have fitted you creat petter to-day! Come, help me to carry her, you noisy, thoughtless, noisy cummers, and help me to carry her in. What! howling and wringing your hands? See, give me hold of all your four arms, and let her head hang down, that the drumbly water may run out at her mouth like a mill-spout."

"No, no, Mungo, keep up my head, I am little the worse. My head has never yet been below the water."

"As I shall pe sworn before te tay of shudgement, it is te creat and cood lady of Edirdale. Cot pe wid my dhear and plessed matam, how tid you come here?"

"Even as you see, Mungo. But put me into your warm bed, and by and by I shall tell you all; for I have had a dreadful voyage to your habitation; but it has been a rapid one. It is not above half a minute since I lost hold of my husband's arm on the dizzy cradle on the top of Drochaid-maide."

With many exclamations and prayers and tears, the Lady Julia was put into bed, and nursed with all the care and affection of which the honest and kind hearted miller and his family were capable. She bound them all to secrecy until she thought it time to reveal herself; but her recovery was not

so sudden as might have been expected. An undefinable terror preyed upon her spirits, which she found it impossible to remove—a terror of that which was past. It was a feeling of horror that was quite unbrookable—a worm that gnawed at her heart, and almost drank up the fountain of existence. It was a painful, thrilling suspicion that her husband had tossed her over. She had not the heart nor the capability of mentioning this to any at the mill, and that made the impression on her health and spirits; but she resolved to remain there in quiet concealment till the mystery of her intended death was satisfactorily cleared up to her.

She then offered Quinten, the young miller, a high bribe, if he would go privately to the castle, and procure her a secret conference with her humble cousin and foster-sister, Ecky M'Kenzie.

"Och, dear heart," said Mistress M'Craw, "he needs no bribe to go privately to Miss Ecky M'Kenzie. He is oftener there than at the kirk. It would require a very high bribe to keep him away; and she is so cunning and handy that neither your ladyship nor any about the castle have ever discovered them. I shall answer for that errand being cheerfully and faithfully performed, but if the boy take one highland penny for his trouble I'll feed him on black bearmeal brochen for a month."

Poor Ecky cried bitterly for joy, and was so delighted that she actually threw her handsome arms around the great burly miller's neck and kissed him; but she would tarry none to court that night, but forced Quinten to return to Clackmullin with her.

The meeting of the two was affecting and full of the deepest interest, but I may not dwell on it, but haste to a conclusion; for a long explanatory conclusion is like the fifth act of a play, a wearisome supplement.

At that meeting, Ecky first discovered to her lady the horrible combination that had existed so long to take her off, but knowing the chief's stedfast resolution, never either to injure or part with her, she never told all that she knew for fear of giving her dear lady uneasiness; that they never would have accomplished their purpose, had it not been for the sham pilgrimage to St. Bothan's shrine; and that the two kinsmen seized her in a moment of confusion, and hurled her over the bridge; then all the four seized on their lord, and bore him into the castle, where they convinced his simple and too-confiding heart that his lady had, of her own accord, taken the dizzy and distracted leap.

She was now convinced of her husband's innocency, and that the love he had ever expressed towards her was sincere; and as she lived but in his affections, all other earthly concerns appeared to her but as nothing; and to have the proofs of their own consciences, the two settled the time, manner, and mode of her return, which was all contrived by the affectionate Ecky, and put in practice according to her arrangement, and the above-narrated catastrophe was the result.

On going out with torches, the foremost of which was borne by Ecky M'Kenzie, they found old Carnoch lying at the bottom of the wall next to the river, with his neck broken, and his body otherwise grievously mangled; and Barvoolin very much crushed by his fall. He made a full confession to Lady Julia, and at her intercession was pardoned, as being only the organ of a whole clan, but he proved a lametar to the day of his death. His confession to the lady in private was a curious one, and shows the devotedness of that original people to their respective clans and all that concerns them;—he said, "that finding after many trials they could make nothing of her lord, they contrived that pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Bothan's to intercede with the saint to take pity on their race; but they had resolved that she should never return from that devout festival. They had no idea of drowning until the tremendous flood came, which frustrated the other plan. They meant to have taken her off by poison, and had brought a bottle of poisoned wine with them, which was to have been presented to each of the ladies of rank who should sit on high with the Lady Julia, in a small golden chalice, and it appear-

ing impossible to make exceptions, *they had resolved to sacrifice the whole to bear their lady company.*

But the far best part of the story is yet to come. Whether it was the sleeping for a fortnight on a hard heather bed, or the subsisting for that time on milk-brose and butter, or whether the ducking and correspondent fright, wrought a happy change on Lady Julia, I know not: but of this I am certain, that within a twelvemonth from the date of her return to the castle she gave birth to a comely daughter, and subsequently to two sons; and the descendants of that affectionate couple occupy a portion of their once extensive patrimonial domains to this day.

ADAM BELL:

A TALE OF FEUD, MYSTERY, AND MURDER.

THIS tale, which may be depended on as in every part true, is singular, for the circumstances of it being insolvable either from the facts that have been discovered relating to it, or by reason; for though events sometimes occur among mankind, which at the time seem inexplicable, yet there being always some individuals acquainted with the primary causes of those events, they seldom fail of being brought to light before all the actors in them, or their confidants, are removed from this state of existence. But the causes which produced the events here related, have never been accounted for in this world; even conjecture is left to wander in a labyrinth, unable to get hold of the thread that leads to the catastrophe.

Mr. Bell was a gentleman of Annandale, in Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland, the proprietor of a considerable estate in that district, part of which he occupied himself. He lost his father when he was an infant, and his mother dying when he was about twenty years of age, left him the sole proprietor of the estate, besides a large sum of money at interest, for which he was indebted, in a great measure, to his mother's parsimony during his minority. His person was tall, comely, and athletic, and his whole delight was in warlike and violent exercises. He was the best horseman and marksman in the county, and valued himself particularly upon his skill in the broadsword. Of this he often boasted aloud, and regretted that there was not one in the country whose skill was in some degree equal to his own.

In the autumn of 1745, after being for several days busily and silently employed in preparing for his journey, he left his own house, and went for Edinburgh, giving, at the same time, such directions to his servants, as indicated his intention of being absent for some time.

A few days after he had left his home, in the morning while his housekeeper was putting the house in order for the day, her master, as she thought, entered by the kitchen door, the other being bolted, and passed her in the middle of the floor. He was buttoned in his greatcoat, which was the same he had on when he went from home; he likewise had the same hat on his head, and the same whip in his hand which he took with him. At sight of him she uttered a shriek, but recovering her surprise, instantly said to him, "You have not stayed so long from us, sir." He made no reply, but went sullenly into his own room, without throwing off his greatcoat. After a pause of about five minutes, she followed him into the room—he was standing at his desk with his back towards her—she asked him if he wished to have a fire kindled? and afterwards if he was well enough? but he still made no reply to any of these questions. She was astonished, and returned into the kitchen. After tarrying about other

five minutes, he went out at the front door, it being then open, and walked deliberately towards the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deep and wooded, and in that he vanished from her sight. The woman ran out in the utmost consternation to acquaint the men who were servants belonging to the house; and coming to one of the ploughmen, she told him that their master was come home, and had certainly lost his reason, for that he was wandering about the house and would not speak. The man loosed his horses from the plough and came home, listened to the woman's relation, made her repeat it again and again, and then assured her that she was raving, for their master's horse was not in the stable, and of course he could not be come home.—However, as she persisted in her asseveration with every appearance of sincerity, he went into the linn to see what was become of his mysterious master. He was neither to be seen nor heard of in all the country!—It was then concluded that the housekeeper had seen an apparition, and that something had befallen their master; but on consulting with some old people skilled in those matters, they learned, that when a *wraith* or apparition of a living person appeared while the sun was up, instead of being a prelude of instant death, it prognosticated very long life; and, moreover, that it could not possibly be a ghost that she had seen, for they always chose the night season for making their visits. In short, though it was the general topic of conversation among the servants, and the people in their vicinity, no reasonable conclusion could be formed on the subject.

The most probable conjecture was, that as Mr. Bell was known to be so fond of arms, and had left his home on the very day that Prince Charles Stuart and his Highlanders defeated General Hawley on Falkirk moor, he had gone either with him or the Duke of Cumberland to the north. It was, however, afterwards ascertained, that he had never joined any of the armies. Week passed after week, and month after month, but no word of Mr. Bell. A female cousin was his nearest living relation; her husband took the management of his affairs; and concluding that he had either joined the army, or drowned himself in the Kinnel, when he was seen go into the linn, made no more inquiries after him.

About this very time, a respectable farmer, whose surname was M'Millan, and who resided in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, happened to be in Edinburgh about some business. In the evening he called upon a friend who lived near Holyrood House; and being seized with an indisposition, they persuaded him to tarry with them all night. About the middle of the night he grew exceedingly ill, and not being able to find any rest or ease in his bed, imagined he would be the better of a walk. He put on his clothes, and that he might not disturb the family, slipped quietly out at the back door, and walked in St. Anthony's Garden behind the house. The moon shone so bright that it was almost as light as noonday, and he had scarcely taken a single turn, until he saw a tall man enter from the other side, buttoned in a drab-coloured greatcoat. It so happened, that at that time M'Millan stood in the shadow of the wall, and perceiving that the stranger did not observe him, a thought struck him that it would not be amiss to keep himself concealed; that he might see what the man was going to be about. He walked backwards and forwards for some time in apparent impatience, looking at his watch every minute, until at length another man came in by the same way, buttoned likewise in a greatcoat, and having a bonnet on his head. He was remarkably stout made, but considerably lower in stature than the other. They exchanged only a single word; then turning both about, they threw off their coats, drew their swords, and began a most desperate and well-contested combat.

The tall gentleman appeared to have the advantage. He constantly gained ground on the other, and drove him half round the division of the garden in which they fought. Each of them strove to fight with his back towards the moon, so that she might shine full in the face of his opponent; and many rapid wheels were made for the purpose of gaining this position. The engagement was long and obstinate, and by the desperate thrusts that were frequently aimed on

both sides, it was evident that they meant one another's destruction. They came at length within a few yards of the place where M'Millan still stood concealed. They were both out of breath, and at that instant a small cloud chancing to overshadow the moon, one of them called out, "Hold, we can't see."—They uncovered their heads, wiped their faces, and as soon as the moon emerged from the cloud, each resumed his guard. Surely that was an awful pause! and short, indeed, was the stage between it and eternity with the one! The tall gentleman made a lounge at the other, who parried and returned it; and as the former sprung back to avoid the thrust, his foot slipped, and he stumbled forward towards his antagonist, who dexterously met his breast in the fall with the point of his sword, and ran him through the body. He made only one feeble convulsive struggle, as if attempting to rise, and expired almost instantaneously.

M'Millan was petrified with horror; but conceiving himself to be in a perilous situation, having stolen out of the house at that dead hour of the night; he had so much presence of mind as to hold his peace, and to keep from interfering in the smallest degree.

The surviving combatant wiped his sword with great composure;—put on his bonnet—covered the body with one of the great coats—took up the other, and departed; M'Millan returned quietly to his chamber without awakening any of the family. His pains were gone; but his mind was shocked and exceedingly perturbed; and after deliberating until morning, he determined to say nothing of the matter; and to make no living creature acquainted with what he had seen; thinking that suspicion would infallibly rest on him. Accordingly he kept his bed next morning until his friend brought him the tidings, that a gentleman had been murdered at the back of the house during the night. He then arose and examined the body, which was that of a young man; seemingly from the country, having brown hair, and fine manly features. He had neither letter, book, nor signature of any kind about him, that could in the least lead to a discovery of who he was; only a common silver watch was found in his pocket, and an elegant sword was clasped in his cold bloody hand, which had an A. and B. engraved on the hilt. The sword had entered at his breast, and gone out at his back a little below the left shoulder. He had likewise received a slight wound on the sword arm.

The body was carried to the dead-room, where it lay for eight days, and though great numbers inspected it, yet none knew who, or whence the deceased was, and he was at length buried among the strangers in the Greyfriars Churchyard.

Sixteen years elapsed before M'Millan once mentioned the circumstance of his having seen the duel, to any person, but, at that period, being in Annandale receiving some sheep that he had bought, and chancing to hear of the astonishing circumstances of Bell's disappearance, he divulged the whole.—The time, the description of his person, his clothes, and above all, the sword with the initials of his name engraven upon it, confirmed the fact beyond the smallest shadow of doubt, that it was Mr. Bell whom he had seen killed in the duel behind the Abbey. But who the person was that slew him, how the quarrel commenced, or who it was that appeared to his housekeeper, remains to this day a profound secret, and is likely to remain so, until that day when every deed of darkness shall be brought to light.

Some have even ventured to blame M'Millan for the whole, on account of his long concealment of facts; and likewise in consideration of his uncommon bodily strength, and daring disposition, he being one of the boldest and most enterprising men of the age in which he lived; but all who knew him despised such insinuations, and declared them to be entirely inconsistent with his character, which was most honourable and disinterested; and besides, his tale has every appearance of truth. "Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem."

DUNCAN CAMPBELL:

OR, THE FAITHFUL DOG.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL came from the Highlands, when six years of age, to live with an old maiden aunt in Edinburgh, and attend the school. His mother was dead; but his father had supplied her place, by marrying his housekeeper. Duncan did not trouble himself about these matters, nor indeed about any other matters, save a black foal of his father's, and a large sagacious colley, named Oscar, which belonged to one of the shepherds. There being no other boy save Duncan about the house, Oscar and he were constant companions,—with his garter tied round Oscar's neck, and a piece of deal tied to his big bushy tail, Duncan would often lead him about the green, pleased with the idea that he was conducting a horse and cart. Oscar submitted to all this with great cheerfulness, but whenever Duncan mounted to ride on him, he found means instantly to unhorse him, either by galloping, or rolling himself on the green. When Duncan threatened him, he looked submissive and licked his face and hands; when he corrected him with the whip he cowered at his feet;—matters were soon made up. Oscar would lodge no where during the night but at the door of the room where his young friend slept, and woe be to the man or woman who ventured to enter it at untimely hours.

When Duncan left his native home he thought not of his father, nor any of the servants. He was fond of the ride, and some supposed that he scarcely even thought of the black foal; but when he saw Oscar standing looking him ruefully in the face, the tears immediately blinded both his eyes. He caught him round the neck, hugged and kissed him,—"Good bye, Oscar," said he blubbering;—"good bye, God bless you, my dear Oscar." Duncan mounted before a servant, and rode away—Oscar still followed at a distance, until he reached the top of the hill—he then sat down and howled;—Duncan cried till his little heart was like to burst.—"What ails you?" said the servant. "I will never see my poor honest Oscar again," said Duncan, "an' my heart canna bide it."

Duncan stayed a year in Edinburgh, but he did not make great progress in learning. He did not approve highly of attending the school, and his aunt was too indulgent to compel his attendance. She grew extremely ill one day —the maids kept constantly by her, and never regarded Duncan. He was an additional charge to them, and they never loved him, but used him harshly. It was now with great difficulty that he could obtain either meat or drink. In a few days after his aunt was taken ill, she died. All was in confusion, and poor Duncan was like to perish with hunger;—he could find no person in the house; but hearing a noise in his aunt's chamber, he went in, and beheld them dressing the corpse of his kind relation;—it was enough.—Duncan was horrified beyond what mortal breast was able to endure;—he hasted down the stair, and ran along the High Street, and South Bridge, as fast as his feet could carry him, crying incessantly all the way. He would not have entered that house again, if the world had been offered to him as a reward. Some people stopped him, in order to ask what was the matter; but he could only answer them by exclaiming, "O! dear! O! dear!" and, struggling till he got free, held on his course, careless whither he went, provided he got far enough from the horrid scene he had so lately witnessed. Some have supposed, and I believe Duncan has been heard to confess, that he then imagined he was running for the Highlands, but mistook the direction. However that was, he continued his course until he came to a place where two ways met, a little south of Grange Toll. Here he sat down, and his frenzied passion subsided into a soft melancholy;—he cried no more, but sobbed excessively; fixed his eyes on the ground, and made some strokes in the dust with his finger.

A sight just then appeared, which somewhat cheered, or at least interested his heavy and forlorn heart—it was a large drove of Highland cattle. They were the only creatures like acquaintances that Duncan had seen for a twelve-month, and a tender feeling of joy, mixed with regret, thrilled his heart at the sight of their white horns and broad dew-laps. As the van passed him, he thought their looks were particularly gruff and sullen; he soon perceived the cause, they were all in the hands of Englishmen;—poor exiles like himself;—going far away to be killed and eaten, and would never see the Highland hills again!

When they were all gone by, Duncan looked after them and wept anew; but his attention was suddenly called away to something that softly touched his feet; he looked hastily about—it was a poor hungry lame dog, squatted on the ground, licking his feet, and manifesting the most extravagant joy. Gracious Heaven! it was his own beloved and faithful Oscar! starved, emaciated, and so crippled, that he was scarcely able to walk! He was now doomed to be the slave of a Yorkshire peasant, (who, it seems, had either bought or stolen him at Falkirk,) the generosity and benevolence of whose feelings were as inferior to those of Oscar, as Oscar was inferior to him in strength and power. It is impossible to conceive a more tender meeting than this was; but Duncan soon observed that hunger and misery were painted in his friend's looks, which again pierced his heart with feelings unfelt before. "I have not a crumb to give you, my poor Oscar!" said he—"I have not a crumb to eat myself, but I am not so ill as you are." The peasant whistled aloud. Oscar well knew the sound, and clinging to the boy's bosom, leaned his head upon his thigh, and looked in his face, as if saying, "O Duncan, protect me from yon ruffian." The whistle was repeated, accompanied by a loud and surly call. Oscar trembled, but fearing to disobey, he limped away reluctantly after his unfeeling master, who, observing him to linger and look back, imagined he wanted to effect his escape, and came running back to meet him. Oscar cowered to the earth in the most submissive and imploring manner, but the peasant laid hold of him by the ear, and uttering many imprecations, struck him with a thick staff till he lay senseless at his feet.

Every possible circumstance seemed combined to wound the feelings of poor Duncan, but this unmerited barbarity shocked him most of all. He hasted to the scene of action, weeping bitterly, and telling the man that he was a cruel brute; and that if ever he himself grew a big man he would certainly kill him. He held up his favourite's head that he might recover his breath, and the man knowing that he could do little without his dog, waited patiently to see what would be the issue. The animal recovered, and stammered away at the heels of his tyrant without daring to look behind him. Duncan stood still, but kept his eyes eagerly fixed upon Oscar, and the farther he went from him, the more strong his desire grew to follow him. He looked the other way, but all there was to him a blank,—he had no desire to stand where he was, so he followed Oscar and the drove of cattle.

The cattle were weary and went slowly, and Duncan, getting a little goad in his hand, assisted the men greatly in driving them. One of the drivers gave him a penny, and another gave him twopence; and the lad who had the charge of the drove, observing how active and pliable he was, and how far he had accompanied him on the way, gave him sixpence; this was a treasure to Duncan, who, being extremely hungry, bought three penny rolls as he passed through a town; one of these he ate himself, another he gave to Oscar; and the third he carried below his arm in case of further necessity. He drove on all the day, and at night the cattle rested upon a height, which, by his description, seems to have been that between Gala Water and Middleton. Duncan went off at a side, in company with Oscar, to eat his roll, and, taking shelter behind an old earthen wall, they shared their dry meal most lovingly between them. Ere it was quite finished, Duncan, being fatigued, dropped into a profound slumber, out of which he did not awake until the next morning was far advanced. Englishmen, cattle, and Oscar, all were gone. Duncan found himself alone on a wild height, in what country or kingdom he knew not. He

sat for some time in a callous stupor, rubbing his eyes and scratching his head, but quite irresolute what was farther necessary for him to do, until he was agreeably surprised by the arrival of Oscar, who (although he had gone at his master's call in the morning) had found means to escape and seek the retreat of his young friend and benefactor. Duncan, without reflecting on the consequences, rejoiced in the event, and thought of nothing else but furthering his escape from the ruthless tyrant who now claimed him. For this purpose he thought it would be best to leave the road, and accordingly he crossed it, in order to go over a waste moor to the westward. He had not got forty paces from the road, until he beheld the enraged Englishman running towards him without his coat, and having his staff heaved over his shoulder. Duncan's heart fainted within him, knowing it was all over with Oscar, and most likely with himself. The peasant seemed not to have observed them, as he was running, and rather looking the other way ; and as Duncan quickly lost sight of him in a hollow place that lay between them, he crept into a bush of heath, and took Oscar in his bosom ;—the heath was so long that it almost closed above them ; the man had observed from whence the dog started in the morning, and hasted to the place, expecting to find him sleeping beyond the old earthen dike ; he found the nest, but the birds were flown ;—he called aloud ; Oscar trembled and clung to Duncan's breast ; Duncan peeped from his purple covert, like a heath-cock on his native waste, and again beheld the ruffian coming straight towards them, with his staff still heaved, and fury in his looks ;—when he came within a few yards he stood still, and bellowed out : " Oscar, yho, yho ! " Oscar quaked, and crept still closer to Duncan's breast ; Duncan almost sunk in the earth ; " D——n him," said the Englishman, " if I had hold of him I should make both him and the little thievish rascal dear at a small price ; they cannot be far gone,—I think I hear them ; " he then stood listening, but at that instant a farmer came up on horseback, and having heard him call, asked him if he had lost his dog? The peasant answered in the affirmative, and added, that a blackguard boy had stolen him. The farmer said that he met a boy with a dog about a mile forward. During this dialogue, the farmer's dog came up to Duncan's den,—smelled upon him, and then upon Oscar,—cocked his tail, walked round them growling, and then behaved in a very improper and uncivil manner to Duncan, who took all patiently, uncertain whether he was yet discovered. But so intent was the fellow upon the farmer's intelligence, that he took no notice of the discovery made by the dog, but ran off without looking over his shoulder.

Duncan felt this a deliverance so great that all his other distresses vanished ; and as soon as the man was out of his sight, he arose from his covert, and ran over the moor, and ere it was long, came to a shepherd's house, where he got some whey and bread for his breakfast, which he thought the best meat he had ever tasted, yet shared it with Oscar.

Though I had his history from his own mouth, yet there is a space here which it is impossible to relate with any degree of distinctness or interest. He was a vagabond boy, without any fixed habitation, and wandered about Herriot Moor, from one farm-house to another, for the space of a year ; staying from one to twenty nights in each house, according as he found the people kind to him. He seldom resented any indignity offered to himself, but whoever insulted Oscar, or offered any observations on the impropriety of their friendship, lost Duncan's company the next morning. He stayed several months at a place called Dewar, which he said was haunted by the ghost of a piper ; that piper had been murdered there many years before, in a manner somewhat mysterious, or at least unaccountable; and there was scarcely a night on which he was not supposed either to be seen or heard about the house. Duncan slept in the cow-house, and was terribly harassed by the piper ; he often heard him scratching about the rafters, and sometimes he would groan like a man dying, or a cow that was choked in the band ; but at length he saw him at his side one night, which so discomposed him, that he was obliged to leave the place, after being ill for many days. I shall give this story in Duncan's own words, which I have often heard him repeat without any variation.

"I had been driving some young cattle to the heights of Willenslee—it grew late before I got home—I was thinking, and thinking, how cruel it was to kill the poor piper! to cut out his tongue, and stab him in the back. I thought it was no wonder that his ghost took it extremely ill; when, all on a sudden, I perceived a light before me;—I thought the wand in my hand was all on fire, and threw it away, but I perceived the light glide slowly by my right foot, and burn behind me;—I was nothing afraid, and turned about to look at the light, and there I saw the piper, who was standing hard at my back, and when I turned round he looked me in the face." "What was he like, Duncan?" "He was like a dead body! but I got a short view of him; for that moment all around me grew dark as a pit!—I tried to run, but sunk powerless to the earth, and lay in a kind of dream, I do not know how long; when I came to myself, I got up, and endeavoured to run, but fell to the ground every two steps. I was not a hundred yards from the house, and I am sure I fell upwards of a hundred times. Next day I was in a high fever; the servants made me a little bed in the kitchen, to which I was confined by illness many days, during which time I suffered the most dreadful agonies by night, always imagining the piper to be standing over me on the one side or the other. As soon as I was able to walk, I left Dewar, and for a long time durst neither sleep alone during the night, nor stay by myself in the daytime."

The superstitious ideas impressed upon Duncan's mind by this unfortunate encounter with the ghost of the piper, seem never to have been eradicated; a strong instance of the power of early impressions, and a warning how much caution is necessary in modelling the conceptions of the young and tender mind, for, of all men I ever knew, he is the most afraid of meeting with apparitions. So deeply is his imagination tainted with this startling illusion, that even the calm disquisitions of reason have proved quite inadequate to the task of dispelling it. Whenever it wears late, he is always on the look-out for these ideal beings, keeping a jealous eye upon every bush and brake, in case they should be lurking behind them, ready to fly out and surprise him every moment; and the approach of a person in the dark, or any sudden noise, always deprives him of the power of speech for some time.

After leaving Dewar, he again wandered about for a few weeks; and it appears that his youth, beauty, and peculiarly destitute situation, together with his friendship for his faithful Oscar, had interested the most part of the country people in his behalf; for he was generally treated with kindness. He knew his father's name, and the name of his house; but as none of the people he visited had ever before heard of either the one or the other, they gave themselves no trouble about the matter.

He stayed nearly two years in a place called Cowhaur, until a wretch, with whom he slept, struck and abused him one day. Duncan, in a rage, flew to the loft, and cut all his Sunday hat, shoes, and coat, in pieces; and not daring to abide the consequences, decamped that night.

He wandered about for some time longer, among the farmers of Tweed and Yarrow; but this life was now become exceedingly disagreeable to him. He durst not sleep by himself, and the servants did not always choose to allow a vagrant boy and his great dog to sleep with them.

It was on a rainy night, at the close of harvest, that Duncan came to my father's house. I remember all the circumstances as well as the transactions of yesterday. The whole of his clothing consisted only of a black coat, which, having been made for a full-grown man, hung fairly to his heels; the hair of his head was rough, curly, and weather-beaten; but his face was ruddy and beautiful, bespeaking a healthy body, and a sensible feeling heart. Oscar was still nearly as large as himself, and the colour of a fox, having a white stripe down his face, with a ring of the same colour around his neck, and was the most beautiful colley I had ever seen. My heart was knit to Duncan at the first sight, and I wept for joy when I saw my parents so kind to him. My mother, in particular, could scarcely do any thing else than converse with Duncan for several days. I was always of the party, and listened with won-

der and admiration : but often have these adventures been repeated to me. My parents, who soon seemed to feel the same concern for him as if he had been their own son, clothed him in blue drugget, and bought him a smart little Highland bonnet ; in which dress he looked so charming, that I would not let them have peace until I got one of the same. Indeed, all that Duncan said or did was to me a pattern ; for I loved him as my own life. At my own request, which he persuaded me to urge, I was permitted to be his bed-fellow, and many a happy night and day did I spend with Duncan and Oscar.

As far as I remember, we felt no privation of any kind, and would have been completely happy, if it had not been for the fear of spirits. When the conversation chanced to turn upon the Piper of Dewar, the Maid of Plora, or the Pedlar of Thirlestane Mill, often have we lain with the bed-clothes drawn over our heads till nearly suffocated. We loved the fairies and the brownies, and even felt a little partiality for the mermaids, on account of their beauty and charming songs ; but we were a little jealous of the water-kelpies, and always kept aloof from the frightsome pools. We hated the devil most heartily, although we were not much afraid of him ; but a ghost ! oh, dreadful ! the names, ghost, spirit, or apparition, sounded in our ears like the knell of destruction, and our hearts sunk within us as if pierced by the cold icy shaft of death. Duncan herded my father's cows all the summer—so did I—we could not live asunder. We grew such expert fishers, that the speckled trout, with all his art, could not elude our machinations : we forced him from his watery cove, admired the beautiful shades and purple drops that were painted on his sleek sides, and forthwith added him to our number without reluctance. We assailed the habitation of the wild bee, and rifled her of all her accumulated sweets, though not without encountering the most determined resistance. My father's meadows abounded with hives ; they were almost in every swath—in every hillock. When the swarm was large, they would beat us off, day after day. In all these desperate engagements, Oscar came to our assistance, and, provided that none of the enemy made a lodgment in his lower defiles, he was always the last combatant of our party on the field. I do not remember of ever being so much diverted by any scene I ever witnessed, or laughing as immoderately as I have done at seeing Oscar involved in a moving cloud of wild bees, wheeling, snapping on all sides, and shaking his ears incessantly.

The sagacity which this animal possessed is almost incredible, while his undaunted spirit and generosity would do honour to every servant of our own species to copy. Twice did he save his master's life : at one time when attacked by a furious bull, and at another time when he fell from behind my father, off a horse in a flooded river. Oscar had just swimmed across, but instantly plunged in a second time to his master's rescue. He first got hold of his bonnet, but that coming off, he quitted it, and again catching him by the coat, brought him to the side, where my father reached him. He waked Duncan at a certain hour every morning, and would frequently turn the cows of his own will, when he observed them wrong. If Duncan dropped his knife, or any other small article, he would fetch it along in his mouth ; and if sent back for a lost thing, would infallibly find it. When sixteen years of age, after being unwell for several days, he died one night below his master's bed. On the evening before, when Duncan came in from the plough, he came from his hiding-place, wagged his tail, licked Duncan's hand, and returned to his death-bed. Duncan and I lamented him with unfeigned sorrow, buried him below the old rowan tree at the back of my father's garden, placing a square stone at his head, which was still standing the last time I was there. With great labour, we composed an epitaph between us, which was once carved on that stone ; the metre was good, but the stone was so hard, and the engraving so faint, that the characters, like those of our early joys, are long ago defaced and extinct.

Often have I heard my mother relate with enthusiasm, the manner in which she and my father first discovered the dawnings of goodness and facility of conception in Duncan's mind, though, I confess, dearly as I loved him, these

circumstances escaped my observation. It was my father's invariable custom to pray with the family every night before they retired to rest, to thank the Almighty for his kindness to them during the byegone day, and to beg his protection through the dark and silent watches of the night. I need not inform any of my readers, that that amiable (and now too much neglected and despised) duty, consisted in singing a few stanzas of a psalm, in which all the family joined their voices with my father's, so that the double octaves of the various ages and sexes swelled the simple concert. He then read a chapter from the Bible, going straight on from beginning to end of the Scriptures. The prayer concluded the devotions of each evening, in which the downfall of Antichrist was always strenuously urged, the ministers of the Gospel remembered, nor was any friend or neighbour in distress forgot.

The servants of a family have, in general, liberty either to wait the evening prayers, or retire to bed as they incline, but no consideration whatever could induce Duncan to go one night to rest without the prayers, even though both wet and weary, and entreated by my parents to retire, for fear of catching cold. It seems that I had been of a more complaisant disposition ; for I was never very hard to prevail with in this respect ; nay, my mother used to say, that I was extremely apt to take a pain about my heart at that time of the night, and was, of course, frequently obliged to betake me to the bed before the worship commenced.

It might be owing to this that Duncan's emotions on these occasions escaped my notice. He sung a treble to the old church tunes most sweetly, for he had a melodious voice ; and when my father read the chapter, if it was in any of the historical parts of Scripture, he would lean upon the table, and look him in the face, swallowing every sentence with the utmost avidity. At one time, as my father read the 45th chapter of Genesis, he wept so bitterly, that at the end my father paused, and asked what ailed him? Duncan told him that he did not know.

At another time, the year following, my father, in the course of his evening devotions, had reached the 19th chapter of the book of Judges ; when he began reading it, Duncan was seated on the other side of the house, but ere it was half done, he had stolen up close to my father's elbow. "Consider of it, take advice, and speak your minds," said my father, and closed the book. "Go on, go on, if you please, sir," said Duncan—"go on, and let's hear what they said about it." My father looked sternly in Duncan's face, but seeing him abashed on account of his hasty breach of decency, without uttering a word, he again opened the Bible, and read the 20th chapter throughout, notwithstanding of its great length. Next day Duncan was walking about with the Bible below his arm, begging of every one to read it to him again and again. This incident produced a conversation between my parents, on the expenses and utility of education ; the consequence of which was, that the week following, Duncan and I were sent to the parish school, and began at the same instant to the study of that most important and fundamental branch of literature, the A, B, C ; but my sister Mary, who was older than I, was already an accurate and elegant reader.

This reminds me of another anecdote of Duncan, with regard to family worship, which I have often heard related, and which I myself may well remember. My father happening to be absent over night at a fair, when the usual time of worship arrived, my mother desired a lad, one of the servants, to act as chaplain for that night ; the lad declined it, and slunk away to his bed. My mother testified her regret that we should all be obliged to go prayerless to our beds for that night, observing, that she did not remember the time when it had so happened before. Duncan said, he thought we might contrive to manage it amongst us, and instantly proposed to sing the psalm and pray, if Mary would read the chapter. To this my mother with some hesitation agreed, remarking, that if he prayed as he could, with a pure heart, his prayer had as good a chance of being accepted as some others that were *better worded.* Duncan could not then read, but having learned several psalms from Mary by rote, he caused her seek out the place, and sung the

23rd Psalm from end to end with great sweetness and decency. Mary read a chapter in the New Testament, and then (my mother having a child on her knee) we three kneeled in a row, while Duncan prayed thus :—" O Lord, be thou our God, our guide, and our guard unto death, and through death," —that was a sentence my father often used in prayer : Duncan had laid hold of it, and my mother began to think that he had often prayed previous to that time.—" O Lord, thou "—continued Duncan, but his matter was exhausted ; a long pause ensued, which I at length broke by bursting into a loud fit of laughter. Duncan rose hastily, and without once lifting up his head, went crying to his bed ; and as I continued to indulge in laughter, my mother, for my irreverent behaviour, struck me across the shoulders with the tongs. Our evening devotions terminated exceedingly ill ; I went crying to my bed after Duncan, even louder than he, and abusing him for his *useless prayer,* for which I had been nearly felled.

By the time that we were recalled from school to herd the cows next summer, we could both read the Bible with considerable facility. But Duncan far excelled me in perspicacity ; and so fond was he of reading Bible history, that the reading of it was now our constant amusement. Often have Mary, and he, and I, lain under the same plaid, by the side of the corn or meadow, and read chapter about on the Bible for hours together, weeping over the failings and fall of good men, and wondering at the inconceivable might of the heroes of antiquity. Never was man so delighted as Duncan was when he came to the history of Samson, and afterwards of David and Goliah ; he could not be satisfied until he had read it to every individual with whom he was acquainted, judging it to be as new and as interesting to every one as it was to himself. I have seen him standing by the girls, as they were milking the cows, reading to them the feats of Samson ; and, in short, harassing every man and woman about the hamlet for audience. On Sundays, my parents accompanied us to the fields, and joined in our delightful exercise.

Time passed away, and so also did our youthful delights !—but other cares and other pleasures awaited us. As we advanced in years and strength, we quitted the herding, and bore a hand in the labours of the farm. Mary, too, was often our assistant. She and Duncan were nearly of an age—he was tall, comely, and affable ; and if Mary was not the prettiest girl in the parish, at least Duncan and I believed her to be so, which with us amounted to the same thing. We often compared the other girls in the parish with one another, as to their beauty and accomplishments, but to think of comparing any of them with Mary, was entirely out of the question. She was, indeed, the emblem of truth, simplicity, and innocence, and if there were few more beautiful, there were still fewer so good and amiable ; but still as she advanced in years, she grew fonder and fonder of being near Duncan ; and by the time she was nineteen was so deeply in love, that it affected her manner, her spirits, and her health. At one time she was gay and frisky as a kitten ; she would dance, sing, and laugh violently at the most trivial incidents. At other times she was silent and sad, while a languishing softness overspread her features, and added greatly to her charms. The passion was undoubtedly mutual between them ; but Duncan, either from a sense of honour or some other cause, never declared himself farther on the subject, than by the most respectful attention and tender assiduities. Hope and fear thus alternately swayed the heart of poor Mary, and produced in her deportment that variety of affections, which could not fail of rendering the sentiments of her artless bosom legible to the eye of experience.

In this state matters stood, when an incident occurred which deranged our happiness at once, and the time arrived when the kindest and most affectionate little social band of friends, that ever panted to meet the wishes of each other, were obliged to part.

About forty years ago the flocks of southern sheep, which have since that period inundated the Highlands, had not found their way over the Grampian mountains, and the native flocks of that sequestered country were so scanty,

that it was found necessary to transport small quantities of wool annually to the north, to furnish materials for clothing the inhabitants. During two months of each summer, the hill countries of the lowlands were inundated by hundreds of women from the Highlands, who bartered small articles of dress, and of domestic import, for wool; these were known by the appellation of *norlan netties;* and few nights passed during the wool season, that some of them were not lodged at my father's house. It was from two of these that Duncan learned one day who and what he was; that he was the laird of Glenellich's only son and heir, and that a large sum had been offered to any person that could discover him. My parents certainly rejoiced in Duncan's good fortune, yet they were disconsolate at parting with him; for he had long ago become as a son of their own; and I seriously believe, that, from the day they first met, to that on which the two *norlan' netties* came to our house, they never once entertained the idea of parting. For my part I wish that the *netties* had never been born, or that they had stayed at their own home; for the thoughts of being separated from my dear friend made me sick at heart. All our feelings were, however, nothing, when compared with those of my sister Mary. From the day that the two women left our house, she was no more seen to smile; she had never yet divulged the sentiments of her heart to any one, and imagined her love for Duncan a profound secret—no,

> "She never told her love;
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek;—she pined in thought;
> And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat like patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief."

Our social glee and cheerfulness were now completely clouded; we sat down to our meals, and rose from them in silence. Of the few observations that passed, every one seemed the progeny of embarrassment and discontent, and our general remarks were strained and cold. One day at dinner time, after a long and sullen pause, my father said, "I hope you do not intend to leave us very soon, Duncan?" "I am thinking of going away to-morrow, sir," said Duncan. The knife fell from my mother's hand: she looked him steadily in the face for the space of a minute.—"Duncan," said she, her voice faltering, and the tears dropping from her eyes,—"Duncan, I never durst ask you before, but I hope you will not leave us altogether?" Duncan thrust the plate from before him into the middle of the table—took up a book that lay on the window, and looked over the pages—Mary left the room. No answer was returned, nor any further inquiry made; and our little party broke up in silence.

When we met again in the evening, we were still all sullen. My mother tried to speak of indifferent things, but it was apparent that her thoughts had no share in the words that dropped from her tongue. My father at last said, "You will soon forget us, Duncan, but there are some among us who will not so soon forget you." Mary again left the room, and silence ensued, until the family were called together for evening worship. There was one sentence in my father's prayer that night, which I think I yet remember word for word. It may appear of little importance to those who are nowise interested, but it affected us deeply, and left not a dry cheek in the family. It runs thus: "We are an unworthy little flock, thou seest here kneeling before thee our God; but few as we are, it is probable we shall never all kneel again together before thee in this world. We have long lived together in peace and happiness, and hoped to have lived so much longer; but since it is thy will that we part, enable us to submit to that will with firmness; and though thou scatter us to the four winds of heaven, may thy Almighty arm still be about us for good, and grant that we may all meet hereafter in another and a better world."

The next morning, after a restless night, Duncan rose early, put on his best suit, and packed up some little articles to carry with him. I lay panting and trembling, but pretended to be fast asleep. When he was ready to depart, he

took his bundle below his arm, came up to the side of the bed, and listened if I was sleeping. He then stood long hesitating, looking wistfully to the door, and then to me, alternately; and I saw him three or four times wipe his eyes. At length he shook me gently by the shoulder, and asked if I was awake. I feigned to start, and answered as if half asleep. "I must bid you farewell," said he, groping to get hold of my hand. "Will you not breakfast with us, Duncan?" said I. "No," said he, "I am thinking that it is best to steal away, for it will break my heart to take leave of your parents, and"—"And who, Duncan?" said I. "And you," said he. "Indeed, but it is not best, Duncan," said I; "we will all breakfast together for the last time, and then take a formal and kind leave of each other." We did breakfast together, and as the conversation turned on former days, it became highly interesting to us all. When my father had returned thanks to heaven for our meal, we knew what was coming, and began to look at each other. Duncan rose, and after we had all loaded him with our blessings and warmest wishes, he embraced my parents and me.—He turned about.—His eyes said plainly, there is somebody still wanting, but his heart was so full he could not speak. "What is become of Mary?" said my father;—Mary was gone. We searched the house, the garden, and the houses of all the cottagers, but she was nowhere to be found.—Poor lovelorn, forsaken Mary! She had hid herself in the ancient yew that grows in front of the old ruin, that she might see her lover depart, without herself being seen, and might indulge in all the luxury of woe. Poor Mary! how often have I heard her sigh, and seen her eyes red with weeping; while the smile that played on her languid features, when ought was mentioned to Duncan's recommendation, would have melted a heart of adamant.

I must pass over Duncan's journey to the north Highlands, for want of room, but on the evening of the sixth day after leaving my father's house, he reached the mansion-house of Glenellich, which stands in a little beautiful woody strath, commanding a view of the Deu-Caledonian Sea, and part of the Hebrides; every avenue, tree, and rock, was yet familiar to Duncan's recollection; and the feelings of his sensible heart, on approaching the abode of his father, whom he had long scarcely thought of, can only be conceived by a heart like his own. He had, without discovering himself, learned from a peasant that his father was still alive, but that he had never overcome the loss of his son, for whom he lamented every day; that his wife and daughter lorded it over him, holding his pleasure at nought, and rendered his age extremely unhappy; that they had expelled all his old farmers and vassals, and introduced the lady's vulgar, presumptuous relations, who neither paid him rents, honour, nor obedience.

Old Glenellich was taking his evening walk on the road by which Duncan descended the strath to his dwelling. He was pondering on his own misfortunes, and did not even deign to lift his eyes as the young stranger approached, but seemed counting the number of marks which the horses' hoofs had made on the way. "Good e'en to you, sir, said Duncan;—the old man started and stared him full in the face, but with a look so unsteady and harassed, that he seemed incapable of distinguishing any lineament or feature of it. "Good e'en, good e'en," said he, wiping his brow with his arm, and passing by.—What there was in the voice that struck him so forcibly it is hard to say.—Nature is powerful.—Duncan could not think of ought to detain him; and being desirous of seeing how matters went on about the house, thought it best to remain some days *incog.* He went into the forekitchen, conversed freely with the servants, and soon saw his stepmother and sister appear. The former had all the insolence and ignorant pride of vulgarity raised to wealth and eminence; the other seemed naturally of an amiable disposition, but was entirely ruled by her mother, who taught her to disdain her father, all his relations, and whomsoever he loved. On that same evening he came into the kitchen, where she then was chatting with Duncan, to whom she seemed attached at first sight. "Lexy, my dear," said he, "did you see my spectacles?" "Yes," said she, "I think I saw them on your nose to-day at breakfast." "Well, but I have lost them since," said he. "You may take up

the next you find, then, sir," said she. The servants laughed. "I might well have known what information I would get of you," said he, regretfully.

"How can you speak in such a style to your father, my dear lady?" said Duncan.—"If I were he I would place you where you should learn better manners.—It ill becomes so pretty a young lady to address an old father thus." "He!" said she, "who minds him?" "He's a dotard, an old whining, complaining, superannuated being, worse than a child." "But consider his years," said Duncan; "and besides, he may have met with crosses and losses sufficient to sour the temper of a younger man.—You should at all events pity and reverence, but never despise your father." The old lady now joined them. "You have yet heard nothing, young man," said the old laird, "if you saw how my heart is sometimes wrung.—Yes, I have had losses indeed." "You losses!" said his spouse;—"No; you have never had any losses that did not in the end turn out a vast profit."—"Do you then account the loss of a loving wife and a son nothing?" said he.—"But have you not got a loving wife and a daughter in their room?" returned she; "the one will not waste your fortune as a prodigal son would have done, and the other will take care of both you and that, when *you* can no longer do either—the loss of your son indeed! it was the greatest blessing you could have received!" "Unfeeling woman!" said he; "but Heaven may yet restore that son to protect the grey hairs of his old father, and lay his head in an honoured grave." The old man's spirits were quite gone—he cried like a child—his lady mimicked him—and, at this, his daughter and servants raised a laugh. "Inhuman wretches!" said Duncan, starting up, and pushing them aside, "thus to mock the feelings of an old man, even although he were not the lord and master of you all: but take notice, the individual among you all that dares to offer such another insult to him, I'll roast on that fire." The old man clung to him, and looked him ruefully in the face. "You impudent beggarly vagabond!" said the lady, "do you know to whom you speak?—Servants, turn that wretch out of the house, and hunt him with all the dogs in the kennel." "Softly, softly, good lady," said Duncan, "take care that I do not turn you out of the house." "Alas! good youth," said the old laird, "you little know what you are about; for mercy's sake forbear: you are brewing vengeance both for yourself and me." "Fear not," said Duncan, "I will protect you with my life." "Pray, may I ask you what is your name?" said the old man, still looking earnestly at him. "That you may," replied Duncan, "no man has so good a right to ask any thing of me as you have—I am Duncan Campbell your own son!" "M-m-m-my son!" exclaimed the old man, and sunk back on a seat with a convulsive moan. Duncan held him in his arms—he soon recovered, and asked many incoherent questions—looked at the two moles on his right leg—kissed him and then wept on his bosom for joy. "O God of heaven!" said he, "it is long since I could thank thee heartily for any thing; now I do thank thee indeed, for I have found my son! my dear and only son!"

Contrary to what might have been expected, Duncan's pretty only sister, Alexia, rejoiced most of all in his discovery. She was almost wild with joy at finding such a brother,—the old lady, her mother, was said to have wept bitterly in private, but knowing that Duncan would be her master, she behaved to him with civility and respect. Every thing was committed to his management, and he soon discovered, that besides a good clear estate, his father had personal funds to a great amount. The halls and cottages of Glenellich were filled with feasting, joy, and gladness.

It was not so at my father's house. Misfortunes seldom come singly. Scarcely had our feelings overcome the shock which they had received by the loss of our beloved Duncan, when a more terrible misfortune overtook us. My father, by the monstrous ingratitude of a friend whom he trusted, lost at once the greater part of his hard-earned fortune. The blow came unexpectedly, and distracted his personal affairs to such a degree, that an arrangement seemed almost totally impracticable. He struggled on with securities for several months; but, perceiving that he was drawing his real friends into danger, by their signing of bonds which he might never be able to redeem, he

lost heart entirely, and yielded to the torrent. Mary's mind seemed to gain fresh energy every day. The activity and diligence which she evinced in managing the affairs of the farm, and even in giving advice with regard to other matters, is quite incredible ;—often have I thought what a treasure that inestimable girl would have been to an industrious man whom she loved. All our efforts availed nothing, my father received letters of horning on bills to a large amount, and we expected every day that he would be taken from us, and dragged to a prison.

We were all sitting in our little room one day, consulting what was best to be done—we could decide upon nothing, for our case was desperate—we were fallen into a kind of stupor, but the window being up, a sight appeared that quickly thrilled every heart with the keenest sensations of anguish. Two men came riding sharply up by the back of the old school-house. "Yonder are the officers of justice now," said my mother, "what shall we do?" We hurried to the window, and all of us soon discerned that they were no other than some attorney accompanied by a sheriff's officer. My mother entreated of my father to escape and hide himself until this first storm was overblown, but he would in no wise consent, assuring us that he had done nothing of which he was ashamed, and that he was determined to meet every one face to face, and let them do their worst ; so, finding all our entreaties vain, we could do nothing but sit down and weep. At length we heard the noise of their horses at the door. "You had better take the men's horses, James," said my father, "as there is no other man at hand." "We will stay till they rap, if you please," said I. The cautious officer did not however rap, but, afraid lest his debtor should make his escape, he jumped lightly from his horse, and hasted into the house. When we heard him open the outer door, and his footsteps approaching along the entry, our hearts fainted within us—he opened the door and stepped into the room—it was Duncan ! our own dearly beloved Duncan. The women uttered an involuntary scream of surprise, but my father ran and got hold of one hand, and I of the other—my mother, too, soon had him in her arms, but our embrace was short ; for his eyes fixed on Mary, who stood trembling with joy and wonder in a corner of the room, changing her colour every moment—he snatched her up in his arms and kissed her lips, and, ere ever she was aware, her arms had encircled his neck. "O my dear Mary," said he, "my heart has been ill at ease since I left you, but I durst not then tell you a word of my mind, for I little knew how I was to find affairs in the place where I was going ; but ah ! you little illusive rogue, you owe me another for the one you cheated me out of then ;" so saying, he pressed his lips again to her cheek, and then led her to her seat. Duncan then recounted all his adventures to us, with every circumstance of his good fortune—our hearts were uplifted almost past bearing—all our cares and sorrows were now forgotten, and we were once more the happiest little group that ever perhaps sat together. Before the cloth was laid for dinner, Mary ran out to put on her white gown, and comb her yellow hair, but was surprised at meeting with a smart young gentleman in the kitchen, with a scarlet neck on his coat, and a gold-laced hat. Mary having never seen so fine a gentleman, made him a low courtesy, and offered to conduct him to the room ; but he smiled, and told her he was the squire's servant. We had all of us forgot to ask for the gentleman that came with Duncan.

Duncan and Mary walked for two hours in the garden that evening—we did not know what passed between them, but the next day he asked her in marriage of my parents, and never will I forget the supreme happiness and gratitude that beamed in every face on that happy occasion. I need not tell my readers that my father's affairs were soon retrieved, or that I accompanied my dear Mary a bride to the Highlands, and had the satisfaction of saluting her as Mrs. Campbell, and Lady of Glenellich.

END OF VOL. I.